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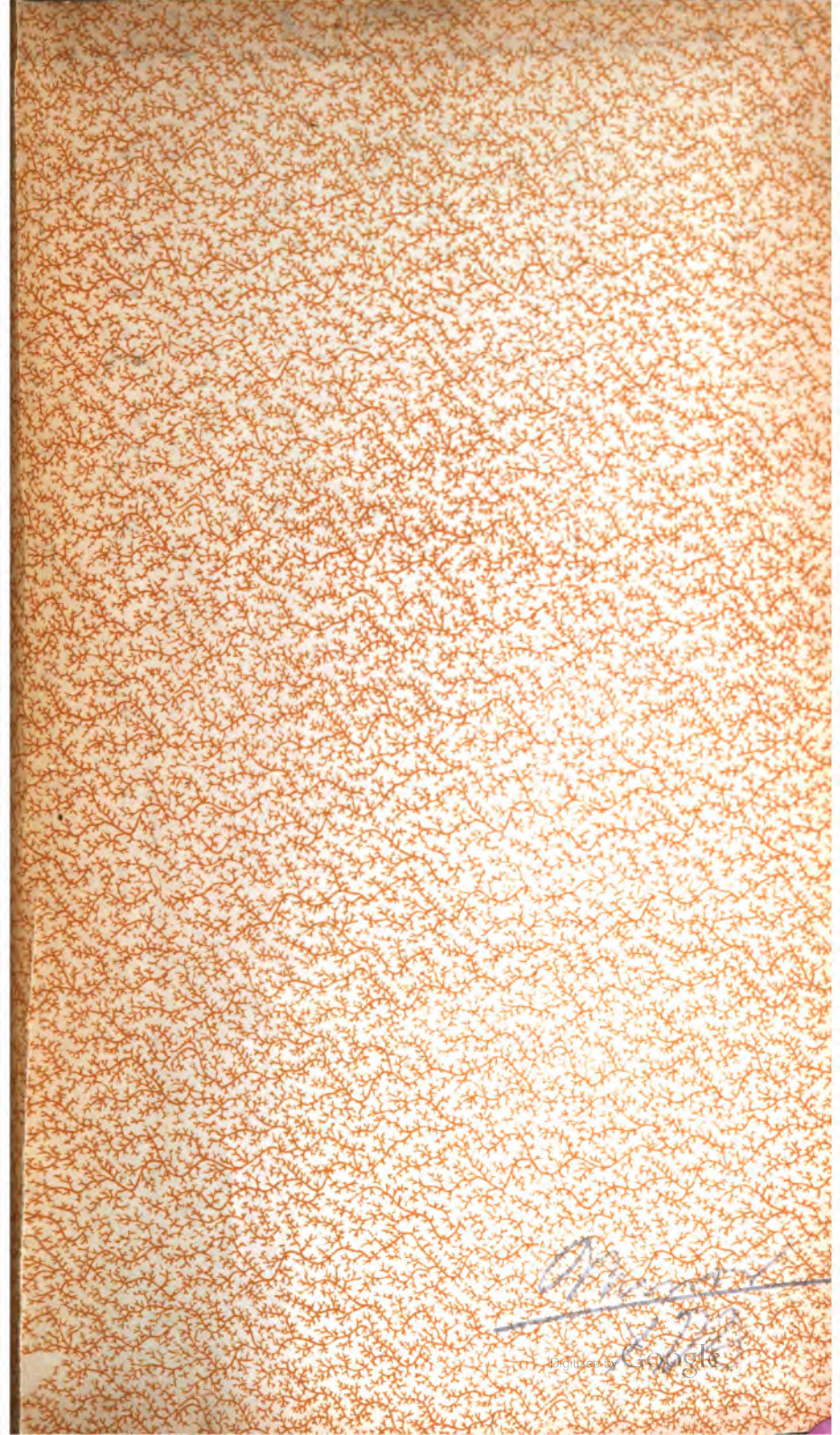
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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; SKETCHES AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

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FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

NEW FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY,

&c.

VOL. XXXIV.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND.
(Near Somerset House.)

1839.

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

OUR patrons will observe in this volume, an adherence as much as possible to the original plan of the work, availing ourselves, at all times, of the varied Novelties in Literature, and embracing copious notices of the vast Improvements in the Arts and Sciences: at the same time, fully impressed with the excellence of those studies, which, by enlarging our acquaintance with the Wonders of Nature, afford us a deeper insight into the mysteries of creation, and naturally lead the heart to expatiate with more fervent admiration on that great Fountain of Knowledge and of Existence, the deep and inexhaustible streams of whose wisdom we are thus permitted to approach, to gratify, in some degree, the thirst of laudable curiosity.

The old and local Manners, and Topographical Notices, we trust, will meet with approval; for, although antiquarian research has frequently been the object of ridicule, and perhaps deservedly so, when limited to obscure conjectures, or emblazoning unintelligible inscriptions; yet, when conducted with a sedulous attention to the illustration of Manners and Customs of former times, to the elucidation of History, and an instructive Investigation of the Learning and Opinions of early Ages, the advantages of these branches of knowledge will be apparent to every reader.

While we thus indulge a pardonable vanity in proclaiming our obligations to those literary friends, already high in the estimation of the admirers of genius and learning, we must not forget our grateful acknowledgments to those Correspondents who have honoured THE MIRROR as the depository of their earliest literary efforts, and the channel through which their names are first made known to the world: many, as they were our earliest, so they have been the most

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constant communicants; and, we rely on our assertion, that it has been the desire, so far as within our power, to advance the interests of literature, by their introduction to the acquaintance and estimation of the world.

The constant intent in our Embellishments, has been to present the reader with *Objects of real Interest*, rather than giving them pretty specimens of wood engraving. By arrangements made with several artists, and from a collection already in our possession, we anticipate a further enrichment of the future volumes with numerous Pictorial novelties. Our intention has also been to snatch from oblivion such views of buildings, whose histories are blended with the annals of our country, and also of Rural Scenes, which, under the ruthless and desolating hand of what is fashionably designated Improvement, are being sweep'd from the face of our once beauteous England!

We have devoted rather more space than usual, in this volume, to that most instructive department of literature —Biography, which we are fully satisfied has met with the approval of our readers.

And now, cheered by the sanction of our patrons, we again "cast our bread upon the waters," trusting, by their continued patronage, THE MIRROR will present, as heretofore, a rich and varied harvest.

MIRROR OFFICE: DECEMBER 24, 1839.

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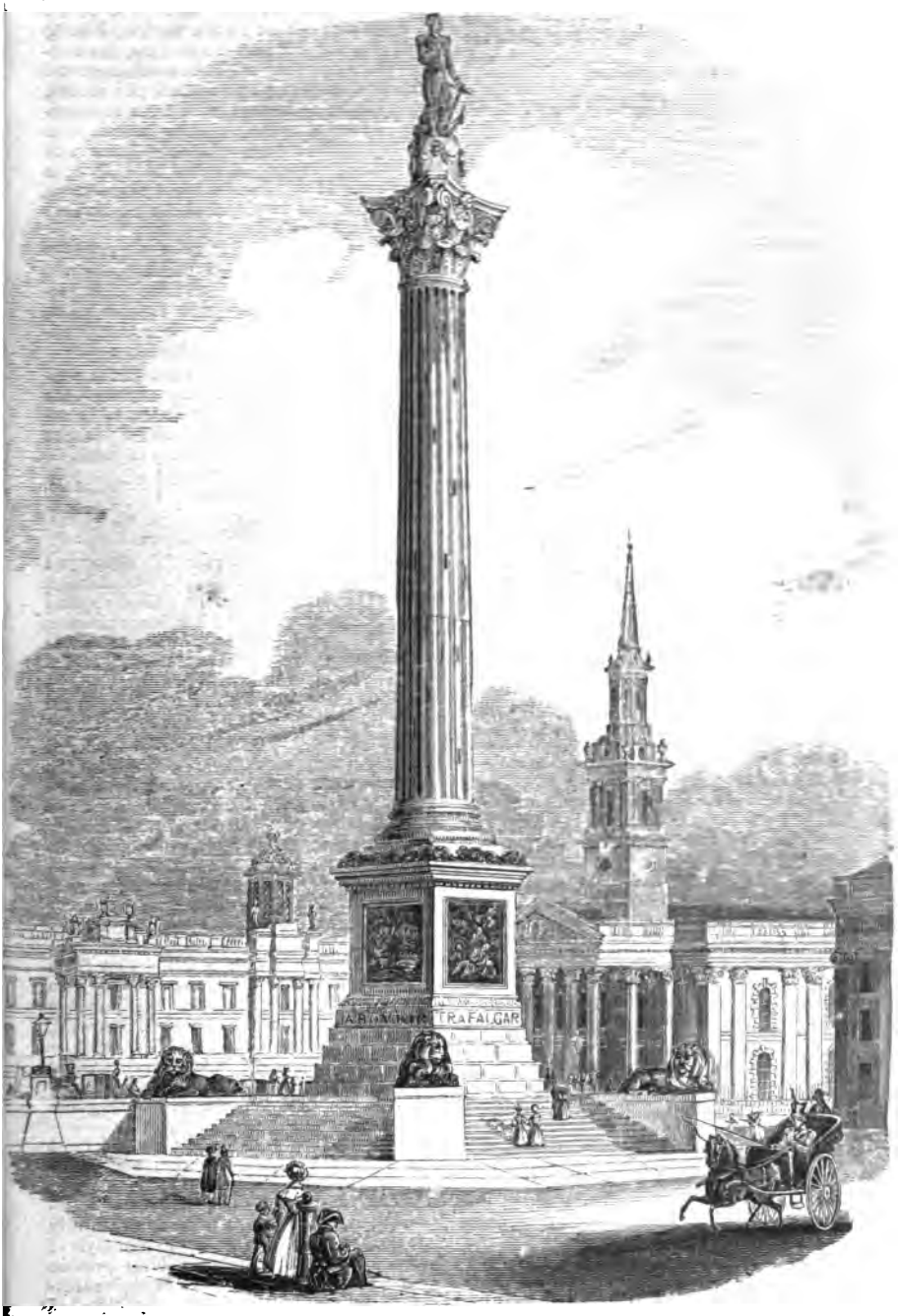
The Mirror.

No. 957.] SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1839. [Price 2d.



THE NELSON MEMORIAL.

ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION, FROM MR. RAILTON'S DRAWING.

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THE NELSON MEMORIAL.

DURING the late war, no commander showed more invincible and daring courage than the mighty

HORATIO NELSON,

the greatest naval hero that the history of the world can record.

It was therefore to be expected, for the honour of England, that the public would erect some memorial of their estimation of his prowess and his worth; and, accordingly, a fund (emanating from the Committee of the Patriotic Fund) was raised at the close of the year 1805, amounting to 1,330*l.* reduced three per cents., which sum, with the accumulated dividends, amounted, in June 1838, to 5,545*l.* 19*s.*

The question of erecting a memorial to our naval hero remained in a quiescent state until February 22, 1838, when a meeting was held at the Thatched House, St. James's-Street, at which it was resolved, "that a subscription be raised for the purpose of erecting a national monument, in a conspicuous part of the metropolis." In pursuance of this resolution, a committee was appointed, and most of the bankers agreed to receive subscriptions.

On the 11th April following, another meeting was held at the Thatched House Tavern, for the purpose of fixing upon an appropriate site, on which to erect the monument,—the general wish appearing to be Trafalgar-square; when a letter was received from Mr. Spring Rice, declaring the readiness of government to grant the site, as requested by the Committee. After resolving to invite artists, architects, &c. to send in plans, and agreeing to hold a public meeting, the assembly separated.

Agreeable with the above resolution, a meeting was held at the Freemason's Tavern, on the 22d of June following, when a liberal subscription was announced, the Queen's name appearing for the sum of 500*l.*; the Queen Dowager, for 200*l.*; the Dukes of Wellington and Buccleugh, 200*l.* each, and many others for various sums.

On the 1st of August following, a meeting was held at the London Tavern, the Duke of Wellington in the chair, at which meeting, the site in Trafalgar-square was finally approved of.

It was there reported by the secretary, that the committee had issued advertisements inviting designs to be delivered by the 31st of January following; and for awarding prizes for the first, second, and third in order of merit.

Accordingly, 118 drawings and 41 models were sent to Rainy's gallery, Regent-street.

On February 23d, many of the subscribers met at the Thatched House, St. James's street, to receive the report of the sub-committee, who awarded the first prize to Mr. Railton, the second to Mr. G. H. Bailey, and the third to Messrs. Fowler and Sievier. The confirmation of the sub-committee's recommendation was adjourned to a future day. And on the 9th of March, at a general meeting of the committee, it was resolved that the prizes be awarded in accordance with the recommendation of the sub-committee.—That all the models, &c., be restored to the different competitors, the committee believing they might be much improved on re-consideration; and that all the models, &c., might be again sent in, or fresh ones produced, by any artist, on or before Saturday, the 25th of May following. In accordance with this resolution, a second series of designs, to the number of one hundred and sixty-seven, were sent in, and exhibited at the St. James's Bazaar, St. James's street.

On Saturday, the 22d June, the committee again met for their final decision, at the Thatched House Tavern, and after some preliminary business, proceeded to the ballot, which closed at four o'clock, when the scrutineers made the following notification:—

"In obedience to the resolution of the committee, we, the undersigned, have examined the votes given for the model or design to be selected for the Nelson Memorial, and we declare that Mr. Railton has the majority of votes.

"G. COCKBURN,
"P. LAURIE, } Scrutineers.

"Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, June 22, 1839."

The second competition for this monument having thus been determined, like the former, in favour of Mr. Railton, we waited on that gentleman, who, in the most handsome manner, granted us the use of his drawing to enable us to give an accurate representation of the selected design, which will, we presume, be more interesting from the limited access to the room pending the decision of the committee.

Many of the models and drawings evinced talents of a very high order, and reflected the greatest credit on the respective schools of art:—but a want of due consideration as to the intended locality, and the impracticability of imparting to merely sculptural designs the importance and grandeur attainable in architectural objects, must have operated powerfully against many. In the majority, too, we found allegory only where the subject admitted actual historical illustration, which not merely presents us with a well-drawn fable equally applicable to the career of every hero from Theseus to Wellington, but portrays events peculiar to, and to be identified with, the brilliant course of Nelson's life alone.

The aid of allegory is not, however, lost sight of, for, in the minor sculptures the architect has availed himself of it with feeling and advantage.

A COLUMN, then, with the idea of which must be associated the embellishments and accessories of which it is susceptible, being shown to be by no means inapplicable to its immediate objects, the situation it was to occupy naturally gave it a pre-eminence over every other style of design. Here we have the noblest area in Europe, surrounded by edifices on a scale calculated to cast into insignificance any object of

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moderate dimensions—edifices it was necessary to vie with, and to crown without obscuring—here the graceful and commanding proportion of a columnar structure seemed to shut out competition;—and in this class of designs that of Mr. Railton had certainly few real competitors:—the conditions which many of the authors proposed to themselves at starting, having been so much more fully and successfully carried out by him.

The *Pedestal* has on its four sides *bassi relievi* of Nelson's principal engagements. 1.—The boarding of the San Joseph, at the battle off St. Vincent. 2.—The battle of the Nile; Nelson, wounded, receiving from Captain Berry, in the cabin of the Vanguard, the sword of the commander of the Spartiate. 3.—The interview at Copenhagen, between Nelson and the Crown Prince; and 4, the hero, fatally wounded, being carried from the deck of the Victory, at the battle of Trafalgar. Each of these compartments will be 18 feet square; and the figure of Nelson, in each, will be 7 feet high, in order that his features may be easily discerned. The pedestal is raised on a flight of fifteen steps, at the angles of which are African lions, in a recumbent posture.

The *Shaft* is fluted throughout, the base being richly ornamented, the lower torus with a cable, the upper with oak leaves.

The *Capital* is taken from the bold and simple example of MARS ULTOR, at Rome; and from it rises a circular pedestal, ornamented with a wreath of laurel and lions' heads, and surmounted by a statue of NELSON. A figure of Victory is introduced on every side of the capital.

	Height	Width.
Base - - - - -	10 feet.	104 feet.
Pedestal - - - -	39	20 6 in.
Base of column - -	9	
Shaft - - - - -	90	12 0
Capital - - - -	14	
Pedestal - - - -	14	
Statue - - - -	17	
Total height	193 feet.	

Mr. Railton proposes to erect the column in the centre of the square, and to lower the ground from the column to the foot-path on the north side to one level, to be ascended by a flight of ten steps, the whole width of the square, which will, in effect, rather add to the height of the National Gallery.

It is undecided whether the *bassi relievi* will be of bronze or of stone.

ESTIMATE OF EXPENSE.

Masonry - - -	£ 16,000
Sculpture - - -	14,000
Total	£ 30,000

In order that a comparison may be instituted between this and other similar objects, the dimensions of the principal columns which have been erected as monuments, are subjoined.

Date.		Order.	Height of Capital.	Diameter
113	Trajan's column,	Rome,	Doric,	115 ft. 12 ft.
162	Antonine's column,	Rome,	Doric,	128 13
1672	The Monument,	London,	Doric,	172 15
1806	Napoleon's column,	Paris,	Doric,	115 12
1822	Duke of York's,	London,	Doric,	100 11
1839	Nelson's Monument,	London,	Corinthian,	168 18

Subscriptions to complete the amount required continue to be received at all the bankers in London and principal towns.

Fine Arts.

AGLIO'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

MR. AGLIO has just finished his picture of this most interesting national event, of which, at present, we can only give a short account. It appears that it has been Mr. Aglio's object to portray the truly magnificent and splendid appearance of the Abbey on that occasion in a more general view than he conceived other artists would choose to represent. The ceremony of the Coronation is the principal object, but, in a picture, it must of necessity form only a small part of the scene, where the stupendous character of the architecture becomes the more prominent feature. Mr. Aglio has chosen a different view from the general feeling of other artists, by giving to the Abbey a greater share of interest, still keeping it sufficiently subdued for the better effect of the principal subject, the ceremony of the inthronization. His view is from the seats of the peers, the south-western part of the quadrangle. The platform of the throne constitutes the centre of the picture. The peeresses are opposite to the spectator, and the magnificent architectural display up to the painted window, with the temporary gallery, crowded by the assembled multitude. The pulpit produces a gorgeous and pleasing effect. The gallery of the foreign ambassadors, and that appropriated to the members of the House of Commons, form the whole back-ground of the picture. Her Majesty, wearing the imperial crown, assisted by the archbishop and other dignitaries of the church, is ascending the uppermost step of the throne. The general appearance of the picture is very imposing, the execution and colouring free and splendid, and the details correct; we must also add, that, among the vast number of figures represented, there are striking likenesses of many noble individuals present: the figure of our beloved Queen stands prominent, and is admirably effected. On the whole, we consider this picture fully entitled to the public patronage; and, we think, would make an interesting engraving.

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THE MOATED HOUSE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

[*Resumed from page* 213, *vol.* xxxiii.]

"Well may sleep present us fictious,"
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream."—*Campbell.*

The mere attribute of antiquity is sufficient to interest the fancy by awakening associations of other times and manners,—these moss-grown remnants become, under the silent influence of accumulated years, endowed with a charm, which the present and the real possess not. This mood of mind is at least blameless, for has not the wise Johnson said, that, "whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings"? The willow-fringed bank, where a moated house has been, again invited to that land of dreams which pass before the waking eye; again did I invoke the spell of fancy to bring once more the palmy days of the old mansion, to allow me to wander through the low-browed apartments, and listen to the converse of the long defunct dwellers there. Again did her spells, so "soft and deep," picture the moated dwelling of a past age, but figures altogether new and changed were there. True, there was the same rude antiquity in the old mansion, the porter's lodge, with the stone bench, the heavy porch, and the hall of chequered marble beyond; but the drawbridge, the warder's tower, and the portcullis, were no more. A change had come over all things, and the old family mansions of the country were no longer permitted to be so guarded, since such strongholds had too often been found to harbour those malcontents who set themselves in array against the existing goverment. The terraced garden yet remained, but something less quaint and formal, though still sufficiently so to show that art had not yet been placed under the tuition of nature. It was after the fashion of the garden at Sayes Court, which the pious Evelyn adorned with "flower-borders, alleys, and terraces, mounds and fountains;" and as I cast my eyes along the trim walks, I saw an old gardener busily employed in digging round and pruning a rosemary tree; he raised his eyes, and after looking in every direction, held up his finger in a beckoning manner to some one whom I did not see. The person thus invoked appeared not; so the gardener, after again cautiously glancing round, glided behind the shadow of a yew-hedge, which, cut in fantastic forms, represented round towers, birds, and gothic arches; sheltered by this, was a figure crouching from observation, attired in the costume of Charles the Second, travel-soiled and worn, but bearing about him the indescribable air which marks the gentleman—his countenance was haggard and full of anxiety, and his hair and beard neglected. "Gilbert," murmured he, in suppressed tones, to the gardener, "dare you hold discourse with such a one as I have become?" The old man was preparing to doff his hat and make a speech, but the other stopped him by a caution to beware of observation. "Any news, gallant colonel, of ——?" "Whisper not his name," said the other, "for fear the very trees should 'prate of his whereabouts.' Old man, the times are changed, indeed, since thy master, Sir Everard Baldwin, attended as a page at the court of that murdered saint, King Charles the First; nay, I will speak his beloved name, come what will," said the speaker, again glancing round,—"Gilbert, the regicides are hunting down the son with the same eagerness with which they pursued his father's life."—"But," said the gardener, "tell me, colonel, how you and our royal master escaped the murderous hounds in the wood of Boscobel? Strange reports reached us of your having had, for two mortal nights and days, to lie concealed in the branches of a noble oak-tree—honoured be the oak, from that time, and for ever! I have planted many slips from its branches, and buried many acorns in this old domain of the Baldwins', that future times may guess how all unwillingly we endured this canting brewer's son to usurp the throne of our banished master."—"Hush—hush,—my honest friend, and listen to me, for you know not how important is my message—I have lurked about the whole day to obtain an opportunity like this. Gilbert—be cautious, be vigilant—there will come to-day, on a visit to your master, a gentlewoman, by name Mrs. Lane;* she will arrive on horseback, her attendant, dressed as a serving-man, will ride before her,—but, Gilbert,—this seeming servant is"— Colonel Carless, for no other was the stranger, was here about to explain something of vast import, when the branches of a holly-bush, at no great distance, rustled as some one passed them; the colonel retreated behind the yew-hedge, and old Gilbert, seizing his spade, commenced digging with great energy, where no gardener in his senses ever dug before. A prim puritanical-looking personage emerged from behind the holly-bush. Had Cromwell himself presided at her toilet, greater attention could not have been paid to the eschewing of all vanities of flounce or furbelow; her face was pervaded by a continual smirk of self-complacency and spiritual pride, while her small glistening eyes expressed prying curiosity and all uncharitableness touching the doings of others. "Gilbert," exclaimed

* "On the 10th of September, 1651, Colonel Lane and his sister came to a field adjoining the house where King Charles lay concealed, a short distance from Boscobel, at one Mr. Whitgrave's. She was placed on horseback behind the king, who went by the name of William Jackson, a yeoman's son. It is related, that, on their arriving at a country house, the dread of discovery obliged the monarch to feign sudden illness, and retire to an obscure garret, where his person was in some manner recognised by an old man who brought him up provisions. The heroic Mrs. Lane passed through many dangerous adventures in the management of his Majesty's escape. In the end of October, 1651, he landed safely at Dieppe, in Normandy."

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this personage, in a shrill voice, "art thou mad, or verily not sober, what possesses thee to dig into the soft green terrace? thy thoughts are, I fear, old man, far away from thy lawful calling; thou art dreaming of unrighteous kings and wicked courts, and all the vain scenes in which thy youth was spent. But come along, I have been looking for thee this half-hour to cut me some sprigs of rosemary; and then haste to the kitchen-garden, and see that the rue is planted that I told thee of; I have a hundred uses for that herb of virtue." So saying, she descended from the terrace. A plague take the old Cromwellian, said Gilbert, evil was the day when the watchful dragon entered Baldwin Hall as a housekeeper: muttering this, he disappeared behind a leafy screen which concealed the kitchen garden. "A change came o'er the busy spirit of my dream," which, having obtained access to the Hall, found all in a bustle, preparing for the reception of guests. Sir Everard Baldwin, the present representative of the old family, who still retained possession of the place, was pacing to and fro in the entrance hall, looking anxiously from the porch, in the direction of a road which led to a pair of ponderous gates, erected since the demolition of the drawbridge. Presently a youth, of noble bearing, entered, followed by two dogs, as if from the chase; "I am every moment looking for the arrival of Mrs. Lane," said Sir Everard.—"How does she come, and how attended?" inquired the youth. "By her serving-man—one alone"—said his father; "that serving-man will be"—he drew near to his son's ear, and whispered one word—the youth started—"My boy, let no look or word of thine betray our knowledge of the rank of that person; be on your guard, and in all respects treat him as what he seems to be, a contrary course would hazard every thing." As he spoke, a menial bustled up, and informed his master that the lady they were expecting was approaching. "How is she attended?" asked his master. "Only by a servant-man, who rides before her." The eyes of the father and son exchanged a look of anxious meaning as the gates unfolded, and a goodly steed passed through them, laden with a portly dame, of fair and engaging countenance; before her sat one attired as a serving-man, or footman. He was small of stature, but lightly and elegantly formed, with a profusion of black hair, curling after the fashion of the time, nearly to his shoulders, his complexion, all but the forehead, dark, almost swarthy, his arch and intelligent eyes dark and piercing. A groom hastened up from the stables, the servant assisted his mistress to alight; a word or two passed between them, unheard by the groom, who was engaged in examining the pillion and its appointments. "You can find your way to the kitchen, William," said she, aloud; "and be ready if called for:" the man bowed, and glancing curiously round, followed the groom through the old court-yard.

"He does not look much made for business," said the groom to Mrs. Martha, who stood peering at the stranger, from the window of her own little domicile.—"Not a proper attendant for so staid a person as Mrs. Lane," responded the damsel; "to my fancy, there is the swagger of the cavalier about him; see how negligently he leans against the door-post, instead of preparing to attend his lady at dinner—and my stars!" continued she, as the stranger took off his cap, "what a poll of curling black hair!"

But here, the spirit of dreams introduced me into the grand dining-room, where a goodly company of the neighbouring gentry were assembled to give the meeting to Mrs. Lane, who sat conversing with old Sir Hugh Whitchcole, a stanch royalist. Some of the company were stiff adherents of the extraordinary being who at that time held unquiet possession of the throne. These few, though on visiting terms, held Sir Everard in small esteem, on the ground of his well-known attachment to the exiled family. The dinner was about to commence, when a servant entered, and addressed something in a whisper to Mrs. Lane, who said aloud to Sir Everard, "My poor footman craves leave of absence from attendance at your dinner, he is taken suddenly ill."—"Let him be well attended to," said Sir Everard, "and do you hear, let old Gilbert carry him some dinner, the poor fellow looks more fit for repose than any thing else." Conversation was carried on during the repast with a marvellous formality; there was reserve and distrust on one side, and proud contempt, and suppressed indignation on the other. So wearisome and heavy did the party become, that the scene changed to the spacious kitchen, where a somewhat noisy dispute was being carried on between the gardener and the other servants, on the subject of the invalid footman, who had betaken himself to old Gilbert's humble pallet, in a small room with a window overlooking the holly-bush and yew-hedge, mentioned before. "I tell you," said the latter, with an air of ill-concealed anxiety, "the poor fellow is fairly sick with riding so far through the hot sun and dust, so let me quietly take him a little something to eat."—"A precious guard to his lady," sharply exclaimed Mrs. Martha, "he must have learned these airs of some ne'er-do-well cavalier." The conclusion of her invective was lost on the gardener, who bustled up the stairs with something under a cover; and after instinctively lowering his white head at the door, he softly drew near the closed curtains. There lay the disguised footman, partially undressed, his jetty and redundant locks falling from a fair high forehead, his piercing eyes fixed on the intruder, he held up his hand, and made the peculiar sign, by means of which, in these unsettled times, the banished royalists were wont to discern their adherents, the counter-sign was immediately given—a motion was made to Gilbert to bend his ear, when some word was spoken, which

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caused the old man to kneel and kiss the hand of the stranger, with a profound reverence only paid to crowned heads.—"Hush—hush! my honest friend," said King Charles, for no other was the recumbent footman, "my life is in your hands, do not betray it by this mistimed loyalty, for much is to be done, and speedily. As you love your master, hasten to the elm-tree outside the gates; concealed in the branches, waits an endearing friend of mine, tell him that I set out from hence in the morning, and when we are beyond observation, he must join us, for we have much to concert; Richard Pendrill, with two others on whom I can rely, are to give us the meeting."—"Sire," said Gilbert, "the colonel is nearer to your highness's person than the elm-tree, I encountered him ere your arrival."—"Is he?" said the king; "then think you, my good fellow, there would be safety in my talking to him from hence?" Gilbert beckoned from the window, to some one concealed not far off, and in a few seconds the branches of an old tree which shaded the window, were put in motion, and the figure of Colonel Carless presented itself, he was near enough to reach the ledge of the window, his hand was upon it.—"Gilbert! Gilbert!" called a sharp voice, "we have been waiting for you this half hour."—My distress at this untimely interruption to the approaching interview between the disguised monarch and his devoted follower, was so great, that the bands of my day-dreams were rudely broken, and only the daisied meadow, the green mounds, and the neat modern residence erected on the site of the Moated House, were before me.

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE.

ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

BOSWELL.

In the life of Nollekens, vol. I., p. 224, we have not a very flattering picture of the great, and as some have called him, gaping-mouthed admirer of the giant of literature. He is described as being dirty in his habits, seldom washing his hands, and thus causing them to present a very unpleasant contrast with his clean, white ruffles; altogether, he is said to have cut a very indifferent appearance when dressed. Madame d'Arblay makes mention of the mock solemnity he had acquired from his constant endeavour to imitate his great friend, as ludicrous in the highest degree. He would sit in his chair, apparently wrapt up in thought, and out of assumed absence of mind, commit the most foolish mistakes; he affected a slovenliness in his gait, as nearly as he could manage it, resembling the rolling movements peculiar to the doctor; and the ludicrousness of his appearance was completed by the careless make of his clothes, which, according to his orders, were always too large, and sat on him as though they had been made for one not much under the size of a moderate giant. His conceit was, as may be seen by the papers of the day, carried to the extent of having his movements publicly noticed; as for instance, in the following paragraphs:—

"James Boswell, Esq., is expected in town."—*Pub. Advertiser*, Feb. 28, 1768.

"Yesterday, James Boswell, Esq., arrived from Scotland, at his lodgings in Half-Moon Street, Piccadilly."—*ib.* March 24, 1768.

And in the following we have another specimen of his love of publicity:—

"When Mr. Boswell was presented to the General de Paoli, he paid this compliment to the Corsicans:—'Sir, I am upon my travels, and have lately visited Rome. I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free people, to see the rise of another.'"—*Lloyd's Evening Post*, Jan. 10, 1766.

The following is another proof of the anxiety he ever manifested to see his name coupled with those of eminent characters:—"On Sunday last General Paoli, accompanied by James Boswell, Esq., took an airing in Hyde Park in his coach. His excellency came out and took an airing by the Serpentine River, and through Kensington Gardens, with which he seemed very much pleased."—*Public Adv.* Oct 4. 1769.

No doubt can be entertained but that these paragraphs found their way into the papers through Boswell's own instrumentality.

Mrs. Hannah More expresses herself as thoroughly disgusted with Boswell; for "after dinner," says she, "he came up much disordered with wine, and addressed me in a manner which drew from me a sharp rebuke, for which, I fancy, he will not easily forgive me." It would appear as though he had made professions of love! H. M.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Mr. Editor.—I have for several years last past been a "constant reader" of your entertaining Periodical, "the Mirror": and if you were to pay me a visit, you would see your volumes in a conspicuous part of my library, bound in crimson morocco, and becomingly gilt.

It is not, however, my intention to write you a "Mirror of Compliments," a book which I find, in looking over my bibliographical manual, did once exist in the publishing world. What I desire to set forth (hoping that it may in your judgment be worthy of insertion) is a pleasant trifle, which I have been of late revolving in my mind, with respect to your publication, and which I concocted while eating strawberries and cream in my summer-house.

On looking into an old etymology, I find that *Mirror* is a derivative from the French Miroir, and assimilates to the Italian mirare, and Spanish mirar, and that it means, that in which anything is seen, viewed, or beheld by reflection—when beautiful objects are reflected in it, it excites in the mind of the beholder

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admiration, and is then linked to the Latin *miror*, admiror, &c.

The Mirror, then, I would be understood, whose title emblazons your frontispiece, and which is the last of a long line of ancestry, bearing that same title, is the Mirror not only of the present time, but is the Mirror moreover of all antecedent productions of the same name. The fair features of all those which have gone before, still survive in you;—as down through the third and fourth generation, the primeval handsomeness of a fine parent is mirrored in the countenance of his interesting descendant.

To illustrate this, I must run back into that glorious period for Old Britain, when Caxton first put in motion his printing blocks and black types, and produced the first book that ever was printed in England, under the title of the "Mirror of the World." In one edition I find that it was "Printed in the Abbey of Westmestre, by William Caxton;" in the other, which is the first edition, it is written as if with the dash of a broad pen, "Caxton *me fieri fecit*, 1481. folio." This is printed on excellent paper, and ornamented with woodcuts, and spaces are left for the introduction of capital initials. At the Roxburghe Sale, 1752, a copy sold as high as 351*l.* 15*s.*; and another, Willett's, 1672, morocco, for 136*l.* 10*s.* Others, I find, according to Lowndes and Dibdin, have sold for upwards of 50 guineas, and even a damaged edition for 11*l.* 15*s.*

Andrewe's press put forth a reprint of this edition of Caxton, which is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, and bears this title-page, "The Myrrour and dyscrypcyon of the Worlde, with many Meruyalles. Empr. by me Laurence Andrewe. folio." This contained Caxton's prologue, and several of his cuts introduced. A copy, at the sale of Woodhouse's Library, produced 26*l.*

The next work which appears, bears the brilliant soubriquet of the "Mirroure of Golde,"—in truth it must have been more bright and luminous than the golden shield which Valentine bore, and in which Orson saw himself and wondered. And by whom, think you, was this mirror of gold framed? O, be sure, by featly fingers, and princely! This the beautiful title-page tells us, "The Mirroure of Golde for the Synfull Soule, translated out of Frenche into Englyshe by the *ryght excellent Princesse Margaret*, Moder to our Soverayne Lorde King Henry the VII. 4o. Printed by Richard Pynson. On Vellum." Of this there are three copies to be met with in three of our great libraries. One, Bibl. Harleian, vol. xvi.: printed by that little prince of printers, Wynkyn de Worde, 1522; another, Brit. Mus: and a third, at the library at Cambridge.

Very well, Mr. Loquacious, cries a little hyper-critic, if you think so easily to get over the first part of the difficulty, how will you get over the last. What likeness will you find in having *Queens* for your authors? A great likeness, Sir! By the poet of old time it was said, "my mind to me a kingdom is;" thereby leaving it understood, though unexpressed, that he was king over that kingdom, and if a poetess rule over that kingdom, shall she be crowned and enthronized over it, by title, any other than that of Queen? Truly, Mr. Editor, you have "Queens" to beautify your Mirror of Gold—witness your devout Anne R—, your fair M. S., M.L.B., and a charming multitude of others who reign supremely over our souls.

The next which in point of date presses on our notice, is "The Boke callyd the Myrroure of oure Ladye. Lond. by me Richarde Fawkes, 1530. folio." This Mirror consists of three parts. Part 1., treats of the proper behaviour at divine service. Part 2, begins on fol. xxxii, and consists of the service for each day of the week, which the author termeth, "vii storyes," and ends on folio clxiiii, with a colophon: the next blank leaf, p. 3, printed with a fresh set of signatures, commences on fol. clxvi, and concludes on fol. clxxxiii, without either colophon or device. It has two prologues and a table of the chapyters, xxiiii in number, for the first part. It is altogether a valuable specimen of old printing.

And have we not at this day, the Myrroure of our Ladye—of the Ladye of high degree—*the* Ladye, Queen imperial of the realm. I turn to No. 901 of the Mirror, and I read there of the stately pageants, coronation and festival, of this noble ladye. I read at other places of her acts and deeds as in a fair chronicle, and my loyalty and deep respect becomes deeper and more loyal as I read. Surely, then, Mr. Editor, your's is bonâ fide the "Myrroure of our Ladye,"—of our Sovereign Leige Lady the Queen; and consequently, truly too, may it lay claim to the title of that other renowned Mirror which appeared in 1619, entitled the "Mirror of Majestie."

The next Mirror worthy of notice is one by Johan Fewterer, who dedicates it to the Honourable Lord Husey, styling himself his "daily oratour," and is entitled "the Mirrour of Glasse. Lond. by me Robert Redman, 1534 folio." This pious Johan dates, from where do you think? even "from Syon." Now I never could find that you dated from any other place than the "Strand," as appears on the back and front of your numbers; yet I observe that you do not neglect to feed me with Sion's sweet and sacred food. You have indulged me, in common with all your other readers, with holy "manna," as well as fat, delicious Israelitish quails. You have opened to us the delicious pages of Lord Lindsay, of Lamartine and Chateaubriand; through you we have seen the olive-groves of Judah, and listened to the soft warble of the springs of Sion.

But the year 1559 is remarkably famous in the history of Mirrors; for in this year appeared the "Mirror for Magistrates." The best and most recent edition of this popular production of the reign of Queen Elizabeth is

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one which was edited by Joseph Haslewood, Lond., 1815. 4to. 3 vols., and of which the limited number of copies was 150.

The history of this Mirror, which in 1598, in a reprint for James Roberts, was entitled the "Mirrour of Mirrours," is exceedingly curious, and to the bibliographer especially interesting, on account of the number of reprints constantly in demand, and the many editions into which, in the last half of the fifteenth century, it ran. The first edition was printed, as the title-page has it, "Anno 1559, Londini. in ædibus Thoma Marshe, 4to. 92 leaves." This was edited by William Baldwin, and contained 19 legends. One copy, some short time back, sold for 25*l.*

In the year 1568, a second edition was published by the same hand and same editor: the legends in this, however, were increased to the number of 27.

Three years had scarcely passed since the last edition, before a new one was again in request, which accordingly appeared "newly corrected and augmented."

Next year, 1574, a fourth edition of the first part only, sprang up from Marshe's printing-shop, entituled, "The first part of the Mirour for Magistrates, containing the falles of the first unfortunate Princes of the Lande; from the comming of Brute, to the incarnation of our Saviour and Redemer Jesu Christe." In this, the legends amounted to 16.

Scarce giving the other time to breathe, in 1575, comes out a reprint of the "last parte;" and, again in the same year, a reprint of the first part, which edition, says Ritson, contains 17 legends. In 1578, the last part is again brought out, with 29 legends.

All these were produced by Marshe. There then appears a short gap in the labours of Marshe, during which interim an edition appears, "Imprinted by Richard Webster, 4to. and published by Thomas Blener Hasset, containing the falles of the unfortunate Princes of this lande from the conquest of Cæsar unto the commyng of Duke William the Conqueror.

In 1587, Marshe again appears with his name tagged to this everlasting Mirrour. It reports to be "newly imprinted, and with the addition of divers Tragedies enlarged." These are in this new edition so multiplied, that they mount up to 73 legends.

In 1610, it again finally appears. It then bespeaks itself as "Newly enlarged with a last part, called a Winter Night's Vision, being an addition of such tragedies especially famous, as are exempted in the former history, with a poem annexed, called England's Eliza." In this last, however, though the legends are multiplied, they are much curtailed and modernized.

But here is a beautiful Mirror which shortly after appeared from the press of Thomas Este. It is deliciously entitled, the "Mirror of Princely Deedes and Knighthood, wherein is shewed the Worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne, and his brother Rosicleer; with the strange love of the beautiful Princesse Briana; of the Valiant Actes of other noble princes and knights. Translated out of Spanish by Margaret Tyler."

There crowd upon me a number of others. There was the "Mirrour of Madness, or a Paradoxe maintayning Madnesse to be most excellent." This was doubtless written by a bedlamite, who best understood his own nature. Then there were, the "Mirrour of Man's Life, Lond., 1580, 16mo. The Mirrour of Man's Miseries, Lond., 1584, 8vo. The Mirror, a Periodical Work, published at Dublin, in 6*d.* numbers, 8vo., 1755, long ago defunct. The Mirror, or Harlequin everywhere. The Weekly Mirror, another periodical publication, 1780. The Green-room Mirror, Lond., Macklin, 8vo., 1795. The Monthly Mirror, commenced in 1795—finished in 1803. The Historical Mirror, Lond., 12mo., 1776;" and a score of others, *quæ nunc perscribere longum est.* There seems to be some hidden reason which hinders the writers' as well as the philosophers' Mirrors from succeeding; and a work might, with equal cause, be written upon these last, as already has been done upon the former, entitled, "An investigation of the Causes which often prevent the proper action of Mirrors." All these unsuccessful ones may be likened to that picture noticed by Walpole, which was found among the stores of old pictures at Somerset House, painted on a long board, representing the head of Edward VI., and which was only to be discerned by the reflection of a cylindric mirror. The effect was, that the aspect of it, after all, was distorted, and unacceptable to sight.

But I do not think that ever you will have occasion so to exert your might. And now, sir, may your path henceforward be as peaceful as it has ever heretofore been. Pursue blessedly the tranquil tenour of your way, inciting sometimes to higher and sublimer themes, and universally to virtue, gentle affections, and kindly good-will; and thus, as in old Gower's Confessio Amantis,—

"Be to the worldes eie
The Myrrour of Exemplarie!"

THOS. HARDWICKE.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

All infancy's sweet joys thou can'st not tell;
Yet, envy not, fair child, our riper years,
When the heart bleeds or struggles to rebel,
And e'en *our smiles* are sadder than *thy tears.*

Thy gentle age passes without a trace,
Softly, as sighs that mingle with the breeze,
As joyous sounds which distance must efface,
Or Halcyon floating o'er the summer seas.

Let thy thoughts blossom in their later hours,
But now enjoy the dawn! Enjoy the spring!
Thy days are like a wreath of budding flowers,
Spare them, till scatter'd by Time's blighting wing.

Await the future,—fate, alas! for thee,—
As for us all,—has deep regrets in store;
Falsehood, and every ill, we blush to see,
And worthless pleasures, that we should deplore.

Yet, laugh! unconscious of all evil now,
No shade should cloud the azure of thine eyes!
The peaceful innocence of that fair brow
Reveals thy spirit, and *reflects the skies.*

Bentley's Miscellany, No. xxxi.

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(*From various Authorities.*)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the father of the English Poets, and the first great improver and reformer of our language, is supposed to have been born in the second year of Edward III., 1328; but where he first drew his breath, is mere matter of conjecture. Some of his early biographers say that he was born in Berkshire, others, in Oxfordshire; though, from what may be gathered from his writings, his father was a gentleman, and resided in the city of London. In regard to his early years we are entirely in the dark, as to how or where thy were spent; but, as soon as he was fit for academical studies, he was sent to Cambridge, where he gave early testimonies of his abilities, in several elegies and sonnets. When about eighteen he composed the *Court of Love*, in which there are pregnant proofs of skill and learning, as well as quickness of wit and strength of genius. The most correct accounts we have of Chaucer are those taken from his own writings, in which there are a great variety of circumstances that do not occur in any of the early relations of his life; and it is very probable we should never have heard of his having been a student at Cambridge, if he had not left that particular himself. In like manner, though it might have been presumed that the *Court of Love* was not his first performance, it would, at the same time, have been no easy task to prove the assertion, but from a perusal of this poem, we learn that he had written many verses before this production, in honour of the god of love. Indeed, had he been silent on the subject, it would be impossible to persuade any one who is a judge of poetry, that this was his first essay; for not only does the structure of the poem manifest an extraordinary skill in that kind of writing, but the harmony of his numbers, even at this distand period, shows that they could not be penned by an unpractised poet. It is generally believed, that the *Court of Love* was written in imitation of the *Romant of the Rose*. Chaucer, in this poem, declares that it is a tribunal to which every man owes obedience, and to which, sooner or later, they will be obliged to pay respect. As for himself, he professes that he was summoned to do suit and service at the age of eighteen; which affords him an opportunity of describing the Court, the manner of its proceedings, and the statutes of love, by which those proceedings are regulated.

This poem is very long, consisting of upwards of fourteen hundred verses, and concludes with the festival of love, which is celebrated by the birds on the first of May.

We have no correct account as to what college or hall of the University of Cambridge he studied in; but it is generally supposed to have been the Solere's hall, which he has so particularly and humorously described in the story of the *Miller of Trompington*. From thence he removed to the University of Oxford, where he completed his studies. After staying some time at Merton College, and paying strict attention to the lectures of the University, he became, according to Leland, a ready logician, a smooth rhetorician, a pleasant poet, a grave philosopher, an ingenious mathematician, and a holy divine. That he was a master in astronomy is plain from his *Discourses of the Astrolabe*; that he was versed in the hermetic philosophy, appears by his *Tale of the Chanon's Yeoman*; his knowledge of divinity is evident from his *Parson's Tale*; and his philosophy from the *Testament of Love*. After he had left the University he travelled through France and the Low Countries; but at what period he went abroad, or when he returned, are circumstances not easily determined; although we should be inclined to suppose, that his stay abroad was not of long duration, as the most correct writers of his time assert, that after his return he entered himself of the Middle Temple, where he became a student of the Municipal Laws of England. Having received some tincture of this learning, he was introduced to the Court, where he was employed in the quality of King's page, in those times a very honourable office; but this being a post to which none but young men could be admitted on their coming to court, it is generally supposed that Chaucer was not above thirty years of age when he was first admitted. He seems to have owed his admittance into the King's service, in this quality, to the influence of the King's son, John of Gaunt, afterwards Duke of Lancaster. Although this circumstance is not mentioned by any of the early writers of his life, yet there can be no doubt of the truth of the assertion; for it appears, by a poem of his, called *Chaucer's Dream*, first printed in 1597, that he was well acquainted with this young prince's amorous secrets; the poem being an allegorical history of the loves of John of Gaunt and Blanch of Lancaster, daughter of Henry Duke of Lancaster, which appears, from this poem, were managed with the utmost secrecy, until, by a long train of intrigues and solicitations, all the obstacles in the way of their union were got over, and, with the help of the King's consent, and the pope's dispensation, they were married, May 1359. As this was the introduction of John of Gaunt to his vast power and greatness, so it seems to have been the beginning of Chaucer's fortunes at court; at least it appears, that the knowledge he had of this affair, was the cause of his being equally the favourite of the Duke of Lancaster and the Duchess Blanch, who, as the highest testimony of her friendship, gave him the sister of her favourite lady in marriage, a circumstance which is likewise intimated at the end of this poem. This poem is on a different subject from another which bears the same title; but which, in the old manuscripts, is entitled the *Book of the Duchess*, and was written upon her death. Chaucer, who continued to increase

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in favour, under the patronage of the Duke of Lancaster, was one of his most stanch adherents, but notwithstanding his fidelity to his patron, he kept within the bounds of loyalty to his prince, as well as those of duty to his benefactor.

The English court, at this time, was the most gay and splendid in Europe; Edward III., a prince distinguished by civil virtues and martial renown, sat upon the throne, blessed with an illustrious consort, by whom he had a numerous posterity. His many victories had rendered him famous abroad, while his moderation and clemency, his reverence for the laws, and his kindness to his people, made him beloved at home; which has occasioned our chroniclers to boast, that there have been few reigns more glorious, and none brighter that his. Among other qualities with which this monarch was endowed, his love of learning and learned men was not the least conspicuous; and, therefore, it is not surprising that Chaucer, who was continually giving some specimen of his talents, should have wrought himself into high favour; while, at the same time, it appears that he was a constant attendant on the court; and, when it was at Woodstock, resided at a square stone house near the park-gate. Many of the rural descriptions that occur in his works, are taken from Woodstock-park; which he tells us, was a park walled with green stone, being the first park that was walled in England, and not many years before his time. In most of his pieces, where he designs an imaginary scene, it is, doubtless, copied from a real landscape, namely, in his *Cuckow and Nightengale*, the morning walk which he takes may be traced from his house through part of the park, and down by the brook into the vale, under Blenheim-castle, which place he likewise describes in his *Dream*, as a white castle standing upon a hill; the scene in that poem being laid in Woodstock-park. When disengaged from public affairs, his time was entirely spent in study and walking, an exercise which appears to have been very agreeable to him, for he tells us, that he preferred it to all other sports and diversions: his mode of living was temperate and regular; he went to rest with the sun, and rose before it; and by that means enjoyed the pleasures of the finest part of the day, his morning walk, and fresh contemplations. This custom of early rising gave him the means of describing the morning in such a lively manner: the rising sun glows warm in his lines, and the fragrant air blows cool in his descriptions; we smell the sweets of the blooming haws, and hear the music of the feathered choir, whenever we take a forest-walk with him: the hour of the day is not easier to be discovered from the reflection of the sun in Titian's paintings, than in Chaucer's morning landscapes. Though those descriptions may be sometimes too long, when he takes those early rambles, for he seldom knows how to get out of a forest when once entered into; yet how advantageous this beautiful extravagance is, most of his successors well know, who have very plentifully lopped off his exuberant beauties, and placed them as the chief ornaments of their own writings. Besides his employment about the person of his prince, Chaucer took great pains to advance his fortune, by attaching himself, as before observed, to the service of the Duke of Lancaster, by whom, as well as by his Duchess Blanch, a lady remarkable for her wit and virtue, he was exceedingly beloved; nor was it long before he became one of the family; which happened in the following manner. The Duchess Blanch had in her service one Catherine Rouet, daughter of Sir Payne Rouet, a native of Hainault, and guien king-at-arms for that country, who was afterwards married to Sir Hugh Swynford, a knight of Lincoln. Upon his decease, which took place not long after their marriage, she returned into the duke's family, and was appointed governess of his children. She had a sister, whose name was Philippa, and who, being a great favourite with the duke and duchess, was, as a mark of their great esteem, recommended to Chaucer for a wife. He married her about the year 1360, when he was in the flower of his age, and, as appears from a portrait of him taken about that time, to have been one of the handsomest persons about the court. His complexion was fair and beautiful; his lips red and full, his size of just proportion; and his air graceful and majestic. We live at too great a distance of time, to be able to form any correct judgment on the true motives which led to his marriage; but it is not improbable but that he was acquainted with the tenderness, which his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, had for the Lady Swynford, by whom he had several children, who were afterwards legitimated by an act of Parliament. But this alliance was not the only tie he had upon that prince, who was one of the most ambitious and artful men of his time, and being always embarked in state intrigues, was fond of having men of learning about him, of whom he might make use as occasion offered, and in which capacity, as there was none more able, so it appears that none did him greater service, than Chaucer. Being thus powerfully supported, we need not be surprised that his fortunes made a very quick progress at court; and, accordingly, we find many marks of Edward's kindness towards him; among which are the following: namely, in the forty-first year of his reign he granted him an annuity of twenty marks per annum out of the exchequer; and, although the amount, at the present time, may appear but small, at that period it was considered a large pension, which in Chaucer's case was more valuable, being an earnest of future favours; for, not long after, we find him a gentleman of the king's privy-chamber, under which title, the king granted him, by letters patent, dated in the forty-fifth year of his reign, the further sum of twenty

marks per annum, during his life. In the next year he was made shield-bearer to the king, a title now extinct, though at that time a situation of great honour, such persons being always near the king's person, and generally, upon signal victories, rewarded with military honours. In the same year, and by the same title, we find him commissioned, in conjunction with other persons, to treat with the republic of Genoa; but, concerning the subject of this negociation, at this distance of time, it is almost impossible to form a correct judgment; although, from the history of Edward's reign, it may be inferred, that Chaucer was sent to Genoa, for the purpose of hiring ships for the king's navy; for, in those times, though we frequently made great naval armaments, yet we had but few ships of our own, which defect was supplied, by hiring them from the free states in Germany or Italy. In this negociation, Chaucer seems to have given great satisfaction, for upon his return home he received new marks of his prince's favour; for, by letters patent, dated at Windsor the twenty-third of April, in the forty-eighth year of his reign, his majesty granted him a pitcher of wine daily, in the port of London, to be delivered by the butler of England; and, shortly after, he was made comptroller of the Customs, in the port of London, for wool, wool-fels, and hides, with a provisio, that he should personally execute that office, and keep the accounts of it with his own hand. As this was a very lucrative and reputable employment, Chaucer soon became enriched by the profits of his post; while, at the same time, his reputation was much increased by the diligence and integrity with which he discharged it. He valued himself much upon his conduct in this office, which he affirms was never liable to any kind of imputation; an assertion which was doubtless strictly correct; for, towards the close of Edward's reign, there having been a great many frauds and embezzlements committed in the Customs, and a prosecution being commenced against the defaulters, their names were brought before the public, but among these we do not find the name of Chaucer so much as mentioned. About a year after he became in possession of this office, the king made him a grant of the lands and body of Sir Edmund Staplegate, son of Sir Edmund Staplegate, of the county of Kent, in ward, for which he received one hundred and four pounds, which, with other pecuniary advantages he was in possession of, enabled him to raise an income of one thousand pounds per annum, a large sum at that period, and which, he says, enabled him to live with dignity in his office, and good-will among his neighbours; but as all those benefits were principally derived through the influence of the Duke of Lancaster, he became daily more involved in the political intrigues of that active and ambitious prince. It is suggested by many of our historians that the duke had an intention of seizing upon the crown at the death of Edward; and, which they suppose was the cause of the king declaring, in full Parliament, about the time Chaucer was sent to Genoa, the young prince Richard, the only surviving son of Edward the Black Prince, heir apparent to the crown. But a more plain and natural reason for the king's taking this step, in which none more readily concurred that the Duke of Lancaster, seems to have been caused by the king and his son going abroad to carry on the war in France; upon which occasion, the young prince Richard was not only declared heir apparent, but was, nominally, entrusted with the government of the kingdom, during the absence of his father, grandfather, and uncles. A stronger proof of his innocence in this respect cannot be produced than that of his marrying, upon the decease of his Duchess Blanch, the Lady Constantia, daughter of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon, in whose right, upon the decease of her father, he assumed those royal titles; and, although it must be allowed, that this was a mark of his ambition, and of his inclination to be a king, it proves, at the same time, that he had another crown in view than that of England, when he adopted his devise, of an eagle endeavouring with his bill to undo a footlock. Upon the decease of his eldest brother, Edward the Black Prince, the Duke of Lancaster was associated by his father in the government, and had the principal direction of public affairs. It was at this period, in the most happy season of his life, and when he enjoyed so many of the blessings which this world affords, that Chaucer composed most of those gay and lively pieces, which were so much adapted to the humour of those times, and to that romantic spirit of love and fighting then so much in vogue; and through which he has acquired so extensive a reputation for wit and learning.

W. G. C.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

The cultivation of flowers is an employment adapted to every grade, the high and the low, the rich and the poor; but especially to those who have retired from the busy scenes of active life. Man was never made to rust out in idleness. A degree of exercise is as necessary for the preservation of health, both of body and mind, as food. And what exercise is more fit for him, who is in the decline of life, than that of superintending a well-ordered garden! What more enlivens the sinking mind! What is more conductive to a long life? The cultivation of flowers is an appropriate amusement for young ladies. It teaches neatness, cultivates a correct taste, and furnishes the mind with many pleasing ideas. The delicate form, and features, the mildness and sympathy of disposition, render them fit subjects to raise those transcendant beauties of nature, which declare the "perfections of the Creator's power." The language of flowers is so elegant an amusement, that we select a few of the most inter-

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esting emblems for the gratification of our fair readers.

Beauty.—The Rose.—This queen of flowers is considered the pride of Flora, and the emblem of beauty in every part of the globe.

Calumny.—Madder.—This plant, so essential to dyers and calico-printers, is made the emblem of calumny, since it leaves so permanent a stain on the purest cloth.

Coquetry.—The Yellow Day Lily.—This fragile beauty is made to represent coquetry, as its flowers seldom last a second day.

Courage.—The Black Poplar.—The poplar was dedicated to Hercules, in consequence of his destroying Cacus, in a situation where these trees abounded.

Declaration of Affection.—Tulip.—The tulip has, from time immemorial, been made the emblem by which a young Persian makes a declaration of his attachment.

Diffidence.—Cyclamen.—As modest diffidence adds attraction to beauty, so does this graceful flower engage our notice by its unassuming carriage; for the cyclamen, although it expands in an upright direction, never rears its head to the sun. The Romish church has dedicated this flower to St. Romauld.

Docility.—The Rush.—This plant, so proverbial for its pliability, is the most applicable symbol of docility.

Durability.—Dogwood, or Cornel Tree.—The firm and lasting nature of this wood has caused it to be made the type of duration.

Fidelity.—Wall Speedwell.—This beautiful plant, which attaches itself to old walls, is the symbol of fidelity, This plant is dedicated to St. Simon of Jerusalem.

Forsaken.—The Lilac.—The Eastern nations, from whence this beautiful shrub was originally brought, use the lilac as the emblem of the forsaken, as it is the flower the lover offers to his mistress if he abandons her. —*New York Mirror.*

POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL.

(*Resumed from page* 390, *vol.* XXXIII.)

For a CLERGYMAN, nothing can be so easy, indeed, as to become conversant with this subject, as he is usually the most popular and the most respected person in the parish, so that were he disposed to engage in this pursuit, the greater number of his flock would feel a pleasure in forwarding to him curious specimens, and any information they might possess respecting them. It is almost needless to remark, that the study of natural objects, however small and apparently insignificant they might be, would not in any degree lower him in the estimation of any reflecting being, and would materially tend to exalt his ideas and admiration of the great CREATOR. He would soon find his sermons and other religious writings materially improved, by being able to reveal to his congregation, and to his readers, the wonders and beauties displayed in the book of nature—a book of the greatest assistance to the right interpretation of the Scriptures. Although the list of naturalists of former and of present times does not contain so many names of clerical persons as we might have expected, yet there are several, however, who have materially added to this branch of knowledge, and whose names are as universally known as their writings are celebrated and esteemed. Such reverend naturalists as St. Pierre, De la Pluche, Pontoppidan, Paley, White, and some few others of former times, and Buckland, Sedgwicke, Coneybeare, Bree, Herbert, Jenyns, Bird, Hope, and others of the present day, are more likely to interpret correctly the sacred text, by being better qualified to explain any obscure portions of it which relate to natural history, than they who lack a knowledge of this kind.

ANNOTATORS and CRITICS should possess a very extensive knowledge of natural history, that they may be able to elucidate properly or to criticise fairly such passages in an author as may seem to call for elucidation or criticism. I could fill many pages with expositions of the ignorance which various celebrated annotators have displayed on this subject, and of their unjust criticisms arising from the same cause. These writers seem, in general, merely to have informed themselves on classic natural history, which treats of objects chiefly exotic, while they have neglected, with singular indifference, the natural history of their own country. Hence, we find that the works of Virgil and other ancient classic authors, of foreign climes, have met with much abler natural history annotators, than have those of Shakespeare and other great men of our own country.

To enable those who are attached to the other branches of natural philosophy to pursue their researches with facility and success, some attention to natural history is very requisite. Thus, for example, the *Geologist*, constantly meeting with the remains of animals embedded in the earth, finds it necessary, in attempting to explain the circumstance, that he should inquire into the habits, &c., of the different species;—the *Electrician* may profit from investigating the remarkable properties of the gymnotus, torpedo, &c.; and the *Meteorologist* may be greatly assisted by noticing the arrival of birds of passage, the appearance of insects, the flowering of plants, and the effects produced upon these by atmospheric transitions.

"We are informed by Plutarch, that a citizen of Cyzicus thus acquired the reputation of a good *meteorologist:*—a hedge-hog generally has its burrow open in various points, and when its instinct warns it of the change of the wind, it stops up the aperture towards that quarter. The citizen alluded to, becoming aware of this practice, predicted to what point the wind would next shift." (*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds*, p. 102.)

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Persons should never bathe in places where the *Actinia viridis* is found, as it possesses such stinging powers that they who come in contact with it, are attacked with fever and sickness for some days after.

I commenced this series of articles for the purpose of giving a satisfactory reply to that frequent question—*What is the use of Natural History?* and I trust there are but few readers who will deny that the numerous instances I have adduced of its value are striking and conclusive. I have shown the advantages which have been derived from the possession of such knowledge, and the evils which have been sustained from the lack of it, by *Agriculturalists, Horticulturalists, Planters, Gardeners, Emigrants, Merchants, Travellers, Voyagers, Proprietors of Mines, Physicians, Surgeons, Architects, Mechanics, Soldiers, Fishermen, Artists, Poets, Clergymen*, and several other classes of persons. I shall now, therefore, conclude this portion of my essay with an apt quotation from Herschell's admirable *Discourse on Natural Philosophy*:—"Any accession to our knowledge of nature is sure, sooner or later, to make itself felt in some *practical application;* and a benefit conferred on science by the casual observation or shrewd remark of even an unscientific or illiterate person, infallibly repays itself with interest, though often in a way that could never have been at first contemplated."

Leaving the consideration of the occasional practical uses of the study of Natural History, let us turn to the discussion of its more general uses, as an incentive to health, constant amusement for the mind, and as affording evidences of the existence of a God.

"Let any man pass an evening in vacant idleness, or even in reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind when he goes to sleep or gets up next morning, with its state some other day when he has passed a few hours in going through the proofs by facts and reasoning, of some of the great doctrines in Natural Science, learning truths wholly new to him, and satisfying himself by careful examination of the grounds on which known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others that they are true; he will find as great a difference as can exist in the same being,—the difference between looking back upon time unprofitably wasted, and the time spent in self-improvement; he will find himself in the one case listless and dissatisfied, in the other, comfortable and happy: in the one case, if he do not appear to himself humbled, at least he will not have earned any claim to his own respect; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having, by his own exertions, become a wiser, and, therefore, a more exalted creature.

To pass our time in the study of the sciences, in learning what others have discovered, and in extending the bounds of human knowledge, has, in all ages, been reckoned the most dignified and happy of human occupations; and the name of *philosopher*, or *lover of wisdom*, is given to those who lead such a life. But it is by no means necessary, that a man should do nothing else than study known truths, and explore new, in order to earn this high title. Some of the greatest philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life; and an assidious devotion of the bulk of our time to the work which our condition requires, is an important duty, and indicates the possession of practical wisdom. This, however, does by no means hinder us from applying the rest of our time, besides what nature requires for meals and rest, to the study of science; and he who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, works his day's work, and improves his mind in the evening, as well as he who, placed above such a necessity, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge to the low gratification of the senses, richly deserves the name of a *true philosopher*.

We are raised by the contemplation of science to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in his works. Not a step can we take in any direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design; and the skill everywhere conspicuous is calculated, in so vast a proportion of instances, to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of our own kind, that we can feel no hesitation in concluding that if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would be found in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow, as it were, with our eyes, the marvellous works of the Great Architect of nature—to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute, as well as the mightiest parts of his system. The pleasure derived from this study is unceasing, and so various, that it never tires the appetite. But it is unlike the low gratifications of sense in another respect: while those hurt the health, debase the understanding, and corrupt the feelings, this elevates and refines our nature, giving a dignity and importance to the enjoyment of life, which the frivolous and the grovelling cannot even comprehend." (*Discourse on the Objects of Science*, p. 39.)

YOUNG WIVES.

A WRITER in Queen Anne's day, speaking of young brides, says it is usual with young wives before they have been many weeks married, to assume a confident look and manner of talking; as if they intended to signify, in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and, consequently, that their whole demeanour, before they got a husband, was all but a constraint upon their nature, whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very

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great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that holy state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness. Avoid the least degree of fondness for your husband before any witness whatever, even befor your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceedingly odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it; the one is gross hypocrisy, the other has too bad a name to be mentioned. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four-and-twenty.

The Public Journals.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. N° XVI.

[MR. DICKENS still finds a sufficiency of material to keep his numerous readers in a laughter-loving humour. In the above number he introduces again the "next-door gentleman," who made love to Mrs. Nickleby in such a gallant and truly unique manner; but here we think he does not shine in such humorous colours as he did when first introduced to the reader. The story, although fast verging to completion, does not yet develop the winding-up of the plot. Among much amusing matter, is the following

Description of a Race-Course.]

The great race of the day had just been run; and the close lines of people on either side of the course suddenly breaking up and pouring into it, imparted a new liveliness to the scene, which was again all busy movement. Some hurried eagerly to catch a glimpse of the winning horse, others darted to and fro, searching no less eagerly for the carriages they had left, in quest of better stations. Here a little knot gathered round a pea and thimble table, to watch the plucking of some unhappy greenhorn; and there another proprietor, with his confederates in various disguises—one man in spectacles, another with an eyeglass and a stylish hat, a third dressed as a farmer well to do in the world, with his topcoat over his arm and his flash notes in a large leathern pocket-book, and all with heavy-handled whips to represent most innocent country fellows who had trotted there on horseback—sought, by loud and noisy talk and pretended play, to entrap some unwary customer, while the gentlemen confederates (of more villanous aspect still, in clean linen and good clothes,) betrayed their close interest in the concern by the anxious furtive glance they cast on all new comers. These would be hanging on the outskirts of a wide circle of people assembled round some itinerent juggler, opposed in his turn by a noisy band of music, or the classic game of "Ring the Bull;" while ventriloquists, holding dialogues with wooden dolls, and fortune-telling women smothering the cries of real babies, divided with them, and many more, the general attention of the company. Drinking-tents were full, glasses began to clink in carriages, hampers to be unpacked, tempting provisions to be set forth, knives and forks to rattle, champagne corks to fly, eyes to brighten that were not dull before, and pickpockets to count their gains during the last heat. The attention so recently strained on one object of interest, was now divided among a hundred; and look where you would, was a motley assemblage of feasting, laughing, talking, begging, gambling, and mummery.

Of the gambling-booths there was a plentiful show, flourishing in all the splendour of carpeted ground, striped hangings, crimson cloth, pinnacled roofs, geranium pots, and livery servants. There were the Stranger's club-house, the Athenæum club-house, the Hampton club-house, the Saint James's club-house, and half-a-mile of club-houses to play in; and there was *rouge-et-noir*, French hazard, and *La Merveille*, to play *at*. It is into one of these booths that our story takes its way.

Fitted up with three tables for the purposes of play, and crowded with players and lookers on, it was—although the largest place of the kind upon the course—intensely hot, notwithstanding that a portion of the canvas roof was rolled back to admit more air, and there were two doors for a free passage in and out. Excepting one or two men who—each with a long roll of half-crowns, chequered with a few stray sovereigns, in his left hand—staked their money at every roll of the ball with a business-like sedateness which showed that they were used to it, and had been playing all day, and most probably all the day before; there was no very distinctive character about the players, who were chiefly young men apparently attracted by curiosity, or staking small sums as part of the amusement of the day, with no very great interest in winning or losing. There were two persons present, however, who, as peculiarly good specimens of a class, deserve a passing notice.

Of these, one was a man of six or eight and fifty, who sat on a chair near one of the entrances of the booth, with his hands folded on the top of his stick, and his chin appearing above them. He was a tall, fat, long-bodied man, buttoned up to the throat in a light green coat, which made his body look still longer than it was, and wore besides drab breeches and gaiters, a white neckerchief, and a broad-brimmed white hat. Amid all the buzzing noise of the games, and the perpetual passing in and out of people, he seemed perfectly calm and abstracted, without the smallest particle of excitement in his composition. He exhibited no indication of weariness, nor, to a casual observer, of interest either. There he sat, quite still and collected. Sometimes, but very rarely, he nodded to some passing face, or

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beckoned to a waiter to obey a call from one of the tables. The next instant he subsided into his old state. He might have been some profoundly deaf old gentleman, who had come in to take a rest, or he might have been patiently waiting for a friend without the least consciousness of anybody's presence, or fixed in a trance, or under the influence of opium. People turned round and looked at him; he made no gesture, caught nobody's eye,—let them pass away, and others come on and be succeeded by others, and took no notice. When he did move, it seemed wonderful how he could have seen anything to occasion it. And so, in truth, it was. But there was not a face that passed in or out this man failed to see, not a gesture at any one of the three tables that was lost on him, not a word spoken by the bankers but reached his ear, not a winner or loser he could not have marked; and he was the proprietor of the place.

The other presided over the *rouge-et-noir* table. He was probably some ten years younger, and was a plump, paunchy, sturdy-looking fellow, with his under-lip a little pursed from a habit of counting money inwardly as he paid it, but with no decidedly bad expression in his face, which was rather an honest and jolly one than otherwise. He wore no coat, the weather being hot, and stood behind the table with a huge mound of crowns and half-crowns before him, and a cash-box for notes. This game was constantly playing. Perhaps twenty people would be staking at the same time. This man had to roll the ball, to watch the stakes as they were laid down, to gather them off the colour which lost, to pay those who won, to do it all with the utmost despatch, to roll the ball again, and to keep this game perpetually alive. He did it all with a rapidity absolutely marvellous; never hesitating, never making a mistake, never stopping, and never ceasing to repeat such unconnected phrases as the following, which, partly from habit, and partly to have something appropriate and business-like to say, he constantly poured out with the same monotonous emphasis, and in nearly the same order, all day long:—

"Rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen, make your game and back your own opinions—any time while the ball rolls—rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen, it's a French game, gentlemen, I brought it over myself, I did, indeed! —rooge-a-nore from Paris—black wins—black —stop a minute, sir, and I'll pay you directly —two there, half-a-pound there, three there —and one there—gentlemen, the ball's a rolling—any time, sir, while the ball rolls—the beauty of this game is, that you can double your stakes or put down your money, gentlemen, any time while the ball rolls—black again—black wins—I never saw such a thing —I never did in all my life, upon my word I never did; if any gentleman had been backing the black in the last five minutes he must have won five-and-forty pound in four rolls of the ball, he must, indeed—Gentlemen, we've port, sherry, cigars, and most excellent champagne. Here, wai-ter, bring a bottle of champagne, and let's have a dozen or fifteen cigars here—and let's be comfortable, gentlemen—and bring some clean glasses—any time while the ball rolls—I lost one hundred and thirty-seven pound yesterday, gentlemen, at one roll of the ball: I did, indeed!—how do you do, sir," (recognising some knowing gentleman without any halt or change of voice, and giving a wink so slight that it seems an accident,) "will you take a glass of sherry, sir—here, wai-ter, bring a clean glass, and hand the sherry to this gentleman—and hand it round, will you, waiter—this is the rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen—any time while the ball rolls—gentlemen, make your game, and back your own opinions—it's the rooge-a-nore from Paris, quite a new game, I brought it over myself, I did, indeed—gentlemen, the ball's a rolling."

New Books.

Travels in South-Eastern Asia, &c. By the Rev. Howard Malcolm. 2 vols. Tilt.

[Mr. Malcolm has done an important service by the publication of these truly interesting volumes: they are the results of close observations made while on a tour to the principal American missionary stations. The author gives the following description of his interview with the Sur-ra-wa prince, the reigning sovereign of Burmah.]

The Alompra forehead, which distinguishes this family, slopes backward somewhat too rapidly for a good head, but is high, and has great breadth. When speaking, his countenance is lighted up with great animation. Though less literary than his uncle, the Mekara prince, he is considered more talented, and to possess more general information. He spoke in high terms of our country, and acknowledged the impolicy of the restriction on exports, and other impediments at Rangoon. In remarking on various countries and their institutions, he showed not only an enlightened, but a reflective and strong mind. Respecting the tribes between here and China, he gave me much valuable information. The object of my visit to the "golden city" being explained to him, I expressed much satisfaction in finding our missionaries here fully protected, and enjoying all the rights of citizenship. He immediately drew a comparison between the liberal usages of this country, in receiving and protecting all foreigners, and the policy of China, in excluding them; invited me to place teachers in the adjacent cities; and recommended me to travel in the interior, and see more of the country. During the interview, his lady was introduced, with a lovely infant, two or three years old; and nothing occurred to indicate that odious haughtiness which so generally attaches to men of his rank in the East. On taking leave, he invited us to visit

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his garden next day, which we did; for I deem a garden a test of civilization. We found a large space, perhaps an acre, well laid out, with raised brick foot-paths, plastered, and resembling stone. Marble tanks, artificial ponds, with gold and crimson fish, numerous watercourses and reservoirs, and several men engaged in drawing water from wells, showed how much attention to irrigation is necessary to a garden at Ava. He had the peach, apple, coffee, fig, and many other foreign fruits, beside the varieties of luscious ones which are native. In an adjacent enclosure he had wild animals and some singular birds, perfectly gentle, and going at large. On the whole, it was a tasteful and pleasing spot.

[It is certain that the Hindoos are far behind the Burmese in the social endearments of society: the latter people being more temperate, unassuming, and affectionate, and by whom the tender relations of domestic life are ardently cherished.]

The mode of kissing is curious, though natural. Instead of a slight touch of the lips, as with us, they apply the mouth and nose closely to the person's cheek, and draw in the breath strongly, as if smelling a delightful perfume. Hence, instead of saying, "Give me a kiss," they say, "Give me a smell." There is no word in the language which translates our word *kiss*.

The Gatherer.

New and Old Styles.—Previous to and during the reign of Henry VIII., it was customary to begin and end the year on Lady-day; but the modern mode of beginning the year on the 1st of January having then been partially adopted, the natural consequence was, that what happened in the months of January, February, and part of March, in any given year by the first mode, was set down as in the year ensuing by those who adopted the second, so as to render necessary the practice, afterwards so frequent, of dating thus—1320-1, 1526-7.

The Goldsmith's Company have given a commission to Mr. Samuel Nixon to execute, in marble, four statues of "The Seasons," for the grand staircase of their Hall.—*Art Union.*

Mount Hecla, at the Zoological Gardens, is truly a most interesting and extraordinary exhibition. By means of water, fire-works, machinery, and splendid scenery, an effect is produced that to be imagined must be seen.

The Death of Nelson, by Stothard, is now exhibiting at Mr. Tiffen's, Strand.

The precept, "know thyself," was not solely intended to check the pride of mankind, but likewise that we might understand our own worth.—*Cicero.*

The young Giraffe, at the Zoological Gardens.—This interesting animal, at its birth, which took place on the 19th ult., was perfectly motionless, and apparently dead, but when gentle friction was applied, it unexpectedly gave a sudden shudder, and breathing and motion quickly followed. It made many vigorous efforts to stand, raising itself on the fore-knees, and was able to support itself two hours after birth. It imbibed with avidity warm cow's milk from a bottle, and uttered two gentle grunts or bleats like a fawn or calf. The length of the Camelleopard, from the muzzle to the setting of the tail, is six feet ten inches, the tail being terminated by the usual tuft of long black hair, and his head reaches the height of six feet. Its sire seemed to take great delight in his English progeny, but the dam would take no notice whatever of it, refusing to suckle it: it was, therefore, fed upon cow's milk, which, in all probability, disagreeing with it, hastened its death, which happened on Friday the 28th ult. The event is a great loss to the Society, no less a sum than 75*l.* having been taken from visitors the day before its death.

Moral Character of the Africans.—The inferiority of the dark to the white races is much more general and strongly marked in the powers of knowledge and reflection, the intellectual faculties (using that expression in its most comprehensive sense), than in moral feelings and disposition. Many of the former, although little civilized, display an openness of heart, a friendly and generous disposition, the greatest hospitality, and an observance of the point of honour, according to their own notions, from which nations more advanced in knowledge might often take a lesson with advantage. The travels of Barrow, Le Vaillant, and Mungo Park, abound with anecdotes honourable to the moral character of the African, and proving that they betray no deficiency in the amiable qualities of the heart. One of these gives us an interesting portrait of the chief of a tribe:—"His countenance was strongly marked with the habit of reflection. Vigorous in his mental, and amiable in his personal qualities, Gaika was at once the friend and the ruler of a happy people, who universally pronounced his name with transport, and blessed his abode as the seat of felicity." Some European kings might take a lesson from this savage.—*Lawrence.*

A Weekly Paper for the Blind was commenced in March last, at Palermo. It is printed with letters *in relievi*, so as to be read by the touch. It is entitled: "Il Consolatore dei Ciechi." (The Comforter of the Blind.)

It is a fact, that in Russia, all the foreign newspapers and journals admitted into the imperial dominions, are subject to the examination of the censorship, and that every thing objectionable in them, whether it be an entire article, a sentence, or a mere expression, is obliterated by a chemical ink.—*For. M. Rev.*

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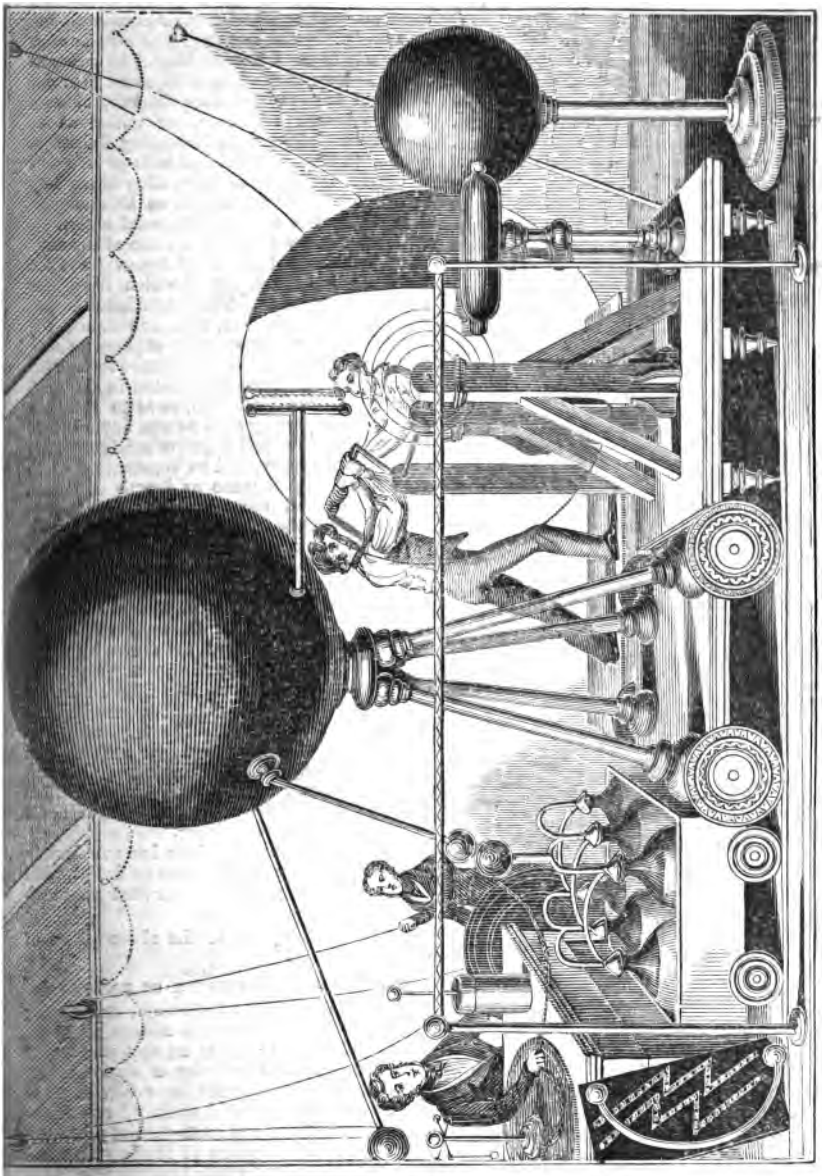
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 958. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1839. PRICE 2d.



THE COLOSSAL ELECTRICAL APPARATUS,

AT THE GALLERY OF NATURAL MAGIC, COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK.

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Public Exhibitions.

GALLERY OF NATURAL MAGIC.

We regret that circumstances should have prevented us from sooner calling the attention of our readers to the above truly intellectual Exhibition, at the Colosseum, Regent's Park, where the magical effects of optical science, are, in point of novelty and illusion, of the very highest order.

In the Microscope Room, is an Achromatic Solar Microscope, covering a disc of 256 square feet. Here the animalculæ and larvæ of water beetles, gnats, and other insects, are daily shown :* the magnifying powers of this instrument vary, according to the object under examination, from twenty thousand seven hundred and thirty-six, up to four millions six hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred times. The waters of stagnant pools, with their singular inhabitants, are shown in the greatest perfection, hunting their prey, and enjoying their ephemeral existence. To these wonders of creation in particular, all parents ought to take their children, to impress on their youthful minds the wonderful works of their beneficent Creator : every specimen exhibited being a perfect sermon, filling the mind with profound awe, admiration, and wonder.

Among other objects of great interest, we must not omit to mention the Achromatic Instruments : by the means of one may be seen the whole of the Diamond Beetle, 28 inches in length.—Two of the largest Concave Mirrors, so placed as to produce such intensity of heat, that no known substance can withstand it. The powerful Gregorian Reflecting Telescope pointed to the sun, furnished with proper eye-pieces, for the most minute scrutiny of the very remarkable spots discernible on this stupendous orb, is also worthy of especial notice.

Occupying the whole of one side of the anti-room, is the largest Electrical Apparatus in the world—a representation of which illustrates our present number. This magnificent instrument is a plate machine, and measures seven feet in diameter, consequently exposes an electric surface of upwards of 80 square feet. This unequalled instrument is mounted in the most scientific manner by Clarke, so as to obtain a current of electricity such as was never before seen ; its positive and negative conductors are of varnished copper, and so constructed as to give a striking distance or length of spark, hitherto deemed unattainable. The terminating balls of the conductors are strongly gilt, in order to prevent dissipation. Its single pair of rubbers deserves especial attention, from the superior and simple manner by which they are supported. The enormous battery is worthy of much notice ; the terrific effects of which, when fully charged, are shown by many brilliant and striking experiments. The effects of this wonderful agent is exhibited in its sudden and violent transfer from one body to another, producing intense heat, igniting and fusing metals, setting fire to inflammable substances, &c., &c. The electric equilibrium is here destroyed by friction, and the positive and negative electricity called into action in all its vast rapidity and violence.

The whole of the exhibition has our hearty commendation ; and, we have no doubt, will amply repay the proprietors for their vast outlay of capital.

As a fitting adjunct to the above place of entertainment, is

THE CUMBERLAND GALLERY OF PICTURES,

Now exhibiting at the Colosseum, containing several fine specimens of the ancient masters. It would be idle to dilate on any particular subject, when all are worthy of approbation, and will amply gratify the lover of the Fine Arts. In the 'Theatrical Gallery,' are faithful portraits of many of our favourite performers. With the exception of Mathews's Gallery, it is certainly superior to any in England.

* In an article in the *Foreign Monthly Review*, entitled, "The Infusoria, as perfect Organic Beings," are the following remarks :—

"In the purest waters, as well as in thick, acid, and saline fluids of the most different climates, in springs, rivers, lakes, and seas, often in the internal humidity of living plants and animals, even in great numbers in the living human body, nay, probably, periodically carried about in the aqueous vapours and dust of the whole atmosphere, there is a world of minute, living, organised beings, imperceptible to the ordinary senses of man, which, for about seventy years, have been distinguished by the name of Infusoria. In the daily course of life, this immense mysterious kingdom of diminutive living beings is unnoticed and disregarded ; but it appears great and astonishing, beyond all expectation, to the retired observer, who views it by the aid of the magnifying glass. In every drop of standing water, he very frequently, though not always, discovers, by the aid of the microscope, rapidly-moving bodies, from 1-96 to less than 1-2000 of a line in diameter, which are often so crowded together that the intervals between them are less than their diameter. If we assume the size of the drop to be one cubic line, and the intervals, though they are often smaller, to be equal to the diameter of the bodies, we may easily calculate, without exaggeration, that such a drop is inhabited by from one hundred thousand, to one thousand millions of such animalculæ. If we reflect on the amount of life in a larger quantity of water, in a ditch or pond, if we calculate that, according to many observers of the sea, and especially of its phosphorescence, vast tracts of the ocean periodically exhibit a similar development of masses of microscopic organised bodies, even if we assume much greater intervals, we have numbers and relations of creatures living on the earth, invisible to the naked eye, which make these minute Infusoria a subject highly worthy of meditation and scientific investigation.

"Since the discovery of this wonderful world of microscopic life, it has been represented by fanciful writers as a world of spirits, peopled by forms not to be compared with those of the visible world, sometimes horrible, sometimes strangely distorted, neither properly animate, nor yet properly inanimate. Some have represented them as the wanton sport of the creative energy of Nature (lusus Naturæ) ; and, even in 1820, an otherwise respectable writer described in detail the magic powers with which some of these forms were said to be endowed. It is not, however, merely the singularity and minuteness of their form that have excited the greatest interest, but the wonderful physiological properties ascribed to the Infusoria by different observers that have attracted the attention of all the friends of science, and of the most learned and profound inquirers, from Leibnitz and Boerhave down to the present times."

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Biography.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(*Continued from page* 12.)

In a preceding part of this memoir we have mentioned some of the productions of Chaucer while a young man, and also some of those pieces that he wrote in compliment to the Duke of Lancaster, and his Duchess Blanch: we shall here take the opportunity of giving an account of those pieces that were written by him during the period of his greatest prosperity. *The Complaint of Mary Magdalen, taken from Origen*, which was translated about the time of his coming to court, is supposed to have been written to oblige some pious lady of those times. *The Complaint of the Black Knight*, which was wrote in honour of John of Gaunt's courtship of the Lady Blanch, is as elegant and harmonious a poem as any of Chaucer's composure; it is supposed to have been written upon his first admission to the intimacy of that prince, who is represented under the character of the Black Knight: it appears from the two last stanzas to have been addressed to Lady Blanch. *The House of Fame*, is an admirable performance, both in regard to the construction of the fable, and the ease and happiness of its execution: from this poem Pope borrowed the model of his *Temple of Fame*. *The Assembly of Fowls*, was written while he was at court, and during the life of Queen Philippa; as well as his tale of the *Cuckow and Nightengale*, in which, as before observed, the scene is laid in Woodstock-park. He likewise wrote a number of elegies, poems, or ballads, in honour of Margaret Countess of Pembroke, and other ladies of the court. The poem of *Troilus and Creseide*, digested into five books, and which is the longest in Chaucer's works, was written in the former part of his life, and translated, according to his own account, from Lollius, an historiographer of Urbino, in Italy. He, however, did not content himself with making a close translation of his author, but, on the contrary, added a great deal of his own, as well as extracts from others, more especially from the writings of his friend Petrarch: the discourse on predestination, which he has inserted in the fourth book, is entirely his own; from which, as well as from the remarks on the same subject, inserted in the *Nun's Priest's Tale*, the learned Sir Henry Saville supposes that he was no stranger to Archbishop Bradwardine's learned work, *de Causa Dei*, published at that period. Sir Francis Kynaston, who translated this poem into Latin rhymes, remarks, in his manuscript notes, that probably Chaucer, when he wrote the lives of Troilus and Creseide, intended to represent some private persons in the court of Edward III.; and that he had no idea of following Homer, Dares, Dictys, or any historian of those times; but, continues Sir Francis, Chaucer, having taken the liberty of his own inventions, hath produced an admirable and inimitable epic poem, describing, in Troilus, a complete knight in arms and courtship, and a faithful and constant lover; and in Creseide a most beautiful and coy lady, who, being once overcome, yields to the frailty of her sex: the sixth book, or testament of Creseide, was not wrote by Chaucer; but is the production of a Mr. Henderson.

About this period, Chaucer found himself obliged to abandon this kind of composition, and turn his thoughts to graver subjects; for his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, having espoused the cause of Wickliffe, whom the clergy considered as a heretic, Chaucer turned the edge of his satire against lazy monks, ignorant priests, and the insolence of those who belonged to the ecclesiastical courts; yet it does not appear that he was an enemy of the church of Rome, for he speaks very submissively of her doctrines, and bestows high encomiums upon such of the clergy as acted suitably to their calling; by which it appears, that it was only those who brought religion into contempt, that felt the severity of his muse, and not priests in general, or the Christian faith; for the former he highly revered, and the latter he firmly believed, which may be plainly seen on a perusal of his writings; for the true design of Chaucer was not to expose or abuse the clergy from any dislike to their order, but, if possible, to amend and reform them; and, with this view, he wrote many pieces, besides translating a number of others, in which is plainly shown how much religion suffered by the irregularities in their behaviour. Among these is the *Romant of the Rose*, translated from the French. This poem was commenced by William de Lorris, and continued by John de Meung, commonly called Cloppinel, two famous poets of their time. It appears to have been translated by Chaucer while he was at court, and about the time of the rise of Wickliffe's opinions: it consists of violent invectives against the religious orders; but it is imperfect at the end, besides having several hiatus in other places. William de Lorris, the original author, after having advanced some way in this work, died at the age of twenty-six, in 1260; but, about forty years afterwards, it was finished and published by John de Meung, when he was twenty-four years of age. He is said to have been a man of sense and learning, and well versed in divinity, philosophy, chemistry, astronomy and other sciences: he is supposed to have died about 1365. It is also affirmed by Leland and other ancient writers, that Chaucer was the author of the *Ploughman's Tale*, a poem which treats with great severity the vices of the clergy, both secular and regulars; and it is generally supposed that he likewise wrote the satire, under the character of Jack Upland; yet there are many who, out of respect to Chaucer's memory, are desirous of imputing these pieces to others; but this would be of little avail, as we find the same sentiments in several of his other works. On the other hand, the

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venerable John Fox thinks, in this respect, that the labour of Chaucer is worthy of the highest commendation, and that even the preservation of his works may be attributed to a particular providence. The following is his opinion in regard to these productions:—"I marvel to consider how that the bishops, condemning and abolishing all manner of English books and treatises, which might bring the people to any light of knowledge, did yet authorise the works of Chaucer, to remain still, and to be occupied; and, no doubt, saw in religion as much almost as ever we do now, and uttereth in his works no less; and seemeth to be a right Wicklevian, or else there was never any; and, that all his works almost, if they be thoroughly advised, will testify; albeit it be done in mirth and covertly; and especially, the latter end of his third book of the *Testament of Love*; for there purely he toucheth the highest matter, that is, the communion; wherein, except a man be altogether blind, he may espy him at the full. Although in the same book, as in all the other he useth to do, under shadows, covertly, as under vizard, he suborneth truth in such sort, as both privily she may profit the godly-minded, and yet not be espied of the crafty adversary; and therefore, the bishops belike, taking his works for jests and toys, in condemning other books, yet permitted his books to be read. So it pleased God then, to blind the eyes of them for the more commodity of the people, to the intent that, through the reading of his treatises, some fruit might redound thereof to his church, as no doubt it did to many. As also I am partly informed of certain who knew the parties who to them reported that by reading Chaucer's works, they were brought to the true knowledge of religion; and not unlike to be true; for, to omit the other parts of his volume, whereof some are more fabulous than other, what tale can be more plainly told, than the tale of the *Ploughman*." But, although Wickliff's doctrines might prevail among the better sort of people, and Chaucer's writings please the educated part of society, they were far from making a general impression on the minds of the inhabitants of London, where the meaner sort of citizens were warmly attached to the church. When the Duke of Lancaster attended Wickliffe, who was summoned before the Bishop of London, and the duke having treated the prelate rather roughly, the citizens made a kind of insurrection, and marching down the Strand in a body, attacked the Duke of Lancaster's palace called the Savoy, which he had built a short time before, and which was, at that time, esteemed one of the noblest houses in Europe. Having forced an entrance, they destroyed his goods, abused his servants, and turned his arms upside down, as if he had been a traitor; but, by the interposition of the king, and some of the principal nobility, this quarrel was compromised, and the duke and the citizens apparently reconciled. In the last year of the reign of Edward III., the French having infringed the truce which that monarch had concluded with them, he sent over commissioners, one of whom was Chaucer, to expostulate on the subject before the Pope's legates. This negociation was not very successful, having only produced some mention of a marriage between Richard, Prince of Wales, and the Lady Mary, daughter of the King of France; but, at the same time, it paved the way for a new treaty, in which Sir Guiscard Dangle, Knight of the Garter; Sir Richard Sturrey, a great Wicklivist, in high favour with the king; together with Geoffrey Chaucer, Esquire, were commissioners. This appears to have been the last public employment that Chaucer held, although from the gold chain which appears about his neck in the original portrait of him, it has been conjectured that he was honoured with some dignity, of which there is no record remaining; for it can hardly be supposed that he wore this ornament on account of his office in the Customs.

On the twenty-first of June, 1377, the young Prince of Wales, then eleven years of age, having succeeded his grandfather, by the title of Richard II., his uncle, the Duke of Lancaster, was entrusted with the chief part of the administration; and, wishing to ingratiate himself with the populace, he resolved to solemnize the coronation of the new monarch with great pomp and magnificence; previous to which, there was established a court of claims, to settle the demands of those who might claim to have a right to assist upon this occasion, and among these we find the name of Geoffrey Chaucer, whose claim was in right of his ward, who was possessed of the manor of Bilsington, in Kent; which was held of the crown, by the service of presenting to the king three maple cups, on the day of his coronation. This manor had been purchased by his ward's father, Sir Edmond Staplegate, of Richard Fitzallen, Earl of Arundel, in the possession of whose family it had been a long period. Chaucer in his petition set forth, that the manor was held by grand serjeantry, by the owner's discharging the office of chief butler at the coronation; but Richard, Earl of Arundel, controverted this claim; and, by his petition and plea set forth, that the office of chief butler belonged to his family, his ancestors having enjoyed it, both before they held that manor, and since they had parted with it; and therefore, he demanded it as his proper right. Chaucer's petition was dismissed, the earl having so far carried his point before John, Duke of Lancaster, who acted as lord high steward, as to be allowed to officiate for that time, with a proviso, that it should not infringe the right of Sir Edmond Staplegate, or any who should pretend title for the future. This ward of Chaucer's died about thirteen years after, but the manor continued

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in the family until the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., when it passed into that of the Cheyneys, who, in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, sold it to Sir Francis Barham, of London, whose grandson, Mr. Robert Barham, was in possession of it at the coronation of Charles II., when Mr. Erasmus Smith, on behalf of the said Mr. Barham, assisted at the coronation, and presented the three maple cups. This manor has since passed into other families.

HEAT AND COLD.

When the sun is much above the horizon, heat accumulates in the atmosphere; and if the night be short, but little of it is lost; so that even within the Arctic Circle, the heat is sometimes oppressive in summer. The angle at which the sun's rays strike the ground, has a great influence on the quantity of heat produced; for if their direction be very oblique, many of them will be absorbed by the dense lower stratum of the air. The side of a hill will meet the rays of the sun at a greater angle than a plain, and will, therefore, be more heated; but on the other side of the hill, the rays will slant very much; and the temperature will, in consequence, be very low. This explains the difference of height at which vegetation is sometimes found, on the opposite sides of the same hill.

The sun warms the air by first heating the earth. The effect of the sea is to equalize temperature; so that a nautical country is not liable to such extremes of heat and cold as an inland one. Winds, by passing over the sea, are brought to an equable temperature. The surface of the sea cannot become so much heated as the land; for it gives the rays of the sun a freer passage. A country is warmer if it has a tract of land to the south, and the sea to the north; and colder if the positions of land and sea be reversed. Mountains afford protection from the wind; and in summer, when their sides strongly reflect the sun's rays, this protection has an injurious effect. Siberia is a great "inclined plane," exposed to the north; and high mountains prevent the hot winds of tropical Asia from blowing on it. Europe is indebted for its mild climate to its situation and form. To the east it has part of the old world; and it is heated by great currents of hot air coming from Africa. Had the Mediterranean Sea not intervened between it and Africa, the effect of this hot air would have been greater. Then it does not reach so far towards the North Pole as Asia and America. On the contrary, it has more sea free from ice towards the north, than any other land in the Arctic Circle. The cutting down of woods lessens evaporation, and allows the rays of the sun to reach the earth; so that the latter is rendered warmer; and no doubt many parts of Europe have a better climate now, than they had in the time of the Romans. Many parts of America have been improved in this way; but the cutting down of forests may be carried too far. Solar radiation is said to increase from the equator towards the poles; and likewise the radiation from the surface of the earth. Daniell's "Meteorological Essays" treat very well on this subject.

The average heat of a country is called its mean temperature. To ascertain the mean temperature at any place for a day, add the greatest heat observed there to the greatest cold; and divide by two. The temperature reaches only a certain way on each side of the mean; and when it reaches that limit, a reaction may be expected. Within the tropics the heat is prevented from accumulating by the trade-winds. In this country, and in Europe generally, the mean temperature of the latter end of April, is the mean of the whole year. The temperature increases till about the twenty-first of July; at which time it is hottest. It then diminishes till October; and then gets colder till about the end of January; when it is coldest.

In very elevated regions of the atmosphere, only a few lichens can exist; and no animals. Animals could not sustain the cold of winter, if they were not provided with an internal source of heat. When the cold sets in, myriads of them die, and others become torpid. The influence of heat is seen in the increase of the number and the magnitude of animals. But man is able to live in almost all temperatures; for he is known to exist between 73° north latitude, and 55° south latitude; and from many thousand feet above the level of the sea, to three hundred feet below it. It is probable, however, that a heat below the freezing-point, if long-continued, has a pernicious effect. The cold often produces an inclination to sleep, which it is very difficult to resist; and if it be yielded to, the body becomes stiff and dead. Dreadful sufferings were endured by the French, in their retreat from Moscow. Bodies frozen, but containing some life still, have a horrible appearance. They are of a pale colour; are cold as marble; and have the limbs contracted. It is said that those who are frozen while on horseback, still remain sitting; with the bridle and their firearms very firmly clenched. In Spitzbergen, human bodies have been preserved in the ice for a hundred years; and, it is said, even longer. Wood, and other substances, may be preserved in the same way. Captain Scoresby found a wooden coffin, which had contained the body of an Englishman for thirty years; and which appeared quite new. During the expedition under the captain just mentioned, a sailor put his finger into the mouth of a spirit-bottle, instead of the cork; and, in consequence of the great cold produced by the evaporation of the spirits of wine, he lost a part of his finger from mortification. Bottles of beer wrapped in tow, and placed near the fire, froze; and casks buried several feet in the ground

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became solid; and some of them burst. Ice lined the walls of their habitations to within a yard of the fire; the bed-clothes were covered with hoar-frost; and the chimney was lined with ice to the stove's mouth. The Hudson's Bay Company suspended in their rooms red-hot twenty-four-pound-shots; and kept up immense fires; but if the latter went down, ice soon covered everything. In Melville Island, which appears to have once been tropical, Captain Parry observed the thermometer sink to fifty-five degrees below zero; which is the lowest temperature that has been observed on the globe. Fish sometimes freeze on being taken out of the net; but if thawed cautiously, they recover animation. Isaac Walton says, that some bream were put into a pond, which froze into a solid mass; but they were restored to life in the spring. In Lapland, the milk becomes frozen in autumn; and it is quite good when thawed in winter. The eggs of hens and of silk-worms may be hatched after having been frozen. Some authors relate that a frozen mass, being thrown on the fire, was converted into a cloud of mosquitoes. Torpid snails may be thawed by water; and animalcules may be thawed after a torpidity of twenty-seven years.

In our climate, if the temperature rise above 80°, the heat is felt to be oppressive; but it is quite possible to sustain, for a short time, a much higher temperature. Sir Charles Blagden, with another gentleman, remained for eleven minutes in a room, the temperature of which was raised to 260°;—nearly 50° above the heat of boiling water. Water placed in a vessel on the table boiled violently; from the mere heat of the atmosphere; and they could not bear to touch the metal buttons on their clothes, owing to their great power of conducting heat. The reason the air did not scald them, as water would have done, was its less power of conducting heat; and they were preserved from injury by the cooling effects of profuse perspiration. It has been said that bakers can enter ovens heated to 270°; and remain there for ten minutes; and two philosophers bore, for five minutes, a temperature of 290°. If the person be kept long in such situations, however, death ensues. In these cases, the temperature of the body is very little raised; and the breath expired feels cold;—being not much above 100°. It is kept cool by the perspiration from the lungs and from the skin; and by the non-conducting power of the body. An accumulation of heat is equally destructive with its too great abstraction. In the black-hole at Calcutta, death appears to have been caused (partly, at any rate) by the hot air becoming saturated with moisture, and thus preventing perspiration; so as to keep the body at a high temperature.

In America, at 40° north latitude, the mean temperature is 9° lower than in the same latitude in Europe; and at 70° north latitude, it is 33° lower. In the northern hemisphere, the western coasts are milder than the eastern; because the prevailing winds there are western; and these winds, after blowing over the sea, are warm; but in passing over the icy land, they become cold.

N. R.

THE HAMMER.

The principle of the permanence of the force of communicated motion, so far as any cause within the moving body itself is concerned—that is of its absolute permanence, except in so far as it is counteracted by some external and opposite force—whilst it lies at the very foundation of all just views of the theory, is sufficiently shewn, by many examples, to be a most important element in the practice of mechanics. What is it, in fact, but this which constitutes the giant force of impact, and makes the hammer a weapon more powerful than any other—irresistible—in moulding and submitting the various objects around him to the uses and purposes of man? There is no machine comparable to the hammer. The force of heat, indeed, insinuates itself between the pores and interstices of bodies, and operating there, separately, upon their particles, breaks them up in detail—but the hammer encounters the accumulated force of their cohesion, and overcomes it. The hardest rocks and the most unyielding metals submit to it. If man reigns over inanimate matter, shapes out the face of the earth to his use or to his humour, and puts the impress of his skill and his labour upon the whole face of nature; it is chiefly with the aid which this mighty force of impact gives him. It is this that clears away for him the trees of the forest—that shapes for him the materials of his dwelling—that beats out for him the instruments of tillage—that digs and hoes up the earth—that, after having cut for him his corn, threshes it, and crushes it into flour—that tames for him his cattle, shapes and binds together his waggons and carts, and makes his roads; in short, there is no use of society for which this force of impact does not labour, and their is no operation of it which does not manifest this tendency of communicated force of motion to permanence. Were there no tendency to permanence in the force of motion which his hammer acquires in its descent, its power on the substance which the artificer seeks to shape out would only be the same as though he were to lay it gently down upon it; its impact would be no greater force than the pressure of its weight. So far is this, however, from being the case, that, as it is well known to the workman, a slight blow from the lightest hammer is sufficient to abrade a surface, which the direct pressure of a ton weight would not make to yield. There is no force in nature comparable to that of impact. —*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

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NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS.

RENNIE'S INSECT ARCHITECTURE.

THE extraordinary carelessness which Mr. Rennie displayed in his *Alphabet of Insects, Alphabet of Zoology, Alphabet of Botany*, and others of his later publications, have led some writers to condemn all his works, without exception; but this sweeping condemnation is most unmerited, for there are few works on entomology, written in a style so charming, impartial, and philosophic, as Rennie's *Insect Architecture, Insect Transformations*, and *Insect Miscellanies*. Since they were published (nine years ago) the study of insects has become more general, and this is no doubt attributable in a great measure to a taste for the pursuit having been imbibed from the perusal of these popular volumes. Nothing from the press would be greeted so warmly by us as a new and carefully revised edition of them, and it would give us pleasure to find that our notes had been serviceable in the undertaking. We write to point out errors, and to add new examples of particular facts, so as to furnish a useful supplement to those who possess the volumes; but we shall adopt such a plan as will not render it absolutely necessary for our readers to possess them to enable them to comprehend our notes. To proceed :—

Mason-bee (Anthrophora retusa). "On the north-east wall of Greenwich Park, facing the road, and about four feet from the ground, we discovered, December 10, 1828, the nest of a mason-bee, formed in the perpendicular line of cement between two bricks. Externally there was an irregular cake of dry mud, precisely as if a handful of wet road-stuff had been taken from a cart-rut and thrown against the wall; though upon closer inspection, the cake contained more small stones than usually occur in the mud of the adjacent cart-ruts." (p. 33.)

This species of bee is also said to build a mud-hive against the side of a tree or bank; but a writer in the *Entomological Magazine* says, he has known many instances of there being "no external building whatever, the bees entering the face of the bank by perfectly round smooth holes. Another kind of bee *(Melecta)* was [in one instance, at Birch Wood] continually arriving with the *Anthrohporæ*, and entering their holes; it appeared to be on a perfectly friendly footing with the rest of the community. It is the economy of this bee to lay its eggs in the nest of the mason bees; the grubs, on hatching, devour the food provided by the mason-bees for their own young, which, thus deprived of their support, shrivel up and die." (vol. iii. p. 313.) Mr. G. R. Waterhouse says, he has observed the female *Cœlioxys conica* enter the nests of the *Megachile circumcincta*, from which he infers the former to be parasitic upon the latter, and, perhaps, upon *Megachile Willoughbiella*.

"The nests of Megachile circumcincta," he says, "are generally placed about six inches in the ground, and in a light soil, and consist of three or four cylindrical cells joined end to end. The perfect insect, when hatched, eats its way through the side of the cell near the top. I have reared many specimens of both sexes. The eggs are laid in June, and the insect has undergone all its transformations by the month of September, and remains in a torpid state until the following June. I set many specimens at liberty (by opening their cells) in the winter; the room being warm, they crawled about pretty briskly, but were not able to fly. I have reared many specimens of bees of the families *Apidæ* and *Andrenidæ*, and invariably found that they had undergone all their transformations by the autumn." *(Entomological Magazine*, iii., 498.*)*

Sir A. Halliday, in his *History of the West Indies*, speaking of a species of mason-bee which erects several circular houses, usually placed in the form of a cross, says, "One took up her position within a foot of the sofa on which I was accustomed to lounge during the extreme heat of the day. I therefore could watch all her motions without any trouble. Her house was completely built in about three hours; the diameter of the foundation-circle was 6-8ths of an inch; the height when completed, 5-8ths, and the door or chimney projecting scarcely1-8th. I could not decide whether more than one bee was occupied in the construction, because they are so much alike: but there never have two appeared at the same time. When the building was finished, it was left for the remainder of the day to consolidate, and it soon became quite dry and hard. Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, I found the labourer of the preceding day arrive, bringing a long slender green caterpillar. She approached the open door or chimney, but did not rest on it, for while hovering on the wing she continued to push the head of the caterpillar into the hole, and then gradually, and by piece-meal, to force in the whole body. As soon as this was fairly out of sight, she took her departure, and in five minutes returned with another victim. I counted seven of these caterpillars pushed into the same building. The eighth time she returned without a caterpillar, but with a load of clay, with which in an instant she closed up the open door, and immediately began to lay a new foundation. This she finished before noon, and left it to dry for the rest of the day. Next morning, I saw her bringing the caterpillars, but did not remain to count them. I allowed the process to go on for four days, when with a sharp table-knife I removed the first nest from the wainscoat, and found the eggs hatched, and the caterpillars, in whose bodies they had been deposited, nearly all destroyed by the young grubs. In the second, the eggs had not burst, and, in the third, the cell was quite crammed with the still fresh bodies of the green caterpillars. I found in the huts that had not been

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disturbed, the wall broken on one side or other, and that when taken down they were quite empty. Here, then, we find the insect first preparing a prison for the caterpillars, in whose bodies she deposits her eggs for the purpose of being heated, and which bodies also supply the young with food, until able to destroy the wall of the building, and find nourishment elsewhere."

The same writer also says, that a hive of small, short-bodied bees, "very like the meadow, or fog-bees of England," "made a lodgment in the north wall of the dining-room, about six inches from the window sill. They entered by a small opening which was covered by the window-shutter, when it was fastened back by the iron hook that secured it; and when the shutter was firmly hooked back, it completely obstructed their entrance. It was not often, however, that the servants were at the trouble of fixing the hook, but as it was done occasionally, the bees must have found it an annoyance, and, with the view of providing against it, they had surrounded the hole in the wall by a ball of clay, of the size of a hen's egg, which, though it does not prevent the shutter from being hooked back, keeps it at a sufficient distance from the wall, to permit the bees to pass easily behind it. I can discern no other reason for their having placed this ball of clay over their entrance, unless it is to prevent the rain being driven into the hole when it is not protected by the shutter. In either case, we have here a wonderful example of the power of instinct. I twice removed the ball of clay, but always found it restored. The hive did not seem to be numerous. I seldom saw more than three or four at a time, about the entrance. I do not think they had any sting, for when I destroyed their clay guard, they were irritated, but did not attempt to sting or molest me."

Cells formed by some species of Bee in an Elder-branch.—"That bees of similar habits, if not the same species as the violet-bee (*Xylocopa violacea*) are indigenous to this country, is proved by Grew, who mentions in his *Rarities of Gresham College*, having found a series of cells in the middle of the pith of an old elder branch, wherein they were placed lengthwise, one after another, with a thin boundary between each. As he does not, however, tell us that he was acquainted with the insect which constructed these, it might as probably be allied to the *Ceratina Albilabris*, of which Spinola has given so interesting an account in the *Annales du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle*." (x. 236, p. 51.)

The species whose cells Grew found, may have been the rare *Ceratina cærulea* which has been taken on the viper's bugloss (*Echium vulgare*) near Birch Wood. (See *Ent. Mag.* iii 310.) Mr. Edward Doubleday says, that having, in November, 1835, cut off a branch of elder, which projected from a hedge at Epping, he "noticed that the pith of it was removed; and on examining it, he found that some insect had evidently entered at the top of the branch, which had apparently been broken off some time previous. The pith she must have removed, for the whole length, about eighteen inches, was *divided into little cells*, in each of which was an oval cocoon of a brown colour, containing a whitish larva. From the many fragments of legs, wings, &c., of *diptera* in the cells, these larvæ evidently belonged to some one of the fossorial *Hymenoptera*. I think that Reaumer mentions a similar nidus in a dead branch of oak." (*Ent. Mag.* iii 413.)

It is a pity that Mr. Doubleday did not rear the larvæ so that the species might have been ascertained.

Hornet's nest.—"The hornet does not build under ground, but in the cavities of trees, or in the thatch, or under the eaves of barns." (p. 79.)

In the *Magazine of Natural History*, (viii. 628,) Mr. J. Rowe states, as an exception to the above assertion, his having seen, in July, 1834, a hornet's nest in a bank of sand and heath. "This nest," he says, "was in a recent state, there being only four or five hornets, and but few cells; the greater number of the latter occupied by grubs."

J. H. F.

CONJUGAL HARMONY.

A MAN in Germany advertised that he had an organ that would play any tune out of an enumerated set at the command of any one of the audience; this made a great noise at the time, and puzzled all the conjurors and philosophers of the place. The organ was placed on a table with its back against the wall, the company were invited to examine it, then ask for a tune, which was immediately played, and if any one desired it to stop it was instantly silent! This went on for a long time, and the ingenious inventor was making a rapid fortune, and the secret would have been buried with him, had he not behaved most inharmoniously towards his loving wife one day, just before the performance was about to commence. The room was crowded, as usual, and a tune was called for, but not a note was heard; the owner became uneasy, and said, in a soothing coaxing tone, "do blay, my coot organs;" still not a sound was heard: he got out of patience, and threatened to smash the instrument to pieces, when a hoarse female voice was heard to growl out—"Ay, do, you tyvel, preak de organs, as you broke my head dis morning." This was too much for the cholerick German; he took a chair, and gave the instrument such a whack, that it drove it through a paper partition in the wall, carrying with it another organ, which had been placed close at the back of the sham one, at which sat the obstinate grinder—his wife!—*New York Mirror.*

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BIRTH-PLACE OF DRYDEN,

ALDWINKLE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the most eminent of our poets, was born August 9, 1631, at the parsonage-house of Aldwinkle (All Saints,) a parish in the hundred of Huxloe, county of Northampton. The church is remarkable for its beautiful tower; it has some windows in the decorated English style, and a small ornamented chapel.

Dryden was the eldest son of Erasmus Dryden, of Tichmersh, a third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, bart. of Canons Ashby, in Northamptonshire; but the original stock of the family came from the county of Huntingdon. The subject of this memoir is reported to have inherited from his father, who acted as a justice of the peace during the Protectorate, an estate of two hundred pounds a-year. He received the early part of his education in the country, and was then removed to Westminster School, where he was instructed as one of the king's scholars, by Dr. Busby, whence he was elected to a scholarship in Trinity College, Cambridge, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. His father dying in 1654, he took possession of his estate, subject, however, to considerable deductions for the widow and younger children. Of his school performances, only has appeared a poem on the death of Lord Hastings. It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a candidate for public fame, by publishing *Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector*. When Charles II. was restored, he changed his opinions, and published *Astræa Redux*, which was quickly followed by *a Panegyric on the Coronation*. In 1661, he produced his first play, *The Duke of Guise*; and, in the next year, *The Wild Gallant*. In 1664, he published the *Rival Ladies*; and, in 1667, the *Annus Mirabilis* appeared; and in the year 1668, he was appointed poet laureate and historiographer, in the room of Sir W. Davenant.

He soon afterwards published his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, which he had written in 1665, in his retirement during the plague: previously to this public calamity, he had married Lady Elizabeth Howard. He now became professionally a writer for the stage. In the year 1679, he joined Lord Mulgrave, in an *Essay on Satire*; and in 1681, he composed his famous political poem, entitled *Absalom and Architophel*; which was followed by his *Medal, a Satyre on Sedition*. He next attacked Shadwell in his *Mac Flecnoe*. Soon afterward appeared his *Religio Laici*. On the death of Charles II. he composed his *Threnodia Augustalis, a funeral poem*; and, on the accession of James II., he conformed to the religion of the new sovereign, which compliance gained him an addition to his pension of 100*l.* per annum. He next published two volumes of Miscellany *Poems*; and many other minor poetical works. In 1694, he commenced his celebrated translation of Virgil; and in 1697, it was sent to press. Having been solicited to write a second ode for St. Cecilia's day, he produced the admirable *Alexander's Feast*. The *Fables* was the last of his great works, for he soon afterwards declined in health; and an inflammation in one of his toes, terminating in a mortification, put an end to his life, at his house in Gerrard-street, Soho, on the 1st of May, 1701.

The body of this eminent poet was buried in Westminster Abbey, next to that of Chaucer.

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The Public Journals.

Foreign Monthly Review. Nutt, and Delau and Co.

[This is, in every meaning of the word, a truly valuable journal: the matter being highly important, collected with industry and judgment. Amidst such a plenitude of intellectual endearments, it is difficult to cull the sweetest flower; we therefore must satisfy ourselves with a quotation or two from an admirable article—"Foreign Views of Ireland, by Gustave de Beaumont;" who, in the commencement of his work, gives the following frightful

Picture of Ireland.]

"Misery, naked and famishing, that misery which is vagrant, idle, and mendicant, covers the entire country: it shews itself everywhere, and at every hour of the day; it is the first thing you see when you land on the Irish coast, and from that moment it ceases not to be present to your view; sometimes under the aspect of the diseased displaying his sores, sometimes under the form of the pauper scarcely covered by his rags; it follows you everywhere, and besieges you incessantly; you hear its groans and cries in the distance; and if the voice does not excite profound pity, it importunes and terrifies you. This misery seems inherent to the soil, and one of its natural products; like some of those endemic scourges that pollute the atmosphere, it blights everything that approaches it, smites the rich man himself, who cannot, in the midst of his joys, separate himself from the miseries of the poor, and makes vain efforts to rid himself of the vermin which he has produced, and which cling to him.

"The physical aspect of the country produces impressions not less saddening. Whilst the feudal castle, after seven centuries, shews itself more rich and brilliant than at its birth, you see here and there wretched habitations mouldering into ruin, destined never to rise again. The number of ruins encountered in travelling through Ireland is perfectly astounding. I speak not of the picturesque ruins produced by the lapse of ages, whose hoary antiquity adorns a country—such ruins still belong to rich Ireland, and are preserved with care as memorials of pride and monuments of antiquity—but I mean the premature ruins produced by misfortune, the wretched cabins abandoned by the miserable tenants, witnessing only to obscure misery, and generally exciting little interest or attention.

"But I do not know which is the more sad to see—the abandoned dwelling, or that actually inhabited by the poor Irishman. Imagine four walls of dried mud, which the rain as it falls easily restores to its primitive condition; having for its roof a little straw or some sods, for its chimney a hole cut in the roof, or very frequently the door, through which alone the smoke finds an issue. One single apartment contains the father, mother, children, and, sometimes, a grandfather or grandmother; there is no furniture in this wretched hovel; a single bed of hay or straw serves for the entire family. Five or six half-naked children may be seen crouched near a miserable fire, whose ashes cover a few potatoes, the sole nourishment of the family. In the midst of all lies a dirty pig, the only thriving inhabitant of the place, for he lives in filth. The presence of the pig in an Irigh hovel may at first seem an indication of misery; on the contrary, it is a sign of comparative comfort. Indigence is still more extreme in the hovel where no pig is to be found."

"All being poor, the only food they use is the cheapest in the country—potatoes; but all do not consume the same quantity: some, and they are the privileged class, eat potatoes three times a day; others, less fortunate, twice; those in a state of indigence only once; there are some still more destiture, who remain one or even two days without receiving the slightest nourishment. . . . .

"It is necessary to renounce all the notions which in other countries serve to distinguish comfort from poverty, in order to comprehend Irish misery. We are accustomed to call those paupers, who are out of work and driven to beggary. There is not an Irish peasant that abstains from beggary who is not in want of such a resource. It is impossible to compare the Irish pauper with the pauper of any other country. The independent labourer cannot even be compared with the pauper of England. There is no doubt that the most miserable of English paupers is better fed and clothed than the most prosperous of Irish labourers."

Heads of the People. No. IX. Tyas.

[Mankind know but little of the real history of man; and, unfortunately, authors do not seem much inclined to enlighten them.

Of the means by which so many millions of people are daily fed, clothed, and find employment in England alone, we are, comparatively speaking, in complete ignorance: we feel assured they are sustained, but by what means the miracle is achieved, we neither know, nor seemingly care to know. That such a multitude of persons arise every morning, even in the metropolis, without any probable means of providing "for the day that flies over their head," must, to an inquiring mind, be painfully astounding. All that we are certain of respecting them, is, that they *do* live, and some to a lengthened period of existence; but as to their facilities, their haunts, their manners, their customs, we have no authentic data on which we can come to a wholesome conclusion.

If there be one book more than another that the public are in need of, it is *a correct History* of the mighty Babel—*London!* for we have not one worthy of such a title, those we possess being merely descriptions of buildings, in tales ten times told. It is on this account we hail with pleasure the above popular work, giving, as

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they do, *some of* the *characters* to be found in the metropolis of England. The subjects are cleverly handled; and the personages faithfully represented. There still remains a field of invaluable treasures—real pictures of human life, for the editors to gather in, which will amply repay them for their trouble.

We shall leave that lazy being—one of the most useless bees in our hive—the wealthy, vulgar, and profligate young Lord: a character Mr. Meadows has pictorially sketched with great fidelity—and introduce our readers to one far more deserving of consideration—

The English Peasant.]

"The English Peasant is generally reckoned a very simple, monotonous animal, and most people when they have called him a clown, or a country hob, think they have described him.

* * * * * *

"But who says the English Peasant is dull and unvaried in his character? To be sure, he has not the wild wit, the voluble tongue, the reckless fondness for laughing, dancing, carousing, and shillalying of the Irish Peasant; nor the grave plodding habits and intelligence of the Scotch one. He may be said to be, in his own phraseology, "betwixt and between." He has wit enough when it is wanted; he can be merry enough when there is occasion; he is ready for a row when his blood is well up; and he will take to his book if you will give him a schoolmaster. What is he indeed but the rough block of English character? Hew him out of the quarry of ignorance, dig him out of the slough of everlasting labour, chisel him, and polish him, and he will come out whatever you please. What is the stuff that your armies have chiefly been made of but this English Peasant? How many of them have been carried off to man your fleets, and when they came to shore again were no longer the simple slouching Simons of the village, but jolly tars, with rolling gait, quid in mouth, glazed hats, with crowns of one inch high, and brims of five wide; and as much glib slang and glib money to treat the girls with as any Jack of them all?

"The English Peasant has in his nature all the elements of the English character. Give him ease, and he is readily pleased; wrong him, and who so desperate in his rage?

"In his younger days, before the care of a family weighs on him, he is a clumsy, but a very light-hearted creature. To see a number of young country fellows get into play together, always reminds one of a quantity of heavy cart-horses turned into a field on a Sunday. They gallop, and kick, and scream: there is no malice, but a dreadful jeopardy of bruises and broken ribs. Their play is truly called horse-play. It is all slaps and bangs, tripping-up, tumbles, and laughter. But, to see the young peasant in his glory, you should see him hastening to the Michaelmas fair, statute, bull-roasting, or mop. He has served his year; he has his money in his pocket, his sweetheart on his arm, or he is sure to meet her at the fair. Whether he goes again to his old place or a new one, he will have a week's holiday. Thus, on old Michaelmas day, he and all his fellows, all the country over, are let loose, and are on the way to the fair: the houses are empty of them; the highways are full of them. There they go, streaming along, lads and lasses in all their finery, and with a world of laughter and loud talk See, here they come flocking into the market-town! And there, what preparations for them: shows, strolling theatres, stalls of all kinds bearing clothes of all kinds, knives, combs, queen-cakes, and gingerbread, and a hundred inventions to lure those hard-earned wages out of his fob. And he does not mean to be stingy to-day. He will treat his lass, and buy her a new gown into the bargain. See, how they go rolling on together! He holds up his elbow sharply by his side, she thrusts her arm through his, *up to the elbow*, and away they go, a walking miracle that they can walk together at all. As to keeping step, that is out of the question; but besides this, they wag and roll about in such a way, that keeping their arms tightly linked, it is amazing they do not pull off one or the other. But they do not. They shall see the shows, and stand all in a crowd before them with open eye, and open mouths, wondering at the beauty of the dancing women, and their gowns all over spangles, and at all the wit, and grimaces and summersets of harlequin and clown. They shall have a merry dinner, and a dance, like a dance of elephants and hippopotami, and then—

'To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.'

"And these are the men that become sullen and desperate: that become poachers and incendiaries. How, and why? It is not plenty and kind words that make them so. What then? What makes the wolves herd together, and descend from the Alps and the Pyrenees? What makes them desperate and voracious, blind with fury, and revelling in vengeance? Hunger and hardship! When the English Peasant is gay, at ease, well fed and well clothed, what cares he how many pheasants are in a wood, or ricks in a farmer's yard? When he has a dozen backs to clothe, and a dozen mouths to feed, and nothing to put on the one, and little to put in the other,—then that which seemed a mere playful puppy suddenly starts up a snarling red-eyed monster!—How sullen he grows! With what equal indifference he shoots down pheasants or gamekeepers. How the man, who so recently held up his head and laughed aloud, now sneaks, a villanous fiend, with the dark lantern and the match, to his neighbour's rick! Monster! can this be the English Peasant? 'Tis the same! 'Tis the very man! But what has made him so? What has thus demonized, thus infuriated, thus converted him into a walking pestilence? Villain as he is, is he alone to blame—or is there another?"

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ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

ROUSSEAU.

THE handwriting of great men is always a matter of curiosity, from the illegible scrawl of the Emperor Napoleon, from the thick, ungainly hand of Chalmers, and the terrifying scribble of Jeffrey, to the plain, clear, chirograph of George Washington, and the no less distinct handwriting of the Duke of Wellington. Rousseau's MSS., most of which were seen by Barrington, are described by him as written in a fair hand, as legible as print. The "Eloisa," he says, at page 380, vol. ii., of his "Sketches," which is a work, as is well known, of pure fiction, is written without scarcely a single correction; whilst his "Confessions," a plain account of facts, were full of alterations at almost every page.

Mme. de Galis, who paid a visit to the celebrated philosopher, expresses her disappointment at his shyness and unsociability. She describes his dress as being of the most fantastical style, so odd, indeed, as to warrant a surmise on the part of a stranger, that he had decked himself out for a masquerade. He wore a coat of a most original cut, maroon-coloured stockings, and a little round wig, which, altogether, gave him an exceedingly ludicrous appearance. Mme. de Stael expatiates on the smallness of his eyes, which, of themselves, had no expression, but readily received animation from the various impulsions of his mind. His eye-brows were sufficiently large to support the professed character of his temperament, viz., moroseness and misanthropy. His countenance was of an insignificant stamp when he was silent, but lit up when he entered into conversation.

He was fond of retiring to sequestered villages. On one occasion, having fixed his abode at one, where he had to endure much annoyance from the remarks of the gossips of the place, he found himself compelled to have recourse to the odd expedient of making lace-strings, and of carrying his working-cushion about, that he might conciliate the good-will of its inhabitants. He had married unfortunately—like our great poet, Milton, he had the misfortune to unite himself to an ignorant and illiterate woman, whose disposition was altogether uncongenial to his literary pursuits; and he has frankly confessed, that wherever he went, he felt the weight he had to carry with him. D'Israeli, in his "Literary Character," vol. i., page 148, mentions the curious fact, that "Rousseau never could endure to read a page in his 'Emile' without disgust, after the work was published. He acknowledged that there were more suffrages against his notions than for them. 'I am not displeased,' says he, 'with myself on the style and eloquence, but I still dread that my writings are good for nothing at the bottom; and that all my theories are full of extravagances.'" He has observed, that his "Musical Opera," the work of five or six weeks only, brought him as much money as did "Emile," which had caused him more than twenty years' meditation, and above three of composition. Perhaps this circumstance had something to do with his dislike for that work. A labour of such profundity, and which so much engrossed his thoughts, may have sickened him. Pope, it is well known, wished himself hanged, that he might get rid of Homer.

Rousseau was never without two or three works in hand. A variety of occupations never tired, the single one disgusted him in a short time.

BEETHOVEN.

This celebrated composer was born at Bonn, in Neugape-street, No. 975, in a house now occupied by a shoe-maker, of the name of Dramer. Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, to whom we are indebted for this piece of information, further informs us, that Beethoven was such an incorrigible dog in his younger years, that his father, who first endeavoured to instil in him some notion of music, had to do it "*à coups de bâtons.*" He was addicted to such a stubborn idleness that it was at last nothing but necessity which succeeded in urging him to exercise his talents. In his latter years, we learn from another authority, Mme. Streicher, he excited a considerable degree of attention and merriment at Vienna, during his residence in that city. The style in which he dressed was actually so slovenly, that he is said to have looked more like a beggar than a man of talents and of some property. The coat he wore is declared not to have been fit to offer to an English mendicant. His clothes were, indeed, altogether, such as might with reason be refused by any clothesman. In his latter years he ruined himself by supplying money to a thankless nephew, who drained him to the last semiquaver. He died on Easter Sunday, 1827. H. M.

ORIGINS OF VARIOUS ARTICLES.

THERE are many articles in common use, the origins of which are seldom thought of. Who, for instance, would trouble his head relative to the invention of that indispensable article of food, bread. Bread, however, was originally an invention of the Greeks, afterwards adopted by the Romans. For a long time, hand-mills were, in Europe, the only machines used to grind the corn. The art of constructing windmills originated, together with other inventions, with the Saracens. During several centuries, they used, in France, instead of plates, circular slices of the crust of bread, which were, after dinner, distributed among the poor. As early as the time of Pliny, the Gauls made use of yeast to raise their bread.

The Egyptians not only set a great value on brocoli, but even regarded this vegetable as an object of adoration. It was the Romans who introduced them into Europe.

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We have the peach from Persia, in which country it is actually held to be a poison. In our climate it has lost, by transplantation, much of its original coarseness, and is become one of our choicest fruits. The plum was brought from Syria at the time of the Crusades.

Rabbits were formerly held in such high estimation, that they were brought to table as a very choice dish. They once increased to such an extent in Spain that they were suspected of mining the ramparts and the houses of Taragon, so as to cause some parts of them to fall.

Oysters were looked upon by the Romans as a "dainty dish;" and the poet Antonius has celebrated them in his verses. After the death of this poet, however, oysters were no more thought of; and it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that they were again brought into notice.

Parmesan cheese appeared in the more northern part of Europe, for the first time, in the reign of Charles VIII. of France. This prince, it would appear, in an expedition against Naples, had occasion to pass through Placenza, when the magistrates offered him some of these cheeses, the enormous size of which so greatly astonished him that, out of mere curiosity, he sent a number of them to the queen and to the Duke of Bourbon. These royal persons venturing to taste them, found them so excellent, that, from that time, the Parmesan cheeses have ranked amongst the finest that can grace a royal table.

Sweetmeats were formerly much used to bribe persons of quality, or judges, to whom a request was to be made. This custom at last rose to such a pitch that Louis IX. of France issued a proclamation, wherein he forbade all judges to take more than ten-penny-worth a-week. Phillip the handsome subsequently curtailed this quantity to no more than what one could use in one day.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, good manners required that persons of different sexes, when invited to parties, should sit down in couples, and that each couple should have one plate between them. In families one goblet was deemed sufficient for all, and St. Bertrand was disinherited by his father, who was affected with the leprosy, for having wiped the edge of the goblet before he drank.

Beds, now such indispensable pieces of furniture, were to the Greeks and Romans articles of great luxury. When they exchanged the leaves, and skins of beasts, on which their heroic ancestors reposed, for mattresses and feather-beds, the bedsteads were made sometimes of ivory, sometimes of ebony, sometimes of cedar, and sometimes of silver. It would be difficult, now-a-days, in the middle ranks of life, to find beds, such as our ancestors slept on, not only with their wives and their children, but with their dogs and their friends; an invitation to such a couch was then considered the strongest proof of affection and confidence that could be given.

The first mirrors were made of metal. Cicero carries the origin of them up to Esculapius: Moses, too, makes mention of them. It was in the time of Pompey that the first mirrors were made of silver at Rome. Pliny mentions a brilliant stone, probably talc, thin slices of which being fixed upon bright metal, reflected objects with great perfection. The first mirrors of glass appeared in Europe at the latter end of the Crusades. M. D. M.

PAINTINGS IN THE HALL OF BARBER SURGEONS,*

MONKWELL STREET, CRIPPLEGATE.

The principal one is the celebrated picture, by Hans Holbein, of King Henry VIII. presenting the charter to that company. This picture is ten feet six inches long, and seven feet in height, contains eighteen figures nearly as large as life; it represents a room in the palace, which is hung with tapestry, and seems to have been gilded; in the centre, on a throne, sits the king, his age appears to be about thirty, the complexion florid, the hair sandy, the eyes small, but animated and restless, the expression on the countenance is impatience, and he seems thrusting the charter hastily into the hands of Master Thomas Vicay, who receives it kneeling on his right; the face altogether might be pronounced handsome, were it not for the low forehead and contracted eyebrows; he has on his right thumb a signet ring, and other rings on the first and fourth fingers of his left hand, with which he holds a sword of state resting on his knee; on his head is a velvet cap surrounded with a diadem of jewels, on which is a falling feather; on his leg is the garter, and round his neck the collar of the order; the mantle is short, and of crimson velvet; all these ornaments are most beautifully executed, and are as fine as miniature painting; every hair of his head is distinct, and the texture of his robe is finely given; his impatience seems to have warmed him, and the rising colour flushing over his face is most admirably painted. Around him are the members of the court on their knees; the first figure on the left hand is Sir John Chambre, he is represented in a cap and furred gown, the sleeves very large, and in which his hands are enwrapped; from the expression of his countenance it would appear that he was anything but pleased with the provisions of the charter, as the face has a sullen and discontented look. The next is the celebrated Doctor Butts, whose conduct in the scene in the play of Henry VIII., of the degradation of Cranmer while waiting at the door of the council chamber, is so well drawn by Shakspeare. The third figure is Thomas Aslopp; he has his head uncovered; the hair is long and lank, and the features coarse and hard. The first on the right hand of the king is the master of the

* Extracted from that interesting and gentlemanly-conducted Journal "The Art Union," a periodical containing every information relative to the Fine Arts.

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company, Thomas Vicay, into whose hands the king is delivering the charter; he has a gold chain and jewel over the shoulder of his gown. The next is Jonathan Aylef, who has a ring on his finger, and a gold chain about his neck. The next is Nathaniel Sympson, who also wears a skull cap; all the others have the head bare, and the hair falling lank, and scattered over the shoulders. Then Edward Harman, who has a gold chain; next to him is John Monfordu; then John Pen, and William Alcoke; the expression on the countenances of these men is grave and solemn. The next Richard Ferris, who has the only jovial and merry face among the group. Of these eight, five of those most visible, have robes flowered and richly embroidered; the moustaches and beards of the whole, including the king, would appear as if they had great care and attention bestowed upon them. Of the seven remaining figures standing behind, the names are not to be found on record, but they are, no doubt, livery-men of the company; but of the two nearest the king, one is known to be William Tilly, who has a face "too stupid for a barber, how much so then for a surgeon;" the other is thought to be Xachariel Sampson. This picture of Holbein's, which we have described, is not surpassed, if indeed equalled, by any other of that master in the kingdom; every part is most elaborately and delicately finished; the position of none of the figures is constrained, and there is no attempt at theatrical effect, yet every person represented is in action; there is scarcely one man in it whose name has not acquired some degree of celebrity in the age in which he lived; the colouring is chaste, and kept down, nor is there any of that hardness and stiffness often found in the pictures of Holbein, at least in the generality of those attributed to him; we think that his pictures are much rarer in this country than is commonly supposed; that this is by him there is no doubt; but the ease and style of the whole is very different from many even in Windsor, to which his name has been affixed. It is in a beautiful state of preservation, and fortunately has escaped the gothic attempts at cleaning, which has been fatal to so many others. The next picture is one of Sir Charles Scalborough, a whole length; this is by Walker, and is extremely well painted; it has been engraved; the countenance is exceedingly intellectual, the forehead high and broad, the eyes are dark and searching; he is dressed in the scarlet gown, hood, and cap of a doctor of physic, and is represented in the act of lecturing; one hand is on his breast, the other a little stretched out; on the left of the picture is another figure, the demonstrating surgeon, Anthony Bligh, dressed in the livery gown, holding up the arm of a dead subject, which lies on a table partly covered with a sheet, with that part of the breast where the ribs meet, bare, the pectoral muscles appearing. The next painting is one of Doctor Arris, physician; it is well executed, and there is an engraving of it; he gave to the company 30*l.* for an anatomical lecture, and 34*l.* to St. Bartholomew Hospital, for the same purpose, for ever. The adjoining picture is that of Thomas Arris, M. D. the son of the former; he is represented in the act of lecturing; this man was returned M. P. for St. Alban's in 1661, and was a steady opponent of the court. The next is a portrait of Doctor Nehemiah Grew. The next of John Frederick. The next is a curious picture of Mr. Lisle, barber to Charles II.; it is a full length, and well painted, the character of the countenance is shrewdness; the eyebrows are elevated, the extremities of the mouth raised; he seems as if laughing at some joke from his master's lips, although to his own mind it passes rather for the wit of a king than of a wit. The next and last is the portrait of John Paterson, clerk to the company, and the projector of great improvements in the city of London, after the great fire.

CURIOUS CUSTOM ON EASTER MONDAY.

An inhabitant of Hallaton, Leicestershire, some years since, bequeathed a piece of land to the rector of the town, for the time being, in trust, for the providing of two hare pies, a quantity of ale, and two dozen penny loaves, to be scrambled for annually on Easter Monday. This land, which was called Hare-crop Leys, being enclosed in 1770, a piece of land was allotted to the rector in lieu of the same, since which period, the rector, instead of the two hare pies, provides two large pies made of veal and bacon, which are divided into parts, and put into a sack; about two gallons of ale, in wooden bottles, without handles or strings, are put into another sack, and the penny loaves, cut into quarters, are put into a basket. The men, who have charge of the bequest, are joined, soon after they leave the rectory, by those who intend to engage in the sport. In the course of their journey to a place called Hare-pie bank, which is situated about a quarter of a mile south of the town, the pieces of bread are occasionally thrown to be scrambled for. The place of rendezvous consists of a bank with a small trench round it, and a circular hole in the centre; into which the pies and ale are promiscuously thrown. Upon a signal being given, those who are fond of the sport, rush forward to seize a bit of pie, or endeavour to get possession of a bottle.

W. G. C.

CABAL,

Which generally is used to express a meeting or assemblage of people, but more particularly those of a noisy and uproarious nature. Addison defines it, "*a body of men united in some close design.*"

It is derived from a mysterious doctrine of the ancient Jewish Rabbins, called the "*Caballa*" or "*Cabbala*;" it was handed down traditionally; and ultimately collected in the "*Talmud*;" and its nature may be guessed

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from the Apostrophe of Lord Bacon, in his essay:—"*I would rather believe all the fables in the Talmud, the Alcoran, the Legend, than that this universal frame is without a mind.*" The word "*Cabbala*" was also the name of a juggling science among the Jews; by which they pretended to unriddle mysteries by the numbers that the letters make in different words; it was a kind of anagrammatic, or astrological science.

EARLY USE OF TOBACCO.

The following curious notices relative to the introduction of tobacco, are given by Aubrey, in his anecdotes of Sir Walter Raleigh. Aubrey's Lives (from which I propose laying before the readers of the *Mirror* a series of extracts) is a work of greater curiosity, and far higher value, than is generally supposed; as I may, perhaps, some day have occasion to show.

"Sir Walter Raleigh was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a strawe. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. Raleigh standing in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz parke at Acton, tooke a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quitt it till he had donne. Within these 35 years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold then for its wayte in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say, that when they went to Malmsbury or Chippenham Market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now, the customers of it are the greatest his majestie hath. Sir Walter Raleigh studyed most in his sea voyages, where he carried always a trunke of bookes along with him, and had nothing to divert him."

H. E. B.

ACCOUNT OF THE ASSASSINATION OF KOTZEBUE.

(*From "Le Nouvelliste."*)

After the war of 1813, Kotzebue was accused of turning his literary talents to the subjection of Germany under the Russian yoke; he was accordingly sentenced to death by one of the numerous secret associations then prevalent in Germany, and which went under the name of "Tugensbund" or "coalition of virtue." Lots having been drawn, as to who was to commit the deed, fate chose Charles Frederick Sand, a young man of about 24 years of age. Called upon, then, to perpetrate this crime, Sand, whose character was of a hot temperament, and whose spirit was boiling with ardour to free his country of one so obnoxious, set out from Jena, on the 9th of March, 1819, and arrived at Manheim, where Kotzebue resided, on the 23d. He put up at an inn, where he stayed conversing with a country curate till 5 o'clock; at which hour, having resolved to fulfil his mission, he parted from the divine, and presented himself at the house of Kotzebue. He was let in by a servant, who conducted him to an apartment, saying, that his master would shortly make his appearance. Kotzebue had, however, scarcely entered the room than Sand fell upon him, and stabbed him repeatedly. He then quietly left the house, and knelt in the street, where a considerable crowd had already collected, saying with calm energy: "It is I who am the murderer; may all traitors thus perish!" Then raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "I thank thee, oh God, for thy assistance in this work!"

Having uttered these words, he bared his breast, and with the same weapon which he had used to assassinate Kotzebue, gave himself a ghastly wound. A paper containing these words, was found in his hand; "Sentence of death against Augustus Kotzebue, executed on the 23d March, 1819." On a ribbon concealed in his bosom, there appeared words to the purport, that Kotzebue had been condemned to death two years before. The victim fell, but the murderer survived. His trial lasted more than a twelvemonth, when at length sentence of death was passed upon him, and Sand was executed on the 19th of May, 1820, at six o'clock in the morning, and before his friends could arrive at Manheim. The execution was to have taken place at eight o'clock, so that as he was led down the streets a mournful silence prevailed. Sand was calm, his mind appeared composed and resigned to his fate, and he held a rose in his hand, which he frequently put to his nose, seemingly enjoying its fragrance. At the very moment that the executioner was holding up the severed head of the unfortunate young man, his friends arrived from Heidelberg. In a moment the scaffold was covered with them, they tore off his clothes, cut his hair, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, and showed every possible demonstration of veneration and sorrow for the death of the martyr. To this day these relics are preserved, and the name of Sand is venerated throughout Germany.

The Gatherer.

There is a dread disease which so prepares its victim, as it were, for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect, and throws around familiar looks, unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between soul and body is so gradual, quiet, and solemn, and the result so sure, that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and whithers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly

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form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace, but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.—*Nickleby.*

The Miser's Habitation.

In an old house, dismal, dark, and dusty, which seemed to have withered, like himself, and to have grown yellow and shrivelled in hoarding him from the light of day, as he had in hoarding his money, lived Arthur Gride. Meagre old chairs and tables of spare and bony make, and hard and cold as miser's hearts, were ranged in grim array against the gloomy walls; attenuated presses, grown lank and lantern-jawed in guarding the treasures they enclosed, and tottering, as though from constant fear and dread of thieves, shrunk up in dark corners, whence they cast no shadows on the ground, and seemed to hide and cower from observation. A tall grim clock upon the stairs, with long lean hands and famished face, ticked in cautious whispers, and when it struck the time in thin and piping sounds, like an old man's voice, rattled as if 'twere pinched with hunger.

No fireside couch was there, to invite repose and comfort. Elbow-chairs there were, but they looked uneasy in their minds, cocked their arms suspiciously and timidly, and kept upon their guard. Others were fantastically grim and gaunt, as having drawn themselves up to their utmost height, and put on their fiercest looks to stare all comers out of countenance. Others again knocked up against their neighbours, or leant for support against the wall, somewhat ostentatiously, as if to call all men to witness that they were not worth the taking. The dark square lumbering bedsteads seemed built for restless dreams; the musty hangings to creep in scanty folds together, whispering among themselves, when rustled by the wind, their trembling knowledge of the tempting wares that lurked within the dark and tight-locked closets.—*Ibid.*

When the superb State Coach was finished for George the Third, in 1762, it was found the gate of St. James's Palace was too low to admit of its entrance; it was consequently enlarged at the close of September in that year. The gateway as it now appears, is therefore not that of the original construction in bluff Harry's days.

The impetus of Hogarth's designs of the Boxer and Death, has never been satisfactorily accounted for; the occasion was, Thomas Johnson, the great pugilist of his day, in a conflict with Thomas Bugby, at Long Stanton, in Cambridgeshire, on Monday, September 13, 1762, so heavily laid on his blows, that Bugby died in an hour after; and the victor, Johnson, was in consequence committed to Cambridge gaol.

Alderman Beckford, when Lord Mayor elect, in October, 1762, to gain eclat to the city state carriage during his Mayoralty, purchased the singularly fine set of Flanders' mares, belonging to M. Boreel, Ambassador from the States General, to the Court of St. James's.

In the first annual report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, in England, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, is the following summary of the first annual abstracts, ending June 30, 1838:—

TOTAL NUMBER OF PERSONS MARRIED.

According to the rites of the established church	1[illegible]
Not according to the rites of the established church	[illegible]
Number of persons married not full age { Males / Females	[illegible]
Total number of births registered	3[illegible]
Total number of deaths registered	3[illegible]

In contrast with the evidence of the large portion of persons who attain to old age in the more thinly-populated portions of the kingdom, we find results extremely different where the population is densely congregated. In the metropolis and its suberbs, the proportion who have died, out of every 1,000 deaths, at 70 and upwards, has been only 104; and even this proportion is favourable when compared with that of other large towns; the proportion in Birmingham being 81, in Leeds, 79, and in Liverpool and Manchester only about 63. A comparison of the mining parts of Staffordshire and Shropshire, and of Northumberland and Durham, with the rural districts surrounding each, exhibit great differences, especially in the proportions of death in old age. A very marked diversity also appears in the proportions of deaths of infants in different parts of the country. In the mining parts of Staffordshire and Shropshire, in Leeds and its suburbs, and in Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and the lowest parts of Lincolnshire, the deaths of infants under one year have been more than 270 out of 1,000 deaths at all ages, while in the northern counties of England, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire, Herefordshire, and Monmouthshire, and Wales, the deaths at that age, out of 1,000 all ages, scarcely exceed 180.

Common Names.

Of Smith, there are about	132[illegible]
Jones	60[illegible]
Brown	54[illegible]
Johnson	34[illegible]
Hill	20[illegible]

Street Preaching.—The *Cambrian* [illegible] "The following is an exact copy of a writ[illegible] notice intrusted to the town-crier of Abe[illegible] venny on Thursday:—'This is to Informe [illegible] In Habitance Of this Place that theare will[illegible] A sarmond preached this Eving at 7 OCl[illegible] by mrs Eleanor Harris, By the Old duke Ca[illegible] street—mrs Harris is a lisend misshienery.'

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBI[illegible] 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by [illegible] Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Bo[illegible] sellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

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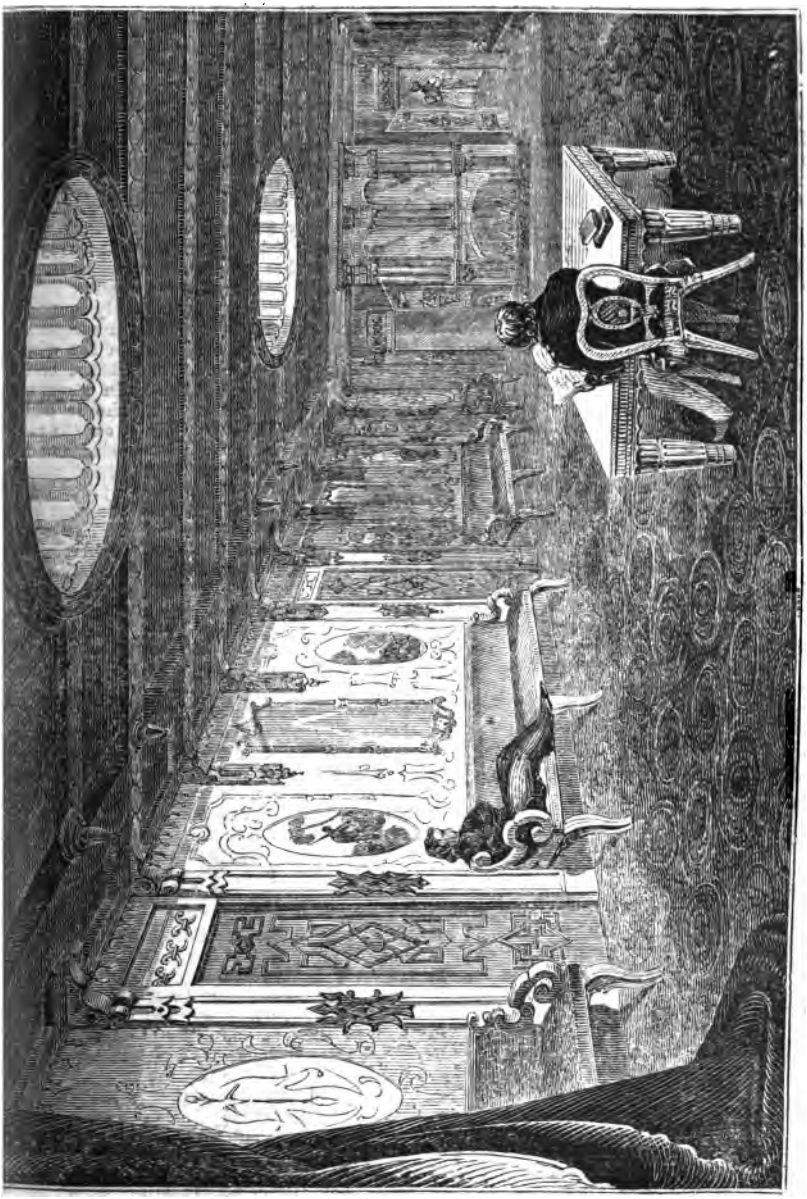
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 959. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1839. PRICE 2*d*.



THE DINING SALOON OF THE "BRITISH QUEEN" STEAMER,

ENGRAVED FROM THE DRAWING BY MR. SIMPSON, OF 456, STRAND.

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THE BRITISH QUEEN STEAMER.

This splendid and powerful vessel was built by Messrs. Curling and Young, of Limehouse, for the British and American Steam Navigation Company. She was launched at the close of May, 1838.—The following are the dimensions of this vessel:

	ft.	in.
Length from figure-head to taffrail -	275	0
Length of upper deck - - - -	245	0
Breadth within the paddle-boxes - -	40	6
Breadth over all - - - - - -	64	0
Depth of hold - - - - - -	27	0
Estimated weight of engines, boiler and water - - - - - -	500	tons
Twenty days' consumption of coal - -	600	ditto

She has two splendid engines aboard, of 250 horse-power each, which, for strength, beauty, and excellence of fitting, are admirable. Each engine stands on a single plate of metal, weighing 35 cwt.; four pieces of the frame-work weigh each 16 tons. The cylinders weigh each 12 tons—the diameter of the bore is 77½ inches, and the stroke of the engine is 7 feet. She has in all four boilers, any number of which can be used at one time without the others. The diameter of the paddle-wheels is 31 feet 6 inches. According to her depth in the water the revolutions of her paddle-wheels will vary from 15 to 16 in a minute. She is supplied with Hall's patent condensers, and thus the same water with which her boilers are filled in the Thames will, with a little addition, serve until her arrival at New York. She has iron tanks between the timbers in the hold capable of containing 200 tons of water, all of which is accessible to the pumps, and can thereby be drawn out and conveyd by pipes to the different berths. But over and above this she has a patent still with her, and can convert salt-water into fresh for her boilers, and for the use of the passengers, as may be required.

The accommodations for passengers, of which she will take upwards of 200, are complete and commodious, as well as elegant. There are two saloons, one for a dining, and one for a drawing, or ladies' room, immediately leading from the principal staircase, and the state-rooms communicating with them are especially spacious and agreeable.

The dining-saloon, about 60 feet long, and, in the widest part, near 30 feet wide, is most elaborately fitted up, and decorated in the Elizabethan style, embellished with devices and historical subjects, painted in a very superior manner upon a new material, which gives to the painting an appearance of being worked in tapestry or worsted work, and is enriched by the additions of carvings of flowers, and ornaments, and gilding, at once chaste in design, and excellent in execution. It is, besides, particularly well lighted from above. The staircase is of a description quite novel in a ship, having a double flight descending on each side, and is very richly carved in English oak. The drawing or ladies' room is much smaller than the main saloon, but decorated very neatly in white, with gold mouldings, and arabesque paintings in colours to correspond, so as, for extent, (as they form a vista of near 100 feet in length,) variety, and elegance, we can safely say, that this suite of rooms has never been surpassed (if equalled,) on board any ship. The whole of the design and execution of these cabins is the work of Mr. W. B. Simpson,* of No. 456, West Strand, London. The furniture, which is particularly elegant and appropriate, is supplied by Mr. Boyd, of Glasgow, and other upholstery by Scotch manufacturers. The berths are fitted up with every attention to convenience. There are 104 beds fitted up aft, and 103 forward. The steward's room is fitted up with almost every conceivable convenience, and affords a passage for conveying the dinner from the gallery to the dining-saloon without incommoding or being seen by the crew or passengers. The delft ware, which appears to be of a very excellent kind, has been made specially for the vessel, and the silver plate is superb.

She carries 32 hands immediately connected with the superintendence and management of the engines; and her crew, in the whole, including officers, seamen, engineers, cooks, steward, &c., amount to 85. In respect of stores and general fiting out, she is admirably formed, and everything is on the most improved construction. Her windlass, for example, is of Tyzich and Dobson's patent; her stoppers of Moffat's patent; her chain cables are of 1⅛ iron, and are of the same kind as are used for 74 gun ships. Her small bower, best bower, and sheet anchor, weigh respectively, 32¼ cwt., 43 cwt., and 47¼ cwt. No pains, no time, no expense, have been spared in obtaining perfection; and taking her all in all, we may safely say she is unequalled by any vessel afloat.

Among other conveniences for passengers, we had almost forgotten one; on the deck is a neat erection, in which cold, warm, or shower baths may be obtained by the passengers; but the attention of the owners still goes farther than this; even smokers are not forgotten. Near the baths, is a cigar room, where smokers may congregate and enjoy themselves to their heart's content—unannoyed and unannoying. The cabins of the captain, chief-mate, and surgeon, are on the quarter-deck, and the roof forms a shelter for the steersman. She is steered by a double wheel, similar to those used by London East Indiamen or line-of-battle ships. She is commanded by Lieut. Roberts, R. N., who so gallantly crossed the Atlantic in the Sirius, and was enthusiastically received by the Americans on that occasion; and on this we anticipate for him and his brave officers as glorious a welcome.

The British Queen left the Thames on her journey to America, on Thursday, the 11th inst.

* We are indebted to Mr. Simpson for the accompanying view of the dining-saloon of the above splendid vessel:—he having, with the greatest politeness, granted us the use of his drawings.

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LEGENDS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

THE PILOT.

As Donald M'Cuarig, or, as it is generally written, Macquarrie, a young fisherman of Mull, one of the largest of the Hebrides, was pursuing his avocation on the north-east coast of his native island, he descried a large ship, which had rounded the Point of Duart, in imminent danger of running on a reef of sunken rocks stretching across the channel from the southern extremity of the island of Lismore. After watching the progress of the vessel, with some anxiety for her safety, he concluded, from the course she held, that she was navigated by persons totally ignorant of the dangers by which they were surrounded. He therefore made towards them, and, hailing the ship, succeeded by his gestures in apprising them of the danger into which they were running. The ship then hove to, and he was taken on board, where he was made to comprehend, in broken English, of which he understood a little, that they were Danish, and had lost their pilot on the previous day.

The young fisherman readily undertook to pilot them southward, through the dangerous and intricate navigation of the western coast.

The Dane having weathered the Mull of Kintire, stood out towards the middle of the Irish Channel, in order to avoid all chance of a danger similar to that from which he had just escaped, leaving his pilot the option of making for the land in his frail bark, or continuing the voyage. Macquarrie remonstrated, at first in his broken English, and afterwards in his native language, against this act of ingratitude, but was only laughed at. Irritated to the last degree, he drew his dirk, and made a plunge at the perfidious captain. The latter, however, parried the blow, and the fisherman was overpowered before he could make a second attempt. He was then put into irons, where he remained several days, entirely ignorant of what might be his ultimate fate, as well as of the destination of the ship, which, with its crew, he had saved from inevitable destruction.

The only circumstance from which he could draw a conclusion at all favourable to the character of the party into whose power he had fallen, was the fact of his being supplied with abundance of provisions during the period of his imprisonment.

The ship at length came to anchor; and, on the evening of the following day, the captain made his appearance, accompanied by one of the crew, who knocked off the fetters of the unfortunate pilot. When he came on deck, the ungrateful captain told him scoffingly "that he might go on shore to visit his friends in Lisbon!" He was accordingly landed on the principal quay, a stranger, both to the people among whom fate had thrown him, and their language; and also destitute of the smallest fraction of that excellent substitute for friends, language, and almost everything else—money.

Vowing vengeance, which he had not at present the most distant prospect of executing, against his Danish friends, he proceeded along the quay, followed by a crowd of idlers, attracted by the singularity of his dress, and the strange imprecations he poured forth against those who had kidnapped him.

The gaping crowd, highly amused at this novel exhibition, contented themselves at first with passing sundry jokes on the Highlander's dress and vehement gesticulations. This mode of expressing their sympathy for his misfortunes, not being understood by the stranger, they next proceeded to bestow upon him more substantial and intelligible proofs of their hospitable disposition, by pulling his dress about, and the laudable view of keeping up the mental irritation which appeared to afford them infinite relish, from its effects on the outward man of poor Macquarrie. The fisherman, being a powerful man, resented this impertinence, by laying about him most lustily. Just at this critical moment, a man of commanding appearance made his way with some difficulty through the crowd, and addressing the object of their curiosity in a language which he seemed to understand, he assured the bystanders that he was under the protection of the English ambassador. The magic words were no sooner uttered, than the servile crowd opened a passage for the intruder, who walked away with the subject of their merriment.

The person who had so opportunely rescued the poor Highlander from his tormentors, was Mr. John M'Intire, of Lettir, in Argyllshire, at that time Secretary to the British Embassy at Lisbon. He happened to be on the principal quay, when the wild tone of his native language falling on his ear, found an echo in his breast—that echo which the recollection of home never fails to waken in the hearts of his countrymen, and which has formed that bond of union among them, with which they are sometimes reproached by their neighbours. But it appears somewhat inconsistent to reproach an individual for extending to each member of the great family of his nation, those feelings, which, when exercised towards a limited number of his more immediate relations and friends, are considered highly commendable.

Mr. M'Intire, having heard Macquarrie's story, and being assured that he could identify the captain and ship, promised to see that justice should be done to him. In the mean time, he furnished him with a few pieces, and lodgings for the night, promising to call upon him next morning, in order to wait on the Danish captain, to demand compensation for his services and shameful abduction.

The following morning was that of the memorable 1st of November, 1755, when this unfortunate city was almost entirely destroyed by the great earthquake, and sixty thousand of its devoted inhabitants perished in its ruins.

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But of this awful visitation, not the most distant sign could be observed one short hour before it took place, as Donald Macquarrie and his friend were crossing the great square of the palace towards the quay where the Danish ship was moored. The sun shone in full splendour on the doomed city, and the greater part of its inhabitants were still enjoying their morning slumbers in fancied security.

The Danish captain at first treated the demands of his late pilot with contempt; but, on learning the importance of the party who had taken up his cause, he reluctantly paid him a sum of money named by Mr. M'Intyre, as a remuneration for his services, and unjust abduction.

Macquarrie pocketed the money, observing to his friend, that he would give it all for an opportunity of meeting the captain alone on the Point of Duart.

Mr. M'Intyre, having adjusted this affair to the entire satisfaction of one of the parties at least, hastened home to transact some important official business, and our *ci-devant* pilot, inspired with that confidence which the acquisition of friends and money naturally bestows, ventured alone to view the wonders of the strange city.

As he happened to pass the Irish convent of Corpo Santo, he recollected it was All Saint's Day, and, being a good Catholic, he entered the chapel, in which were several persons at their devotions, even at this early hour.

He had hardly knelt before the shrine of the Holy Virgin, when himself, and those around him, were buried under the ruins of the convent.

When he had recovered from the amazement into which this sudden and overwhelming calamity had thrown him, he found himself unhurt in a space formed into a species of arch by the falling timbers, and sufficiently large to enable him to stand upright. Although uninjured himself, he was surrounded by the dead and dying, whose cries were heart-rending. After some time, death seemed to relieve the wretched sufferers, as all was silent, save the low, soft tones of a female voice, which poured forth, with exquisite feeling, the thrilling notes of some wild melody. The air was familiar to the young Highlander's ear, and associated in his memory with all the tender reminiscences of his childhood—it was one which his mother had often sung to him in infancy, to soothe his troubled spirit into forgetfulness. The recollection of home rushed upon his mind, and almost unmanned him.

With some difficulty he crawled to the spot from whence the voice issued, and succeeded in bringing the being whose wild notes were so little in unison with the scene around him, to the place where he had been standing when the building fell. His presence restored her to consciousness, for terror had made her delirious, and she addressed him in Irish, which being a dialect of his own language, was perfectly intelligible to the Highlander. To his inquiries as to whether she was hurt, she answered that she escaped with a severe blow on the arm, which, on examination, was found to be fractured. Macquarrie, immediately detaching from the belt the scabbard of his dirk, (he was deprived of the weapon in the scuffle with the Danish captain,) converted it into a splint, and, with the assistance of one of his broad garters, tied up the broken limb. Just as this operation was concluded, a portion of the eastern end of the building gave way, and admitted a stream of light to illumine the obscurity in which they were enveloped.

On hearing the crash of the falling ruins, the terrified female fainted into the arms of her companion in misfortune, and, as the beams of the morning sun, which shone so brightly on this scene of destruction, threw at this instant a strong light on her pale face, they revealed such youthful, and exquisitely moulded features, partly concealed by a profusion of light brown ringlets, that our hero could not resist the temptation of impressing a chaste kiss on her pallid cheek.

After a considerable lapse of time, the timid and sensitive spirit returned once more to the fair and deserted home from which it had been scared, and the unfortunate girl awoke a second time to a consciousness of her dreadful situation. To escape from this living grave by their own unaided exertions, appeared next to impossible, and to expect assistance from others, under the circumstances of a calamity which they concluded must have been general, was still more hopeless.

To add, if possible, to the horrors of their situation, they discovered that the building was on fire; a circumstance probably arising from the lighted tapers, of which great numbers were used on the occasion, in honour of the festival of All Saints.

If no stronger motive to exertion had existed, than simply the preservation of his own life, our pilot might probably, in the apparent hopelessness of any attempt to escape, have resigned himself to a fate which appeared inevitable; for although the light penetrated into his prison, it was admitted, as it were, through a sort of trellis-work on a large scale, formed by the timbers of the roof falling in a transverse direction to the upright pillars and other fixtures of the interior, and overlaid with bricks, mortar, and tiles, in one confused heap. But, that a being so young and beautiful, and so utterly helpless and dependent, should be left to perish without an effort on his part, however hopeless the attempt, to rescue her from the ruins, which must otherwise become her funeral pile, was not to be thought of. All the energies of his mind were therefore thoroughly roused, and the prospect of the noble reward, the preservation of his fair fellow-prisoner—which would follow, should he be successful, lent Herculean strength to his naturally powerful frame.

After some hours of incredible labour, during which he was frequently in danger of being

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crushed by the falling ruins, he at length had the unspeakable satisfaction of extricating himself and the fair girl whose life depended on the success of his exertions, from the burning pile, just in time to escape the horrible death which threatened them.

(*To be continued.*)

BUONAPARTIANA.

(*Translated from various French Authorities.*)

In 1809, a superior officer of the guard had been lodged in the neighbourhood of Vienna, at the house of an aged canoness, a near relative of John, prince of Lichtenstein. The demands of this military man on his noble hostess were excessive, and far surpassed the usual limits. In a moment, no doubt when the wine of Hungary had somewhat unsettled his intellects, he conceived the unfortunate project of writing to this lady a letter, couched in such extravagant terms, and at the same time in such impertinent language, that the latter felt herself compelled to lay it before the general, Andreossy; begging also for protection, and that she might be ridded, "au plus rite," of such an ungentlemanly guest. The letter was not only regarding herself, but the writer reflected, in no very flattering terms, on the character of one of Napoleon's favourite generals, Lefebre, the gallant Duke of Dantzic.

General Andreossy forwarded this letter to the Prince of Neufchâtel, with that written by the canoness. Both having been submitted to the Emperor, Napoleon gave orders that the officer should next day be present at the parade.

On the morrow, accordingly, at the accustomed hour, and when the troops about to file off were ranged in order of battle in the court of the palace of Shoenbrunn, the emperor, accompanied by Count Bubna, in a hurried step descended the grand staircase; his eye was flashing with the fire of indignation, and in his hand he held the officer's letter.

"Mr. le Major-général," said he to the Prince of Neufchâtel, "let M. . . . come forward." The latter presented himself.

"Is it you, Sir, who have written this infamous letter?" asked Napoleon, showing him the paper.

"Sire, mercy!" articulated the officer, whom the sight of the letter had annihilated. "I knew not what I was writing."

"Wretch! Insult one of my brave lieutenants, and at the same time a woman worthy of respect, a canoness, already to be pitied from having to bear the misfortunes of war! I do not admit your excuse, Sir. I have never admitted one, nor will I ever do so from an officer of the guard. You are guilty of an act of cowardice. I degrade you of the Legion of Honour; you are no longer worthy to wear its revered insignia." Then addressing himself to the general Dorsenne, who inspected the regiment, he said:—"General, see this order executed."

And the emperor, having commanded the filing off, was heard to say to Count Bubna, as they ascended the palace grand staircase:—"To insult an aged woman! I, Monsieur le Comte, I respect an aged woman, as if she were my own mother!"

One evening that the emperor was enjoying the fresh air with Josephine, on the green which bordered the front of la Malmaison, it had been excessively hot, and all the ladies present were seated in a circle around the empress, who was in ecstacies at the beautiful scent of a bouquet she had at her waist, Napoleon picked up a handful of sand, and without any one's being aware of his intention, threw it on his wife's nosegay. The flowers were not a little injured by this sandy shower, and in gently shaking them, Josephine stript them of their leaves.

"Mon Dieu, Buonaparte! how provoking you are!" said she to him, in that sweet voice so peculiar to her, "what did I do to you that you so spoil my flowers?"

"Que tu es enfant!" answered the emperor, kissing her; "do not you see that it is because I am going to get you fresher ones, and flowers gathered with my own hand?"

"I do not believe you."

"Well, you shall see."

And Napoleon, leaping over some beds, soon returned with an enormous nosegay of roses, which he offered to his wife in the most gallant manner. Josephine, having divided the bouquet, distributed it between all the ladies who surrounded her, saying:—"I expect you to follow my example; to preserve these flowers as long as possible, so as never to forget the hand that gives you them, and that which gathered them."

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A BALLOONIST.

Passing a cloud, I put out my hand and took a piece of it, and squeezed it like a sponge, and the water ran out. The sun went north about, but never set. At the distance of about fifty leagues above the earth, we saw a white swan sitting on the corner of a cloud. If we had had a gun we could have shot it. Passing by the moon, we saw a fellow selling land at auction. He wished us to give a bid, but we told him we had not come to buy lands in the moon. We came across a comet, but it was asleep. It looked like a terrapin, but had a tail like a fox. We came near a hail-bank, and filled a hat to bring down with us. The hailstones were about as large as a pigeon's egg. A thousand miles above the earth we passed through a field of turkey buzzards. This would seem to be their region, and accounts for the circumstance, that no one has ever found a nest of one of these. These rookeries are out of sight in the atmosphere. As we approached one of the heavenly bodies, it appeared like an island. We struck upon a planet, but Garnerin got out, and pushed off the balloon. We supposed it to be Mercury, as we heard orators haranguing, and a multitude

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of tongues. There were marriages going on in Venus, and in Mars we heard the drums beat. We meant to have a pull at one of Saturn's rings, but we were blown off the coast, and found ourselves in the latitude of Herschell. Provisions failing, we thought proper to shape our course towards the earth again. The first thing we saw was the forest of Ardennes, which appeared like a shamrock. The Pyrenian mountains seemed like a bed of parsley; and the Atlantic Ocean about as large as Loch Swilley. Within a furlong of the earth, Garnerin gave me the parachute, and I came down.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

It is a belief attached to most early theological systems, that before our planet had fallen into the dark iniquity by which it hath in later ages been oppressed, its fair sceneries and innocent homes were frequented and glorified by the presence of celestial visitants. Oftentimes did the primitive people of the earth behold their "sunlit-winged battalia" sweeping down the bright vales of the young earth, oftentimes there rested on Ararat's dusky crest, mild and luminous colours, "the remnants of their flashing path," often heard the melody of their sky-tuned lips, and gazed enchanted upon their undying beauty. With Abraham, by the Terebinth-grove of Mamre, they participated in friendly conversation; they filled his tent with their light and bloom, vouchsafing to partake of the cakes which the hands of Sarai "the princess" had kneaded; and many times they afterwards appeared to Jacob, Elijah, Ezekiel, and other favoured and elected men.

Lamartine, who, in his "Chute d'un Ange," or, Fall of an Angel, treats upon these sublime things, represents them as winging their way down from the firmaments of heaven, constantly embellishing with their presence the grander scenes of Asia, and commingling in the harmonies which Nature in those parts offered up to the Creator. Among the cedars of Lebanon, which the hand of the Lord himself planted by the Rivers of Waters, they are beheld by him in high vision, amid the deep shadows of evening, resting on their black hill-tops, mixing their voices in the vast sound and solemn swinging of the cedars, which are, at that time, lifting up their lofty hymn. For though man himself would proudly suppose that the noble privilege of praise and thanksgiving was restricted to himself alone, that soul began and ended in him, and that the rest of the creation, termed by the philosopher inanimate, has nothing of that spirituality which characterizes him; yet have some great minds entertained an opposite opinion, and believe that the several kingdoms of creation, which, though "they groan in anguish, sighing to be renewed," yet also have their ways of praise; and even if they have no peculiar voice or language, yet "their voices are heard among them."

Such is the noble opinion, finely expressed, which a recent author of celebrity has put into the mouth of Milton, upon this subject,—

"It would be desolating," says he, "to believe that all the holy music of organ and of harp, of dulcimer and of psaltery ..... It would be horrible to imagine, that all the sounds thus sent up into the air from the beginning of time, had died away in the unconscious abysses of space, unheard, unnoticed, unregarded. Far from us be such unhallowed misgivings! I would rather deem that even the voice of unintelligential matter, is not altogether so abjectless as we are apt to decide, and that the perpetual music of the winds and running waters, with the deep bass of the never-silent sea, are but the hallelujahs sung by the adoring earth, as it rolls before the footstool of its Creator."

In this generous and praiseworthy opinion, Lamartine cordially unites; and in the fine outset of his poem above alluded to, he represents all the cedars of Lebanon raising their magnificent chorus, and pouring it into the ever-open ear of the Almighty.

Holy! Holy! Holy!
Lord whom the hills adore!
Behind those glorious suns,
Towards which we humbly look,
When the odorous wind of night
Doth bow our branches hoar
Beneath thy hand we bend,
As the flowers beside the brook.

But why do we bow down?—
In lowly prayer to HIM!
We feel his presence present,
And as his soft winds go
We tremble through our long arcades
And through our alleys dim,
Our pillars' strength is shaken—
Our lofty domes bend low
As when his storms in anger
Do redden every bower,
And the lion's main stiff waxeth
That clothes his neck of power.

Glide, glide, ye wand'ring breezes here,
Change leaf and spray to sounding strings;
And we, your sounding harps shall bear
Beneath our ever-waving wings,
In swelling and in dying tune
His name to the adoring moon.

Come breathings of the soft warm night,
Fall from high heaven, rise from the plain,
Come to our bowers full of conscious delight,
Pass and repass there, again and again!
Seek ye who proclaimeth the glorious name?
Leave the bright light, and leave the broad wave,
Leave ye the depth of the sea and cave,
Rest not in air or by wind wooing flame,
For we, even we, have a soul to rejoice
In his love, and of which every leaf is a voice!

In the time of King Solomon, this superb forest, of which no doubt the members of the above chorus were progenitors, was called by the name of Domus Saltus-Libani. At the present day it bears the title of Eb Herze. Scarcely anywhere, indeed, than at Lebanon, does the cedar please; it is there one sees it in all its original majesty. One circumstance, as much as any other, has rendered it precious in eastern estimation, which is, the incorruptibility of the wood. The conservation of this forest at the present day, is under the protection of the patriarchal Maronites.

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The altitude to which these proud cedars attain, is oftentimes prodigious. Their superb heads are not unfrequently elevated to the height of a hundred feet.

Like giants combining into a formidable body, these trees combine towards the multiplication of themselves, and in the junction of three or four of themselves together; these, in the course of time, form, by the union of their massy trunks, a tree of tremendous girth. Some are thirty and forty feet in circumference, and it would require the extended arms of many men to span its huge rotundity. It was, no doubt, from the sight of this stately spectacle, that caused the poet David to write down "Justus ut Palma florebit, *sicut Cedrus Libani multiplicabitive.*"

It is, indeed, a splendid sight to behold these cedars, thrusting the lower part of their boughs towards the firmament, and lowering them towards their extremity, to the earth. These trees, so especially majestic, whose verdure is perennial, whose branches are immense, tufted, smooth, and horizontal, have each, as regards them singly, the attitude of command which belongs to the King of the Trees. The position of its boughs to which we have just alluded, resembles that of an arm lifted in air, of which the hand is inclined. The trees thus have their monarchy and their monarch. This order, wisely established, everywhere manifests itself in the cedar, gifted as it is with strength and majesty, loftiness and imperishability.

But if this mountain possesses the king of the trees, it serves only as an asylum to the king of the birds. Here it is that the eagle, after having run through the plains of air, or to tear the prey which it has *ravished*, settles on the topmost branches. Ezekiel, in allusion to the conduct of Nebuchadnezzar, makes use of this fine allegorical figure:—"A great eagle, with great wings, long-winged, full of feathers, which had divers colours, came unto Lebanon, and took the highest branch of the cedar." Sacred writ, indeed, abounds with passages upon this ruler of the forest dynasty; Isaiah is perpetually celebrating it, and in chapter after chapter indulges in his favourite expression of "Gloria Libani," the glory of Lebanon.

But it is sometimes used metaphorically by the poets, to illustrate mournful and lamentable events. Zechariah, thinking of the future desolation of the Temple of Jerusalem by the Romans, breaks out into a fine strain, commencing, "Lebanon, open thy gates, that the fire may devour thy cedars." This, it will be seen, alludes more particularly to the temple itself, which was constructed for the most part of the cedars of this forest. At the time of its building, it will be remembered that Solomon sent to Hiram, King of Tyre, saying,—"As thou didst deal with David my father, and didst send him cedars to build him an house to dwell therein, even so deal with me; send me cedar-trees, fir-trees, and algum-trees, out of Lebanon, for I know that thy servants can skill to cut timber in Lebanon."

To which epistle Hiram answered in writing, and among other things, said,—"And we will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need, and we will bring it to thee in flotes by sea to Joppa, and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem."

It is also said that thirty thousand Israelites were sent to be hewers in the mountain, to help the Sidonians in their labour.

At the present remote day, there are planted at the foot of these beautiful cedars, many white stone altars, at which the ecclesiastics say mass. In fine seasons, these cedars are frequented by the christians, who come from all parts of the Ottoman empire, and even from Persia. The Maronites, the inhabitants of all the surrounding villages, go there with their priests; after mass, they eat, drink, sing, and dance to the sound of cymbals, dulcimers, and melodious music. At their departure, the venerable pilgrims carry with them branches of the ever-green cedars, with which, on their arrival at home, they decorate the doors of their houses.

There is a pleasing custom observed by travellers at the present day, which is that of lifting the bark of the cedar, and thereunder inscribing their name, by incision, into the trunk. There is to be seen at this minute the name of an Englishman, bearing the date of 1600. Voyagers still continue this practice; and upon the most beautiful cedars, names are to be found engraven, of Dr. Merryon, Lord North, Lady Stanhope, Taylor, Delaborde, and other distinguished persons.

But that glory which once crowned the mountain, has now much declined, particularly within the last two centuries. There exist now no thousands, from which the floor-beams and roofs of imperial palaces are to be hewn or carved out. Their number is decreased to sixteen. These are certainly fine noble trees, rich of bough and beauty, and certainly still glorious to behold; but, indeed, compared with their former abundance, their present diminished number forms but a sorry contrast; and they cannot but excite, in common with all the other splendid wrecks of the holy city, a melancholy feeling of the glory which once existed, but hath now so utterly departed.

W. ARCHER.

HONOUR.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—There is certainly but one right way to true honour, and that is by virtue and justice; but to that which the world calls honour, namely command, authority, and power, though there may be numerous petty windings, yet the whole may be reduced to only two; one, when God calls, another, when man seeks it without his permission. He that attends to the first, although he may deserve it, seeks it not; and he should not take more than becomes an honest man, for sometimes men are not satisfied with all that reason is able to do, and therefore I find it hath often been waved and refused. Audentius would

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not accept the empire, though chosen to it upon the death of Bassianus Caracall; and although Cardinal Pole is by some condemned for losing the papacy, by a strein of too much modesty, yet, if we take his reasons candidly, according to his own expression, which we ought to believe, should nothing be discovered to the contrary, the reason of his non-acceptance was pious and prudent: he pulls upon himself suspicion, that hath not witnesses of his acting clearly and apertly. But of all the examples of this nature, that of Frederick, Duke of Saxony, is most to be honoured, who for his virtues was unanimously chosen by the electors, for emperor. On his declining this honour, they requested that he would recommend them another, which having consented to do, he named Charles V. The emperor, in return for the recommendation, sent Frederick a present of thirty thousand florins; but he that could not be tempted by an imperial crown, was not to be bought by gold, and when the ambassadors found that he would not receive it, they desired his permission to leave ten thousand among his servants. Frederick replied, that they might accept of it if they liked, but he that received a piece from Charles, should not stay a day with Frederick. We read in Scripture of an olive, a fig, and a vine, that would not leave their enjoyments to be kings; but here we find a man, who, without either ambition or avarice, proved himself to be greater than an emperor, in refusing to become one. He that is good, will not from an ill way compass dominion: from him, who, to gain it would never transgress, men may hope for justice and temperance. He is not likely to do amiss on the throne, when the throne itself could not tempt him before he had it; for, since ambition is more violent than any passion beside, he hath showed a noble temper that hath withstood its baneful influence; he that would not do wrong to get it, it is not likely that he will afterwards do wrong to keep it. Fraud may sooner be legitimated in getting an empire, than in the exercise; so that if there be any freedom for man upon earth, it is when a just man holds a government. W. G. C.

New Books.

Physic and Physicians. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.

[It is probable, readers may imagine the above work to be a dry treatise on medicine and medical cases, but we can assure them it is not so, far from it, for a more lively, entertaining, facetious work, accompanied with good reasoning, and instructive lessons, has seldom appeared. The first volume contains, among much valuable matter, a curious chapter on "Eccentric Medical men," but many of the anecdotes in which have been before "twice told." It has also a dissertation on the "Early Struggles of eminent Medical Men:" which we strongly recommend to the particular attention of all young persons commencing life. Valuable information relative to the Divine Origin of Medicine, of Medicine in Egypt, Ancient Barbarous Surgery, &c. are also given.

In the second volume, are many amusing notices of eminent Physicians and Surgeons; with an important chapter on "Mad-doctors, and Mad-houses;" and a graphic description of the Old College of Physicians, Warwick-lane, blending its history with memoirs of the many bright luminaries, whose brilliant talents have shone refulgently in that far-famed temple of science and of learning.

It is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," that physicians would render their physic as pleasant to the taste, as these volumes are refreshing to our receptive faculties.

We shall, for the present, conclude with the following relation of the

Early struggles of Dr. Elliotson.]

"When I commenced," says Dr. Elliotson, "my professional career, I determined upon trusting for success to working hard, and to conduct myself as well as the infirmity of human nature would allow. I determined, however long I might wait for success, never to fawn upon and run after my superiors, nor to stoop meanly to my inferiors; never to intrigue for an adventure, nor to employ trumpery artifices for making myself known to the public.

"For many years I toiled, and saw many of my contemporaries, many of my juniors, who worked less, but were wiser in their generation, pass by me. I published work after work, edition after edition, and paper after paper was honoured with a place in the *transactions* of the first medical society in Europe: I was physician to a large Metropolitan Hospital, and had attended there, and gratuitously out of doors, above 20,000 patients: but in vain. In 1828, my profession was not more lucrative to me, and was as short of my actual expenses, as it had been in 1818. At that time, the "Lancet" was pleased, now and then, to publish a clinical lecture delivered by me at St. Thomas's, and my practice at once doubled. The following year it published the greater part as I delivered them, and my practice was doubled again. Last season, the same journal published them all, and my practice was doubled a third time. This astonished me the more, as my clinical lectures were generally delivered with little or no premeditation, while all I published myself had cost me great labour, many a headache, and much midnight oil. It was through the general practitioners, in the large majority of instances—and through general practitioners, for the most part, with whom I had not the honour of any acquaintance—that the publication of these lectures accomplished my success. To the body of general practitioners, therefore, I owe a debt of gratitude. They have called me forth spontaneously, from no interested motive, and I cannot exert myself too much in the education of their successors."

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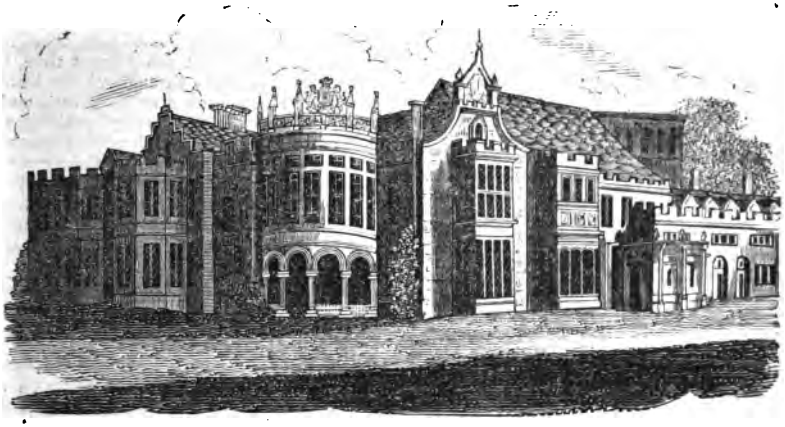

HINCHINBROOK HOUSE,

THE SEAT OF THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH,

Is situated partly in the parish of St. Mary, borough of Huntingdon, and partly in the hundred of Hurstingstone, one mile (W.) from Huntingdon. It occupies the site of a Benedictine nunnery, dedicated to St. James, founded by William the Conqueror.

The mansion is an irregular structure, composed of stone and brick, and contains a trifling portion of the ancient nunnery. It is very pleasantly situated on an elevation, commanding some delightful views over a fine expanse of country, particularly of the rich vale fertilized by the river Ouse.

Hinchinbrook House, at the time of the dissolution of the nunnery, was granted by Henry VIII. to Richard Williams, *alias* Cromwell, Esq.; and whose son, Sir Henry Cromwell, entertained Queen Elizabeth here, August 1564, after her visit to the University of Cambridge. Sir Oliver Cromwell, son of the above Sir Henry, and uncle to the Lord Protector, lived here in such splendid style, that he so much reduced his fortune, immense as it was, as to be obliged to alienate from time to time one or other of his estates, by which means the paternal inheritance of his family was much impaired, and none more so, perhaps, than in the manner he so sumptuously entertained King James here, April 27, 1603. In order to give eclat to the entertainment, he built the very elegant bow-window to the dining-room, in which were shields of the arms of the family, and some armorial bearings of the Williams'. Sir Oliver received the king at the gate of the great court, and conducted him up a walk that then immediately led to the principal entrance of the house. His Majesty here met with a more magnificent reception than he had done since he left his paternal kingdom, both for the plenty and variety of the meats and wines. It is inconceivable with what pleasure the English received the king; all strove to please, and to see the new sovereign, who was to unite two jarring and valiant kingdoms, and to be the common monarch of both. Sir Oliver gratified them to the full, and his doors were thrown wide open to receive all those persons who chose to pay their respects to the new king, or even to see him: even the populace had free access to the cellars, during the whole of his Majesty's stay. Whilst the king was here, he received the heads of the University of Cambridge, in their robes, to congratulate him upon his accession. On James leaving Hinchinbrook House, which he did the 29th of April following, Sir Oliver presented him with "a large elegant-wrought standing cup of gold; goodly horses; deep-mouthed hounds, and divers hawks of excellent wing; and also gave 50*l.* among the royal officers."* For these services, the king created Sir Oliver a knight of the Bath, prior to his coronation.

James also visited Hinchinbrook House in 1605, 1616, and 1617.

In 1627, Sir Oliver sold the above mansion to Sir Sydney Montague, ancestor of the present noble proprietor.

At seven o'clock in the morning, on the 22d January, 1830, Hinchinbrook House was discovered to be on fire: the splendid bow-window, painted glass, and the valuable carved arm-chairs, models of ships of war, &c., in Queen Elizabeth's room, and other valuable property, to the amount of many thousands of pounds, were destroyed; but fortunately the library, paintings, with part of the furniture, were preserved; and among the portraits, was one of Mrs. Cromwell, the mother of Oliver, Lord Protector.

* Stow's Chronicle.

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NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS.

RENNIE'S INSECT ARCHITECTURE.

(*Continued from page 24.*)

Cells of the Hive-bee, p. 111.—Much credit for sagacity and ingenuity has been ascribed to bees for constructing their cells of a hexagonal form; and it has been asserted, that there is no other form equally saving of room under the circumstances; but in Barrow's *Tour through Ireland*, this opinion is shown to be erroneous. At the meeting of the *Entomological Society*, October 1, 1838, Mr. Waterhouse stated, that in the formation of the cells of a bee-hive, many bees work simultaneously; but, in that of the cells of a wasp's nest, only one works. He said, that one bee commences the building of a cell, but before it has finished others begin. Thus the cells intersect or press upon others, that which is absurdly called the royal cell, retaining its original state and form, being built by one single insect. He contended that the ordinary shape of the cells of the bee was matter of mechanical necessity, or of chance. The shape is not always the same, being sometimes hexagonal, and at other times heptagonal, the sides and angles also varying in proportion. The power of working the cell is in the antennæ, by which it's shape and condition is learnt by the insect. The shape of the *royal* cell is that of a Florence flask, with the neck considerably truncated, and is larger and stouter than the other cells. From his observations it appeared that the hexagon is a form adopted by necessity, so as to give a greater space.

The Hive-bee's progress in America.—"In Britain hive-bees are not found in a wild state; though it is not uncommon for swarms to stray from their proprietors. But these stray swarms do not spread colonies through our woods, as they are said to do in America. In the remoter parts of that continent there are no wild bees. They precede civilization; and thus, when the Indians observe a swarm, they say, 'the white man is coming.'" (p. 143.)

Washington Irving has published an account of the progress which the hive-bee is making westward in America; and the same fact is mentioned by Bartram, in his *Travels through N. and S. Carolina, E. and W. Florida, &c.*, 1791.—"In conversation with a Dr. Grant, in company with whom he happened for a short time to travel, Bartram inquired how it was that westward, among the Creek Indians, he had seen no bees? Dr. Grant replied, that there were few or none west of the Isthmus of Florida, and but one hive in Mobile, which was lately brought from Europe, the English supposing there were none in the country, not finding any when they took possession after the Spanish and French. 'I have,' says our traveller, 'been assured by the traders that there are no bees in West Florida, which, to me, seems extraordinary, and almost incredible, since they are so numerous all along the eastern coast, from Nova Scotia to East Florida, even in the wild forest, as to be thought, by the generality of the inhabitants, aborigines of this continent.' At the present time, the honey-bee is abundant throughout the United States, both as a denizen of the forest, and a dependant on man. Generally speaking, the settler in the backwoods prefers the precarious but luscious supply afforded by those swarms which have deserted man, and taken up their abode in fissures of rocks or hollows of trees, to the more regular, but less abundant, supply from hives of his own."—*Entomological Magazine*, iii., 423.)

Saw Fly.—To the particulars respecting the habits of saw-flies (*Tenthredinidæ*,) given at page 152, we may add the following:—

"The caterpillars of the hawthorn saw-fly (*Trichiosoma lucorum*,) having been particularly abundant this season, (1834,) on all the hawthorns around Dundee, I have had," says Mr. William Gardener, "an opportunity of observing their habits, and can corroborate the curious fact of their ejecting from the pores of their bodies, a liquid, in thin fountain-like columns, as stated by Mr. J. H. Fennell, in the *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vi., p. 157. When they appear in their last skin, no trace of this habit remains. The fluid, which is of a green colour, and strong disagreeable odour, is spirted with such violence, as often to force it to the distance of more than a foot from the insect; and its use is, perhaps, to defend the caterpillar in its more tender state, from the annoyance of the Ichneumon-flies. In the last stage of its growth the head, which, in the previous stages, was black, is of a bright red colour, gradually softening into yellow towards the sides; and the body appears less mealy-like, but is thickly covered with white transverse ridges. They feed only during the night, and repose themselves, half coiled up, on the under sides of the leaves throughout the day. They first made their appearance here about the 22nd of June, and in the beginning of August were transformed into pupæ. I have found Mr. Woodward's beautiful figure and description of the cocoon (*Magazine of Natural History*, v., 85,) perfectly accurate, with the exception of his supposing it possible that the fibrous appearance of it was owing, in part, to the aglutinated hairs of the larva. The larva, unfortunately, cannot apply its hairs to such a purpose, for the best of all reasons, because it has none."—(*Magazine of Natural History*, viii., p. 268.)

Food of the larva of the May-fly. (*Ephemeræ.*)—"It feeds, if we may judge from its *egesta*, upon the slime, or moistened clay with which its hole [in the banks of rivers, &c.,] is lined." (p. 206.)

We have often kept numbers of the larvæ of may-flies, and observed that when any of them died they soon disappeared. We believe the survivors eat them.

The Ant-lion. (p. 209.) A writer in the *Entomological Magazine*, (iii., 461,) says,

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that as far as his observations went on the larva of *Myrmeleon Libelluloides*, a very common species in the Ionian Islands, it does not excavate a pit, but lurks under ground, running like a mole, and leaving a track behind it. He says he saw the larvæ attempting for three hours to devour a beetle (*Asidea grisea*,) whose wing-cases proving too hard, it escaped uninjured.

Sleep of Animals.—"All observers agree that *ants* labour in the night; and a French naturalist is, therefore, of opinion that they never sleep,—a circumstance which is well ascertained with respect to other animals, such as the *shark*, which will track a ship in full sail for weeks together." (p. 261.)

The golden carp (*Cyprinus auratus*,) according to Dr. Hancock, is never observed to sleep. (See *Quarterly Journal of Science*, No. xvi., p. 291.)

Spider's Silk. (p. 335.)—At the *Society of Arts*, a few years ago, a specimen of silk was exhibited, reeled from a live garden-spider (*Aranea diadema*,) by a very ingenious apparatus. The fibre was finer than that of the silk-worm, and more opake, its colour was white, with a high metallic lustre, so that it more nearly resembled silver wire than any other substance.

Effects of Electric States of the Weather upon Animals. (p. 344.)—"'Frogs, cats, and other animals,' says M. D'Isjonval, 'are affected by natural electricity, and feel the change of weather; but no other animal more than myself and my spiders.' During wet and windy weather, he accordingly found that they spun very short lines; 'but when a spider spins a long thread, there is a certainty of fine weather for at least ten or twelve days afterwards.'" (p. 344.)

See an article on the effects of Electricity upon Animals, published in the *Field Naturalist's Magazine*, ii., 91.

White Ants (*Termites*). (p. 287.) At the Entomological Society's meeting, on Feb. 1, 1836, was exhibited a specimen of the nest of the white ants, being the first brought to this country. It was of small size, though some are as high as ten or twelve feet. Several spherical case-fuzes, destroyed by the wood-ant of Barbadoes, were also exhibited, from the United Service Museum, to which collection they had been forwarded by Lieutenant-Colonel Biron. At a previous meeting, on January 6, 1834, was exhibited a piece of wood greatly perforated by *Termites* in the East Indies; and Captain Smee observed, that, from observations he had made in India, it appeared to him that *Termites* were much more destructive in consequence of a powerful acid which they leave upon everything they pass over, than from their merely feeding upon such substances.

Insects spinning Egg-bags. (p. 354.)—It is well known that most spiders spin pouches for their eggs; but the only insects known to spin one for theirs, are the water-beetles of the genus Hydrophilus. (See Kirby and Spence's *Introduction to Entomology*, iii., p. 72.)

Mason-spider, (*Mygale nidulans*, &c.) At the Entomological Society's meeting, on January 1, 1838, Mr. Shipster exhibited a nest of a mason-spider (*Mygale*,) from Australia, differing from that of others of the genus in its lid or door being semicircular, and not turning back entirely, but being held as if by a spring.

Cleanliness of Spiders and Insects.—"On coming down the Maine, by the steam-boat, from Frankfort, in August, 1829, we observed the geometric net of a conic spider (*Epeira conica*,) on the frame-work of the deck, and as it was covered with flakes of soot from the smoke of the engine, we were surprised to see a spider at work on it, for, in order to be useful, this sort of net must be clean. Upon observing it a little closely, however, we perceived that she was not constructing a net, but dressing up an old one; though not, we must think, to save trouble, so much as an expenditure of material. Some of the lines she dexterously stripped of the flakes of soot adhering to them; but, in the greater number, finding that she could not get them sufficiently clean, she broke them quite off, *bundled them up, and tossed them over.* We counted five of these *packets of rubbish* which she thus threw away, though there must have been many more, as it was some time before we discovered the manœuvre, the packets being so small as not to be readily perceived, except when placed between the eye and the light. When she had cleared off all the sooted lines, she began to replace them in the usual way." (p. 368.)

In the *Entomological Magazine*, iii., p. 337, a writer states that he has often observed *flies*, when covered with pollen, busy themselves in scraping it off, and then *roll it up into a pellet* with the fore-legs, and throw it away with a sort of jerk. J. H. F.

WALKING.

In the act of walking, the centre of gravity is raised, alternately, over the legs. The motion somewhat resembling that of a pair of open compasses, made to rest alternately on their points; the centre of gravity is over the fork of the legs, and may be imagined to be over the angle of the compasses. If, as the compasses are thus made to travel forwards, resting on their alternate points, these points are not placed in the same straight line, but alternately to the right and left of it, then the centre of gravity will describe a series of arcs to the right and left, and it will not be carried so far forwards, by a certain number of steps, as though these were made in the same right line; this corresponds to that ungainly motion in walking, which is called waddling. It is remarkable how nearly the footsteps of a person who walks well, are in the same straight line, as may be seen, especially if we trace them in the snow: this is, moreover, remark-

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ably the case with animals, horses for instance; and especially it is the case with birds, whose centres of gravity being for the most part very high, in comparison with the dimensions of their feet, they are taught instinctively to avoid those deflexions of their bodies to the right and left, by which they might be overthrown. Taking the width of a man's foot at about three inches, and giving him an average stature, it may be calculated that a deflexion of his body of less than two degrees would, when he rests on either foot, be sufficient to overthrow him. How justly regulated, then, must be the effort which he makes at every step, to transfer his centre of gravity from above one of his feet to above the other, that his position may be kept within this narrow limit! Put upon his shoulders a burden, and you will raise his centre of gravity, and greatly increase the difficulty he will experience in balancing himself; yet how firmly and securely does he tread! A man carrying a burden as heavy as himself, and inclining his position as he steps on each foot, only half a degree to the right or left of the position in which he would rest on that foot, would be overthrown. At each step the centre of gravity is raised, and made to revolve over the foot. It is this raising of the centre of gravity, in which the whole weight of the body may be supposed to be collected, which constitutes the great effort of walking. It has been calculated that at every step the centre of gravity is raised a perpendicular height, equal to about one-eleventh the length of the step; so that a person who walks eleven miles, raises his centre of gravity, and, therefore, the whole weight of his body, a succession of lifts, equivalent to the direct raising of it, one mile. If six men, weighing each 182lbs., and a boy of half that weight, walk at the rate of eleven miles in three hours, the aggregate of their labour, while thus walking, will be about equal to one horse's power; as the amount of a horse's power is usually estimated.—*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

Notitia Antiquaria.

PARISH REGISTERS.

The monks, prior to the reformation, were the registrars of the births, marriages, and deaths, in the several parishes; there were, however, no regular registries till the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, when, by the injunction of Thomas Lord Cromwell, it was directed, the parson, vicar, or the curate, should make the entries and keep the books. In St. Swithin's, and one or two other parishes in the City of London, their registers are, however, dated two or three years earlier. By the books of the Churchwardens' accounts for St. Margaret, Westminster, it appears they, in 1538, paid two-pence for a registry-book, pursuant to Lord Cromwell's directions; and by a letter of that date, from Sir Pearce Edgecombe, in Cornwall, to Lord Cromwell, in the State-paper Office, it is mentioned, the introduction of these registry-books had caused great discontent in the counties of Devon and Cornwall, the people fearing it was the beginning of new taxes, which they would have to pay for their marriages, christenings, and burials. A canon of Queen Elizabeth's, directed that copies of the parish registers should be forwarded to the bishops of the several dioceses, a practice which was complied with for many years.

HERALDIC SEALS.

The first English seal bearing an armorial device, was that of King Richard I. Arnulphus, Earl of Flanders, had borne a heraldic seal about 940, or two centuries and a-half before the use of heraldic seals in England.

DEEDS.

Deeds, in the olden times, were in Latin, or Norman-French—the earliest known instance of one written in English, was one between the abbot and convent of Whitby, and Robert, the son of John Bustard, dated at York, in 1343.

Biography.

ROBERT RECORDE.

In the present advanced state of literature and science, when there are daily issuing from the press so many approved books and elaborate disquisitions on all kinds of subjects, we are by no means apt to reflect upon the disadvantages and continual discouragements which must have encompassed the studious only a century or two ago, from the then-existing deficiency of facilities for the acquirement of learning. It becomes then the duty of the biographer, to bring to light, and immortalize the memories of those individuals who rendered themselves eminent by their literary compositions, in by-gone ages; but this remark will apply with even greater strictness to those who have written treatises upon scientific subjects, because works of this kind, more than any others, are calculated to expand the reasoning faculties of the human mind, and to enhance materially the comforts and conveniences of our existence. Without the aid of science, the sailor could not traverse with security the trackless expanse of the ocean; the mechanic would have no system upon which to work; and without it, those stupendous architectural structures, which have excited the admiration of existing and preceding generations, could never have been constructed; and yet, strange to say, scientific biography has been but litlte attended to, and many eminent philosophers who lived and died centuries ago, have been almost forgotten, and passed over in silence.

Among the various individuals who may properly be said to have conferred advantages upon the study of science in the sixteenth cen-

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tury, the name of Dr. Robert Recorde occupies a very exalted and enviable position. To him must be allotted the palm for first rendering the elementary branches of the mathematics easily to be comprehended by beginners. He was of a very respectable family in Wales. We have no information as to the exact period of his birth, but it was no doubt very early in the sixteenth century, as he was entered at All Souls' College, Oxford, about the year 1525, and was presented with a fellowship, A. D. 1531, being then a Bachelor of Arts; but whether or not he attained the degree of M. A. is not known for certainty. He soon afterwards went to the university of Cambridge, having entered upon the profession of physic, and took the degree of Doctor of Medicine, A. D. 1545. He was held in high estimation by all those who had the good fortune to be acquainted with him, for his extensive knowledge in the arts and sciences; and, as Fuller says:—"his soul did not live in the lane of a single science;" but he was, on the contrary, a man of general erudition. Tanner mentions some marginal notes of his on Alexander Essebiens, a MS. in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which he considers an evidence that he understood the Saxon language. At Oxford, he principally brought himself into notice by his lectures upon arithmetic, algebra, geometry, &c., and other branches of the mathematics; "in which," Wood says, "he made everything so clearly understood, that no one ever did the like before him in the memory of man." After leaving Oxford, he repaired to London, and was made principal physician to Edward VI. and to Queen Mary; but it would appear that the sunshine of royal favour did not confer any real or permanent advantage upon poor Recorde, for he was shortly afterwards confined for debt in the King's Bench prison, Southwark, where he died, A. D. 1558, having hardly passed the prime of life. Pitt gives him a very high character for general worth, as well as for his excellent acquirements in every branch of knowledge, philosophy, polite literature, astronomy, natural history, physic, &c. The following is a list of his mathematical works:—

1. "*The Pathway to Knowledge*, containing the first principles of geometrie, as they may most aptly be applied unto practice, both for use of instruments, geometricall and astronomicall, and also for projection of plattes necessary for all sortes of men." Lond. 1551, and 1574. 4to.

2. "*The Castle of Knowledge*, containing the explication of the sphere, both celestiall and materiall, and divers other things incident thereto. With sundry pleasant proofes and certain new demonstrations not written before in any vulgare workes." Lond. 1551, 4to. 1556, fol. and 1596, 4to.

3. *The Whetstone of Witte*." Lond. 1557, 4to. This work is now very scarce: it is a treatise upon algebra; and a full analysis and description of it is given in Dr. Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary.

4. *The Ground of Arts*, teaching the perfect worke and practise of arithmeticke, both in whole numbers and fractions, after a more easie and exact forme than in former time hath been set forth." Lond. 1549, 1558, 1561, 1571, 1590, 1618, 1623, 1637, 1640. 8vo. When the first edition of this book was printed, is not known. The writer of this memoir has a copy in his possession, printed in 1640, and contains all the editions made by Dr. John Dee, John Mellis, R. C., and Robert Hartwell. On the other side of the title-page are the following lines by Dr. Dee.

> "That which my friend hath well begun,
> For very love to common weale,
> Need not all whole to be new done,
> But now encrease I do reveale.
>
> Something herein I once redrest,
> And now again for thy behoofe,
> Of zeale I do, and at request,
> Both mend and adde, fit for all proofe.
>
> Of numbers' use, the endlesse might,
> No wit nor language can expresse,
> Apply and try both day and night
> And then this truth thou wilt confesse."

Next is the book's verdict, as follows:

> "To please or displease sure I am,
> But not of one sort to every man;
> To please the best, that would I faine,
> The froward displease shall I certaine,
> Yet wish I will, though not with hope,
> All ears or mouths to please or stoppe."

After these lines, comes the dedication to Prince Edward the Sixth, and then the preface to the reader, in which Recorde complains bitterly of the neglect of science in England, and the far greater encouragement offered to learning in foreign parts.

Besides the works above enumerated, he composed some medical treatises. He also collated the first and third books of Fabian's Chronicle, and undertook the ancient description of England and Ireland; but whether these were published or not, we are uninformed. It is certain, however, that Recorde did undertake to make a translation of Euclid's Elements of Geometry, since it is thus noticed by Dr. John Dee, in his metrical address at the end of an edition of the *Ground of Arts*.

> "The ground most sure, whereon this race
> With speedfull courage must be past,
> Of late hath turned his Greekish face
> By English tilth, which aye will last.
>
> The famous Greeke of Plato's lore,
> Euclide I mean, geometer,
> So true, so plaine, so fraught with store
> As in our speech is yet no w'ere."

Sherburne says, that Recorde published three other books; one entitled "Cosmographia Illustrata;" another, "De arte faciendi Horologium;" and a third, "De usu Globorum et de statu Temporum."

J. C. W.

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POLYTECHNIC EXPERIMENTS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

A word or two, by way of Introduction.

THE series of papers under this head will be devoted to the *Illustration of* NATURAL PHILOSOPHY *by means of* EXPERIMENT; and of exhibiting its practicable application to the advancement of Arts and Manufactures.—Those works, strictly experimental, which have been hitherto published, are simply *amusing*, without reference to the *principles involved*, and are therefore of no more use than a scientific toy in the hands of an infant. The object of the contributor of this Series, is to place a *complete body of Natural Philosophy* before the reader, in a form so little technical, and so palpably demonstrated, as to become part and parcel of his modes of thought. Now, in an age like the present, when the physical sciences are the grand object of human pursuit, such a method will, it is presumed, be best calculated to attain the object proposed.

EXPERIMENTS IN CHEMISTRY.

The Three Attractions.

1. *Gravitation.*—2. *Cohesion.*—3. *Affinity.*

Attraction of Gravitation.

Any body placed at a distance from the earth, and detached, will fall to the earth; and all bodies placed on the surface will be pressed to it with a certain force. The earth and all bodies in its neighbourhood obey the grand law of attraction of gravitation: and the earth and moon would approach and *coalesce*, did not other causes interfere to prevent it. The force of gravitation is,—*in proportion to the* QUANTITY *of matter;* and the quantity of matter constituting the bulk of any body greatly varies. *Lead* and *Feathers*, for instance. This fact, that every body has *its own bulk of a given weight*, gives rise to the term *specific gravity* as applied to each.

Experiment 1st.—Specific Gravity.

In order to ascertain the *specific gravity* of bodies, or, in other words, to compare weight and bulk, WATER is made use of. When a solid is immersed in a fluid, that solid is pressed upwards by a weight of fluid equal to the bulk of the solid; therefore the latter *loses so much of its weight* by immersion. To prove this as a general principle, tie a heavy weight, such as you can scarcely lift, to a rope, and drop it into a river; while the weight is under water, you can raise it easily; but all your strength will not enable you to lift it out of the water. You now understand the principle; and therefore all you have to do in order to arrive at the specific gravities of substances, is, to tie the solid with a hair to a delicate balance, and let it hang in water; in the opposite *scale* add weights; and the said weights will represent the weight of the water, which equals the solid in bulk, and was displaced by it. In order to render this quite familiar, suppose a piece of metal to weigh 6 ounces, and that when weighed in water it loses so much, that 1 ounce was required in the *scale* to restore the equilibrium: thus 1 ounce was the weight of the metal's bulk of water, and the metal weighed six times the weight of its own bulk of water; therefore, the weight of water displaced is written down 1—; and the specific gravity of the metal is written down 6: or rather, as there are frequently fractional parts which it is necessary to express, one is written 1000—, and the other, 6000—.

The reader is very earnestly requested to peruse the above attentively, as he will otherwise be at a loss to understand some of the simplest statements in chemistry.

Experiment 2d.—Attraction of Cohesion.

All bodies in the universe exert, as has already been stated, an attractive power over each other; and so also do the particles of which bodies are constituted, or we should have no solids. But attraction of cohesion may also be proved to exist between *separate* masses of matter, and in a very striking and beautiful manner. Take two pieces of lead, each an inch square, and half an inch thick: let one side of each be cut smooth and fine with a sharp knife, so that one piece may slide easily over the other. Let one of these be suspended from a small wooden stand by means of a hook; and let there be a hook to the other piece, to which hang a small scale-pan: then, by means of a *sliding* motion, press the two pieces of lead to each other, and they will adhere with such force, that several pounds weight, gradually placed in the scale-pan, will not be sufficient to separate them. Liquids are cohesive; but air, gas, and vapour, evince no cohesion; they are governed by a principle that will be explained hereafter.

Attraction of Affinity.

When attraction of affinity—that is, *chemical attraction*—acts upon bodies, it produces a considerable, and sometimes an entire change in them. Innocent substances become destructive; and noxious ones, harmless, in many instances, when so operated on.

Two of the *bitterest* substances in nature, viz. hyposulphate of soda, and nitrate of silver, do, when combined, produce a compound remarkable for *sweetness*.

Atmospheric air is composed of the same ingredients as that most destructive liquid, *aqua-fortis!*

In order to form that nutritious and indispensable article of consumption, *common salt*, bring together, by way of

Experiment 3d.

Sodium and *chlorine*. The former (strange as it may appear) is a *metal*, and the latter, a *gas;* both of very violent properties; both *fatal* when taken into the stomach; and, when combined, bursting into flame. But, immediately on this chemical combination

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being formed, *common salt*, a most harmless and nutritious substance, is the product!—In order to make this experiment judiciously, the tyro should consult a practical chemist.

Attraction of affinity (or chemical attraction) subsists between bodies of *different* kinds; but attraction of cohesion between bodies of the *same* kind.

Decomposition.

Every substance in nature is supposed to have an affinity for some other substance; and the *same* substance may have *various* affinities, some *stronger* and some *weaker*. In this case, the presence of a more attractive substance causes what is called *decomposition*.

Experiment 4th.

Add nitric acid to magnesia: they will combine. Add lime to this compound; the lime will combine with the nitric acid, and the magnesia will be detached and appear in a separate form. This is decomposition, and is going on throughout all nature. By this means rock becomes soil; soil is transmuted into vegetation; and vegetation (by being assimilated) is converted into animal substance.

M.

PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

Dr. Poppig, in his Voyage to Chili, says:—"From the top-mast [this was on the coast of Chili] the sea appeared, as far as the eye could reach, of a dark red colour, and this in a streak, the breadth of which was estimated at six English miles. As we sailed slowly along, we found that the colour changed into brilliant purple, so that even the foam, which is always seen at the stern of a ship under sail, was of a rose colour. The sight was very striking, because this purple streak was marked by a very distinct line from the blue waters of the sea, a circumstance which we the more easily observed, because our course lay directly through the midst of this streak, which extended from south-east to north-west. The water, taken up in a bucket, appeared, indeed, quite transparent, but a faint purple tinge was perceptible, when a few drops were placed upon a piece of white china, and moved rapidly backwards and forwards in the sunshine. A moderate magnifying glass, proved that those little red dots, which, with great attention, could be discerned with the naked eye, consisted of Infusoria,* [minute animals,] which were of a spherical form, entirely destitute of all external organs of motion. . . . . We sailed for four hours, at a mean rate of six English miles an hour, through this streak, which was seven miles broad, before we reached the end of it, and its superficies must therefore have been about one hundred and sixty-eight English square miles. If we add, that these animals may have been equally distributed in the upper suratum of the water, to the depth of six feet, we must confess that their numbers infinitely surpassed the conception of the human understanding."

Captain Otto von Kotzebue, in his Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea, also noticed a similar phenomenon on the coast of Africa. He says:—"We observed on the surface of the sea a serpentine streak, about two fathoms broad, of a dark brown colour, which extended as far as the eye could reach. At first sight, I took it for a shoal, but, when we had let down a boat, and brought some of the water on board, we found that it was formed of a countless number of small crabs and the seed of a plant, which, as our naturalists affirmed, grows at the bottom of the sea."

*For remarks on the classes and wonders of *Infusoria* we refer our readers to a delightful account of them in that interesting periodical, the *Foreign Monthly Review*, No. III. from which work the above notice is extracted.

LINES,

On seeing Mr. Creswick's beautiful painting, "Sweet Summer Time," in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, June, 1839.

"Sweet summer time," to pass life's hours
In such a pleasant spot,
Where Nature rears umbrageous bowers
With all the world forgot.
How like a dream might life so pass away,
No clouds save those that tell the closing day.

Yet would the heart be dull and lone,
Imperfect all its bliss,
Could we not share with one—our own,
A paradise like this.
Oh, yes! man's joys are feeble, wanting, small,
Tasted alone—'tis woman crowns them all.

The heart of man is full of love,
Like dew that falls from Heav'n;
To some fair shrine its hopes to prove
It ever will be giv'n.
'Tis Nature's law, and wisely justly blends,
One universal love that God intends.

"Sweet summer time," oh, passing sweet,
'Mid those old trees to stray,
Whose branches mingle as they meet,
Thus pass the hours away.
Too soon doth winter chill bright manhood's prime,
Too little to the heart comes summer time.

Vera.

TRIAL OF COURAGE.

As the Anglo-Saxons admired valour and intrepidity above all other qualities, they were anxious to discover whether their sons would be possessed of them or not, and had various methods of putting their courage to the trial, even in infancy. The following is said to have been one of these modes of trial. Upon a certain day appointed for that purpose, the family and friends being assembled, the father placed his son upon the slanting side of the roof of his house, and there left him. If the child began to cry, and was afraid of falling, the spectators were much dejected, and prognosticated that he would be a coward; but if he clung boldly to the thatch, and discovered no marks of fear, they were transported with joy, and pronounced that he would prove a great warrior.

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The Gatherer.

A few days since M. Daguerre exhibited, in one of the rooms attached to the Chamber of Deputies, several specimens of the products of the Daguerréotype. Among them were views of three streets of the capital, the interior of M. Daguerre's atelier, and a group of busts in the collection of the Louvre. The deputies who examined them, and who continued to crowd the room throughout the day, were particularly struck with the marvellous minuteness of detail which these views, and especially those of the streets, exhibited. In one, representing the Pont Marie, all the minutest indentations and divisions of the ground or the building, the goods lying on the wharf, even the small stones under the water at the edge of the stream, and the different degrees of transparency given to the water, were all shown with the most incredible accuracy. The use of a magnifying glass revealed an affinity of other details quite undistinguishable by the naked eye, and more particularly in the foliage of trees. The antique busts are said to have been rendered by this method with very great beauty of effect. The chemical substance upon which the light acts, according to M. Daguerre's method, is laid upon sheets of copper, which, for the drawing, exhibited on Saturday, were about nine or ten inches by six or seven inches. The expense of such plates M. Daguerre estimates at about 3fr. 50c. each, but he expects that considerable reductions may be ultimately made in their cost, and that the improvement of his method will render it applicable to other substances not metallic.—*Galignani.*

The great essential to our happiness is the resolution to perform our duty to God as well as we are able; and when this resolution is deeply infixed, every action and every pursuit brings satisfaction to the mind.

Hampton Court.—The royal apartments at Hampton Court will henceforward be closed on the Friday of each week instead of Saturday.

A Clincher.—Two gentlemen walking together, were talking of the senses, seeing, feeling, and the like. One remarked, that his sense of hearing was remarkable for its acuteness, while the other was not wonderfully endowed in this respect, but observed that his vision was wonderful. "Now to illustrate," said he; "I can see a fly on the spire of yonder church." The other, looking sharply at the place indicated, "Ah!" said he, "I can't see him, but I can hear him step!"

People are all the summer learning to leave a door open, and the whole winter learning to close it.

The stature of the mind, like that of the body, sometimes stops growing for years, and again will shoot up, one knoweth not how, in a few hours; some characters are made in a moment.

An ingenuous American Editor.—A country paper, puffing a new store, says, in conclusion, "We got a prime pair of boots for putting this in."

Interesting to Wine-bibbers.—A French journal says, that cabbage is an infallible remedy for intoxication from wine, and that it has also the power of preventing it.

The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and *influence of his example* still remain, and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigour and purity; just as the western sky, after the sun is set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

Virtue wants more admirers, wisdom more supplicants, truth more real friends, and honesty more practitioners.

Philanthropy wants a residence, and fidelity an asylum.

Tacitus says, early marriages make us immortal, that it is the soul and chief prop of empire, and that the man who resolves to live without woman, or the woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to themselves, destructive to the world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven and earth.

Singular Effect of the Storm.—During the severe storm of thunder and lightning which prevailed at Bromley, Kent, and its vicinity, on Sunday week last, about half-past 10, a body of fluid was observed to burst apparently at a short distance, and to break into innumerable zigzag coruscations of light of intense brilliancy and superb colours. The radiations flew in all directions, and the burst of light was instantaneously followed by two tremendous explosions, which shook the buildings in the neighbourhood.

The Horse Guards Clock was illuminated for the first time, on Tuesday evening last, by means of the "Bude-light," which falls on the face, thus differing from the ordinary transparent clocks, to which it is much superior, both in clearness and beauty. It gives the clock-face an appearance of being shone upon by a very powerful moonlight.

A Wise Parrot.—There is an Eastern story told of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at one hundred rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth one hundred rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The Mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

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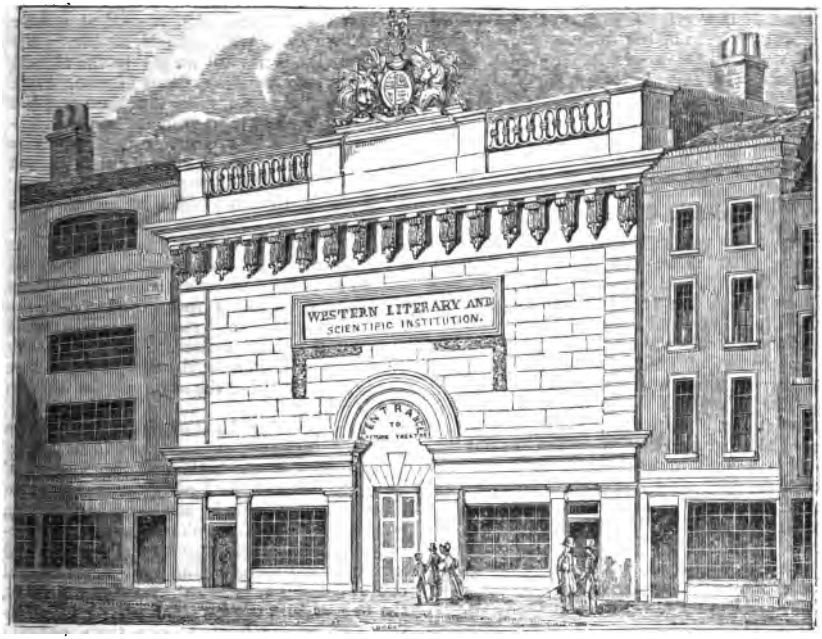
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 960. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1839. PRICE 2d.



NEW FRONT OF THE WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION,

PRINCES STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

G. GODWIN, Esq., F. R. S., is the architect under whose direction the above building was erected: it presents a novel and pleasing frontage, in Princes Street, nearly facing Coventry Street. The great disadvantage which an architect has in general to compete with in erecting handsome buildings in the metropolis, is the sad want of an appropriate site, such as will afford him ample breadth to display the perfections of his design. The generally confined state of our streets, and the unnatural localities, tend to cloud and destroy the most chaste and classical designs, rather than harmonize and assist in throwing out the beauties of the architecture.

The Western Literary and Scientific Institution is situate No. 47, Leicester Square, (formerly the residence of Sir Joshua Reynolds,) with an entrance from Princes Street; and was founded on the 10th day of November, 1825, under the immediate auspices of many distinguished gentlemen and literary characters, for the purpose of diffusing useful knowledge among persons engaged in commercial and professional pursuits.

Lectures are here delivered on History, Geography, the Drama, Mechanics, Botany, Philosophy, and all interesting branches of Literature and Science.

Classes for the acquisition of the sciences and languages are also established, under the instruction of competent professors; including more especially the French, German, and Italian languages, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, &c. &c.

Classes for the practise of vocal and instrumental music are likewise established.

The library consists of 7,000 volumes of works of reference and circulation.

Rooms are constantly open for the purpose of study, conversation, and chess; and for the reception of the principal newspapers and periodicals. The subscription, two guineas per annum.

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The management of the Institution is confided to a committee of twenty-four of its members.

A new-lecture-room (the entrance to which is from Princes Street) has lately been erected. It is most admirably arranged, so as to afford every visitor an opportunity of hearing and seeing with the greatest ease and comfort. Above the seats is a gallery — a most desirable situation during musical performances. It is worthy of remark, that the once celebrated studio of Sir Joshua occupied part of the site of the above lecture-room, which will be opened early in September next.

The above establishment is highly patronized, and is one of the most attractive of our scientific institutions.

THE MINERAL WORLD.

Mineralogy makes us acquainted with the properties and relations of the simple minerals. Mountain-rocks generally consist of *compound* minerals;—having two or more simple ones mixed together; and masses of very different kind are found in the crust of the earth. The consideration of their structure, and of the remains of animals and plants (called "*organic* remains") found in them, lead to many interesting topics. These rocks are generally supposed to be everywhere in confusion; but this is an erroneous impression. We always find rocks in determinate situations; some being under the rest; and never having their position reversed. For instance, we never find *primary* rocks lying on the *transition* series. The rocks which constitute the crust of the earth, are named in the order in which they occur;—beginning with the undermost. 1. Primary; 2. Transition; 3. Secondary; 4. Tertiary; 5. Alluvial. "Primary," or primitive, rocks are so called, because they are thought to have been formed before the rest; and as they contain no organic remains, they are considered to have been formed before animals or plants were created. "Transition" rocks are so called, because they exhibit characters intermediate between those of the primary and those of the secondary. They exhibit less crystallization, and have more of an earthy appearance, than the *primary* rocks. They contain fossil organic remains; which proves that plants and animals were in existence at the time the transition rocks were forming. "Secondary" rocks are those to which sand-stone, lime-stone, and other rocks used in building, belong. They contain many organic remains; as do also the "tertiary" rocks. The "alluvial" series contain sand, clay, and gravel. Some of these rocks are considered to have been brought into their present state by the agency of great heat; while others are supposed to have been gradually deposited from water. The former are called *Plutonian* rocks (from Pluto, the god of hell); and the latter *Neptunian* (from Neptune, the god of the sea). The *flag*-stones with which London is paved, are *Neptunian* rocks; but the *curb*-stones are *Plutonian*.

In the transition rocks, the organic remains met with, are those of corals, and other animals low in the series; and the plants found are those which belong to the lower part of the botanic scale. This leads us to conclude that the lower classes of animals and plants were formed before the higher. As we rise through the higher rocks, formed at a later period, we meet with animals higher in the scale; and it is not till we get to the alluvial rocks, that we find the remains of man. From this circumstance we infer, that man was last created; which is in accordance with the testimony of revelation. Every museum contains bones of quadrupeds not now existing; and fossil fishes of a kind not now known. Many fossil shells, though resembling some which now exist, if accurately examined, are found to be of a different species. Specimens of the echinus, or sea-egg, belonging to a species not known at present, are very common. Corals taken from transition rocks, and which are therefore very old, are sometimes still found to contain animal matter. Ferns are very often met with in a fossil state; but no fern has yet been found of the same species as those now existing.

In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, there are many splendid examples of rocks formed by deposition at the bottom of the sea, or of an immense lake, and afterwards raised to their present position by some great convulsion of nature. Indeed, Edinburgh is more favourably situated, with respect to geological and mineralogical beauties, than any other capital of Europe. Arthur's Seat, Salisbury's Crags, the Calton Hill, the Pentlands, &c., give evidence of having been, at one time, covered with water; and of having been raised, and broken up, and thrown into confusion, by the rushing up from beneath them of volcanic rocks is a state of fusion. N. R.

ECONOMY.

Economy is one of the chief duties of a state, as well as of an individual. It is not only a great virtue in itself, but it is the parent of many others. It preserves men and nations from the commission of crime, and the endurance of misery. The man that lives within his income can be just, humane, charitable, and independent. He who lives beyond it becomes, almost necessarily, rapacious, mean, faithless, contemptible. The economist is easy and comfortable; the prodigal, harassed with debts, and unable to obtain the necessary means of life. So it is with nations. National character, as well as national happiness, has, from the beginning of the world to the present day, been sacrificed on the altar of profusion.

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LEGENDS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

THE PILOT.

(Concluded from page 37.)

As Donald Macquarrie emerged from the ruins, bearing in his arms the exhausted form of his fair prize, the scene of devastation which burst upon his view surpassed, beyond all comparison, his most melancholy forebodings. The face of the city was entirely changed; the principal buildings, which had served him as landmarks, having been levelled to the ground by the earthquake; even the noble quay, the stage on which he had afforded so much amusement to the gaping crowd on the previous evening, had been swallowed up; and, as the destruction of this busy scene presented itself to the Highlander's imagination, his simple and untutored mind traced the hand of heaven in the sudden and fearful death which the man who had used him so basely must inevitably have met, as his ship was moored alongside the quay in such a manner, as left not a doubt of his having been engulphed.

Having clambered over the ruins, he deposited his burden in the open space before the convent, which was at this time filled by persons of all ranks, who had fled thither for safety.

It was not till after the exhausted strength of the poor girl had been in some measure restored by wine, procured by Macquarrie at imminent risk, from the ruins of a neighbouring wine-shop, that she could give any account of herself. She then informed her preserver, that her uncle was the only person she knew in Lisbon, and that she left him that morning, when she went to mass, in the house at which they lodged, near the church of St. Paul's.

The spot which she pointed out as that on which the house had stood, presented nothing but a heap of ruins; and no doubt could be entertained of the fate of the unfortunate inmates.

Night was now approaching, and those of the inhabitants of this devoted city who had not been buried in its ruins, were exposed, without food or clothing, to the inclemency of the weather.

Our hero, having learnt from his fair *protégé* that the residence of the English ambassador, where she had once been with her uncle, was on the north side of the palace, conducted her thither, in hopes of finding his friend. To his great joy, the house was standing, and comparatively uninjured; he therefore, with the assistance of the Danish captain's broad pieces, and his companion's English, soon found his way into the presence of the secretary, to whom he briefly related the facts already narrated. The reception Macquarrie met with from his friend, was such as might have been expected under the circumstances; and every accommodation which their situation required was provided for them.

The state of excitement in which Macquarrie had been kept for nearly two days, added to the injuries he had received in escaping from the ruins of the convent, brought on a long and dangerous illness; while his less robust fellow-sufferer recovered rapidly from the effects of the disaster. As soon as the state of her health permitted it, she was unremitting in her attentions to her preserver, seldom quitting her station near his pillow, while he required those little acts of kindness, which women—those ministering angels of a sick chamber—can alone bestow; and, when his eyes were closed in sleep, she would sit and gaze on his very handsome, though pale face, watching his broken slumbers, and breathing low, but fervent prayers for his recovery, with the unutterable anxiety of a mother leaning over the fevered form of her first-born.

As the patient awoke one day from a long and refreshing sleep, which had succeeded a delirious paroxysm of his fever, the first object that presented itself to him, was the beautiful form of his guardian angel bending over him; and, as a faint blush overspread her face, on meeting his now conscious gaze, she looked as if she were indeed an angel; if it be possible that those beings can excel in beauty and goodness the loveliest and purest of our own species.

Her appearance naturally led his bewildered mind back to the scene where he had first met her, and he began to doubt whether he was still in the land of the living, or had passed, with the fair creature now before him, into another and happier state. But the soft tones of her musical voice, as she inquired how he felt, recalled his scattered thoughts. His friend entered the room at this moment, with the medical attendant, who pronounced the invalid out of all danger. The crisis of the fever was over.

In the course of a few days, the patient had so far recovered, as to express a strong wish to hear the history of one with whose fate a dreadful calamity had so mysteriously linked his own.

This request was readily complied with by Ellen O'Hara, (for such was her name,) who related the following particulars, in her own simple, yet expressive language, rendered musical by the silver tones of her melodious voice.

"I am a native of Antrim, in the north of Ireland, and was left an orphan at a very early age, under the care of an uncle, who was my only surviving relation, and with whom I came to Lisbon about four weeks since. He, as you are already aware of, was crushed to death on that dreadful day on which you saved me from destruction. My uncle's object in coming here was to put me into the Irish convent. I was averse to taking the veil; but what could I do? My relation had the entire disposal of my property; he first persuaded, and then threatened me. I was an orphan, and friendless, and I reluctiantly consented. The day following that on which we were overwhelmed by the earthquake, had

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been appointed for receiving me into the convent. These facts will serve to explain the want of interest—perhaps apathy—which I betrayed as to my uncle's fate on that fearful morning; but, as I gazed on the ruins of the building in which, from selfish motives, he had intended to immure me in gloomy and unnatural solitude, I seemed, even amidst the desolation that surrounded me, to experience a relief— a selfish satisfaction, I fear I may call it—at my delivery, although accomplished through such fearful means, from a state in which I should be wretched for life—You know the rest."

From this time, our pilot recovered rapidly; and his fair companion, whose feelings of gratitude were gradually, and without her knowledge, maturing into a more tender sentiment, beguiled the days and hours which would otherwise have seemed tedious, by warbling the wild and beautiful melodies of her own green isle, and reciting its romantic legends.

It was only when her preserver had so far recovered as to talk of returning to his home, and sorrowing friends, that Ellen O'Hara became fully conscious of the nature of her attachment; and then, far from checking the passion, she entirely abandoned herself to its pleasing dreams, and loved with all the ardour which a first love alone inspires; for hers was not the cold and calculating heart to be swayed in its affections by considerations of worldly interest.

The object of her affections was neither blind to her attachment for him, nor insensible to her charms; but his feelings towards her were not those of love; they were of a more exalted character; he adored her as a superior being, from whom he was immeasurably separated, not only by the advantages which wealth and beauty bestow, but also by the superiority of her mental endowments.

Thus, therefore, the high degree of excellence which his imagination had assigned to her, acted as a salutary check on a passion which rarely springs up except where an equality—real or imaginary—exists, and almost refined the sentiment of love into the purer feelings of devotion. But daily and familiar intercourse with the object of this refined admiration, divested her gradually of the power of inspiring that awe with which he had at first viewed her, and his pure and exalted feelings of veneration were fast merging into those more common to our nature—he was in love; and he resolved to fly from the scene of enchantment.

Having apprised his friend of this resolution, he procured a passage for him in a ship which was to sail for England next day.

When he came to inform Ellen of his intention, and to bid her adieu for ever, she was stupified; a sad reality had dispelled the delicious dreams of the imagination in which she had freely revelled. "Oh! surely you will not leave me," she exclaimed, "you will not leave a poor friendless orphan, whom you once saved from destruction, to the mercy of a cold, heartless world, of which she knows little, and for which she cares less?" "Would to Heaven you *were* poor and friendless," replied Macquarrie with great vehemence, "you should then never want one who would protect, and—may I add—love—adore you; but that wealth, which would brand me as a mercenary being who had sought your affections from selfish motives,—that very wealth which deprives *me* of you, will procure you *friends*; but none so sincere—so devoted as him who now tears himself from you for ever."

"Oh! if that is all," returned Ellen, overjoyed at this discovery, "let it never be mentioned again; let it be given to relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate beings by whom we are surrounded, or let it *perish*, rather than make me for ever miserable. But do not leave me, take me to your own wild glens, and, happy with you, I shall never waste a thought upon that which has been to me hitherto a source of misery."

The rusult of this interview between the lovers, was exactly the same as that of all similar interviews on record—they were married in due time; but it does not appear that the wealth—the chief obstacle to their union—was diverted from its legitimate channel; for Donald Macquarrie returned to his native island, and became the founder of a family, who have since acquired an honourable distinction in the service of their country. ✠.

CHARACTER OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

In populous cities, which are the seat of commerce and of manufactures, the middle ranks of inhabitants, who derive their subsistence from the dexterity or the labour of their hands, are commonly the most prolific, the most useful, and in that sense, the most respectable part of the community. But the plebeians of Rome, who despised such sedentary and servile arts, had been oppressed, from the earliest times, by the weight of debt and usury; and the husbandman, during the term of his military service, was obliged to abandon the cultivation of his farm. The lands of Italy, which had originally been divided among the families of free and indigent proprietors, were insensibly purchased or usurped by the avarice of the nobles; and in the age which preceded the fall of the republic, it was computed that only two thousand citizens were possessed of any independent substance. Yet as long as the people bestowed by their suffrages the honours of the state, the command of the legions, and the administration of wealthy provinces, their conscious pride alleviated, in some measure, the hardships of poverty, and their wants were supplied by the ambitious liberality of the candidates, who aspired to secure a venal majority in the thirty-five tribes, or the hundred and ninety-three centuries of Rome. But when the prodigal commons had imprudently

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alienated not only the *use* but the *inheritance* of power, they sunk under the reigns of the Cæsars into a vile and wretched populace, which must, in a few generations, have been totally extinguished, if it had not been continually recruited by the manumission of slaves, and the influx of strangers. As early as the time of Hadrian, it was the just complaint of the ingenuous natives, that the capital had attracted the vices of the universe, and the manners of the most opposite nations. The intemperance of the Gauls, the cunning and levity of the Greeks, the savage obstinacy of the Egyptians and the Jews, the servile temper of the Asiatics, and dissolute effeminate prostitution of the Syrians, were mingled in the various multitude, which, under the proud and false denomination of Romans, presumed to despise their fellow-subjects, and even their sovereigns, who dwelt beyond the precincts of the ETERNAL CITY.—*Gibbon.*

ORIGIN OF THE COLLAR OF SS.

THE collar of SS had doubtless its origin in a religious commemoration. Wicelius mentions to have found recorded, in a volume in the library at Fulda, in the lives of the brothers Simplicius and Faustinus, senators and martyrs in the reign of Dioclesian, a description of the Society of St. Simplicius, consisting of persons noble in their own families, who wore a collar or badge of their society. The collar is thus noticed—"It was the custom of those persons to wear about their necks, silver collars, composed of double SS, which noted the name of St. Simplicius. Between these double SS on the collar, were twelve small plates of silver, on which were engraved the twelve articles of the Creed; together with a single trefoil. The image of St. Simplicius hung at the collar, and from it, seven plates, representing the gifts of the Holy Ghost.* According to an old legend, extant among the Cottonian Manuscripts, St. Simplicius and Faustinus "were commanded to undergo the sentence of death, their bodies to be bound together by the neck to a stone, and sent to the bridge over the Tiber, in Rome, and there thrown into the river." This martyrdom of the brothers took place in the year 287 after the incarnation of Christ.

In the lapse of centuries, it became prevalent, among persons of high rank, in most parts of Europe, to wear collars, somewhat similarly composed, of SS as a distinguishing mark, or sign of dignity, and was used merely by arbitrary or voluntary assumption, without reference to its first origin. When it was first introduced into England, has escaped the research of our antiquaries. Gough mentions this kind of badge was upon the monument of Matilda Fitzwalter, of Dunmow, who lived in the reign of King John;† and from this fact it appears to have been borne ornamentally by females as well as men. Ashmole further instances a monument in the Collegiate Church at Warwick, with the portraiture of Margaret, wife of Sir William Peito, said to have been sepultured there, in the reign of Edward III., having a collar composed of SS drawn about, and set close to her neck, but which the engraver of the plate in Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire had, by mistake, erroneously represented as a ruff.

Anstis observes, the collar of SS, which became afterwards a mark of dignity, was originally the cognizance or badge of the House of Lancaster, in the person of King Henry IV., in whose reign it formed the ornament of a collar frequently presented by him to his adherents. Trusler says, "the fashion of wearing collars of SS was introduced in 1407:"‡ no reliance, however, can be placed on this assertion, as Anstis had discovered, by a wardrobe account, 20 Richard II. [1396,] a collar had been made for Henry, Earl of Derby, afterwards King Henry the Fourth, on which the flower *Myosotis Arvensis* had been united with SS, which letters Anstis supposed took their rise from the initial letter of "Sovereigne vous de moy,"§ which motto that flower implied; he, however, tells us, King Richard had himself used the words as a motto, on a gown, in [1390] his fourteenth year; it is therefore probable the flower was united by Henry, when Earl of Derby, to his own badge of SS, in compliment to the device or motto affected by the monarch, King Richard the Second. Selden quotes a passage in Walsingham, where, speaking of the Earl of Kent's coming to Sunning, near Reading, in Berkshire, where Richard's Queen then lay, to comfort her with the assurance that her husband was then at liberty, to the end that he might gain credit to his relation, forthwith plucked off the collars from some there present, who wore them, letting them know they ought not to wear a badge so particularly having reference to Henry IV.

Holinshed records, the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V., appeared at court, in 1412, "apparelled in a gowne of blewe sattin, full of small oilet holes; at everie hole, the needle hanging by a silken thread, with which it was sewed. About his arme he wore an hound's collar, set full of SS in gold, and the tirets likewise in the same metal."

On the ceiling and canopy of the tomb of Henry IV., his arms, and those of his queen, Joan of Navarre, are surrounded by collars of SS; his collar terminates at bottom with an eagle volant: the pendant to the queen's has been defaced. As the eagles volant and crowned on the cornice and ceiling have the word "Soverayne" annexed, Mr. Willement, a recent writer on regal heraldry, has suggested that to this word the letters SS "may probably refer?"

Favine tells us, Henry V. instituted, on the

* Hist. de Divis tam Vet. quam Novi Testamenti Basil. 1537, p. 359.

† Sepulchral Monuments.

‡ Historian's Vade Mecum.

§ Register of the Order of the Garter, vol. ii., p. 117.

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day of the martyrs, St. Crispin and Crispianus; an order surnamed the knights of the SS; of which institution, although he found no mention in our English histories, yet, out of the Chronicles of J. Juvenal des Ursins, where, treating of the battle of Agincourt, he collected, "the King of England exhorted his men to be civil in their march, and to do their duty well; and thus agreed with them—that all those of their company who were not gentlemen, he would make them so, and give them warrants for it, and have them thenceforward enjoy such privileges as the gentlemen of England had; and to the end they should be particularly known from others, he gave them leave to wear a collar powdered with the letter S"; or, as another writer has it—"Conge de porter un collier seme de letters S de son ordre."

In the olden time, the creation of an esquire in England, was performed by the ceremonial of the king placing about the neck of the recipient, a silver collar of SS, as an ensign of that dignity; and Selden admits as authority, the old ballad of "the Tanner of Tamworth," to prove the making of esquires in the reign of Edward IV., by the bestowing upon them such collars.

That the undoubted badge of a knight was a golden collar of SS, can be satisfactorily proved in numerous instances, deduced from monuments of persons of that degree in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.; and, in the parliamentary act for the reforming of apparel, in 1532, there is a special proviso that knights, notwithstanding, might publicly wear a gold collar of SS; a privilege which, since that period, appears to have been rarely assumed.

Anciently, the collar was wholly composed of links, shaped like the letter S; and the addition of the portcullis, the badge of King Henry VII., to the more modern collar, may possibly be evidence to the fact, as to that reign being the period of its first introduction into it.

Collars of SS have, at times, been borne by the Kings of England around their armorial insignia; and Ashmole mentions the having seen an impression of the privy seal of King Henry VIII. whereon the royal arms were encircled with a collar of SS, to the lower end of which was affixed two portcullises.

Among the varieties of collars of SS which have been and are yet in use, may be noticed the following. The collars worn by the Lord Chief Justices of both benches, and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in memory, it is said, of St. Simplicius, a senator, and, consequently a gownsman, were formed of the letter S, and a knot alternately, having a rose set in those portions which fall upon the middle of the breast, and on the back; the five flower leaves of those roses being formed of five large pearls.

The Lord Mayor of London had a collar of gold, having inserted between two SS, a knot similar to those which attach the garters together, in the great collar of that order; and they were again placed between two roses—a white rose within a red rose; and in the middle, before the breast, a large portcullis, wherefrom was pendant a rich jewel, set with diamonds. In the reign of King Henry VIII., it appears, the Lord Mayor of London had a gold collar of SS presented to him by Sir John Allen, at which time it was enacted, no person should wear one of that description, unless he was a knight—the wearing such a decoration was, therefore, a peculiar privilege conferred on that civic functionary and chief magistrate.

The collars which appertained to the kings and heralds of arms, as also to the serjeants at arms, were composed of SS linked together; in the middle of the breast, and on the back, a rose, from each of which hung three small drops of silver; but the SS in the collars worn by the kings of arms, were larger than in those worn by the other officers; and in that part lying on the shoulders was, and still is, a portcullis inserted between the SS, wanting altogether in the others. The general difference between the collars worn by the degrees here named, was, that all such persons as were honoured with knighthood, had allowed them collars of silver, gilt; but to esquires, those of silver only; a herald, therefore, in the ceremony of his creation, has the dignity of esquire conferred on him, by the silver collar of SS being placed about his neck; it is also the same with a serjeant at arms.

In 1801, on the union of these kingdoms with Ireland, the collar of SS was somewhat altered, having the emblematic device of the Shamrock, the Rose, and the Thistle. B.

THE MUSHROOM TRIBE, *(Fungi.)*

There has been much discussion as to which of the three great departments of Nature these extraordinary productions actually belong. They have been referred to the animal, the vegetal, and even the mineral kingdom; but Necker affirms that they belong to neither of those three, and contends that they form a distinct, yet intermediate kingdom. But the majority of our first naturalists think that their habits and economy entitle them to a place at the bottom of Flora's table. They are, therefore, classed among vegetals, although an analysis shows that they are composed of ammonia, albumen, phosphoric salts, and other substances which are found in animals; and the odour which they emit when in a state of putrefaction, resembles that from animal matter in the same condition.

As the germs or seeds of the *Fungi*, which are exceedingly prolific, are so minute that, separately, they escape the eye, and even the microscope, it is not improbable that they are almost everywhere diffused—even in the blood and flesh of animals, and in the sap as well as the wood of living plants, and are ready to perform their office as soon as the plant or the animal dies, and begins to corrupt. Hence we find them in the greatest abundance and

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variety in autumn and winter, when the winds, the cold, and the rain, have increased the number of deaths among our quadrupeds, birds, insects, and plants. Then it is that the Fungi

> Spread their gill-like rays,
> Dispersing wide the powdery seed,
> Past by the crowd with little heed;
> While curious eyes admiring view
> Their structure and their varied hue
> Of red, or yellow, white, or brown,
> The club-like stem, the pent-house crown.

The seeds seem, indeed, to be so small as actually to be blown by the winds into the almost imperceptible pores of plants, fruits, and animals, growing in and upon them immediately that they come in contact with any corrupt matter, even while the vegetal or animal is alive. The smaller species have been observed growing on a diseased membrane separating the lungs from the rest of the viscera, before death; they have also been observed growing in fish just captured; on the beaks and eyes of live birds; and on the bodies of live insects, and other creatures.

If paste, made of flour, be allowed to get stale and putrid, it is soon overgrown, although closely corked, by the blue mould fungus (*Aspergillus glaucus*,) the seeds of which must be almost everywhere in more or less numbers, and inconceivably small to escape injury when the grains of corn, in or about which they must have been previously concealed, are being ground into the finest flour.

When the *Fungi* themselves decay, they are soon grown upon by other species. The whole tribe are remarkable for the rapidity with which they spring up and develope themselves. Sowerby says, that he has often placed specimens of the *Phallus caninus* by a window, over night, while in the egg-form, and they have been fully grown by the morning, and that he has never observed them to grow in the day-time.

Several species attain a very large size. Dr. Withering found one whose *pileus*, or cap, measured nine inches across, or twenty-seven in circumference. Dr. Mant, Bishop of Down, mentions his having obtained one in Ireland, which was nine inches high, eleven across the *pileus*, or thirty-three in circumference. In the *Morning Herald*, of Oct. 16, 1833, one is mentioned as having been found measuring thirty inches in the circumference of the *pileus*, eight inches round the stalk, and weighing two pounds and a-half; and the *Manchester Herald*, in Sept. 1837, mentioned one which was thirty-two inches in circumference, ten round the stem, and weighed one pound eight ounces. Sowerby has a model of a gigantic specimen of a *Boletus* which was found growing in a blacksmith's cellar, in the Haymarket, London.

So apt are the Fungi to imbibe noxious qualities contained in any putrid substances which may be within their reach, that even the few species which may be safely eaten when they grow on a dry and open soil, acquire a poisonous nature when they grow contiguous to stagnant water and certain kinds of vegetal matter; and so tenaciously do they retain this poison, that Parmentier could not separate it from them either by boiling or distillation, wherefore its exact nature yet remains to be discovered. In Brande's *Journal* it is observed, that whenever a *Fungus* is pleasant in flavour and odour, it may be considered wholesome; but if it have an offensive smell, a bitter, astringent, or styptic taste, or even if it leave an unpleasant flavour in the mouth, it should be rejected as unfit for food. The colour, figure, and texture, do not afford any character on which we can safely rely, yet it may be remarked that the pure yellow, golden, bluish white, dark or shining brown, wine-red, or the violet-coloured ones, belong to many that are esculent; whilst the pale or sulphur yellow, bright or blood red, and the greenish, belong to few but the poisonous. The safe kinds have generally a compact brittle texture, and white flesh, and grow more readily in open places, such as dry pastures, and waste lands, than in moist or shaded places. Those are generally suspicious which grow in caverns and subterranean passages, on animal matter undergoing putrefaction, as well as those whose flesh is soft and watery.

There are some people with whom mushrooms never agree. Cobbett tells us, in his *English Gardener*, that whenever he had eaten mushrooms, his body, face, and hands would soon become covered with numerous red spots or pimples.

Some species of *Boletus* yield, of their own accord, chrystals of oxalic acid; and the champignon, (*Agaricus pratensis*,) and some others, are supposed to contain prussic acid. Braconnot found by analysis that *Fungi* contain two peculiar substances, which have received the names of *fungin* and *boletic acid*. What little of the nutrative quality they possess appears to reside in the *fungin*, which is always a white, soft, and tasteless substance. When burned, it emits a smell like bread, and on distillation it yields a brownish *oil*, besides *ammonia* and *charcoal*;—the latter product from it contains phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, phosphate of alumina, silica, (or flint,) and sulphurreted hydrogen-gas—constituents which sufficiently declare that it has the characteristics of both vegetal and animal matter; but, moreover, when it is left to decompose in water it first smells like putrid vegetal matter, and subsequently like putrid animal matter.

Boletic acid, wherein, perhaps, resides both the flavour and the poison of the *Fungi*, tastes like cream of tartar, exhibits irregular white prismatic crystals, is unaffected by exposure to the atmosphere, but dissolves in forty-five times its own weight of alcohol, or in one hundred and eighty times its own weight of water, when the latter is at sixty degrees of temperature.

J. H. F.

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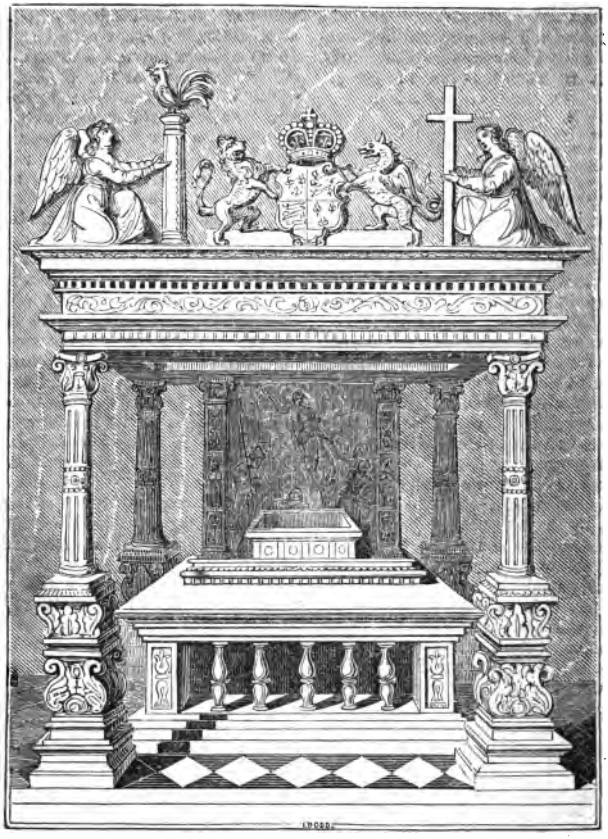

THE ALTAR, COMMONLY CALLED THE TOMB OF EDWARD VI.

THE youthful monarch, Edward VI., died at Greenwich, 6th July, 1553, in the 16th year of his age, when he had reigned six years, five months, and nine days: his body was buried with great solemnity in King Henry the Seventh's Chapel, at Westminster Abbey, on the 8th of August following, under a high altar of brass, at the head of his grandfather, Henry VII.

The above is a representation of the altar, as it stood before it was destroyed by the fanatics during the Commonwealth.

Among the Burghley papers in the British Museum, (vide "Bibl. Lansd." No. 116, 13,) is a MS. indorsed, "mbranes for the Right Hon^ble the Lord Tres^r. touching Kynge Henry;" after slightly describing the tomb of Henry VII., in his chapel, it proceeds thus:—"At the hedd of the said Tome standeth the Avlte' vppon 4 pyllasters of white marbell and besesters of metle and gylte. The backe of the said Aulter [&] both the sydes stories metle and gylte, two pillasters metle and gylte at either end of the said backe, 4 pillers bearing the Roofe w^th petistales, vazes of metle and gylte and white marbell, the Roofe also white marbell, the armes about the said Avlter white marbell and gylte, and the west-end of the garnishment about the Roofe is metle and gylte."†

The following verses were written as an epitaph for Edward VI., by *Hierome Cardan*, and recited by *Henry Holland*, in his *Herologia Anglica*, p. 27.

Flete nefas magnum, sed toto flebitis orbe,
Mortales, vester corruit omnis honor.
Nam Regum decus, Juvenum flos, spesq; bonorum,
Deliciæ sêcli et gloria gentis erat.
Dignus Apollineis lachrimis doctæq; minervæ;
Flosculus heu misere concidit ante diem.
Te tumulo dabimus Musæ. supremaq; fluentes
Munera. Melpômene tristia fata canet.

Thus rendered in English:

Let the whole world their common loss deplore,
For EDWARD dies, and glory is no more.
He was the good man's hope, youth's brightest flower,
Joy of the age, and pride of the sovereign power;
For him Apollo and Minerva moan
Their blooming hope ultimately dead and gone.
Whilst these last gifts, the weeping nine bestow,
Melpomene laments in strains of woe.
And hails thee fleeting to the shades below.

† Sandford's Geneological History of the Kings and Queens of England; p. 496. folio. 1707.

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THE SNOW ON THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

In December, 1830, a large quantity of snow fell, and caused enormous avalanches round Mont St. Bernard. The convent is situated a little below the point of perpetual snow, and there often falls so great a quantity in winter, that the summer is not long enough to remove it. There was, in fact, a time when it was feared the masses would turn into a glacier. These fears, however, exist no longer; for since the beautiful experiments of Benetz, upon the enormous glacier of Gietroz, which he melted by covering it with water, from the melting of more elevated snows, a glacier can be formed almost where we wish.

Snow, cold as it feels to the touch, is still less so than ice, and observation early found in this difference of temperature an infallible means of restoring limbs recently frozen, which is used by the monks with great success. When they encounter a traveller, who cannot use his limbs, they begin by ascertaining whether they are only stiffened or actually frozen. In the first case, they apply to the limbs simple friction only; in the latter, they rub the patient with snow, on the spot, without waiting to transport him to the convent. At the convent, the frozen limb is plunged into snow-water till it thaws, and a cure follows speedily. The use of fire and heat is most especially to be avoided. Count Tilly had his feet severely frozen in ascending the mountain, and on descending wrapped then in a sheep's-skin, the heat of which caused the feet to swell to an enormous size; after four days, gangrene ensued, and it required all the skill of the physician of Geneva to save his feet.

One of the effects of snow, and one which follows still more speedily when we are fatigued, is that of putting to sleep by the combined influence of the monotony of the spectacle, and the action of the cold on the brain. Wo to the traveller, if he yields, while in the snow, to the profound lethargy that he feels overpowering him; he will awake only in eternity. The cold will contract the orifices of the vessels, the circulation will invariably diminish, the surface of the body will begin to be lifeless, the blood will flow back on the brain, which yielded to the cold more slowly, and gorges it; and his existence will end without pain, without suffering. In 1829, the monks found on the road a man standing upright, resting on his staff, one leg raised, and the foot set down in the attitude of a man ascending a height. He had fallen asleep in this position, and had been frozen to death instantly. He had a knapsack, and over it another, which belonged to a fellow-traveller, who lay dead near him, and who was afterwards ascertained to be his uncle.

"On the twenty-ninth of September, 1829, (the monks told me,) some travellers reached the convent during a horrible storm, and informed us that the great quantity of snow, and regard to their own safety, had obliged them to leave a man and woman behind them, about half a league from the *hospice*. We immediately went in search of them; but the unfortunate beings had lost their way, and were buried under the snow. We searched for them till night, but in vain, and renewed the search with no better success. The same day another traveller died, who had been overtaken by night. Three days after, we found their bodies."

"More than once," says an English traveller, relating his ascent of Mont Blanc, "we asked of our guide to let us lie down on the snow a few minutes, to indulge a longing for sleep, which no one can conceive who has not experienced it. We were often forced to halt to take breath, and at every stoppage slumber overpowered us. Often ascending to the *Grand Plateau*, I asked Courtes, the guide, if I might not sleep on the snow for a few minutes. He consented, but reluctantly, and the next minute I was sound asleep. In a few minutes he aroused me, else I might have slept on for ever." In fact, the guides rarely allow travellers who pass the night at the camp of *Grands Mulets*, in ascending or descending Mont Blanc, to spend the whole night there. They awaken them often to ascertain whether their elbows, shoulders, or knees, are not frozen, as those articulations are the first parts affected during sleep.

The constant presence of snow increases an influence on the atmosphere, which re-acts in different ways on the human organization. The coolness it gives to the air, renders long stay in the region painful. Its reflection of the rays of light that strike on it, produces most striking affects on the skin. It renders it rough, red, and tanned, and covers it with watery pustules, which are painful, though easily removed. It irritates the optic nerves, and produces an ophthalmia, which is always harder to remove in proportion to the recentness of the snow and the clearness of the air. Some persons it soon renders blind; some for a short time, others, as was the case with Cyrus' soldiers, for life. It is well known that the inhabitants of polar regions have more or less feeble vision, and that many are blind by the time they are twenty.

The *Col du Bonhomme* is, perhaps, the most subject to changes of temperature of any of the passes of the Alps, and the most dangerous from the frequency and violence of the storms that sweep over it. Accidents happen from snow-storms every week, and I might almost say every day. Without going back to tradition, I will mention a melancholy instance which happened in our own time. In September, 1830, two young Englishmen, of eighteen or twenty, Messrs. Campbell and Branckley, were travelling in Switzerland, under the care of their tutor. When they arrived at Chamouni, they took a guide, a stout and prudent man, and proceeded to the *Col du Bonhomme* with all the ardour and

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gaiety of youth; when they reached a house near the *Plau (plateau) des Dames*, which is the last you meet in going towards the *Col*, they wished to take dinner. Unfortunately, a number of young men from a school which had just left, had taken with them all the provisions usually kept in such houses. They were far from dreaming how fatal this circumstance, seemingly so trivial, would be to them. Urged on by hunger, they left at once, in the hope of overtaking the young men, and obtaining some food from the remains of the provisions they had carried off; but no one was to be seen, and the pursuit, made at great speed, only served to add to their hunger and fatigue. Nor was this all. During the time which would have been required for taking their meal at the *auberge*, which they employed in walking, the atmosphere, thus far calm and clear, underwent so instantaneous a change, that the whole four found themselves in the midst of one of the severest storms of that bleak region, without the least suspicion of it, even on the part of their guide. They were cut to the bone by a fierce and icy wind: blinded by a whirlwind of snow, and carried off their feet by sudden whirlwinds. One of the young men, who had been most weakened by hunger and fatigue, seized with terror at the unexpected horrors around him, stopped suddenly short, as if petrified, deprived of hearing and motion. The guide took him in his arms, wrapped him up in his own garments; opened his breast and pressed him to it, to communicate to him some portion of the heat of his body, spoke affectionately to him to encourage and console him; but in vain; he clasped a corpse. The other, Mr. Branckley, terrified at the outbreak of the storm, fell down on the snow, stupified with cold. He half rose up at times and embraced the knees of their guide, as though to thank him for his efforts in behalf of his friend. But when he saw that that friend was lost to him for ever, he began to shrink, spite of all the attentions of his tutor. He gradually ceased to turn his eyes towards the stiffened corpse, and let his head fall on the snow, never to raise it again. The tutor, in despair at these scenes of horror, bore them, nevertheless, with manly courage. As soon as the storm was over, and it did not last long, he placed one of the frozen bodies on the guide's shoulders, and bore the other himself to the nearest cottage. Every means that could be obtained was there tried to restore them to animation, but in vain, and the unhappy tutor repaired to Geneva to order two coffins for his ill-fated pupils, whose carriage and courier were yet waiting for them to pursue their tour of pleasure. Before the day fixed for their interment, the tutor was dead. His strength of constitution saved him at the *Col*; grief destroyed him at Geneva. A third coffin was ordered, and the funeral was attended by all the crowd of gay travellers assembled in that city.

CONTENT.

THE following stanzas are from a poem written about the middle of the sixteenth century, entitled, "My mind to me a kingdom is."

W. G. C.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or Nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
No force to win the victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich: they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend: they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane;
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
I weigh not Cœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not fortune's fatal law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate.
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, nor cart, I like, nor loathe;
Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden mean betwixt them both,
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
This is my choice, for why, I find,
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so, as well as I.

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ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

FUSELI.

Hazlitt, in his "Table Talk," vol. ii., p. 65, describes Fuseli's ideas as being "gnarled, hard and distorted like his features—his theories striking and straddle-legged, like his gait—his prospects aspiring and gigantic, like his gestures—his performance uncouth and dwarfish, like his person. His pictures are also like himself, with eye-balls of stone, stuck in rims of tin, and muscles twisted together like wires or ropes."

It is confidently asserted, that when desirous to summon up images of a frightful and ghastly aspect, he generally ate some two or three pounds of pork chops, half-done, with a view to excite the night-mare, and that, in the morning, whilst these images were yet fresh in his mind, he sketched them, portraying them such as they had appeared to him in his dream, giving them, of course, the attitudes he required. A strange property of Fuseli was, the ease with which he could bring up anything he had eaten, and that disagreed with him; "he has frequently assured me," says a correspondent in one of the New Monthly Magazines, of 1829, "that he could eject his dinner with the utmost ease, and without any feeling of nausea, and that when he found anything disagree with his stomach, he retired and threw it off."

Fuseli, at the age of 85, painted with all the steadiness of a young man; his tongue rattled on as briskly as ever it did in his more youthful years; but he, nevertheless, was not unconscious of his vicinity to the grave. "By G—," said he sometimes, "I may tumble over any day. My strength is gone, I tell you." Unfortunately, and to his great regret, the painter had contracted the baneful habit of swearing, but it had grown too deeply upon him to allow him any chance of effecting a reform. Whenever it happened that a misunderstanding arose between him and his wife, he was often heard to say, "Why don't you swear, my dear? 'twill ease your mind." Unlike our preceding character, he dressed in a gentlemanly style, and even had the hairdresser every morning. His hours were regular, for between ten and eleven he repaired to his painting-room, where he remained till four or five. He was very temperate both in eating and drinking, and only occasionally took a tea-spoonful of spirits in his tea, which he called a "doctor." This celebrated painter died in Berner's-street, Oxford-street, a street that, at the time he resided there, was so remarkably noted for the eminent persons that lived in it, that I cannot help mentioning those here, which I have been able to collect from the various inquiries I have made. They are, Dr. Goodenough, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle—Mr. Bone, the famous enamel painter—Mr. Fauntleroy, banker, hung for forgery—Mrs. A. Opie—Mr. Porder, the architect of Eaton Hall, the splendid seat of the Earl of Grosvenor—Dr. Thynne, the celebrated physician accoucheur—and Mr. Coutts, the wealthy banker. There may, perhaps, be others of equal note, whose names I am not able to recollect.

BUFFON

Was born in the year 1707, and was originally destined for the law. There was not, perhaps, a more conceited man than was this naturalist at the height of his fame. "There are only five great men to be found in modern ages," he used to say, "and they are, Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself." He used, according to d'Israeli, in his "Literary Character," vol. i., p. 108, to spend the whole of his time in the old tower at the bottom of his garden at Montbar, and the ideas he formed of the world and of its concerns, were by the arts of a designing capuchin, and the comments of an ill-natured hair-dresser; these two men, the illustrious Buffon treated as his children, but the children governed the great man, and made him a tool for their purposes. Neither is he the only man of celebrity who has allowed himself to be "led by the nose." Young, for instance, was entirely dependent upon his housekeeper, and yet his satires depict, in an admirable manner, the foibles of human kind.

When Buffon's son was led to the guillotine, so impressed was he with his father's fame, that the only words he uttered were, "I am the son of Buffon!" and that son was a promising one.—He is, alas! not the only instance of merit falling a sacrifice to the demoniacal spirit that then possessed the French. Chénier, the admirable poet, was dragged to the scaffold, and there, while waiting for his turn, composed a verse and a half of poetry, of the most affecting character, which d'Israeli has preserved in his "Curiosities of Literature," vol. ii., p. 249. The celebrated Lavoisier, to whom we are indebted for so much in chemistry, met with this ignominious death; and how many others might be named, renowned in various ways!

That stupendous work of Buffon's, the "Epoques de la Nature," was written not less than eighteen times before it could please its author; this fact we have from Buffon himself. At one period of his life he was tormented with such a fit of idleness, that he empowered his servant to drag him out of bed whenever he stayed in it beyond the time he had specified, and at the same time remunerated him with half-a-crown every time he succeeded in setting his master to work; "and to him," says Buffon, in his usual style, "the world is indebted for my works."

THE VAMPIRE.

So many horrible associations of blood and terror are connected with the popular ideas of this extraordinary animal, arising from the very imperfect knowledge of its habits which can be gained from the accounts of travellers,

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and the stuffed specimens in the various museums, and so many unsuccessful attempts have been made to import it alive, that when it was known that one had actually arrived last week, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, a most intense desire was manifested to obtain a view of the hideous creature. It is the Sumatran species, and the first *living* specimen ever seen in England. It well deserves the name of *Vespertilio Spectrum*, given to it by Linnæus, remaining constantly suspended to the roof of his cage by the hooks at the edges of the wings, his head hanging downwards, and his eyes glistening with vivid brightness. If left for a few minutes, it envelops the whole of its body and head within its bulky wings. The appearance of this singular creature immediately calls to mind some of the "tales of blood" in which these animals figure so prominently. D'Azara states, that the vampire will attack horses, mules, asses, horned cattle, and the crest of fowls, who generally die in consequence, as a gangrene is engendered in the wounds. Even man himself is not secure from their insidious assaults. The wound is not felt at the time of its infliction, as the blood is withdrawn by the most gentle suction, entirely from the capillary vessels of the skin, and not from any of the veins or arteries, and the victim is besides said to be lulled into a deep slumber by the flapping of his leathern wings, who thus enjoys his banquet undisturbed.

Biography.

LIFE OF MAHOMET,

AND RISE OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

This person was born at Harib, near Mecca, in Arabia Felix, on 5th May, A.D. 570, and notwithstanding his followers will have him to be of royal extraction, and have deduced his genealogy from Adam, he was the son of Abdala, a Pagan, who married Emina, a Jewess; both were obscure individuals, and poor.

Poverty at first obliged Mahomet to serve Kero Padicha, an Arabian merchant, after whose death he persuaded his mistress to marry him, which put him in possession of his master's riches, and being naturally ambitious, he called in the assistance of his mother's brother, who, pretending to be a great astrologer and magician, predicted that he would become a mighty king and lawgiver.

After this, assisted by Batiros, a Jacobite, Sergius, a Nestorian heretic, and some Jews of his acquaintance, he compiled the Alcoran, a volume full of incoherencies and absurdities, composed in Arabic, pure as to the style, but void of method, forming a jumble of incongruity, yet it is held in such veneration, that if a Musselman, or True Believer, as they call themselves, handles it without washing his hands, he is reputed criminal; and if a Christian or Jew touches it, unless he changes his religion, he is put to death. All who do not believe in it are held in detestation, all who oppose it are executed without form of process or trial, and they pretend that God sent it to Mahomet by the angel Gabriel, written on a parchment made of the skin of the ram which Abraham sacrificed instead of his son.

Having thus made up his religion, partly of Judaism, and partly of the ravings of condemned heretics, adapting it to the sensuality of corrupt nature, he caused a parcel of vagabond robbers, by the powerful argument of his wealth, and sly insinuations, to embrace it. With these men he had recourse to arms, and by degrees subdued several nations, more particularly those of Arabia. He had under him ten chief lieutenants, Abubekin Cedie, his father-in-law, Omar Ben el Hatab, Odman Ben-afer, Ali Ibri Abitaleb, Moavia, Ali Zubier, Abiazed, Abiazid, Ali Obeid, and Abutel Hael Auziri, *alias* Zeid Aben Cehel: all these were his prime doctors or divines as well as commanders. The three first successively became Caliphs after him of all the dominions he had ruled over, contrary to what he had appointed, namely, that Ali, his son-in-law, should succeed him.

Mahomet in a short time was followed by a vast multitude, and the more effectually to blind and deceive them, being troubled with epilepsy, he had a tame pigeon, which on such occasions would come and peck his ear, and that he persuaded his followers was the angel Gabriel, sent by God to tell him what he was to do. It is also reported, that having once caused one of his companions to hide himself in a dry well, he ordered him to cry aloud as he passed by, "Mahomet is the true prophet." This man did so, and the people admired the wonder, but the impostor fearing his knavery would be discovered, immediately caused the well to be filled with stones, and the wretch within it perished.

The Arabs being fond of novelty followed Mahomet, but his countrymen, when they perceived his design was to set up for a prophet and law-giver, expelled him with scorn, and he was compelled, on the 16th of July, A.D. 622, to fly from Mecca, and take refuge in Medina, at Nabi (the city of the prophet), distant 176 miles, and from that day the Mahometans reckon their Hegira, that is, their computation of time, as Christians do from the birth of our Saviour.

He had several wives, yet left only one daughter, Fatima, who married Ali beforementioned. Mahomet died on the 17th of June, A.D. 631, having reigned 8 years and some months, and lived 67 lunar or Arabic years. Since that time his followers have made themselves masters of Palestine, Siria, Persia, Egypt, Greece, &c., and a very great part of the world has submitted to his law.

His body is deposited in the principal mosque of Medina, called Mos al Kiber (the most holy,) which is supported by 400 pillars, and illumined by 3,000 silver lamps. A little tower, covered with plates of silver, hung with cloth of gold, and guarded by 40 eunuchs, con-

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tains the coffin under a canopy of silver cloth, embroidered with gold, yearly sent by the Bassa of Egypt, at the Grand Seignor's expense. The coffin is not suspended by loadstones, as some have said, but rests upon very small columns of black marble, encompassed by silver banisters. The Turks are obliged by their religion to undertake a pilgrimage once in their lives to worship the tomb, but at present only the meaner sort perform it. The rich easily obtain dispensations from the Mufti, who is the high priest of the Mahometans, and no Christian is allowed to go within 15 leagues of the place, under pain of death.

The Public Journals.

INTENDED MARRIAGE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[The last number (CXL.) of the *Edinburgh Review*, contains an extract from "De La Mothe Fenelon's Diplomatic Correspondence,"* wherein, amidst much new and important matter, we have the following particulars relative to the marriage of Queen Elizabeth,—the subject matter of a conversation between Fenelon and the Queen.]

"I told her, that, in truth, every body was amazed that she did so great wrong to the noble qualities with which God had endowed her—beauty, knowledge, virtue, and grandeur of estate—as not to leave a fair posterity to succeed to them. That no one could think it wrong of her to turn her thoughts that way, since God had put the choice into her own power, for there was not a prince who would not consider himself fortunate to be selected; and also, that I verily believed it was necessary for her to make the first advance herself, since, for the future, no one would be so bold as offer himself; but that I could truly say, that for a good and proper choice, I did not see that there could be any person fitter or more desirable, in all Christendom, for princesses to marry, than the three princes of France, sons of King Henry—the eldest of whom was a most worthy king, true successor to his father; the second so right royal that he needed nothing but a crown; and the third would no doubt follow the example of his elder brothers.

"She replied, that the king would not have her; and that he would be ashamed to exhibit, on an entry into Paris, a queen for his wife who looked so old as she did; and that she was no longer of an age to quit her country, as the Queen of Scots did, when she was taken to France in her youth.

"I said, that whenever such, or any similar marriage should take place, then would commence the most illustrious lineage that had existed in the world for a thousand years, by the union of the two most noble and ancient crowns in Christendom; and that it seemed somewhat contradictory that she, who formerly complained of the age of the king, should now find fault with her own. But that, whilst she, on her part, had taken such good heed of time, that she retained her beauty unimpaired, the king and monsieur, on theirs, had so well improved their years, that they had acquired beauty, and strength, and the stature of full-grown men; and that the said queen ought to feel proud to make her entry into Paris, for there she would be more honoured, and welcomed, and blessed, of that good and great people, and of the whole noblesse of France, than in any other country in the world; and that, if the thought of crossing the sea was disagreeable to her, any one would undertake that the voyage might be made so delightful to her, that she should therein have great pleasure and contentment.

"'I do not know,' said she, 'whether the queen would be agreeable; for, perhaps, she would like a daughter-in-law so young, that she might do what she pleased with her.'—'I know,' I replied, 'that the queen is so benignant, and of so kind and generous a disposition, that nothing in the world would be more agreeable to both of you than to be in each other's company, and to please one another: witness the honour and respect she has always paid to the Queen of Scots, and still pays her.'"

[On the subject of Elizabeth's affections for the false and fickle Leicester, we have this interesting narrative:—]

"A little while afterwards, the Earl of Arundel, being desirous of understanding what there was between the queen and the Earl of Leicester, and if he was the occasion of her rejecting all other matches, persuaded the Duke of Norfolk, who is the principal and most powerful person in the kingdom, to tell the Earl of Leicester, that the duty he owed to the queen, his mistress, and to her crown, as her vassal and councillor, and also his friendship for Leicester, induced him to represent to him that, if matters were in such state between the queen and him, that he had good hope of marrying her, he should say so openly, and take his measures in a proper manner, and such as was becoming and conformable to the grandeur and importance of such a marriage; and that, for his own part, he would promise to aid him as far as he could; but, if there was no such intention, he advised him to desist in future from the familiarity and too great intimacy which then existed between them, and to content himself with being master of the horse, and, having greater preferment than any body else, without making any attempt, either upon the honour of the crown, or of their mistress; for he would tell him frankly, that neither peers not people would submit to it.

"And he accused him, that, having the entrée, as he has, into the queen's bedchamber when she is a-bed, he had taken upon him to hand her her chemise in place of her lady in waiting, and had dared to kiss her, without being thereto invited.

* Transcribed by Mr. Cooper from the archives of the French government, and published under their patronage. Vols. I. and II. 8vo.

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"To which the Earl of Leicester replied, that he thanked him, and considered himself beyond measure obliged to him for his communication; and that, in truth, the queen had given him some tokens of affection, which had encouraged him to think of marrying her, and also to venture upon some chaste familiarities with her; wherefore the duke, by the offer he had made him of aiding him in his enterprise, had conferred upon him the greatest of all possible obligations; but he begged him to give him time to bring it about; and, if he saw that he could not effect his object, he promised to withdraw immediately; and that, whatever came of it, he had the same respect for the queen's honour and that of the crown, which a faithful vassal and councillor ought to have, and that, under all circumstances, he would guard it as carefully as his life.

"Some days afterwards, the queen, being urged to disclose her intention, she replied, peremptorily, that she had no design to marry the said Earl of Leicester; wherefore, since that time, they have both comported themselves more modestly, and he has given up the great expenses, which, with a view to that result, he had for a long time incurred."

PECULIAR CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHINESE.

[The subjoined sketches of those extraordinary people, are chiefly extracted from Mr. Medhurst's "State and Prospects of China," as given in the *Quarterly Review*, No. cxxvi.]

The Chinese are truly described by Mr. Davis "as the most cheerful, industrious, orderly, and wealthy people in Asia." They have enjoyed exemption from war longer than any other people; their taxation is light, and by some theoretical reasoners national depression is referred chiefly to over-taxation. They possessed for centuries anterior to Europeans a knowledge of the mariner's compass, of paper, printing, and gunpowder—which inventions we have been ten thousand times told, caused the conversion of our own ancestors from a semi-savage into a civilized state. In China there is a registration of landed properties, labour is little interrupted by holidays, there is no religious establishment, no censorship of the press. "Books," Mr. Medhurst says, "are multiplied at a cheap rate, and to an almost indefinite extent, and every peasant and pedlar has the common depositories of knowledge within his reach. It would not be hazarding too much to say, that in China there are more books, and more people to read them, than in any other country of the world." If to this be added the possession, for above a thousand years, of a system of education, so much favoured, that all state employments are given by competition, as school and college prizes, to the best scholars, this must evidently be the country to go to for instruction in science, in morals, and in the useful arts. It began its career long before us, and has pursued its course more systematically than we. How is it to be supposed that Europe, with half the population of China, can have anything to communicate in science to the celestial philosophers? The schoolmaster has ruled over China ever since our Anglo-Saxon Heptanarchy was at its climax of confusion. Since the establishment of parish-schools of education in China, we discover two notable inventions—printing, and dwarfing of the women's feet—which are said to have been contemporaneous. China, according to the theories of the enlightened seers, who pretend to discern the signs of the times, ought to be the farthest advanced of all countries; but, somehow or other, the naked, indisputable matter of fact is, that it is in a semi-barbarous state, and that it neither has progressed for centuries, nor shows any tendency towards progression. It is one of the most stationary countries in the world. About five hundred years ago, it is true, the construction of the grand canal gave an impulse to the empire: its cultivation was extended, and its population increased—but its institutions continued the same; the habits and intelligence of its people underwent no change. The consolidation of the empire is due, as in India, to foreign conquest.

The Tartars and Turcomans subdued and moulded into one the petty states of China and India, and have held them in submission during many centuries. China, with its three hundred and sixty-one millions of people, is ruled by barbarians, armed with bows and arrows: the appearance of a single frigate in its waters throws the government into an agony of apprehension. So greatly is war become scientific among nations of the European race, and such is the inferiority of the Chinese.

Mr. Medhurst says:—"The extreme poverty of the people in the south of China is well known to all who are acquainted with those regions, and the piteous scenes presented in winter, by whole hosts of peasants almost destitute of food or fuel, are enough to affect most deeply the minds of the compassionate." Common wages are, according to the same authority, fourpence a-day, and the pay of a private soldier the same. This seems more correct than those other accounts which make day-wages sevenpence and eightpence a-day. An Indian sepoy costs ten guineas a-year, or not quite sevenpence a-day.

Mr. Gutzlaff's description confirms this statement:—"Millions of people live in small mud hovels. . . . . The interior of the houses of the poor is wretched. They consist of one room, which serves the purposes of kitchen, sleeping-apartment, parlour, and stable, the floor not being paved. In the cold regions a flue runs along the room, which serves as an oven for cooking the victuals and warming the apartment. The pigs lodge in the snuggest corners; and goats, asses, and colts, share the dwellings of their masters."

"Yet contentment reigns," Mr. Gutzlaff tells us, "even among the wretched. They sit

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down to a meal, consisting of a little boiled grass and potatoes, with cheerfulness, because they know no better. However poor, they are fond of inviting a passing stranger, and offering him a share of their meagre repast."

In India a man's social rank is fixed for ever by his birth: he can no more elevate himself from a low to a superior caste, than a Knight at chess can become a Rook.

The human mind is arrested in all its aspirations after things more perfect—it loses its motive power—as running water does by congelation. Hence that want of individuality so often noticed by European travellers. "When," says Mr. Medhurst, (p. 79,) "a man has studied the main features of the Chinese character in one place and one person, he has studied them all; and when he has discovered a train of argument that will silence the philosophical and superstitious objections of one individual, he has provided himself with materials that will be serviceable on all occasions." He adds—"This uniformity and invariableness of the Chinese mind is to be traced to their possessing one set of opinions on philosophy and religion;" but here is no solution of the problem to be solved—namely, whence this uniformity of thought, this coincidence of opinion on religion and philosophy? Nowhere is Wieland's observation as to the rarity of original minds so applicable as to China—"There are in this world so many echoes, and so few voices." The Chinese are evidently not deficient in mental capacity: we must, then, search for the explanation of their want of originality in the circumstances they are placed under. When once a nation ceases to advance, it does not simply stop, but a set of new phenomena commence. Habit derives its power from that original quality in our nature by which things done repeatedly are done more easily; and joined to this is the tendency of the human mind to associate things which often occur together as being necessarily related to each other. There are certain expressions of affection, anger, and other mental states, which are understood everywhere by the adult, the child, and even by some animals, such as the dog. These are natural signs. The forms of salutation, again, are in Europe variable conventional signs; but in Asia they have long ceased to be so, and have become invested with the same authority as natural signs. *We* know that all that salutation can ever express may be expressed in many different modes; but were we in the stationary condition we should obey its laws: our dress—our modes of salute—our language—our ideas would become fixed, as if enchained to the same spot—we should be what our ancestors had been. It may be even found, on investigation, that the prevalence of fatalism all over Asia is a consequence of the Asiatic being under the dominion of habit and authority to such a degree—that, finding so very few things subject to his individual decision, and almost every thing determined independently of him—finding himself so generally an actor in scenes in which his part is prescribed, he is led to conclude against his having freewill at all."

[In the *Quarterly Review*, No. cxxvii., which is particularly stored with some of the richest intellectual treasures, we find in Captain Harris's Narrative of an Expedition into South Africa, the two following interesting pictures of human life at the Cape.]

An Emaciated Bush-woman.

"It is no exaggeration to say that her attenuated form appeared a skeleton covered with a wet cloth. Those rounded proportions which are given to the human form divine had no existence in her. Her skin resembled wrinkled leather, and I can compare her legs and arms to nothing but straightened sticks, knobbed at the joints. Her body was actually crawling with vermin, with which she was constantly feeding a little half-inanimate miniature of herself in arms.

> 'Wither'd and wild in her attire,
> She looked not like a habitant of earth,
> And yet was on it.'

We were glad to bribe her to depart by a present of tobacco, and the wretched creature's countenance evinced thankfulness at our liberality."

Natives of Kramer's Fontein.

"The pigmy race usually reside in holes and crannies of rocks, and sometimes in wretched huts, incapable of protecting them from the inclemency of the seasons. These, their constant fear of discovery induces them to erect in secluded spots, at a great distance from water: a precaution to which they are further prompted by a desire to leave the pools open for wild animals, which they occasionally shoot from an ambush with poisoned arrows, and devour on the spot. They possess neither flocks nor herds—are unacquainted with agriculture—and the most wealthy can boast of no property beyond his weapons and his starving dog. With no cares beyond the present moment, they live almost entirely upon bulbous roots, locusts, reptiles, and the larvæ of ants, by the habitations of which latter the country is in many places thickly strewed. Not a trace of their hovels could be seen from the road, and a traveller might even pass through their country without seeing a human being, or suspecting that it was inhabited. Such is their general distrust of visiters, that the males would never willingly approach us, evincing great trepidation when forced to do so—no object being more unwelcome to their sight than a troop of horsemen on the plain.

"The stature of both sexes is invariably below five feet. The males are usually meagre, bow-legged, and ill-made: yet they display a singular ease of motion and flexibility of joint. The rapidity with which they drive off a herd of cattle is perfectly astonishing. Their com-

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plexion is sallow brown, darkened by dirt and grease: their only dress a piece of leather round the waist, and their sole defence a diminutive bow, with poisoned arrows, rather resembling children's toys than mortal weapons.

"The women, who were much less shy, and who never failed to follow the tracks of our waggons when they happened to come upon them, with the hope of obtaining tobacco in exchange for ostrich eggs, are of small and delicate proportions, with hands and feet of truly Lilliputian dimensions. Their foot-prints reminded us of Gulliver's adventures, and are not larger than those of a child. When young, they have a pleasing expression of countenance, which they take care to render as captivating as possible by bedaubing their flat noses and prominent cheek-bones with a mixture of red ochre and fat. The toilets of many were made with scrupulous attention, the effect of the paint being enhanced by necklaces composed of the fresh entrails of wild beasts—a few cowry-shells, old bones, and buttons, being also interwoven with their matted hair: but the life they lead, their frequent long abstinence, and constant exposure to the wind and glare of light in a dry open country, soon inducing the habit of keeping their naturally small eyes more than half closed, their comeliness is very ephemeral, and never extends beyond youth. The females possess much greater volubility and animation of gesture than the men—but the sounds they utter are a succession of claps of the tongue, produced by forcing that unruly member against different parts of the teeth and palate: and, whilst the enunciation is thus rendered troublesome and full of impediment, it resembles rather the chattering of monkeys than the language of human beings."

The Gatherer.

The following is a literal translation of a modern Russian wedding-song:—"It is not the peacock who walks fiercely in the court; it is not from the peacock that the feathers fall; it is the fair Aphroniska, who walks round her elevated mansion, and pronounces these words:—

"Undo my padlock of German steel, and take away my brazen chain; open my cypress door, and draw the embroidered curtains of my bed.

"Awake, awake, my dear parents, it is not for ever I shall remain with you, it is not for another year, it is not for another month, it is not for another week, it is but for another night, which, alas! I must pass in tears. Shall I employ it in asking the advice of my dear parents, shall I employ it in prayers, or with the tender companions of my youth?"

Among the hills south-west of Ruthin, Caernarvonshire, at a place called Kerig y Drudion, or Druid stones, there are two stone monuments, situated north and south, at about a furlong from each other, which are supposed to have been erected by the ancient druids: the inhabitants call them Kistieu Maen, or stone chests. They are in the form of a chest, and consist of seven stones each; the four which compose the top, bottom, and two sides, are six feet long, and three broad; the fifth stone forms the south end of the chest; at the north end is the entrance, secured by a sixth stone, which formed the door, and which could be removed when required; this stone door was clasped or fastened by a seventh stone of immense weight, which was laid over the top stone, until the door was to be fastened, when it was moved towards the north end.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has never perhaps been equalled in expressing the innocence of childhood, unless we except the venerable and classic Stothard; he indeed has produced some lovely proofs of excellence in this department, and both have afforded convincing testimony that to them the consideration of infancy hasbeen a path of delightful and pleasing discovery. They have pourtrayed on the canvass the infantine human form, before the action of passion, or contagion of bad example, could begin their ravages on its beauty; and they have been delighted to contemplate those remains of that happy state of innocence which once was ours, before sin and death came into the world—ruins indeed!—but yet they are remains! C. S.

Health of the Metropolis.—In the course of an inquest held before Mr. Wakley, relative to the death of a woman who had died from the effects of intoxication, and in a state of great filthiness, the surgeon under examination remarked thet he was surprised that a place populated like London was so free from typhus, and other contagious diseases. In the lower neighbourhoods, although the apartments and everything about them betokened the greatest filthiness, the inhabitants enjoyed excellent health. Mr. Wakley observed, that he believed London, generally speaking, was the most healthy spot in all England, for the filthiness and other causes in many parts of it, were sufficient to create a plague. When he was one of the churchwardens of St. Giles's parish, himself and colleagues paid some nocturnal visits to what was called the "Rookery." On one occasion they found a scene of the greatest filthiness and misery. There was no less a number than 52 persons, men, women, and children, huddled together indiscriminately in the same room, for which they had to pay one-halfpenny per night. The air was of a most disagreeable and offensive nature, and there were many other places in the same neighbourhood where it was common for persons to assemble together in a similar manner.

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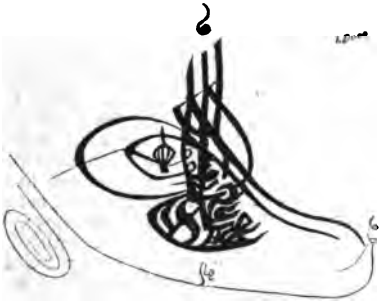

THE LATE SULTAN, MAHMOUD KHAN II.

Engraved, by the kind permission of Sir Theophilus Lee, from a Miniature presented to him by the Sultan.

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MEMOIR OF THE LATE SULTAN, MAHMOUD KHAN II.

Sultan Mahmoud-Khan II. was born on the 14th of Ramazan, 1199, of the Ottoman era, or the 20th of July, 1765, of the Christian calendar. His father was Sultan Abdul Hamid, and he succeeded his elder brother, Sultan Mustapha IV., on 28th July, 1808. He has left issue three princes, the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, born 19th April, 1823; Abdul Aziz, born Feb. 9, 1830; and Nizamud-Din, born 6th December, 1835: four Princesses, Salyha-Sultane, born 16th June, 1811, and married in 1834 to Halil Pasha; Mir-Mah-Sultane, born 9th June, 1812, and married in 1836 to Muhammed-Said Pasha; Khacidje-Sultane, born 6th September, 1825; and Adile-Sultane, born 1st May, 1836. These are his legitimate children; but besides them His Highness has left a numerous progeny by the ladies of his harem.

The Sultan has seen some of the largest and fairest provinces of his immense empire wrested from him by conquest, or partly alienated by treaty and usurpation of his sovereign rights—Moldavia and Wallachia on the north; Greece, Egypt, and Syria, on the south and south-east. He was one of the greatest reformers of his age, had freed the Porte from the military domination of the Janissaries, and had gone far towards effecting a social reorganization of the Turkish nation. His Highness was greatly esteemed and respected by all who had been diplomatically, or otherwise, introduced to his notice; he was warmly beloved by his family and his subjects; and he may be justly styled to have been a great and a good man.

The death of the above extraordinary monarch, happened on the 1st of July last; and was notified on the same day by the Ministers of the Porte, to the Foreign Ambassadors, in the following manner:—

"On this Monday (July 1,) towards the morning, by the eternal decree of God, Sultan Mahmoud Khan, Emperor of the Ottomans, was removed from this mortal state, and the Crown Prince, the Serene, August, Mighty Sultan, Abdul Meschi Khan, has happily ascended the hereditary throne of his ancestors, and, according to the ancient custom of the empire, received the homage of the assembled great dignitaries, the supreme clergy, the commanders of the troops, the ministers of the Porte, and officers of state. On the 29th of June, two days before the death of the Sultan, orders were despatched both to Hafiz Pasha, and to the Capitan Pasha, to halt with the army and the fleet, wherever they might be, on the receipt of these despatches. The most perfect tranquillity prevailed in the capital, but the Sultan's death filled all people with great sorrow. The Christians settled in this country are particularly affected by the loss of the Sultan. They will never forget the protection which he afforded them on all occasions, and the toleration which they enjoyed under him, and which gave him indelible claims to their gratitude. Mahmoud was the 30th sovereign of the family of Osman, and the 24th who had reigned in Constantinople since the conquest of that city in 1453. When we review the events that have occurred in the 31 years of his reign, we doubtless find that many things have taken place in it, which shock European notions, the causes of which, however, are less in the disposition of the Sultan than in local manners and long-established usages, and which must be ascribed in many instances to severe necessity. It cannot be denied that as a Sovereign he desired to do good, to enlarge his knowledge, and that he was above many prejudices which counteract all civilization, and to contend with which no little courage was required. Death overtook him before he could execute all the plans that he contemplated for the benefit of the empire. History will at all events give him a distinguished place among Ottoman Princes."

On the 27th June the Sultan, finding his end approaching, took leave of the high functionaries of the empire. He talked at length of the good intentions by which he had been constantly guided; that the good of his people had ever been the only end he had sought; and that if he had erred, all honest men would at least bear testimony to the purity of his intentions. After having attempted to console Abdul Mesjid, who had been brought to his father's bedside, he addressed him thus:—"My son, never for a moment lose sight of the high station to which it has pleased Heaven to call you. You are still young, hence you stand in need of the advice of wise and faithful councillors. Henceforward men will not show themselves before you as they really are. Seldom will the truth be laid before you in all its purity. Invoke, then, the assistance of Halil and of Chosrew (two of his sons-in-law.) Let the one be to you a symbol of courage and firmness, and the other of prudence and judgment. Finish the work which I have commenced."

The sensation produced at Constantinople by the sudden and unexpected announcement of the Sultan's death, was such as it would not be easy to describe; regret, consternation, and fear were alternately depicted in every countenance—the latter more particularly among the Rayahs, who anticipated nothing else but some dreadful revolt or massacre. From the positive assurance, however, which the government had, that the Sultan's valuable life could not be prolonged, every measure had, of course, been taken—a large body of troops was ordered in from the interior; the streets were patroled in every direction; assemblages of any number of persons in the Cahrés, and other public places, were forbidden; a report of the arrival of Hussien Pacha (the celebrated destroyer of the Janissaries) to take direction of the police was cir-

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culated, and every necessary precaution was adopted; but every thing passed off with the greatest possible tranquillity, notwithstanding the rumours still current of numerous arrests and strangulations having taken place. By ten o'clock the body of the defunct Sovereign had been removed to the seraglio; by twelve, his son and successor, Sultan Abdul Medjid, was proclaimed; and a Privy Council, or rather Regency—consisting of Khosreff, Halil, and Raouf, (Pachas)—appointed, on account of his minority; and at five o'clock in the afternoon, the funeral procession moved from the palace. Now, however, the lamentations really commenced, and the interment of Sultan Mahmoud was, indeed, a scene which some of the so-called loyal European nations should have witnessed.

Though in conformity with the injunctions of the Mahomedan law, characterized through a total absence of pomp and pageantry of mourning, the ceremony was nevertheless most impressive, and altogether heart-rending. On the report being spread that the bier, carried by his former ministers and officers of the household, had passed the Seraglio's gate, every one among the Mussulmans of both sexes composing the crowd lining the street along which it had to be carried, might be observed struggling, lest, by given vent to his grief, he should infringe the precepts of his creed, and, with stoical sternness, kept his eyes fixed on the ground. But the exuberancy of his sorrow no longer admitted of control, as the procession advancing forced upon him the conviction that below the pall lay all that remained of the power and grandeur of his Sovereign. The air in an instant was filled with the shrieks and sobs of thousands of spectators. The scene was the more extraordinary and thrilling to an European, as, under the impression that the severity of the measures the Sultan had been under the necessity of adopting to force upon the people the reform in the state he had planned, had rendered him universally unpopular, he had every reason to expect manifestations of satisfaction rather than of regret on the present occasion. The body of the Sultan was interred on the spot which, during his lifetime, he had himself pointed out as the place where he proposed erecting his mausoleum. It lies in the centre of the principal street of the city—the Divan Yolou. The erection of a mausoleum on a splendid scale has already been commenced.

DISCOVERY OF MUMMIES AT DURANGO, MEXICO.

A MILLION of mummies, it is stated, have lately been discovered in the environs of Durango, in Mexico. They are in a sitting posture, but have the same wrappings, bands, and ornaments as the Egyptians; among them was found a poignard of flint, with a sculptured handle, chaplets, necklaces, &c., of alternately coloured beads, fragments of bones polished like ivory, fine worked elastic tissues (probably our modern India rubber cloth,) mocassins worked like those of our Indians, bones of vipers, &c. It is unknown what kind of embalming was used for the mummies above mentioned, or whether they were preserved by nitrous depositions in the caves where they were found. A fact of importance is stated, that necklaces of a marine shell are found at Zacatecas, on the Pacific, where the Columbus of their forefathers probably therefore landed from Hindostan, or from the Malay or Chinese coast, or from their islands in the Indian Ocean.—*Silliman's Journal.*

FIERY METEORS.

FIRE-BALLS in the air are generally of a globular form. Sometimes they are of a very bright colour; but generally their lustre is dull. One kind is called "the *aerolite* fire-ball;" for it bursts and lets fall stony matter. The common fire-balls do not do this. One of the latter was observed in Edinburgh, in 1828. Generally their colour is yellow; but sometimes it is of a deep red, and occasionally of a beautiful emerald-green. Some of the latter description were seen in Long Island (in America), in 1828. Many of these fiery meteors are supposed to be globes of electrical matter. Many instances of such meteors appearing are mentioned by old writers; but they were thought to be fables till 1784; when some books were published about stones falling from the air. These meteors were anciently looked upon as falling stars; and the worship of them was an early feature in the idolatry of some nations. Every stone that fell in this way was supposed to be inhabited by a deity. The largest of them were placed in temples, and worshipped; while the smaller ones were kept in families. Eusebius tells us many stories of animated stones, and fallen stars, having been preserved in temples, where they were worshipped. A coin struck in the reign of Alexander, had on it the figure of a stone, with that of a star on the top of it. Professor Jameson, of Edinburgh, has made a collection of two hundred and ten accounts of the falling of meteoric stones. Many cases have occurred in recent times; and accounts of such bodies falling, in some place or other, are given every year. They differ in form;—being sometimes round, sometimes oval, and sometimes compressed (like a skittle-ball). When broken, they have a greyish colour. Many of them have been chemically examined; but nothing with which we were not previously acquainted has been found in them. Many of them contain iron; some of them hornblende and felspar (of which Salisbury Crags consist); and alumina, silica, lime, magnesia, glucina, sulphur, carbon, soda, manganese, nickel, and cobalt, have all been found in them. Besides these meteoric stones, there occasionally fall masses of iron; which generally contain a small portion of nickel. A fine specimen may

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be seen in the British Museum; and there are twenty or thirty in America. Some masses of meteoric iron have weighed several tons.

Some philosophers think that these meteoric stones consist of matters floating in space, and accidentally brought within the sphere of the earth's attraction. Laplace and others have thought that they are bodies projected from the moon. Another, and not improbable opinion is, that they are formed in the atmosphere. Sulphur and soda are sometimes found in rain; and *they* could not have come from the moon. Rain of a red colour, from containing oxide of cobalt, has also fallen; and rain containing sand has been observed. Sometimes rain has appeared in a state of inflammation,—like a shower of fire; and we have only to suppose this fire concentrated; and, instead of inflammable rain, we shall have a fire-ball. N. R.

TOWER OF QUEEN BIRTHA.

If ever you travel into Montreuil-sur-Mer, go, I pray you, and visit the Tower of Queen Birtha. There is a sad and sorrowful tale connected with that tower, which will strike your heart with pity. Amid the green and beautiful country which surrounds it, that black, huge, and gloomy tower looks like some Tartarian structure, planted amid smiling regions of Elysium.

Many writers and chroniclers have spoken, and have delivered to us an account, of the circumstances attendant on the separation of Birtha from her legitimate husband, Phillip of France, first of that name. Daughter of Count Florent of Holland, this princess was married to Phillip, who, after ten years of perfect and unalterable union, conceived all at once for her the greatest aversion. In the servile complaisance of a bishop of that day, he found the necessary instrument to dissever the knots which he had suddenly chosen to dislike. Divorce was pronounced, and the unhappy Birtha was assigned for a place of exile to the Tower of Montreuil.

With all the dignity and imperiousness of a high-minded resolute queen, Birtha inflexibly refused to give her sanction to a separation which deprived her of such precious rights, and this drew on her from Phillip, a hard captivity and cruel privation. Without help, without succour, she owed her existence to nothing but the charity of a mercantile society, named La Guelde, which supplied her first wants. The pity of the neighbours and inhabitants of the town contributed something to soften her lot, and every Sunday in Lent, the children travelled about into the precincts of the little chapels of the country, ornamented with the young flowers of spring, and went "questing for the good queen."—"This custom still exists, and I have gathered up," says P. Hedouin, of Boulogne-sur-Mer, "some fragments preserved by tradition." With the touching complaint of these lines, the children were wont to sadden the heart of the passers-by; and in the following translation which we have attempted, the meaning of this ancient Frank melody is embodied. Imagine the following sweet innocent supplications, falling in silver tones of beseechment from the lips of little white-robed children, questing charity for the poor queen.—

Give us bread for Birtha-queen
In Jesu's name we press you,
For if you relieve her pain,
He will surely bless you!

In the depth of tower dark,
Dismal house she keepeth:
While her heartless, perjured spouse
Soft on purple sleepeth.

Tell her not of rosy spring,
Nor of spring-tide flower—
All her spring of hope is dead,
Past redeeming power.

Unto misery condemned,
France! thy queen and mother
Asks a little piece of bread—
Bread—O Christian brother.

So, towards her, once throned on high,
Pity's struck with blindness;
Christians—she whom all forsake,
Let us guard with kindness.

Give us bread for Birtha-queen,
In Jesu's name we press you,
For if you assuage her pain,
He will surely bless you.

It is further related, that Phillip, after annulling his marriage with poor Birtha, raised immediately in her place Bertrade, daughter of the Count Montfort, and one of the most beautiful women of the time; and moreover had the cruelty to conduct Bertrade to Montreuil, to torture the poor exile with the spectacle of a triumphant rival.

Pope Urban II., however, with the righteous indignation of an upright churchman, refused to approve of this divorce, and lanced the thunders of excommunication against those who had participated in it. Phillip, nevertheless, bold as he was bad, braved this storm, and would not retake Bertha, who supporting her evil lot with resignation, and preserving always the title of queen, died in the place of her exile—the dismal Tower at Montreuil.

The tower where she was incarcerated, forms a vast circulary apartment, of which the walls are many feet in thickness. The interior, much ornamented with Gothic sculptures, stands greatly in want of repair, and is at this day fast decaying. The gloomy passage, alas! that leads to it, the sombre vaults and dark ceilings of this place of woful captivity, beat upon the heart of the beholder. Out of the narrow windows of this royal prison, may be perceived afar off, in its green and glorious loveliness, the beautiful valley of Authie, looking free and breathing of liberty—yet for that very reason how sad to the imprisoned captive.

Benisons be upon the head of the little children, who, in charity, quested for Queen Birtha! W. Archer.

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Biography.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(*Continued from page* 21.)

THE Duke of Lancaster, who was now in the zenith of his power, let no opportunity escape of serving so firm a friend, and so useful a dependant as Chaucer; for, in the beginning of this reign it appears, that by letters patent, dated March 23, 1377, the king confirmed his grandfather's grant of twenty marks a-year; and by other letters patent, dated April 18, in the same year, he likewise confirmed the grant of a pitcher of wine daily; but, at the same time, we have no means of ascertaining whether Chaucer remained in his office of comptroller of the customs, or had resigned that situation, though the latter seems most probable; for, in the second year of Richard II., his affairs were in such confusion, that he was obliged to have recourse to the king's protection, in order to screen him from his creditors; but by what means he got involved in these difficulties, and whether they were temporary, or of a long continuance, it is not possible at this distance of time to ascertain; but, from a comparison of circumstances, it appears that they were occasioned by some sudden accident, and that he had recourse to the king's protection merely to gain time to settle his concerns; which conjecture is probably correct, if we consider the affluence of his family, a short time after this occurrence. Most of his biographers have been at a loss to account for this sudden change in his fortune; for, although we have no historical relation of the facts, yet there is no doubt of his affairs being in great disorder at the beginning of Richard's reign; although himself and patron were in full possession of wealth and power during the life of Edward the Third. Speght, in his *Life of Chaucer*, suggests that he might have exhausted his fortune in his foreign embassies; but Urry, a later writer, observes, with greater probability, that he made his fortune by them; yet, as he very justly remarks, this by no means solves the doubt, how he should get into these embarrassments, so soon after being in possession of so much wealth; for the truth of which, besides the assertion of others, we have his own authority. It is supposed by some writers, to have been occasioned by the marriage of his eldest son, Thomas Chaucer, to Maud, second daughter of Sir John Burghershe, a man of considerable rank, who Speght confidently asserts was the brother of Sir Bartholomew Burghershe, Knight of the Garter, and of Dr. Henry Burghershe, Bishop of Lincoln, Chancellor, and Treasurer of England; but this is doubtless a mistake, as he is generally supposed to have been the nephew of these great men, and son of the Sir John Burghershe mentioned by Speght; this appears very probable, it being recorded that the custody of the said John Burghershe, the father of Maud, was granted, in his nonage, to the daughter of Sir Bartholomew Burghershe before-mentioned. Although this Maud might have a large fortune, yet it is a mistake to suppose that she was the only daughter or sole heiress of her family, as has been represented; at least not at the time she married Thomas Chaucer. It appears likewise to be a mistake in regard to her being a ward of the crown, for her father was then living: he died in the nineteenth year of Richard II., when he left behind him two daughters; Margaret, the eldest, married, first, to Sir John Grenville, Knight; and, afterwards, to John Arundel, Esq.: and Maud, the wife of Thomas Chaucer. It is supposed by some writers, that Geoffrey Chaucer might, on his son's marriage, have settled on him his landed estate, by the doing of which he was under the necessity of obtaining the king's protection, until he was enabled to settle any demands that might be made upon him.

In the fourth year of Richard II., Chaucer procured a confirmation of the grants that had been formerly made to himself, and Philippa, his wife; which is a convincing proof, that he possessed great personal interest at court, since, at the time of his obtaining this grant, the power and influence of the Duke of Lancaster was on the decline; having, from various circumstances, become suspected by the king, and disliked by the people. The encouragement and support he had afforded to Wickliffe, was attended with consequences that he did not in the least expect; but which, at the same time, he found it impossible to prevent; for, doubtless, the duke's object, in supporting this party, was to weaken the power of the clergy, and by that means, prevent their being so much employed in the management of temporal affairs; but some of the great men of his party, having mistaken his object, began to carry things to extremities, by countenancing itinerant preachers, who were possessed of neither learning or sound principles, by which means the whole community was thrown into confusion; for, the common people being thus encouraged to throw off the yoke of the clergy, began to think that the expenses of the government were too heavy to be borne; and, about this period, some new taxes having been imposed, they took up arms, and, under the conduct of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and other leaders, supposed themselves capable of correcting all those evils under which the country laboured; but their chief resentment was directed against the clergy, as appears by their beheading the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Treasurer, who was prior of St. John's, near Smithfield; and at the same time, burning that stately priory, besides plundering the abbies of St. Alban's, Bury, and several others. As soon as this rebellion was suppressed, the Parliament instituted an inquiry into the causes which led to it, during which the enemies of Wickliffe charged him and his followers with being the encouragers of it; but although the charge was unfounded, the conduct of some of his followers gave too much

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cause for such a surmise, among whom was Dr. Hertford, who asserted, that Archbishop Sudbury deserved that death he found. In the following year, the king empowered the bishops to arrest Wickliffe, and, at the same time, forbade his subjects from encouraging any of his followers; yet Wickliffe appeared before the bishops, and seemed partly to satisfy them with his opinion. It is asserted by most of our historians, as well as the writers of Chaucer's life, that from this time, the Duke of Lancaster disowned the followers of Wickliffe, charged them with the late disturbances; began to temporise, and did not speak his sentiments so freely as formerly; but they appear to labour under a mistake, for the Duke of Lancaster did not condemn the doctrine of Wickliffe, but the doctrines of Dr. Hertford, and others, who had deserted him. In regard to Chaucer, he was so far from abandoning his former notions, that he exerted himself to the utmost, in 1382, in support of John Comberton, generally styled John of Northampton, Lord Mayor of London, in his endeavours to reform the city, according to the advice given by Wickliffe, which measures were violently opposed by the clergy, who, to prevent this reformation, had resource to the most violent proceedings; especially at the close of Comberton's mayoralty, when they excited such disturbances, in order to prevent his being re-chosen Lord Mayor, that the king sent Sir Robert Knolles to London, who committed great severities, put some to death, made the late Lord Mayor, Comberton, prisoner, and used his utmost endeavours to apprehend Chaucer. It appears that Chaucer at this period suffered great losses by his attachment to his party, though in what manner we have no means of forming a correct judgment.

There were at the time these disturbances took place, two powerful factions in the city, one of which was supposed to be favourable to the church, and the other for a reformation. Dr. Courtney, formerly Bishop of London, but now Archbishop of Canterbury, was the protector of one, and John, Duke of Lancaster, the leader of the other; the principal man in whose interest, was this John Comberton, citizen and draper, who, after his arrest by Sir Robert Knolles, was carried to Reading, where he was tried and convicted, and sentenced to have his goods seized, and be imprisoned for life; which judgment we find was partially carried into effect; for, although the king granted a free pardon to a number of his party, he is said to have been exempted, for the purpose of insulting the Duke of Lancaster, to whom Comberton steadily adhered, and called him his lord at his trial. But Comberton did not long remain in prison after his conviction; for, a short time after he had the honour of having his sentence reversed, at the prayer of the Commons of England in Parliament assembled. It is well known to those who are conversant in the English history, that many base and unfounded calumnies were asserted in regard to the Duke of Lancaster and his party, in consequence of their opposing the pride and power of the prelates, who, under the pretence of maintaining the king's prerogative, sacrificed him to their own interests. Chaucer having early intimation of his danger, made his escape into Hainault, from whence he went to France, where, not finding himself so safe as he expected, he withdrew into Zealand, and there concealed himself, with several citizens of London, who had been driven into exile by these disturbances, and whom he generously provided for, out of his own private fortune. While he was in this distress, most of those with whom he had been engaged in England, found means to make their peace with the government; but so far from considering the calamities to which he had exposed himself for their sakes, they endeavoured to prevent remittances being sent to him out of his own private fortune. Though he was much afflicted by such base ingratitude, yet he did not take any measures to be revenged. Shortly after this, he came privately over to England, to avoid starving in a foreign country, but he had not been long here, before he was discovered, seized, and sent to prison, where he was treated at first with great rigour and severity. After remaining in confinement some time, he was promised the king's pardon and his liberty, if he would disclose all he knew in regard to the late disturbances, which at length he consented to do. It does not appear what were the consequences of his confession, in respect to others, but, with regard to himself, they brought upon him numerous calumnies and slanders. In his excellent treatise, entitled the *Testament of Love*, which he wrote for the purpose of consoling himself under the heavy burthen of his afflictions, and, at the same time, to find a vent for his sorrow, we find all these circumstances narrated, and, as it is the most important of Chaucer's prose works, we cannot give a better account than the following, which is transcribed from the rubric at the beginning of the tale:—This book is in imitation of *Boecius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*. "Firstly. In the first part whereof, Love, by way of legacy, bequeaths to all them that follow her instructions, the knowledge of truth from error, whereby they may rightly judge of the causes of cross fortune, and such adversities as befal them, whether in their suits of love, or otherwise, and so, in the end, obtain their wicked desires. Secondly. In the second part she teacheth the knowledge of one very God, our Creator, as also, the state of grace, and the state of glory, all which good things are figured by a margarite pearl." Chaucer compiled this book as a comfort to himself, after great griefs conceived for some rash attempts of the Commons, with whom he had joined, and therefore was in fear to lose the favour of his best friends; and also therein to set an end to all his writings, being commanded by Venus (as appears by Gower, at the end of the eighth book, entitled *Confessio Amantis*) so to do, as one that was

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Venus's clerk ; even as Gower had made his *Confessio Amantis*, his last work, and shrift of his former offences. As one of the greatest excellencies of all our author's compositions in verse or prose, is, an easy, natural, and unaffected manner of writing, allowing for the usage of the times in which he lived, which in all ages has been held a kind of law, even to the best and ablest authors ; so in this work, these qualities are very remarkable, for one plainly sees a great philosopher, broken by his misfortunes, deserted by companions, and exposed to the censure of an evil world, diverting himself in a prison with freedom and spirit though in a melancholy mood, and in the language of sorrow ; painting in the boldest colours his own mistakes, as well as those of others, and pointing out the sole remedies that are left, when a man is abandoned by fortune and by friends. Such is the nature of this performance, in which we have a clear and perfect representation of his condition, and may enter as fully into all the causes of his private griefs, which were also those of the public disorders of his time, as if we actually sat by him in the prison, and heard him utter those complaints, which, with equal force of fancy, and elegance of expression, he has committed to the perusal of posterity, and thereby transmitted the fairest evidence of a spirit, which, though calamity might tame, yet it could not injure, much less destroy. This load, which was almost too heavy for him, received however some very considerable addition from the concurrence of other untoward accidents, such as the Duke of Lancaster's losing much of his credit at court ; and Chaucer, not a little of his interest with the duke, who, finding his reputation very much injured by the liberties taken with his character, on account of his amours with the Lady Swynford, he came, though very unwillingly, to a full resolution of parting with her ; which he accordingly did. And this, for a time, affected the concerns of our author extremely, who, finding himself strongly pushed on one side, by such as meant him ill ; and little, if at all supported on the other, by such as had been formerly his friends ; was so much depressed thereby in his mind, and distressed in his fortune, as to resolve upon disposing of his pensions before mentioned, which he had obtained in the former, and had been confirmed to him in the present reign ; and this he actually did, to one John Scalby, as appears by a license obtained for this purpose.

(*To be continued.*)

A SANDWICH ISLAND VOLCANO.

In one of the late Hawaiian "*Spectators*," is a graphic sketch of the crater of Kirauca, on that island, furnished by Count Stzelecki, a scientific Polish nobleman. The count has seen the principal volcanoes, and he says that they are all inferior to this in intensity, grandeur, and extent. He states, that the precipitous cliff forming the N.N.E. wall of the crater, which he found to be more than 4,000 feet above the sea, overhangs an area of more than three million yards of half-cooled scoria, and containing more than 300,000 square yards of convulsed torrents of earths in igneous fusion, and gaseous fluids, constantly effervescing, boiling, spouting, rolling "in all directions like waves of a disturbed sea, violently beating the edge of the caldrons like an infuriated surf, and, like surf, spreading all around its spray, in the form of capillary glass, which fills the air, and adheres in a flaky and pendulous form, to the distorted and broken masses of the lava." There are five caldrons, each about 5,700 square yards, almost at the level of the great area ; a sixth is encircled by a wall of scoria some fifty yards high, forming the S.S.W. point. Millions of vents, all around the crater, through which the steam escapes, form the security of Hawaii.—*Silliman's Jour.*

Manners and Customs.

CURIOUS TITLES AND MODES OF ADDRESS OF BARBARIAN KINGS.

The ignorance of a people is perhaps in nothing more apparent, that in the titles bestowed upon its monarchs, not merely in titles denoting their possessions, which are excusable enough, considering there are so many civilized nations that observe this custom, but in titles overflowing with the most absurd specimens of flattery and superstition. The people of Crotona, for instance, not only calmly hear their kings proclaimed amidst the most foolish ceremonies, but reverentially listen to the promises they make, the sensibility of which is manifest enough, when we say, that they sacredly promise that no rain shall fall without their august permission, nor any pestilence break out without their express sanction, during the whole of their reign ; and these two awful responsibilities they take upon themselves, form the most glorious and striking of their titles. When the king of Ava condescends to write to any sovereign, he styles himself "God, the King of Kings," whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals, the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas !" Yes, of the four-and-twenty umbrellas ! and these precious insignia of his royalty are always carried before him on state occasions—they might be useful to shelter one's self from the overwhelming shower of his glory !

Another king of some eastern country has, among other grand titles, the superb one of "Lord of the White Tooth !" But his sublime majesty of Achem aims at casting them all in the shade, *he* is "the Sovereign of the Universe, whose body is as luminous as the sun, whom God created to be accomplished as the moon in her plenitude, whose eye glitters as the northern star, a king as spiritual as a ball is round, who, when he rises, shades all his

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people, from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted," &c.

The Dey of Algiers reverses the "multum in parvo," and successfully renders it into "parvum in multo;" he thus heads his letter to King George III.:—"Mustapha Hain—Ally, son of Mahomet—God protect him!—The help of the helpers, and guard of kings, mighty king, the most merciful, with the help of God, at Mecka, commander of the whole Mahometans under God! God preserve the king! King of land and sea—king, son of king, the king of mercy, Mustapha Hain, may God maintain his glory and his kingdom for ever! Sovereign lord of my country, also of the west. Ally Bacha, may God fulfil his desires, to his most sacred majesty, King George III., may God grant him long life, and *our love!*"

When he chooses, however, he can be abrupt enough, as the following official note to the "English Vizier," Mr. Pitt, sufficiently testifies:—"My high friend,—For some time past John Ford was a merchant at Algiers, whom we desire you will appoint consul, and send him a day the sooner to us, because your consul in Algiers is an obstinate person, and like an animal."

The King of Abyssinia does not find himself at a loss for titles either. In a letter directed to the Pacha of Cairo, he first carefully describes himself to be "the King of Abyssinia, the King Tecla Haimenout, son of the King of the Church of Abyssinia;" and then sets about proclaiming his wonderful qualifications; he is not only an august king, but a "powerful arbiter of nations, shadow of God upon earth, the guide of kings who profess the religion of the Messiah, the most powerful of all Christian Kings, maintainer of order between Mahometans and Christians, protector of the confines of Alexandria, observer of the commandments of the Gospel, heir from father to son of a most powerful kingdom, descendant from the family of David and Solomon." Having duly enumerated these surprising merits, he invokes the blessing of Israel upon his own sublime self, and on the pacha to whom he is addressing himself, styling him then, "the most powerful lord, elevated by his dignity, venerable by his merits, distinguished by his strength and riches, among all Mahometans: the refuge of all them that reverence him, who, by his presidence, governs and directs the armies of the noble empire, and commands his confines, victorious Viceroy of Egypt, the four corners of which shall always be respected and defended—so be it! You are to know," &c.

If we now take a glance at the reading of the letter of the Emperor of Morocco, we shall see that his Imperial Majesty is somewhat more modest; he is not sufficiently elated with his high condition to think that he can, with impunity, place himself nearly on a level with his Creator. It runs thus:—

"In the name of God, Amen. He is the first, our Father, and all our faith is reposed in him.

"From the servant of God, whose whole confidence is in him, the head of his nation, Suliman, offspring of the late emperors, Mahomet, Abdallah, and Ismael, Sheriffs from the generation of the Faithful, the Emperor of Great Africa, in the name of God and by his order, the Lord of his Kingdom, Emperor of Morocco, Fez, Suphelat, Draah, Suez," &c. &c.

The following, addressed by the Pacha of Egypt to Lord Collingwood, is, it must be confessed, sufficiently complimentary:—"From Mahomet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, to the excellent among the chiefs of the Christian powers, the moderator of the princes of the religion of Jesus, the possessor of sage counsel, and luminous and abundant talent, the expounder of truth, the model of courtesy and politeness, our true and real friend, Collingwood, admiral of the English fleet. May his end be happy, and his course marked with brilliant and great events!"

Such are the few instances I have been able to collect from various authorities. H. M.

CURIOUS MANORIAL CUSTOM.

THE late Rutland assizes proved maiden. The judges arrived at Oakham, and afterwards proceeded for Lincoln. On this occasion the bailiff of the manor was successful in catching Lord Abinger, and asserting the right to a horse-shoe at his Lordship's charge, to grace the Castle walls. On two former occasions of this learned lord being in the commission of assize, he eluded the vigilance of the officer and the cost of compliance with the manorial custom. Several new shoes, of Patagonian dimensions, have been lately added to the collection in the castle. Amongst them are those of Lord Denman, Lord Barham, the Earl of Roden, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, and the Bishop of Carlisle. Lord Willoughby D'Eresby contributed the usual fee (5*l.* to 10*l.*), and sent a real horse-shoe—one which had been worn by his well-known favourite hunter, Clinker. It is gilt, and nailed over the door of the grand jury-room. There are now nearly 100 shoes, of various dimensions, hung up in the fine old hall of the castle, which forms the assize courts. They are inscribed with the names of the donors, and amongst them are several from Royal personages, including Queen Victoria's and the Duchess of Kent's. The building was erected in the year 1060, and it is thought that an immense iron shoe, of singularly beautiful workmanship, which looks like the great ancestor of all the rest, is nearly as old as the castle itself. On its being lately removed from the wall, for the purpose of making a new arrangement of some of these feudal memorials, the tooth of time was found to be so deeply indented by oxydation, that the iron crumbled to pieces. Lord Abinger evinced a particular desire to have his intended shoe placed near that of the Earl of Lonsdale.—*Stamford Mercury, July* 1839.

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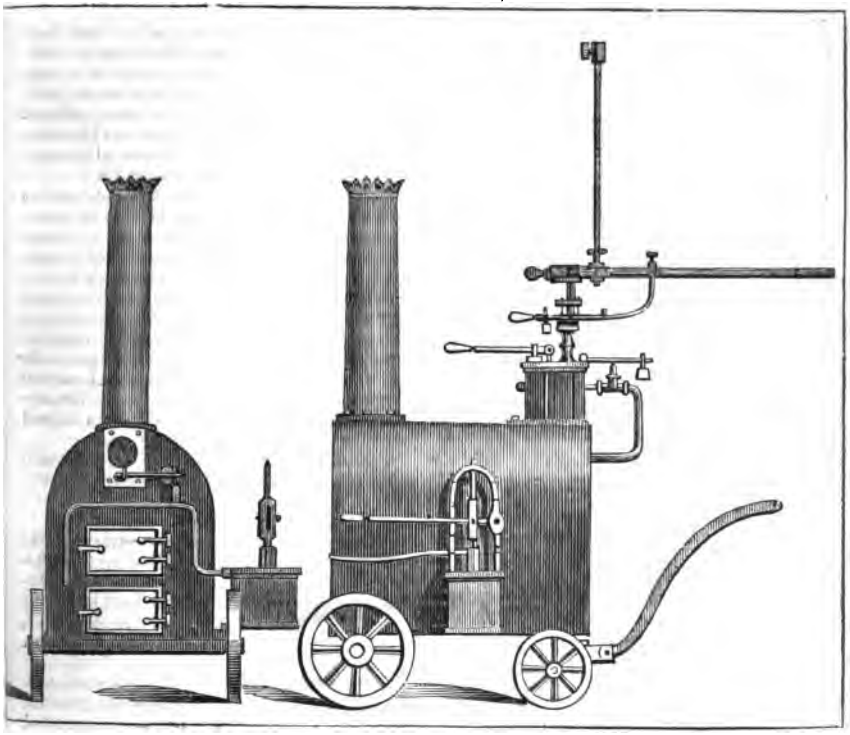

PERKINS'S STEAM GUN,

NOW EXHIBITING AT THE ADELAIDE GALLERY.

We have very great pleasure in presenting our readers with a drawing of one of the most surprising inventions of the age—the *Steam Gun* of that celebrated engineer, Mr. Perkins. We can well recollect the sensation which the first announcement of this arm of four-fold destruction occasioned: and have been surprised that the just encomium which it then received, has not been followed up by the recommendation of eminent practical commanders.

We have described it as an instrument of four-fold destruction—we should rather have said *multifold*. The construction, like that of all good and useful mechanism, is extremely simple. The boiler is placed in a small chamber, some twenty feet from the propelling instrument; and therefore all that the spectator sees is the *vertical tube*, (or feeder,) and the *gun-barrel*,—about the size of that of a rifle. Into the *vertical tube* the balls are placed, to the number of fifty, if requisite; and the lever, or *trigger*, being raised, a ball drops; a *conical valve* for the admission of steam is opened, and the ball is forced out with a smart report. A *tin shaft*, fifteen feet long, is made use of, to prevent the water from being thrown about, and *not*, as some suppose, to *guide the ball*—whose propulsion, from the force wherewith it is sent, takes an unerring line.

This force—the steam being raised to from 300 to 500 lbs. to the square inch—is calculated to be *four times greater than that of gunpowder*: and the balls, on reaching the *cast-iron target* at the end of the gallery, (a distance of 100 feet,) are reduced to the substance of tin-foil!

As steam is an awkward thing to manage in the field, this weapon were perhaps best placed in batteries, and in men-of-war. From the comparative force, the balls *must* take effect from cannon so framed: and the *continuous* destruction may be imagined from the fact, that *every time* the lever or trigger is raised, a ball is propelled. No "heart of oak" can be proof against this terrible invention; which may therefore have the good result of shortening the duration of combats.

M*.

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PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

Magnetism.—Her Majesty's ship Rodney, during a late passage from Athens to Malta, was struck by lightning, which broke her mainmast hoops, and each fragment was found to be magnetised by the electric fluid, and to possess, in consequence, polar attraction.

Electricity.—The *Philosophical Transactions* (vol. xlvii.) contains a notice of the fact, that lightning passes harmlessly over those parts of the masts of a ship which are painted with lamp-black and oil, while it so shivers the other parts into splinters, as to render the mast quite useless. In confirmation of this, Capt. John Arrowsmith states, that he finds by his journals of thirty voyages, during which his vessels have been ninety-eight times exposed to lightning, that they had not been once struck, an escape which he entirely attributes to his having adopted the precautions suggested by the above little, but most important, fact. He painted the mast-heads, yards, caps, and trucks with black paint; and whenever forked lightning approached the vessel, he took in and furled her upper and light sails. He recommends that the masts and hull of every vessel should be completely covered with the black paint.

By attention to this, and to the valuable advice given by Capt. Reid, in his meritorious work entitled the *Law of Storms*, we may expect that the lives and property contained in a ship, may henceforth be much less liable to fall a sacrifice to the fury of the elements in any part of the world. Thus science shall assist Britannia to rule the waves.

Zoology.—Owing to the immense number of persons who, now-a-days, devote themselves to the pursuit of natural history, the habits and economy of various British animals, which were formerly but imperfectly known, are now pretty well ascertained. Among many facts, which increased observation has lately established, is the occasional breeding of the common crossbill, *(Loxia curvirostra,)* in this country. Mr. J. Brown, of Cotswold Hills, Gloucestershire, found the nest and young in a Scotch fir in that neighbourhood, last April. It was placed in the fork of the tree, about twenty feet from the ground, and four feet from the extremity of the branch. The exterior of the nest was composed of dead larch and spruce twigs, within which it was formed of dead grass, and some tender dry stalks of plants, rendered warm and compact with wool; and the whole was lined with horse-hair. The edge of the nest on one side, was completely plastered over with the fæces of the young. Its diameter was five inches and a half, its depth two inches within, and measured three inches across the concavity. He saw both the old birds in the tree, and one of them in the act of feeding the young bird, which fluttered its wings on being fed.

Mr. H. L. Long, of Hampton, near Farnham, in Surrey, also mentions that two nests, with eggs of the crossbill, were found by some labourers in the Holt Forest, last February.*

In a work lately published at New York, and entitled, *The claims of Japan and Malaysia upon Christendom, exhibited in notes of Voyages made in* 1837 *from Canton, in the ship Morrison*, occurs the following notice of a fish which is found in the waters of Loochoo. "We observed some fish of an oval shape, of one or two pounds in weight, and a deep blue colour, spotted all over with white. Sailors call them trigger fish, because their large back fin cannot be pressed backwards by a strong effort, but is levelled by the slightest pressure on a smaller fin, placed a little below it."

At the June meeting of the Entomological Society, Mr. Westwood detailed the proceedings of a species of saw-fly, which he had noticed in the act of depositing its eggs in the apple-blossoms at Hammersmith. Last summer the apple crop failed, owing to the interior of the young fruit having been infested with the maggots of this fly.

Mr. James H. Fennell exhibited, at the same meeting, a specimen of a very curious parasite, which he found firmly attached to the tail of a land tortoise, deriving its sustenance from it by suction. It belonged to the class *Arachnida*; was somewhat like a spider; had eight legs; a flat shelly back of a black colour, with a yellowish border; head and eyes very small. It adhered by its mouth so firmly to the tortoise, that it was obliged to be detached by main force.

Mr. Fennell also exhibited portions of a composition necklace, containing several grubs and beetles of the genus *Anobium*, by which it had been destroyed; and several specimens of tumerous galls, which he found in great abundance upon the young branches of a palm-willow at Hampstead.

Mr. Edwin Lees contends, that honey-dew is an exudation of a nectarious juice from the flowers of the common lime tree, *(Tilia Europea,)* instead of its being, as asserted by many other naturalists, the excrement of the plant-lice *(Aphides)*. He says, that it abounds more on the leaves of this tree than on any other during very sultry weather. On extremely warm days in 1837, he noticed thousands of bees and other flies swarming all over some lime trees, on which the honey-dew abounded, although no plant-lice were to be seen. This banquet for the bees was only afforded them for two successive days, a much shorter period than it would have lasted, had it been the production of the plant-lice.

Botany.—The Botanical Garden in the Regent's Park is rapidly progressing towards completion, and many curious and valuable specimens of plants, great and small, have already been introduced into it. We shall speak of it more fully on another occasion.

* Charlesworth's "Magazine of Natural History."

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ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

NOLLEKENS.

THE "Life and Times" of this great sculptor and eccentric man, have been written by J. T. Smith, who was once his pupil. In this work, the peculiarities of Nollekens are amusingly related, and from it, as the only one I have hitherto met with which makes any mention of the sculptor, (Cunningham's "Lives," &c., excepted, but which, as far as regards Nollekens, contain nothing new,) I will make a few abstracts, occasionally introducing anecdotes in Smith's own words. I must, however, premise that Nollekens was of a short stature, with a large head, which appeared considerably increased in size by a large hat he was extremely fond of wearing; he was bow-legged and hook-nosed, and very partial to his ruffles, which he wore long after they were out of fashion, indeed, till they were literally worn out. A drab was his favourite colour; his suite was generally made out of the same piece, and it was very seldom that he treated himself to a striped Manchester waistcoat.

Paying a visit to Westminster Abbey, the sculptor, displeased with the regulations to be observed there, expressed his disapprobation in the following terms: "I wonder you keep such stuff here; why, at Antwerp, where my father was born, they put such things in silks outside in the street. I don't mind going to Mrs. Salmon's wax-works, where Mother Shipton gives you a kick as you come out. Oh dear! you shouldn't have such rubbish in the Abbey; and then for you to take money for this foolish thing and that foolish thing, so that none can come in to see the fine works of art, without being bothered with Queen Catherine's bones, and the Spanish ambassador's coffin, the lady who died by pricking her finger, and that nasty cap of General Monks you beg of people to put money into, just like the money-box they used to put down from the gate-house. You had better tell Mr. Dean to see that the monuments don't want dusting, and to look after the Westminster boys, and not let them break the ornaments off to play at sconce with in the cloisters. Bless my heart! it is very bad."—(p. 162.)

Nollekens was in nowise choice in his expressions. To Lady Arden, whom he had kept waiting an unreasonable time, he made the following delicate apology: "I could not come up before, for I was down stairs, washing my feet; and now they are quite comfortable!"—(p. 368.)

He frequently asked the king: "How is your wife and family to-day?" Neither was he very delicate in some of his actions before the persons of rank whose busts he was engaged to make. In the presence of the king he used to spit, to spirt the water out of his mouth into his clay to keep it moist, and to handle the royal person with no more ceremony than if he were one of his intimate acquaintances—many a time he has made his monarch recoil under his compasses as he measured the royal nose.

His parsimony was urged to the very extreme; a pair of mould candles, it is affirmed by Smith, has lasted him as long as a twelvemonth, being only brought out in the presence of company, and being carefully extinguished as soon as he was left alone—the coals were always sorted by the sculptor, with whom they were a matter of the greatest consideration; the larger ones being laid by for parlour, the smaller for common, and the dust for shop use—the paper upon which his barber wiped his razor, was carefully folded up to save his soap, and his wife, if possible, more niggardly than himself, was in the habit of insisting upon an allowance of three-halfpence at least for the old broomsticks! The wretched manner in which this couple were wont to live is past all credence, and considering the immense sums realized by Nollekens, blameable in the highest degree; for at his death, which happened in 1823, he was in the possession of a more than princely fortune, which, through his avarice, he made utterly useless. Like most sculptors and architects, Nollekens died at an advanced age; he was in his 85th year. As might be expected from the education he received, he was a very incorrect orthographist—observe the following instances: "Lady S— delivered yesterday of a sun."—"Went to sea the Lord Mare's shoe."—"Mem:—call tomorroe on my god-dotter."

BRUCE, THE TRAVELLER.

Contrary to what we should be led to expect of one who has travelled so much as this celebrated man, his infancy and youth were delicate. At the age of sixteen, his health was by no means confirmed. He was much too tall for his age, his breast was weak, and his general appearance indicated that he had grown faster than his strength. Major Head, who has written a highly interesting account of his life and travels, relates thus the manner of his death: "A large party had dined at Kinnaird, and while they were about to depart, Bruce was gaily talking to a young lady in the drawing-room, when suddenly observing that her aged mother was proceeding unattended to her carriage, he hurried from the drawing-room to the great staircase. In this effort, the foot which had safely carried him through so many dangers, happened to fail him—he fell down several of the steps—broke some of his fingers—pitched upon his head, and never spoke again!"

PALEY.

This celebrated man, too, falls within the list of eccentric characters, and, like Nollekens, was conspicuous for the oddity of his appearance. For the doctor was thick, short, square built, and his face was lite-

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rally such as an artless child would stand to wonder at, winding his gaze up with the exclamation: "What an ugly man!" The cheerful and animated cast of his countenance, in no wise tended to act as a palliative either—he was literally ugly. His eyebrows were bushy, his nose snubbed, and his teeth projecting. Add to these peculiarities an awkward gait and movement of the arms, a broad northern dialect, and a white wig, and you have the author of "Natural Theology" before your mind's eye.

Paley was of a domesticated turn of mind. He would, for instance, employ himself in his "Natural Theology," and leave it to gather peas for his dinner; gathering, very likely, along with them some new ideas. He would often converse with his neighbour, Mr. Yates, over his garden-palings, and sometimes decline an invitation on the plea that he was busy knitting. In his method of expressing himself, he was in general not very "recherché." On one occasion, having company at the Subdeanery, he said to a gentleman, who was helping to trifle, "I see, captain, you are up to the elbows in seeds, give me some of that; dig deep." After dinner, one of the company said, "Mr. Subdean, if you will give me leave I'll poke the fire." Paley rushed from his end of the table: "I understand your trick, you want to have an opportunity of warming yourself. These are reflections of a mind at ease. I have been farther from the fire than any of you; give me the poker."

According to a correspondent in one of the early numbers of the *New Monthly Magazine*, Paley was in the habit of using his toothpick immediately after dinner, and was usually very impatient till it was brought to him; he drank very sparingly, of white wine chiefly; and invariably ate some gingerbread which was brought on for himself alone.

From his own account, his education had been sufficiently hardy: "My father," says he, "rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him on a horse that I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried, 'Get up again, Will.'" A ludicrous occurrence happened in the height of his "grandezza:" "When I set up a carriage, it was thought right my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had never heard of the Paley arms; none of us dreamt that such things had ever existed. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, till at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent, that these *must* be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six weeks after, that we found the tankard had been bought at a sale!"

Paley was averse to disputations: he generally cut short all argument in a rough and sudden manner, when the person to whom he was addressing himself was of an opinion different from that of his own.

The Public Journals.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, NO. XVII.

Nicholas Nickleby's Morning Contemplation on London.

"And even now, as he paced the streets and listlessly looked round on the gradually increasing bustle and preparation for the day, everything appeared to yield him some new occasion for despondency. Last night the sacrifice of a young, affectionate, and beautiful creature to such a wretch and in such a cause, had seemed a thing too monstrous to succeed, and the warmer he grew the more confident he felt that some interposition must save her from his clutches. But now, when he thought how regularly things went on from day to day in the same unvarying round—how youth and beauty died, and ugly griping age lived tottering on—how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly honest hearts were poor and sad—how few they were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night, and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon generation, without a home to shelter them, or the energies of one single man directed to their aid—how in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades—how ignorance was punished and never taught—how jail-door gaped and gallows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread and lived in peace—how many died in soul, and had no chance of life—how many who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned haughtily from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they, had they done ill—how much injustice, and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it:—when he thought of all this, and selected from the mass the one slight case on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and unimportant unit to swell the great amount."

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THAMYRIS.

A YOUNG poet, gifted with a creative fancy and an excellent disposition, joined the scholars of the divine Plato. His poetry was commended by all who knew him, and Hellas declared of him that he would be another Sophocles or Pindarus. But the praises of the multitude blinded him, so that he continually spoke of Hesiod and Æschylus, and other masters of song. This grieved the divine philosopher, and he wished to cure the soul of the vain youth. "I consider myself qualified," said he, "to bring honours on my country that will be a greater advantage, than if I should win for it a province. For the holy art of poetry has been given to man to elevate him above the earth. But it does not belong to infirm spirits."

New Books.

Confessions of a Thug. By Captain Meadows Taylor. 3 vols. Bentley.

[THE lives of those hideous monsters, the Thugs—the wonder and horror of India—as hitherto detailed by various writers, have, on account of their unheard-of villainies, been considered in many cases as mere fiction; but romance could invent nothing so hideous; and what is also remarkable, those fiends are influenced by a religious principle, the love for their parents and friends being strong in the extreme. Certain it is, however, the history of mankind affords no parallel to Thuggee, as unfolded by Captain Taylor, in the above work, the heart-rending narration coming from the lips of Ameer Ali the Thug, and given by him to Captain T. The account of the sacking of a town furnishes the following most painfully interesting narrative:—]

"Ghuffoor Khan was busy too. I had completed my work; I had torn ornaments from the females, terrified their husbands and fathers into giving up their small hoards of money; and having got all I could, I was preparing to leave the town in company with my Thugs, who never separated from me. We were passing through the main street on our return, when our attention was attracted to a good-looking house, from which issued the most piercing screams of terror and agony. I instantly dismounted, and bidding my men follow me, we rushed into the house. Never shall I forget the scene which met my eyes, which [when] we reached the place from whence the screams proceeded. There was Ghuffoor Khan, with seven or eight of his men, engaged in a horrid work. Three dead bodies lay on the floor weltering in their blood, which poured from the still warm corpses. Two were fine young men, the other an elderly woman. Before Ghuffoor Khan stood a venerable man, suffering under the torture of having a horse's nose-bag full of hot ashes tied over his mouth, while one of the khan's followers struck him incessantly on the back with the hilt of his sword. The miserable wretch was half choked, and it was beyond his power to have uttered a word in reply to the interrogations which were thundered in his ear by the khan himself as to where his treasure was concealed. Three young women, of great beauty, were engaged in a fruitless scuffle with the others of Ghuffoor Khan's party; and their disordered appearance and heart-rending shrieks too well told what had been their fate previous to my entrance. What could I do? I dared not openly have attacked the khan, though I half drew my sword from its scabbard, and would have rushed on him; but he was my superior, and had I then put him and his men to death, it could not have been concealed from Cheetoo,—and what would have been my fate; So checking the momentary impulse, which I had so nearly followed, I approached him, and endeavoured to withdraw his attention from the horrible work in which he was engaged. 'Come, Khan Sahib,' I cried, 'near us is a house which has resisted my utmost efforts to enter: I want you to aid me, and, Inshalla! it will repay the trouble, for I have heard that it is full of money and jewels, as the family is rich.' I did not tell a lie, for I had endeavoured to break open the gate of a large house, but desisted when I was informed that it was uninhabited. 'Wait awhile,' said he; 'I have had rare sport here; these fools must needs oppose our entrance with drawn weapons, and I got a scratch on the arm from one of them myself. But what could they do—the kafirs! against a true believer! They fell in this room, and their old mother too, by my own sword. My men have been amusing themselves with their wives; whilst I, you see, am trying to get what I can out of this obstinate old villain; but he will not listen to reason, and I have been obliged to make him taste hot ashes.' 'Perhaps he has nought to give,' said I; 'at any rate, he cannot speak while that bag is over his mouth; let it be removed, and we will hear what he has to say.' 'Try it,' said the khan; 'but we shall make nothing of him you will see.' 'Remove the bag,' cried I to the Pindharee, who was behind him; 'let him speak; and bring some water; his throat is full of ashes.' The bag was removed, and a vessel full of water, which was in a corner of the room, was brought and put to his lips; but he rejected it with loathing, for he was a Hindoo and a Brahmin. 'Drink!' cried the infuriated khan, at beholding his gesture; 'drink, or, by Alla, I will force it down thy throat! Kafir, to whom the urine of a cow is a delicacy, darest thou refuse water from the hands of a Moslem?' 'Blood-thirsty devil!' said the old man, in a husky voice, 'water from thy hands, or any of thy accursed race, would poison me! I would rather drink my own sons' blood, which is flowing yonder, than such pollution!' 'Ha! sayest thou so! then, in the name of the blessed Prophet, thou shalt taste it! Here, Sumund Khan, get some up from the floor; yonder is a cup—fill it to

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the brim; the old man shall drink it, as he would the wine of Paradise!' 'Hold!' cried I to Ghuffoor Khan; 'you would not do so inhuman an act!' 'Nay, interfere not,' said the khan, setting his teeth; 'you and I, Meer Sahib, are friends—let us remain so; but we shall quarrel if I am hindered in my purpose; and has he not said he preferred it to pure water!' Sumund Khan had collected the blood, and the cup was half filled with the warm red liquid—a horrible draught, which he now presented to the miserable father. 'Drink!' said he, offering the cup with a mock polite gesture; 'think it Ganges water, and it will open thy heart to tell us where thy treasures are.' Ghuffoor Khan laughed loudly. 'By Alla! thou hast a rare wit, Sumund Khan; the idea should be written in a book: I will tell Cheetoo of it.' But the old man turned from them with loathing, and his chest heaved as though he were about to be sick. 'There's no use wasting time,' cried Ghuffoor Khan: 'open his mouth with your dagger, and pour the draught into it! It was done; by Alla! Sahib, the two did it before my eyes, —fiends that they were! Not only did they pour the blood down the old man's throat, but in forcing open his mouth, they cut his lips in a ghastly manner, and his cheek was laid open. 'Now tell us where the gold is!' cried Ghuffoor Khan. 'Of what use is this obstinacy? Knowest thou not that thy life is in my power, and that one blow of my sword will send thee to Jehanum, where those fools are gone before thee?—and he pointed to the dead. 'Strike!' cried the sufferer,—'strike! your blow will be welcome; I am old, and fit for death. Why do ye delay?' 'But the gold—the treasures!' roared the khan, stamping on the ground. 'Why, are you a fool?' 'Gold, I have told ye, I have none,' he replied; 'I told you so at first, but ye would not listen. We gave you all we had, and ye were not satisfied. Ye have murdered my sons and my wife, and dishonoured my daughters. Kill us all, and we will be thankful.' 'Hear him!' cried the khan savagely; 'he mocks us. O the wilful wickedness of age!—is it not proverbial? One of you bring some oil and a light; we will see whether this humour can stand my fiftal test, which has never yet failed.' By this time the house was full of Pindharees, and, if I had wished it, I had not dared to interfere further. I stood looking on, determined to let him have his course; he was only hastening his own fate, and why should I prevent it? The oil was brought, and a quantity of rags were torn from the dhotees, or waist-cloths, of the murdered men. They were dipped in the oil, and wound round the fingers of the old man to as great a thickness as was possible. 'Now bring a light,' cried the khan, 'and hold him fast.' A light was kindled, and the man held it in his hand. 'I give you a last chance,' said the khan, speaking from between his closed teeth; 'you know, I dare say, the use your fingers will be put to; be quick and answer, or I will make torches of them, and they shall light me to your treasures, which I warrant are hidden in some dark hole.' 'Do your worst!' answered the old man, in a desperate tone. 'Ye will not kill me; and if my sufferings will in any way gratify you, even let it be so; for Narayun has given me into your power, and it is his will and not yours which does this. You will not hear me cry out though my arms were burnt off to the sockets.—I spit at you!'—'Light the rags!' roared Ghuffoor Khan; 'this is not to be endured.' They were lit—one by one they blazed up, while his hands were forcibly held down to his sides to accelerate the effect of the fire. Alla, Alla! it was a sickening sight. The warm flesh of the fingers hissed under the blaze of the oiled rags, which were fed from time to time with fresh oil, as men pour it upon a torch. The old man had overrated his strength. What nerves could bear such exquisite torture? His shrieks were piteous, and would have melted a heart of stone; but Ghuffoor Khan heeded them not: he stood glutting his savage soul with the sufferings of the wretched creature before him, and asking him from time to time, with the grin of the devil, whether he would disclose his treasures. But the person he addressed was speechless, and after nature was fairly exhausted, he sunk down in utter insensibility. 'You have killed him,' I exclaimed. 'For the love of Alla, let him alone, and let us depart; what more would you have? either he has no money, or he will not give it up.'—'Where be those daughters of a defiled mother?' cried he to his followers, not heeding what I said to him. 'Where are they? Bring them forward, that I may ask them about the money, for money there must be.' But they too were dead! ay, they had been murdered also; by whom I know not, but their bodies were found in the next room weltering in their blood. The news was brought to the khan, and he was more savage than ever; he gnashed his teeth like a wild beast; he was fearful to look on. The old man had revived, for water had been poured on his face and on his fingers; he raised himself up, looked wildly about him, and then gazed piteously on his mutilated hands. Were they men or devils by whom he was surrounded? By Alla! Sahib, they were not men, for they laughed at him and his almost unconscious actions. 'Speak!' cried the khan, striking him with his sword, 'speak, kafir! or more tortures are in store for thee.' But he spoke not—he was more than half dead: misery and torture had done their utmost. The khan drew his sword. Again he cried, 'Speak!' as he raised the weapon above his head. I fancied I saw the old man's lips smile, and move as though he would have spoken: he cast his eyes upwards, but no word escaped him. The sword was quivering over his head in the nervous grasp of the khan; and seeing he got no answer, it descended with its full force on the old man's forehead,

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almost dividing the head in two. Need I say he was instantly dead? I was satisfied; Ghuffoor Khan's cup too was full; for my own determination was made on that spot,—I swore it to myself as I looked at the dead and rushed from the house."

And if ever Thug did a righteous deed, it was in the strangling of this monster. But we have not room to tell of his justifiable end; nor any other of the incredible incidents with which these volumes abound. They are altogether so curious, that even the revolting nature of the system which they unfold, in all its details, cannot keep them from general circulation; and indeed, as a theme on which to try the profoundest speculations upon the being MAN, their revelations are unequalled by all we have ever read of cruelty and butchery.

Anecdotes and Traditions, illustrative of early English History and Literature, derived from MS. sources. Edited by William J. Thomas, Esq., F.S.A. Printed for the Camden Society.

[THE above work forms the fifth volume published by the Camden Society. It consists of three parts. The first being entirely derived from the Harleian MS., No. 6395, entitled "Merry Passages and Jests," compiled by Sir Nicholas Lestrange, of Hunstanton. The second part, by far the most interesting of the series, is derived from the Lansdowne MS., No. 231, written by the well-known John Aubrey. The third is from No. 3890 of the additional MSS., the common-place book of a Mr. John Collet.

The following notices, principally illustrative of the manners and customs of the English people, are extracted from the second and third parts.]

The Loving Cup.

At Danby Wisk, in the North-Riding of Yorkshire, it is the custom for the parishioners, after receiving the Sacrament, to go from church directly to the ale-house, and there drink together, as a testimony of charity and friendship.—*Aubrey.*

"This practice, which is so perfectly in unison with the character of a simple-minded people, is clearly allied to one still existing, we mean the drinking from the 'Loving Cup,' a ceremony which is yet observed by several of the City Companies, when the Courts dine in their halls; though, perhaps, more immediately to the Agapœ, which were, says Aubrey, in the same MS., fo. 121 v°., 'Certain Love Feasts used in the primitive church, where all the congregation met and feasted together after they had received the communion, and those that were rich brought for themselves and the poore, and all eate together for the increase of mutual love, and for the rich to show their love and charity to the poore.'"

Reading Gospels at Wells and in Corn Fields.

In Cheshire, in Mr. N. Kent's grandmother's time, when they went in perambulation, they did Blesse the Springs, i. e., they did read a Ghospell at them, and did believe the water was the better.

[To this account is added in pencil:]

On Rogation days Gospells were read in the corn-fields here in England untill the Civil Warrs. And White Kennet has added, "Mem. A Gospel read at the head of a barrel in procession, [in the cellar of the Chequer's Inn,] within the parish of Stanlake, com. Oxon. Vide Dr. Plot's Natural History of Oxfordshire." [p. 207.]—*Aubrey.*

"One of the most ancient forms of well-worship consisted in watching at the well throughout the night—the 'Waking of the Well,' as it is called in a curious satirical song illustrative of some of the ill consequences attendant upon the observance of the practice, and which is printed from a MS. at Cambridge, by Mr. Halliwell, in his forth-coming miscellany, entitled, '*Reliquiæ Antiquæ.*'"

Leap Candle.

The young girls in and about Oxford have a sport called *Leap Candle*, for which they set a candle in the middle of the room in a candlestick, and then draw up their coats in the form of breeches, and dance over the candle back and forth, with these words,

The taylor of Bisiter, he has but one eye,
He cannot cut a pair of green Galagaskins if he were to try.

This sport, in other parts, is called, dancing the Candle Rush.—*Aubrey.*

"There is no mention of this sport, or, indeed, of any one resembling it, in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes.*"

Striking a Bargain.

In several parts of England, when two persons are driving a bargain, one holds out his right hand, and says, "Strike me,"—and if the other strike, the bargain holds; whence the striking a bargain.—*Aubrey.*

"A custom somewhat analogous is said to exist in Westminster School at the present day, where two boys, who agree to fight, go through the form which they call chopping hands; and, it is said, that this form of accepting a challenge is looked upon as so irrevocable, that there has scarcely ever occurred an instance of the combat so resolved upon not taking place."

The Clerk of the Market.

The Clerk of the Market (though now a lay person,) was originally so called, because, in the Saxons' time, the custody of all weights and measures belonged to the bishop, who committed the same to some clerk whom he trusted therewith.—*Collet.*

Twins.

Nicholas and Andrew Tremaine were twins so like in all lineaments, they could not be distinguished but by their several habits; they felt like pain though at a distance, and without any intelligence given they equally

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desired to walke, travaile, set, sleep, eat, and drinke at the same time; and being souldiers, they were both slaine together, at New Haven in France, in the year of our Lord 1564.—*Collet.*

A Judge on Horseback.

John Whiddon, a Justice of the King's Bench, in the first yeare of Queen Mary, was the first of the judges who rode to Westminster Hall on a horse; for before that time they rode on mules.—*Collet.*

"This judge of horse-flesh, for so he showed himself by his preference of a horse to a mule, was John Whydden, Reader, Double Reader, and Treasurer of the Inner Temple, who was created Serjeant-at-Law in 1547; King's Serjeant in 1551; and, in 1553, (the 1st Mary,) was made a judge of the Queen's Bench. In Thom's '*Book of the Court*,' p. 222, the reader will find a description of the manner in which Wolsey rode to Westminster Hall on his mule, 'trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same, and gilt stirrups.'"

The Gatherer.

Soap Suds a Specific for Nourishing Flowers.—"Recently I happened to gather a beautiful pansey, and when tired of admiring it tossed the toy aside, which, partly by accident fell into a box full of soap-suds. The said pansey had neither joint nor root, and you may judge of my surprise when at the end of a day or two I found it growing. From this time forward I watched it narrowly, and now find it, after a lapse of a fortnight, a goodly plant with several buds on it. Thinking water might produce the same effect, I placed a newly-cropped pansey in an element, which, pure in itself, is the medium of purity in everything else; but it withered and died on so spare a diet. By way of confirming the first experiment, I have since placed a slip of a rose tree and a pink in suds, and both are flourishing in great vigour in my dressing-room. Should this accidental discovery prove useful to florists, it will afford sincere pleasure to your correspondent."—*Dumfries paper.*

Among the list of penalties for the regulation of Queen Elizabeth's household, we find the following,—"that none toy with the maides on paine of fourpence."

Tax on Irishmen.—By the Rolls of Parliament, A. D. 1477, it appears Irishmen residing in London, were subjected to the following scale of Taxation:—Irishmen having no lands, twelve pence out of every twenty shillings—Irishmen keeping houses, an annual duty of two shillings; and merchants born in Ireland, thirteen and fourpence per annum.

Poisonous Toads.—It has frequently been doubted by writers on natural history whether toads are poisonous; a dog lately worried one near to the Hut Tavern, on the Mansfield-road, and ere it had gone 300 yards the animal died from the effects of the poison. In addition to the above fact, we can add our own testimony, for we have had three dogs poisoned by toads, and we have known instances of pointers and spaniels suffering from their virulent poison.—*Nottingham Review.*

Singular Recovery of Speech.—Some time about last Christmas, a girl in the service of Mr. Drummond, of the Sportsman's Arms, Hungate, in this city, caught a severe cold, which ended in the almost total deprivation of speech. Several eminent medical practitioners tried their skill, but in vain. Mrs. Drummond, however, who had been on a visit to Scarborough, brought back with her, last week, a quantity of sea water. This the girl was desired to take, and in the short period of two or three days she recovered her utterance, and is now perfectly restored.—*York Herald.*

A rusty shield prayed to the sun, and said, "O sun, illumine me with thy ray!" To which the sun retorted, "O shield, make thyself clean!"

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said when he plunged into the water, upon seeing a boy pick up a stone.

New Invention.—We have been favoured with the sight of a model, most ingeniously constructed, which is to prevent the disagreeable effects produced by the rolling of a ship at sea. From the present construction of the "berths" on shipboard, everybody who has taken a voyage must have experienced the evils of the rolling of a vessel when repose is required, and yet, strange to say, no remedy has yet been thought of, before the present. It certainly appears to us that this plan will obviate the difficulties complained of—the berths being so constructed as always to keep their horizontal position—the *equilibrium* being the same, whichever way the vessel may be inclined to move—the motion not being perceptible in the slightest degree. The construction of it is on the most simple scale imaginable, the space required being no more than the present berths now occupy, which is a most essential point. In fact, we pronounce it as the only invention (as regards ease and comfort on shipboard) that has ever been introduced. The inventor of it is Mr. Arthur Guinness, a native of Dublin, who was, some few years since, employed by the Prussian government as a mechanist, &c., and whose abilities are well known and properly appreciated in this country. We think, however, that this invention has surpassed his former efforts, and will cause his name to appear high in the list of those, who, by their ingenuity, have promoted the comforts of their fellow men.—*Sussex Advertiser.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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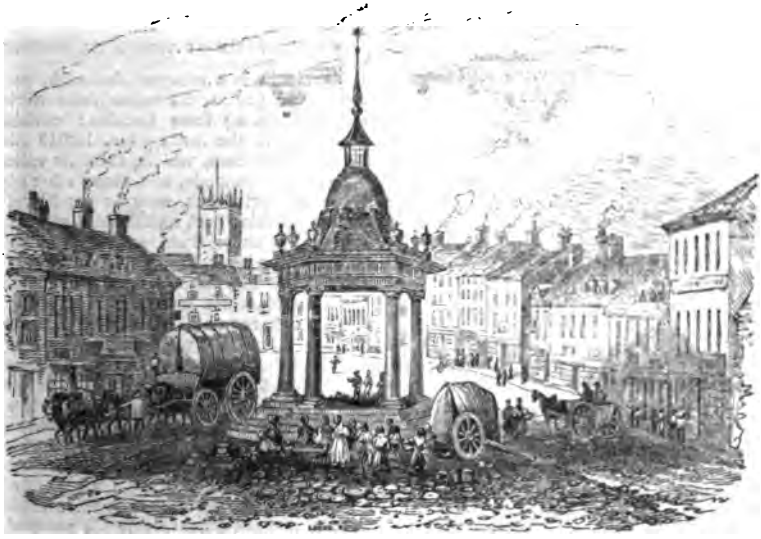
MARKET-PLACES OF ENGLAND.



Market-place at Beverley, Yorkshire.

Market-place at Yarmouth, Norfolk.

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MARKET-PLACES OF ENGLAND.

MARKET-PLACES have been, from the earliest period, localities of importance in all our towns, not only as marts, or meetings of tradespeople, but also for the execution of culprits; the promulgating state proclamations; the mustering of troops, &c.

Market-crosses, of which we give Beverley, as an example, were in most places erected to inculcate upright intentions and fairness of dealing. In almost every town which had a religious foundation, there was one of these crosses, to which the peasant resorted to vend provisions: doubtless from the example given in holy writ; for when Jacob entered into a solemn contract with Laban, the former erected a pillar of stone*; and those who attended upon Laban, took stones and made a heap to perpetuate their assent to the treaty. Market-crosses are also used as a Bourse or Exchange to transact general business. Among the Romans, the *basilica* answered for the purposes of the modern exchange, as well as courts of judicature.

At some markets, the crier announces the time for business to commence; whilst, in others, the bell gives notice that trade may begin, as Shakspeare has it:—

"Enter, go in, the *market-bell* is rung."

But all markets are governed by the local usages of the town, every one almost varying, as to the liberty of selling toll-free, or the fee paid for such privilege. At Billingsgate, the oyster-trade on the first day cannot commence until the bell has rung.

As our country market-places are always objects of attraction, not only to the frequenters, but to visitors, as presenting animated and bustling pictures of the wealth, the traffic, and wants of life, we intend, occasionally, to embellish our pages with views of the most picturesque and important.

MARKET CROSS AT BEVERLEY, YORKSHIRE.

Beverley is a borough and market-town, in the East Riding of the county of York, 9 miles (N. E.) from Kingston upon Hull, and 183 (N.) from London; containing 6,728 inhabitants. By the Saxons, probably from the number of beavers with which the river Hull in this part abounded, it was called *Beverlega*, from which its present name is deduced. The town is situated at the foot of the Wolds, about a mile from the river Hull, and consists of several spacious streets, in which are many well-built houses. The trade is in coal, corn, oatmeal, malt, and tanned leather, and has been greatly extended by means of a canal, called Beverley Beck, connecting the town with the river Hull. The poorer class of inhabitants are employed in making bone lace. The market is on Saturday: the market-place occupies an area of four acres, in the centre of which is a stately cross, supported on eight pillars, each of one entire stone: fairs are held chiefly for horses, horned cattle, and sheep; on every alternate Wednesday, is a great market for sheep and horned cattle.

Alfred of Beverley, a monkish historian of the twelfth century, is supposed to have been born here. Dr. John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, and founder of Jesus' Cambridge;† Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester;‡ and Dr. Green, Bishop of Lincoln;§ were natives of this town.

MARKET PLACE AT YARMOUTH, NORFOLK.

Yarmouth is a sea-port, borough, market-town, and parish, 23 miles from Norwich, and 123 (N. E.) from London; containing, according to the last cestus, 18,040 inhabitants. This place, which, from its extensive and prosperous trade, and many other advantages and privileges, may be considered the most flourishing port on this part of the coast, derives its name from its situation at the mouth of the river Yare, which here falls into the ocean. The market-house is situated near the Theatre, which was erected in 1778; and the markets are on Wednesday and Saturday. It is well provided with poultry, vegetables, and fish. The principal source of trade by which this town is supported, is the herring fishery, which is usually productive to a remarkable extent; 70,000 barrels have been exported from this town in a year, besides above 15,000 more cured for home consumption. The fish, when cured, for both of which processes there are very extensive establishments, are not only sent to all parts of the kingdom, but exported in considerable quantities to other parts of the world, particularly the West Indies, where they are much used as food for the negroes. The number of vessels belonging to this port, is upwards of five hundred, exclusive of small craft; a direct trade prevails with the Baltic, the Mediterranean, Portugal, and other parts of the continent; and a regular communication by steam vessels is kept up internally with Norwich. Many vessels from other parts fish off here, and come, at a defined distance, from other countries, especially France and the Netherlands. The situation of Yarmouth, in a commercial point of view, affords unusual advantages. The Yare is here navigable for vessels of two hundred and fifty tons' burden; and to Norwich, a distance of thirty-two miles, for smaller vessels, without the intervention of locks. At the entrance of the Yare are two piers; the one on the south is 1,230 feet long, and that on the north is 400 feet in length, erected on wooden piles, and secured by iron railing.

* Genesis, ch. xxxi., v. 45.

† After his decease, which took place in 1500, his body was conveyed to Hull, and there buried in a chapel of his own erection.

‡ Born in 1459. This pious prelate, the zealous promoter and cultivator of literature, and patron of learned men, was beheaded by order of the tyrant Henry VIII., on Tower Hill, June 22, 1535.

§ This elegant scholar was born in 1706; and died at Bath, April 25, 1779.

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MAHOMET II. AND IRENE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(Written expressly for the Mirror.)

BY J. L. SCHROEDER.

THE Greek empire had, for centuries, been in constant wars with the successors of Othman, who had gradually subjugated the Asiatic provinces of the emperors, and, at last, in the commencement of the fourteenth century, had made such extensive conquests in Europe, that the Christian empire in the East was shaken to its foundations. Amurath the Second, the immediate predecessor and the father of Mahomet II., had perished before the walls of Croia, the capital of Epirus, which city he in vain repeatedly attempted to carry by assault, with an immense army of one hundred and forty thousand men.

The Turkish emperor died A.D. 1450, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Mahomet II. This prince was endowed with extraordinary genius for government, and with an equal share of courage and military skill. He no sooner found himself at the head of the Ottoman forces, than he at once determined to withdraw them from the hopeless endeavour of storming the impregnable fortress of Croia; and to employ them in a decisive attack upon the seat of the Greek empire—Constantinople; politically calculating, that if he could achieve so glorious a conquest, the total dismemberment of the tottering empire would soon follow.

Mahomet was a man of such barbarous ferocity of character, that whatever course his calculating prudence suggested as necessary, he secured its success by the most reckless means. Apprehensive that his brothers would share the affections of his officers with himself, and become his rivals in power, he gave orders for murdering them all, and then set out for the siege of Constantinople, after having remained for about a year at Adrianople, the then capital of the Turkish empire.

Constantine Paleologus, the Greek emperor, little expected the sudden movement of the concentrated power of the infidels upon the Christian metropolis. The Othman forces surrounded it with dense masses, whose ferocious bravery was excited to the utmost pitch of endeavour by the promise of the free plunder of the immensely rich city. On the 20th of May, 1453, it was taken by assault.

Constantine, the last of the Greek emperors, perished, bravely defending his falling diadem. Rapine and devastation held uncontrolled sway—the infuriated soldiery committed every excess without restraint. All the relations of Constantine, and the principal citizens, were massacred in cold blood, after the capture of the metropolis, by order of the sanguinary conqueror, who performed his engagement to his followers by allowing them the entire booty which each took.

For seven days did the horrors of the battle still rage in some parts or other of the devoted city, and in the gardens of the mansions into which the Greek soldiery retired when chased by the overwhelming forces of their opponents.

Achmet, the general-in-chief of Mahomet's armies, followed the retreating Christians with uncompromising destruction. On the evening of the fourth day of the carnage, Achmet, with a body of chosen troops, forced the strong defences of a castle in the suburbs, which had held out against the repeated attacks made upon it. A large number of Greeks, evidently of the higher order, disputed every inch of ground with desperation, and still in retreating from one vast hall to another, they dealt destruction among their invaders. Amidst the dreadful conflict, Achmet discovered a numerous body of Greek soldiery retreating through the enclosed gardens of the castle—he ordered his officers to continue the battle, whilst he and a party intercepted the flying troops. Finding themselves chased, the soldiers faced their pursuers and formed a solid front, whilst a party still retreated. The Turks attacked the Christians with fury, but were received with the desperate courage of men who seemed to have devoted themselves to a costly sacrifice.

Achmet pressed forward, for a Greek chief of noble stature and bearing had dealt death around him, and seemed to single out the infidel commander for his antagonist.

"Who art thou?" cried Achmet, enraged by the havoc made around him—"that darest us thus?"

"I am Theodoric, son of the governor—I avenge a father's death."

"Take thine own, Christian dog," rejoined the Turk, whilst his scimitar descended like lightning upon the casque of the Greek. The steeled helmet was proof, but the force of the blow struck Theodoric to the ground—"Thou art my prisoner," ejaculated Achmet, holding the point of his sword to the prostrate prince's throat, "I spare thy life, if thou tellest me who those are in retreat, for I see there are females who now pass the porch of the gardens."

"I tell thee nothing."

"Then die, cursed dog," shouted Achmet, as he ran the point of his scimitar between the joints of the Greek's armour into his throat.

The Turks continued pouring their soldiers into the gardens, and massacred the remaining Greeks, who had so bravely covered the retreat of the women from the castle-gardens. This party, protected by a small escort which had separated from the Greek forces in the gardens, pursued their course rapidly over the plain towards the shore of the Bosphorus—there they prepared to embark upon vessels which had been stationed for their reception. At this moment the party was suddenly surrounded by a Turkish squadron, who, after a short conflict with the Greek soldiers, who

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were soon overpowered, took the women and immediately conveyed them to the Turkish camp, which was on the plain to the east of Constantinople.

Mahomet was soon apprized of the capture of several noble Grecian ladies, and their attendants; with an immense booty in jewels and gold. On the same night he ordered the officer who had the captives in charge to bring them to his tent. The infidel conqueror directed his grand eunuch, Osmail, to present the captive ladies to him in the quarters of the harem, where he awaited their arrival with impatience, for a report had been made to him that a noble Grecian of superlative beauty was made prisoner in attempting to embark. Mahomet was as devoted in the selection of beauties for his harem as he was determined and prudent in the conduct of affairs. Amidst the splendour of his harem did he recline upon his ottoman, when Osmail, attended by his officers, introduced the timid shrinking captives. One more fearful and retiring than her companions in misfortune, shrouded in a deep veil, stood trembling before the destroyer of her countrymen.

"Osmail," said the proud conqueror, "unveil that woman, and bring her forward." The grand eunuch advanced to execute his master's commands.

"My lord will pardon his servant," said the female, sinking upon her knees, "but I am a betrothed wife, and may not lift the veil that hides the sorrows of my heart."*

"Who art thou, and to whom art thou betrothed?" inquired the emperor.

"My name is Irene, I am the daughter of the prince of Albania, and I am betrothed to——"

At this moment a guard outside the encampment of the harem made the watch signal that Osmail should receive a communication from Achmet, the general-in-chief, that the council of war required the immediate presence of the emperor.

"Thou shalt be attended according to thy state, and we will further direct respecting thee," said Mahomet, as he quitted the women's tents.

Osmail took charge of the captives, and allotted their attendance and place of abode in the harem.

On the morrow Mahomet ordered the captives into his presence in the audience-tent of the harem—Osmail brought them forward. Irene was placed in front of the party, and bowed with her face to the ground.

"I know thy history," said Mahomet, addressing her, "thy betrothed husband is slain."

Irene uttered a piercing shriek, and Osmail rushed forward to support her.

"How—where?" ejaculated the distressed Irene, whilst in the excess of her grief she tore the veil from her head, and discovered features of such surpassing beauty that the emperor† started from his couch in amazement.

"Fairest of earthly forms," said he, taking the hand of the lovely Irene, "what fate has decreed cannot be reversed. Theodoric, thy betrothed, fell in covering thy retreat from the castle—but let the lord of Asia become thy slave—thou shalt share his throne and the splendour of his power."

"It may not be," replied Irene, timidly, whilst she endeavoured to cover her beautiful countenance from the ardent gaze of Mahomet—"It may not be—if the heart of the conqueror can feel pity for his poor captive, send me to my parent, the Prince of Teffia."

"Thy father and his sons perished in the battle, in the plains of Bursa, and fate has placed thee in my charge, thou fairest flower of Anatolia," replied Mahomet,—but his captive heard not his praise—she had sunk upon the emperor's arm in a state of insensibility. Menel, the faithful companion of Irene, went forward to assist her; and to her, and the attendants, was the captive princess committed by the emperor, whose entire faculties seemed bewildered by the superb beauty which had captivated his eye and heart. Day after day he visited the lovely Irene in her apartments, each succeeding interview made a deeper impression, and a more fixed resolve to gain the love of his beautiful captive. Finding the attachment of Irene to her companion, Menel, the emperor engaged her, by his entreaties and costly presents, to advocate his suit.

Mahomet became so deeply enamoured of Irene, that he abstracted himself from public business, and devoted all his time to his lovely captive. Osmail was charged to provide every luxurious entertainment that the imperial treasury could command, and everything was made subservient to the pleasure of the Grecian Princess. Time, and the assiduities of the emperor, softened her grief for the loss of her lover and relatives—her mind became gradually accustomed to the attentions of Mahomet; and at last, in an evil hour, she consented to change her religion, and accept the offered diadem of the united Eastern and Grecian Empire. In the palace of the Constantines was the grand inauguration to be performed. The most splendid preparations were made to give effect to the double ceremony. All appeared around Irene, as the serene sky reflected in gold and azure from the calm waters that laved the walls of the palace. Unreflecting and joyous she awaited the arrival of the morn which was to witness the abjuration of her Christian faith, her marriage vows plighted to her infidel master, and her coronation, as partner of his throne. Her faithful compa-

* By the law of the Koran, a betrothed woman may not be taken by another than her husband.

† Mahomet, upon the surrender of Constantinople, transferred the seat of government from Adrianople to the former city, and first assumed the title of emperor, which the succeeding Turkish sovereigns have retained.

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nion, Menel, had deeply rued the part she had taken in forwarding the views of the emperor, when she found that the sacrifice of her religion was the price Irene was to pay for her elevation as Mahomet's bride; but the princess had, in the intoxication of anticipated grandeur, gone too far to recede, and the gentle Menel reluctantly consented to witness the ceremonies rather than be parted from her mistress. Menel's affection for Irene was too sincere to allow a separation.

The day arrived for the performance of the august ceremonies—every art had been strained to give an imposing effect to them. The great officers of state—Elmanai, the grand mufti, Achmet, the general-in-chief, Ab-Adul, the grand vizier, Ali-Beg, the commander of the Janissaries, and the princes of the Divan, surrounded the throne of ivory embossed with jewels and gold, upon which sat the mighty conqueror of the Grecian Empire in the church of St. Sophia, now first desecrated to a false worship. The vast dome of the building illuminated with a hundred thousand lamps, radiant with every tint, contained the imperial guard and the officers of the palace, the long nave and the aisles were thronged with spectators of every clime and religion, eager to catch a glance of the ceremonies, and above all, of the resplendent beauty who was to perform the principal part in the exciting scenes. On the right of the throne, behind golden and green lattices, was placed the harem of the emperor. Osmail, the grand eunuch, and his officers, made a principal display in the gorgeous arrangement. Mahomet, elated with the success of his long endeavours to attain the object of his ambition, was too much absorbed in the anticipation of the reward he was about to receive, in the possession of the paragon of eastern beauty who sat beside him on an ottoman lower than the throne, preparing for the first ceremony—Mahomet, with all his habitual caution, was too deeply engaged with the superb object of his choice, to notice certain indications which the chief officers of the court gave of something not quite in accordance with the smiles and obeisances which their countenances and bodies were familiarized with. Nor did the emperor observe the frequent communications which took place between Ali-Beg, the commander of the Janissaries, and Osmail, the grand eunuch, who frequently went to the lattice, evidently carrying on a correspondence between Ali-Beg and some lady of the harem.

The grand mufti, Elmanai, now motioned the attendant priests that the ceremonies would commence. The military music which had hitherto played without cessation, now paused—a dead silence ensued, which was followed by the chanting of a hymn to the prophet. At its close, the emperor left his throne and led the fair Irene towards the platform in front of the throne. The mufti advanced, the Koran was opened—the bewildered princess nearly fainted as she was directed to make the recantation of her Christian faith, and affirm her belief in the prophet, as preliminary to the marriage ceremony. Tears burst from the eyes of the gentle Menel as her mistress uttered the fearful oaths—the gentle Menel thought the angels wept with her upon the apostacy of so fair a wonder of creation.

"Now thou shalt be indissolubly mine," said Mahomet to the seduced Irene, in a gentle tone, as he took her hand,—"now Elmanai, pro——" the unfinished sentence was interrupted, for Ab-Adul, the grand vizier, suddenly prostrated himself before the emperor.

"Slave, how darest thou at this moment break in upon—"

The grand vizier rose, and whispered in the ear of the emperor.

"Arrest the traitor!" rejoined Mahomet, in a low voice, whilst anger flashed in his eye. He cast a dark look of suspicion on all around—"Can you depend upon the Janissaries!"

"No, my lord, they are disaffected; but I have here troops to awe them," replied Ab-Adul—"My lord may be advised to hold a divan before the ceremonies proceed."

Mahomet drew his scimeter without reply to the vizier.—Irene and her attendants fell upon their knees in amazement—the emperor retreated a few steps—all was consternation and confusion—Mahomet suddenly advanced before the grand officers of state—and in a moment severed the head of Ali-Beg from his body. A loud shriek burst from the ladies of the harem behind the lattice—The voice of Selima, the favourite concubine of Mahomet, was loud above the rest.

"Osmail," said the monarch, almost choked with fury, "take Selima from the women, and apply the bow-string. Slave, why dost thou linger, thy life or thy instant obedience!"

Osmail departed, and Mahomet returned to the Mufti and Irene. The princess had fallen upon her face, overcome with terror.

"Irene, there is foul treason at work, ascend to thy place by the throne, and await my return, the ceremonies shall then proceed."

Mahomet raised the princess, half-dead, and led her to the ottoman. He then proceeded to a chapel in the edifice, followed by all his officers of the council.

The refractory Janissaries were dismayed, and completely awed by the decisive and sudden conduct of Mahomet—the unexpected death of their commander, Ali-Beg, discouraged them from making the least attempt to carry the preconcerted plan into execution, it was evident their treason and intended revolt were completely known to the emperor, each man looked upon his neighbour with alarm and suspicion; they therefore remained quite quiet in the position assigned them.

Mahomet, scarcely knowing in whom to confide, met his divan in council with anger and mistrust.

"Go, Achmet, and clear the mosque of all the visitors, let the guards and the military

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alone remain, and gradually surround the Janissaries with additional troops."

The general-in-chief retired to execute the emperor's orders. The people, who were accustomed to scenes of blood and to obedience, retired upon command, discussing the occasion of the execution of their emperor's sudden vengeance. The slaying of Ali-Beg had been seen by a few of the nearest by-standers, and had been reported by them to the rest, dismay and confusion pervaded the whole body.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

STEAM-BOAT TRAFFIC ON THE RIVER THAMES.

(*From the last number of the Monthly Chronicle.*)

THE view from London Bridge gives, perhaps, the best idea of the extent of the steam navigation of the river. Looking downwards, the eye is attracted by a forest of funnels belonging to steamers lying off the Custom-house, and various quays from that point to St. Katherine's Dock, and thence as far as the sight can penetrate. These, however, are chiefly foreign and coasting vessels, and as such belong only partially to our present subject. But close under the bridge, both above and below it, are clustered on the City side the river steamers; for here it is that the rival Gravesend and Greenwich companies, as well as various others, have their wharfs. Here, during the summer months, prevails throughout the day, the constant bustle of arrival and departure; and few spots of this busy metropolis are better calculated to convey, in the spring and summer, a true impression of the out-of-door intercourse and movements of its teeming population. During the winter the scene is comparatively still; fewer steamers are plying, and at longer intervals. We will endeavour to give an idea of the extent of the traffic carried on during the past season (1838); not pretending, indeed, to furnish a complete list of the vessels employed, but noting such as came under our own observation.

To Greenwich, there were steam-boats starting every quarter of an hour, the two companies, the old and new, running alternately. To Woolwich, twelve times a day, from Hungerford Market pier. To Gravesend, the Star company had six boats daily; the Diamond company, seven; the Commercial Company, one, which proceeded to Sheerness and Southend; the Eagle and Falcon Company, two, from Waterloo Bridge; besides which, there was one from Hungerford. Many, if not all of the Gravesend boats, are accustomed to call at Blackwall; and all receive and put down passengers when required at various points of their course. To Ramsgate, Margate, Herne Bay, and other favourite resorts of the inhabitants of the metropolis, there are likewise numerous steam-boats, especially in the season. The following particulars as to the traffic in previous years may be added from the Evidence on the Blackwall Railway. Mr. John Taylor, a Thames pilot, gives (March 23d, p. 4.,) as the average number of steamers passing through the Pool, up or down per day, from May to September, from 120 to 130. Captain John Fisher, one of the harbour-masters, states (March 24th, p. 15.) that he counted 96 in a day, between eight in the morning and eight at night, passing the London Docks, up or down. And (p. 16.) that in the month of July, 1,801 was the total number, likewise from eight to eight, which gives a daily average of about 60. This latter average probably comes nearest to the truth; the former was given only as a guess, this is an actually observed fact. The difference is lessened if we consider the one to include, as it probably does, the whole twenty-four hours, while the other expressly excludes the night. In both numbers it will be remembered the foreign and coasting steamers are included, besides those properly belonging to the Thames.

Turning our attention up the river, to Richmond, there plied last season four boats daily from Queenhithe and Hungerford, one of which proceeded to Twickenham. This was the station on which the first Thames steamers were introduced. The up-river boats which remain to be noticed are of a more recent date, the "London and Westminster" company having commenced operations in 1837, and the "Iron Steam-boat" company only during the last season. The former company had boats every quarter of an hour from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, calling on the Southwark side of Southwark Bridge and at Hungerford; also at Putney three times, and to the Southampton Railway pier, a little above Vauxhall Bridge, twelve times a day. The latter company's iron boats plied every half hour from London Bridge to the Southamptan Railway pier, calling on the City side of Waterloo Bridge, and the Westminster side of Westminster Bridge.

From this enumeration, incomplete though it be, it will appear that the facilities afforded to the inhabitants of the metropolis, for enjoying the fresh breezes of their noble river, and visiting the various scenes of beauty on its banks, are very numerous, while the competition of the different companies has the effect of ensuring low fares. It is difficult to form a calculation of the multitudes who avail themselves of these means of locomotion, but we will give a few data, which may assist the reader to do so. In the report of the Eagle and Falcon company, presented in the spring of last year, it was stated that in three months they had carried by means of their two boats 66,000 persons to and from Woolwich and Blackwall; and that during the first thirty days of their boats plying from Waterloo Bridge, their passengers to and from Gravesend had amounted to 7,600, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather. In Gravesend boats we have counted 200 passengers, when they have been not by any means

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uncomfortably filled; and though they are often to be seen with much fewer passengers, they are, on the other hand, especially on fine Sundays, very frequently still more crowded. Supposing an average of only sixty passengers per voyage, the 17 boats each way between London and Gravesend will give upwards of 2000 passengers daily journeying the one way or the other—an estimate probably much below the mark. From the evidence of Mr. Charles White, a proprietor and director of the Star company (April 14th, pp. 15, 16.,) it would appear that the average number of passengers during the four best months of the year is 300 to each boat—that they sometimes take as many as 600, and "on one day of public rejoicing carried 900." Mr. Redman, another director of the same company, states (May 14th, p. 9.,) that they have received and started about 3,000 passengers in about forty-five minutes; of course with several boats. Mr. T. H. Sinnot, clerk to the solicitors to the Horne Bay Pier Company (March 28th, p. 18.,) gives 30,102 as the number of passengers landing and embarking at that pier in 1835, from March 25th to the time when the boats ceased running.

The above-bridge traffic presents certain peculiar features. It is a kind of omnibus traffic;—not, indeed, that any one may hold up one's finger at any point of the boat's course and be taken on board or set ashore; but in the space of less than two miles, between London and Westminster Bridges, we have seen that there are appointed by one of the companies one, and by the other, two intermediate stopping places, which gives passengers the opportunity of choosing among three several points of communication within that distance.

To these advantages is added speed in most states of the tide; the length of voyage between Westminster and London Bridges varying from a quarter to half an hour or somewhat more. An additional inducement is offered by the low fare of the steamers, which is fourpence from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway, or any intermediate distance. The number of passengers by these boats is very considerable; in ten trips, taken at different hours of different days, during last autumn, but never in boats crowded, we found the average to be 40. Indeed, the populousness, if we may so describe it, of the river is so great as to attract the activity of the bill-stickers, who sedulously follow their occupation on the piers and under the arches of the bridges, throughout the whole of the busy season; and they are not a class who waste their labours where there are none to look upon them.

ADVANTAGES OF CONVERSATION.

Conversation calls into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents, it brings old useful notions into remembrance; it unfolds and displays the hidden treasure of knowledge with which reading, observation, and study, have before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading, without conversation, is like a miser, who lives only for himself.

YORKSHIRE HUMOUR.

An action was brought against the owner of a waggon, which, by the carelessess of the driver, had crushed an unlucky donkey against a wall, and killed it. A learned sergeant, well known for his roughness of exclamation, was perplexing one of the witnesses, who found no other means of extricating himself than by giving a graphic description of the matter in question. "Well, my lord judge," said the hesitating clown, "I'll tell how it happened as weel as I can. My lord, suppose I am the waggon, here I was. Now, my lord judge, here you are, you are the wall." The describer now paused, as if trying to recollect his third position.—"Come, fellow," exclaimed the sergeant, "out with your story at once. You have not told us where was the ass?" "My lord judge," exclaimed the witness, with a sudden sparkle in his eye, "his honour the counsel is the ass!" Of course the court was in a roar.

The Islington Garland.

Who has e'er been at *Islington* surely must know
Upper Street, and the Cot where lives Urcott, the beau-
Ideal of autographmaniacs, and his
Round, roguish, good-humor'd and rubicund phiz!

With a bow and a smirk, and a bob and a whisk;
Dickey Suett's "Ha! Ha!" and Jack Bannister's frisk;
He struts virtuoso and figure of fun;
Joe Miller, Tom Hearne, bound by Momus, in one.

Altho' he a right merry bachelor stands,
He has ask'd, and obtain'd many ladies' fair *hands!*
And leading a single, respectable life,
He keeps in his harem *maid, widow,* and *wife!*

His cot in a corner; quaint, antique, and modest,
Was made to contain of all odd things the oddest,
Forgotten by time, and sav'd out of his wreck
By spectacled Oldbucks—Veluti in spec!

Walk in and the motley miscellany see—
Hannah More and Nell Gwynn tête a tête, vis-a-vis!
Saint Dunstan, Sir Jeff; Guy of Warwick, old Guy;
Moll Flanders, Queen Bess; Mary Tofts, Mrs. Fry!

Brownrigg and Shipton; (remarkable Mothers!)
Turpin, Jack Sheppard, Hind, Barrington—(Brothers!)
Miss Blandy, Miss Canning; (the devil's own daughters!)
Will Summers, Mull'd-Sacke; Dusty Bob, Billy Waters!

Quacks, Quakers, Dwarfs, Giants, Mimes, Mountebanks, Mumpers;
The Hottentot Venus, and Radical rumpers!
Parson Huntingdon's pals, where old Nick in his niche is;
Their long leather ears, and *his* short leather breeches!

Fleet-weddings, round-a-bouts, raree-shows, races;
Thro' horse-collars clowns cutting comical faces;
Bubbles on dry land, balloons in the air;
Jack Frost on the Thames holding Bartlemy Fair.

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Duck-hunters merrily bending the stile O;
The ghost of Cock-Lane, and the cradle of Shiloh;
Thimble-rigs, Little-goes, Punch at his pranks,
And Members of Parliament free as their franks.

To Evelyn and Pepys and Johnson and Bozzy,
And Goldsmith and Garrick and Foote and Piozzi,
I often step in, and say "how d'ye do?"
At *Autograph Cottage*, 102!

And toast (*not* in tea! tattle's tipple,) the wight,
The fam'd caligraphist who taught men to write;
First dipp'd pen in ink, and his foolscap unfurl'd;
And *Autographmania* all over the world!

What village can boast like fair Islington town
Such time-honor'd worthies, such ancient renown?
Here jolly Queen Bess, after flirting with Leicester,
"*Undumpish'd*"* herself with Dick Tarltetou her Jester.

Here gallant gay Essex, and burly Lord Burleigh
Sat late at their revels, and came to them early;
Here honest Sir John took his ease at his inn—
Bardolph's proboscis, and Jack's double chin!

Here Finsbury Archers disported and quaff'd,
And Raleigh the brave took his pipe and his draught;
Here the Knight of Saint John pledged the Highbury Monk,
Till both to their pallets reel'd piously drunk.

Here stands the tall relic, old Canonbury Tow'r,
Where Auburn's sweet bard (A) won the muse to his bow'r—
The vandal that pulls thy grey tenements down,
When falls the first stone, may that stone crack his crown!

Thy green pleasant pastures, thy streamlets so clear,
Old classical village! to Elia (B) were dear—
Rare child of humanity! oft have we stray'd
On Sir Hugh's pleasant banks in the cool of the shade.

Joy to thy spirit, aquatic Sir Hugh!
To the end of old time shall thy River be New!
Thy Head, ancient Parr, (C) too shall not be forgotten;
Nor Thine, Virgin (?) Queen, (D) tho' thy timbers are rotten.

Thy chronicler Nelson, (E) his journey is sped,
Thy guest little Quick, (F) is the quick and the dead;
The last debt of nature he paid, as all must;
And came, like a gentleman, down with his dust.

Farewell pious Strachan, (G) and the good Shepherd Gaskin (H)
Who joined men and maids at the third time of asking!
A sigh for John Nichols (I) the loyal and true—
Old worthies farewell!—Now a cup to the *New*.

To Percival's (K) health fill a glass to the brim,
See Islington's great illustrator in him:
Urbanity, taste, liberality, mind—
No sky-lights, brave boys, and no heeltaps behind!

A bumper to Knight, (L) and each honest Piscator;
Disciple of Walton—carissima frater!
May death pass him by when he's throwing his hooks,
And long keep the worms from himself and his books.

Worms but remind us of coffins and knells,
And talking of coffins reminds us of shells;
And talking of shells just reminds us to drink on—
—Health and long life to Conchologist Lincolne! (M)

The sweet Swan of Avon his works would you view
In rare *old* editions? much better than *new!*
Repair to the Black-Letter *Prophet*, (N) and then
He'll shew you his *Lions*, and cry "Good ye *den!*"

Says Old Father Thames, "I a toast will propose
While every man's goblet is under his nose;
My old Bridge of London was ready to fall;
Three cheers for new piers! and Squire Jones (O) of Cream Hall."

All flesh is grass, so philosophers say;
Then while the sun shines we had better make hay!
As many more worthies are still to be found,
To part on the square, let us drink them all round.

Noah in his ark had a mighty queer lot;
And who in *his* ark shall say Upcott has not?
A bumper toast fill of the best in the island
To *Upcott*, (P) and *Autograph Cottage* on dry land!

J. D.
Canonbury Square.

* It was a saying of the time, that "*Dicke Tarlteton could undumpish her Majestie at his pleasure.*"—That is, dissipate the royal blue-devils after one of Elizabeth Tudor's wonted paroxysms of concupiscence and ferocity.

(A) Oliver Goldsmith found a pleasant retreat in a curiously oak panelled apartment (which still bears his name) in this venerable Tower. Here he put the last hand to his Traveller and Deserted Village; and composed much of his exquisite Vicar of Wakefield.

(B) Charles Lamb lived near Colebrooke Row. His favourite walks were the banks of the New River, and Hornsey. The writer, on these occasions, was his frequent companion.

(C) The Old Parr's Head in Upper-Street.

(D) The Old Queen's Head in the Lower-Street, (now razed to the ground!) was one of the most perfect specimens of ancient domestic architecture in the kingdom. In this ancient hostelrie it is said Sir Walter Raleigh "puff'd his pipe." For many years it was the convivial resort of retired citizens, and thirsty way-farers, who, under its primitive porch, quaffed their genuine nut-brown, and indulged in reminiscences of bye-gone days. The old oak Parlour has been preserved from the wreck, and is well worth a visit from the antiquary.

(E) John Nelson, Author of "The History and Antiquities of Islington;" the *first* edition of which is a valuable work—the *second* is waste-paper, some of the most interesting parts being omitted, and the hiatus filled up with low detail and pot-house politics.

(F) The celebrated Comedian, whom George III. used to call "*his actor.*" Quick resided in a small umbrageous cottage in Hornsey Row Islington, the walls of which (passage and staircases!) were covered with Zoffani's paintings of him in his capital characters. He lived to be an octogenarian; and was found (*moderately!*) of punch, entertaining and merry to the last.

(G) The Reverend George Strachan D.D. late Vicar of St. Mary Islington.

(H) The Reverend George Gaskin D.D. late Afternoon Lecturer of Ditto.

(I) John Nichols Esq. of Highbury, late editor of the Gentleman's magazine.

(K) Richard Percival Junr. Esq. F.S.A. of Highbury; whose highly curious and interesting collection of drawings and prints for the illustration of Islington may be truly pronounced matchless. Few libraries contain more beautifully illustrated volumes than this gentleman's.

(L) William Knight Esq. F.S.A. of Canonbury; a choice collector of Angling books and Missals.

(M) Abraham Lincolne Esq. of Highbury.

(N.) "*The Prophet?*" What meaneth the "metre-ballad-monger?" We know not of any other prophet appertaining unto "Old Iseldon," save the renowned "*Brothers*"—but we *do* know a certain bibliographical wight with a biblical cognomen, who rejoiceth in a bundle of old black-letter ballads, in sundry tiny dingy tomes of Merrie Jestes, songs, garlands, penny-chollerie and profane stage-playes—and a goodly row of Shaksperian Quartos. Can *this* be "a second *Daniel* come to judgement?"

(O) Richard Lambert Jones Esq., Chairman of the London Bridge Committee. The Library of the City of London owes much to Mr. Jones's supervisorship and good taste.

(P) William Upcott Esq. author of "A Bibliographical account of the Principal Books relating to English Topography," a work of great industry and research. Mr. Upcott possesses the most marvellous collection of Autographs that was ever brought together by the unwearied research and good luck of one individual. This interesting treasure ought never to see the auction-room—its proper depository is *The British Museum*—and it will reflect lasting discredit on the powers that be if it is lost to the Country.

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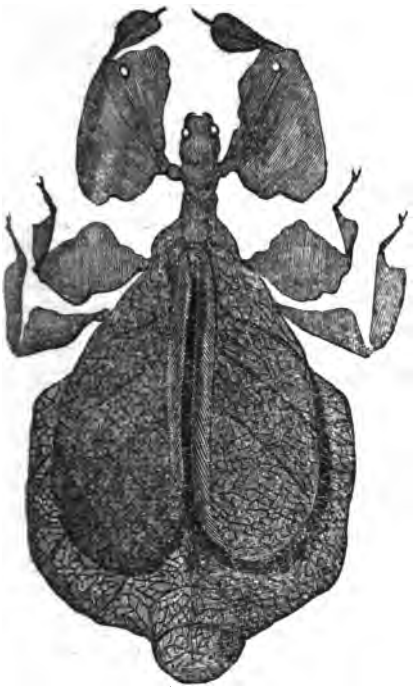
The Naturalist.



THE SPECTRE INSECT.

It has been truly said that the wing-cases of the tropical insects of the families *Locustæ*, *Mantis*, *Phasma*, &c., are so exactly like leaves, not only in colour, but in texture, and even in veining, from the fresh green of those newly expanded, to the faded brown of those withered and fallen, that botanists themselves might be deceived if they were detached from the insects, and exhibited as real leaves.

The family of spectres were formerly confounded with several insects different from them in many respects, such as the Mantidæ, or *praying mantises*. The Spectres are divided by most authors into two genera, namely, *Phasma* and *Phyllium*. In the former genus the body is filiform, and resembles the stem of a plant, or the twig of a tree. Several are entirely without wings, or have extremely short wing-cases. Very large species are found in the East Indies, the Moluccas, New Holland, and South America. Phasma Gigas, which measures nearly a foot in length, is found in the East Indies. *Phasma Rossi*, a much smaller and wingless species, is found in the south of France.

In the genus *Phyllium* both the body and legs are flattened, and membranous, and the first segment of the throat is cordiform. The wings and wing-cases vary in their degrees of developement in different species, but they frequently cover the abdomen in such a manner as to make it appear as if two leaves had fallen upon it. Some seem green and fresh, others, brown and withered, while an intermediate kind present the red and yellow hues of autumn. This imitation, or rather representation of the vegetal kingdom, is indeed so singular as to attract the attention, and excite the astonishment of the least curious enquirer.

Allan Cunningham, the botanist, who has observed several of the Australian *Phasmidæ* in their native haunts, says, that the reason why they are so rarely met with, is owing to their solitary and sedate habits, being always found single, or only two in company, crawling slowly up the underwood, shrubs, &c., on which they seem to pass their existence in the hot summer months, feeding on the young, glutinous, or gummy trees. He says also, that they occasionally disappear for two or three years together.

The whole family of spectres and walking-leaf insects, are viewed with great reverence in several parts of the world. The Turks, the Hottentots, and the peasantry of the south of France, regard them as sacred on account of the demure and clerical-like movements of the insects. This absurd reverence for them has been wittily ridiculed by the facetious Tommy Hood, in his poetical address to Rae Wilson:—

> A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is
> Not a whit better than a Mantis,—
> An insect, of what clime I can't determine,
> That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,
> By simple savages—through sheer pretence—
> Is reckon'd quite a saint amongst the vermin.

The above figure of the spectre is from a specimen in the East India Company's Museum.

J. H. F.

FEMALE COURTSHIP IN ROME.

The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty, and virtue, impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady, who takes a liking to a young foreigner, does not cast down her eyes when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him, in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to the young man's friend: *Dite al che signor my piace*—"Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiments, and asks, *My volete bene?* "Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, *Si, caro*—"Yes, dear." In this simple and unembellished manner commence connexions which last for years, and which, when they are dissolved, plunge the men into despiar. The Marquis Gatti lately shot himself, because, on his return from Paris, he found that his mistress had been false to him.

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Biography.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(*Continued from page 71.*)

Upon this unexpected and severe reverse of fortune, he determined on retiring from that busy scene of life, in which he had met with so many troubles, and to seek in retirement that happiness, which, from experience, he knew was not to be found at courts. The place which he chose for his retreat, was Woodstock, a spot endeared to him, by the satisfaction he had experienced in the days of his prosperity, when wandering through its pleasant walks; and here, during his retirement, he employed a great part of his time in revising and correcting his writings; but the period was now approaching when he was to experience as great a change in his affairs as he had hitherto met with; for the Duke of Lancaster, whose absence had occasioned him so much distress, was preparing to return to England, which occurrence took place towards the end of the year 1389. The Duke of Lancaster had been engaged in an expedition into Spain, for the purpose of taking possession of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, the title of which he had assumed, in the right of his wife; and although he was compelled to abandon the war, yet, after dismissing his army, and relinquishing his design, for the accomplishment of which he had spent such vast sums, he obtained almost as much as he could have expected from victory, having been enabled to make his two daughters, queens, one of Castile, and the other of Portugal; and, at the same time, bringing over with him an immense treasure, having, according to one of our historians, as many chests of gold as loaded forty-seven mules. Soon after his return to England, his party began to revive; and having recovered his credit at court, the king, in full parliament, created him Duke of Aquitaine, and sent him over to take possession of that principality. The Duke of Lancaster's affection for Lady Catherine Swynford, sister of Chaucer's wife, seems to have revived with his fortune; for we find him, under the pretence of rewarding her for the care she had taken in the education of his two daughters Philippa and Elizabeth, making her very large grants, one of which was the grant of the wardship of the heir of Bertram de Sanby, and of an annuity of two hundred marks per annum, payable out of his honour of Tickhill. The following are the words of this grant:—For the good and agreeable service which our thrice dear and most beloved Lady Catherine Swynford, the mistress of our most beloved daughters, hath rendered to our said children, we have given and granted, etc. The true cause of this affection towards her appears to have been on account of the children he had by her, to whom he gave the name of Beaufort, which was derived from the Latin *de bello forte*, the name of a castle in Anjou, which came into his family by his marriage with the Lady Blanch, of Artois, Queen of Navarre. These children were the following, namely:—John Beaufort, afterwards Earl of Somerset; Henry Beaufort, afterwards Cardinal Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor of England; Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, afterwards Duke of Exeter; and Joan, married, first, to Sir Robert Ferrers, of Overfly, and afterwards to Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland. It is stated by Weaver, in his *Funeral Monuments*, a very curious and circumspect writer in the time of Charles II., that among the descendants of John, Duke of Lancaster, there had been eight kings, four queens, and five princes of England; six kings, and three queens of Scotland; two cardinals, upwards of twenty dukes, almost as many duchesses of England; several dukes of Scotland; besides many potent princes and eminent nobility in foreign parts.

Although we have no authentic account of the benefits that occurred to Chaucer through this alteration in the duke's affairs, yet we have no reason to doubt but that he felt the effects of his patron's prosperity; although, at the same time, it appears he had taken such a dislike to courts, that nothing could tempt him to quit his rural retirement; his mind, however, being more at rest, he undertook and finished a new work, which has established his reputation, with respect to learning, upon as firm a basis, as his former labours had fixed his fame for wit and genius. This new work appears to have been written in 1391, and was intended for the use of his youngest son, Lewis, who, although only ten years of age, was so forward in his learning, as to be desirous of having his father's instruction in acquiring the principles of astronomy. This appears to have been the cause of his writing his *Treatise on the Astrolabe*; a production which not only shews the skill of its author, but likewise proves that this useful and sublime science was not, at that period, at so low an ebb as is generally represented. Some writers assert that this discourse of Chaucer's, was merely a translation; while others suppose it to be a collection from other authors who had written before him on the same subject. In Chaucer's works, this production is entitled *The Conclusions of the Astrolabe*. In the introduction, which is addressed to his son, he remarks, that it was with great pleasure he observed his growing capacity and earnest passion for learning, which very willingly induced him to yield to his request of teaching him the use of this instrument. He then proceeds to inform him, that it was not his intention to discourse on the whole science, but only on those parts that were the most useful, and might be easily performed by this curious instrument, being the fittest for the apprehension of a child of ten years of age. After which he adds, that it was for the same reason he wrote them in English instead of Latin, conceiving that to write on science, in a tongue

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of which a young person might have but a superficial knowledge, was unnecessary, science being the same in whatever language it might be taught; and that he had written it in a very plain style, out of regard to the tenderness of his understanding; and that he judged it better to use more words in order to make the propositions more clear, than, by studying a correct style, render his work difficult for a child to understand. This work is in every respect what the author proposed to make it, being clearly written, and delivered in a manner which cannot fail to please and satisfy a young scholar. In a fine manuscript of this treatise, formerly belonging to Dr. Henry Moore, Bishop of Ely, there is a note, in which it is stated that at this time Lewis Chaucer was under the tuition of his father's friend, Nicholas Strode. But there appears some mistake in regard to this Nicholas Strode; for, according to Leland, Bale, and Wood, the friend of Chaucer was Ralph Strode, of Merton College, in Oxford, one of the greatest philosophers, and most esteemed poets of his time. The note to the manuscript mentioned above, is in the following terms:—Explicit Tractatus de Conclusionibus Astrolabii, compilat. per Galfredum Chaucier ad filium suum Ludovicum scholarem tunc temporis Oxoniæ, sc sub tutela illius nobilissimi philosophi Magistri N. Strode. About four years after Chaucer had finished this treatise, and while her husband was in France, Constance, Duchess of Lancaster, died, and was buried with great solemnity at Leicester; and the Duke of Lancaster, upon his return to England at the end of the year, not meeting with so kind a reception at court as he expected, went suddenly to Lincoln, where his old mistress, Lady Catherine Swynford, resided, and to the great surprise of the country, married her. This gave great offence to the Duchess of Gloucester, the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Arundel, and other ladies descendant of the royal family, as she became, by this marriage, the second person in the realm; and, from being considered not a fit companion for either, now took precedence of the whole; but she behaved with so much discretion and humility, that these disputes were soon amicably settled; and at the same time she gained such an ascendency over the king, that, the year after her marriage, he took her and the duke with him into France, at which time he espoused the king of France's daughter, Isabel, who being very young, was placed under the care of the Duchess of Lancaster. Soon after the return of the royal family to England, we find a singular instance of the advantage that Chaucer received from this alliance; the king having by letters patent granted him an annuity of twenty marks per annum, in lieu of that which was given to him by his grandfather, but which, in the time of his distress, he had been compelled to dispose of. Shortly after, he granted him, by other letters patent, dated the fourth of May, in the twenty-first year of his reign, his protection for two years, signifying that for that period he had occasion to employ him in his service. But these were not the only instances afforded him of royal favour; for, we find that by letters patent, dated the thirteenth of October, in the following year, he had a pipe of wine annually granted him out of the customs of the port of London, which was to be delivered to him by the chief butler; an office to which his son, Thomas Chaucer, had been lately appointed. But although these benefits must have cheered and comforted his decayed spirits in the decline of life, yet he had, about the same time, the misfortune to lose his noble patron, constant friend, and kind brother, the Duke of Lancaster, by whom he was first brought to court, and through whose favour he never wanted countenance or support, when he had the power to bestow it. This loss appears to have deeply afflicted him, for soon after he retired to Dunnington Castle, where he spent the greatest part of his time, during the last two years of his life. The following description of this retreat of Chaucer, is given by Camden: "It is a small but neat castle, situated upon the brow of a rising hill, having an agreeable prospect, very light, with windows on all sides, said to have been built by Sir Richard Adderbury, Knight, who likewise founded an hospital beneath it, called God's-house; it was afterwards the seat of Chaucer, then of the De la Poles; and in our father's memory, the residence of C. Brandon, Duke of Suffolk." At the beginning of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., it was garrisoned for the king, under the valiant Sir John Boys, and by commanding the western road and town of Newbury, was of great advantage to the royal party as a safe retreat; but, after a rough assault, and as bold a resistance, during which several of the towers were battered down, it was surrendered upon honourable conditions. A writer, who visited it some time since, says, "the only remains of this structure, are a battered gateway, with two towers, and a small part of the ruined walls; the ground about it, as well as the ruins, are choaked with brambles, and over-run with ivy. It is situated about half-a-mile to the right of Spinam land, and a mile beyond Newbury, on the same side. After crossing the river Kennet, you arrive at the village of Dunnington, from which there is a steep but pleasant ascent to a hill under the castle, where stands a seat, formerly belonging to the Countess of Sandwich; from thence arises the castle hill, which is very steep, and not unlike that whereon the observatory stands at Greenwich, and from this hill there is a fine prospect of several counties; at the back of the castle are level grounds, woodlands, and inclosures. The castle stands in a pleasant park, in which there was a famous oak, called Chaucer's oak, under which, according to tradition, he wrote several of his poems." Mr. Eveleyn, who gives a particular description of this tree, says, that there were three of them planted by Chaucer: namely, the king's oak, the queen's oak, and Chaucer's oak.

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It was during Chaucer's residence at this castle, that the revolution took place which placed Henry of Lancaster, the son of his brother-in-law, upon the throne. But although we do not find him very eager to pay his compliments to the new king, or triumphing in the misfortunes of his late kind master and gracious benefactor, yet he did not disregard those advantages which were offered to him by this revolution; for having accidentally lost the grant of the last annuity, as well as that of the pipe of wine, he obtained a confirmation of them in the first year of Henry IV., by an exemplification of his former letters patent; but this was not the only favour he received from the new king, who, out of regard to the ancient friendship and near alliance which existed between his father and Chaucer, granted him in the first year of his reign, an annuity of forty marks per annum for the term of his life. It is asserted by an eminent writer, that Chaucer enjoyed the honour of being poet laureat under three kings; namely, Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV.; but in regard to which he appears to be mistaken; for, according to the learned Selden, there was no such office before the reign of Edward IV. If we take the term in a more extensive sense, and suppose it to mean an eminent poet who celebrated these princes, it may justly be applied to Chaucer, in regard to the two first, but we find nothing in his works relating to the last, his name not being so much as mentioned in any of Chaucer's writings. The short time he lived after the accession of Henry IV., was chiefly employed in regulating his private affairs, which had suffered greatly by the public disorders; for, all the public acts of the deposed Richard II., in the twenty-first year of his reign, having been declared void, Chaucer was compelled to quit his retirement, and come to town, for the purpose of soliciting his causes; and as he was now beginning to bend under the weight of years, this accession of business, which obliged him to alter his mode of living, is supposed to have injured his health, which from this period began rapidly to decline. Chaucer, who bore the near approach of his death with true Christian patience, appears to have retained the noble faculties of his mind to the last, there being extant a sonnet or ode, consisting of three stanzas, that he composed on his death-bed. The beauty of this piece, as well as the extraordinary occasion upon which it was written, has induced us to insert it in this place: it is transcribed from a manuscript in the Cotton-library, (Otho, A. XVIII.,) bearing the following title:—A ballade made by Giffrey Chaucyer, uppon his dethe bedde, lying in his grete anguysse.

Gode Counsaile of Chaucer.

Flie fro the prese, and dwell with sothfastnesse;
Suffice unto thy Gode, though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climbyng tikilnesse;
Prece hath envy, and wele it brent ore all,
Savour ne more then the behovin shall:
Rede well thyself, that other folke canst rede,
And trouthe the shall delivir, it is no drede.

Paine the not eche crokid to redresse.
In trust of her that tournith as a balle;
Grete rest standith in litil businesse,
Beware also to spurre again a nalle.
Strive not as doith a crocke with a walle,
Demith thyself that demist others dede,
And trouthe the shall delivir, it is no drede.

That the is sent receve in buxomenesse;
The wrastlyng of this worlde asketh a falle;
Here is no home, here is but wildirnesse,
For the pilgrim for the o best out of thy stalle,
Loke upon high, and thanke thy God of all;
Weivith thy luste, and let thy ghost the lede,
And trouthe the shall delivir, it is no drede.

He died October 25, 1400, in the full possession of that high reputation which his writings had deservedly acquired, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the great south cross-aisle. It is asserted by some writers, that he was buried at first in the cloister, where he lay until some years after, but this must be a mistake, for Caxton, in his edition of Chaucer, says, that he was buried in the abbey-church of Westminster, before the chapel of St. Bennet; and he is supposed to have been interred under a large slab of grey marble, which was in the pavement, where the monument of Dryden now stands, which is in front of the chapel. During the erecting of this monument, the slab was taken up and sawn in pieces. It is asserted by Speght and others, that the following lines were anciently upon Chaucer's tomb-stone:

Galfridus Chaucer, vates et fama poesis
Materiæ, hâc sacrâ sum t mulatus humo.

But this must refer only to the time of Caxton, who procured a long epitaph to be written, in honour of Chaucer, by Stephanus Surigonius, poet-laureat of Milan, which was hung upon a pillar over Chaucer's grave-stone, towards the end of which epitaph these two lines occur. But in 1556, Mr. Nicholas Brigham, a gentleman of Oxford, who was a great admirer of Chaucer's works, erected, at his own expense, a handsome monument to his memory, not far from the chapel of St. Bennet. Upon this monument Mr. Brigham had painted a portrait of Chaucer, from that which was in Occleve's book, with the following inscription:—

M. S.

Qui fuit Anglorum vates ter maximus olim,
Galfridus Chaucer conditur hoc tumulo;
Annum si quæras Domini, si tempora vitæ,
Ecce notæ subsunt quæ tibi cuncta notant.
25 Octobris, 1400.
Ærumnarum requies mors.
N. Brigham hos fecit Musarum nomine sumptus.
1556.

It is said that the following verses were formerly written on the edge of the tomb, but it is more probable that they were inscribed upon a ledge of brass, which has been taken away, for there is not the least appearance of any letters upon the stone itself:

Si rogites quis eram, forsan te fama docebit:
Quod si fama negat, mundi quia gloria transit,
Hæc monumenta lege.

(To be continued.)

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The Public Journals.

[From the 116th No. of the *Asiatic Journal*, we have extracted the following treatise, "important as an element of youthful instruction, inculcating universal paternal reverence;" it is entitled

The Heaou-king; or, "Book of Filial Obedience."]

"The Book of Filial Piety," says the preface, "is the rule of action, the requisite of all religion—Confucius wrote it of old, and delivered it to posterity:" a sentence sufficient to prove the high estimation in which it must be held by the subjects of the celestial empire. The first section contains "The exposition of the doctrine." Chung-neih was seated, meditating at his leisure, and Tsang-tsze was by his side, when the sage exclaimed, "The former monarchs possessed the summit of virtue, and the utmost limit of reason; the people harmonized with them; the upper and lower classes were not agitated by contention: are you aware how this was accomplished?" "I, Tsan," replied Tsang-tsze, rising from his seat, "am not intelligent: how can I adequately comprehend it?"—"Behold," replied Confucius, "filial piety is the root of virtue, and they instilled it into the rising generation." When Tsan had resumed his seat, "I tell you," he continued, "from children deriving their physical origin from their parents, and not presuming to injure them, was the commencement of filial piety. The desire of obtaining present respect, and future honour among posterity, by manifesting regard towards their father and mother, was the end of filial piety. Filial piety commences by reverence towards parents, centres in fidelity towards the prince, terminates in establishing a good reputation. The *Taya* says:

"'Forget ye not your parents, but revere;
Adorn their virtues!'"

The second section is on the emperor. "He who loves his parents," continued Confucius, "cannot hate mankind; he who reveres them cannot be brutal towards society at large. If he revere his parents with love and reverence, his virtuous example will pervade the hundred families, like an universal law, to the four seas. The *Foohing* says:

"'The king alone with virtue makes mankind
Depend on his example.'"

The third section is on the courtiers. "They should not be proud of their elevation; but dignified, and not timid; and when invested with office, should act with moral propriety, like a vessel filled to the brim, but yet not overflowing. Thus they will attain respect and honour, and be able to protect the gods of the land and grain, and harmonize the people. This is the duty of a courtier. The *She-king* says:

"'Trembling with apprehension, like to him
Who nears the steep or treads along the ice.'"

In this manner the sage continues to deliver his opinions relative to the application of the doctrine to all conditions of life. As to the ministers, in section iv., quoting at the end a stanza of some of the old poems, which, at that early period, were the popular and oracular method of instruction; to them he applies:

At noon and night alike forget ye not
To serve your monarch.

To the doctors, after a longer charge, (section v.,) he says:

Waking at morn, retiring at the night,
Forget ye not your fathers.

The duty of the common people (sec. vi.,) is "To make use of the course of the seasons and fecundity of the ploughed earth, behave themselves with propriety, and support their parents; this is the duty of the common people. By an uninterrupted chain of filial duties, from the prince to the peasant, calamity is averted: it cannot even exist." Confucius then proceeds to consider the doctrine in its relation to the three principles of earth, man, and heaven, in relation to the uniformity and tranquillity of nature, and the conduct of the former monarchs in respect to the example they set, from their observation of these principles (sec. vii.):

Their luminous and much enlightened lords,
The people saw with awe.

The eighth section contains an account of the virtue of Ming-wang, who governed the empire by the inculcation of this doctrine:

——Whose virtuous deeds perceived,
Four nations reverenced and obeyed his name.

In the ninth section, Tsang-tsze asks the sage if it would not be better rather to inquire into the virtues of the saints (*Shing-jin*)? Confucius replies, that the most important of all actions is filial piety, and the height of filial piety to treat your father like heaven. The philosopher then proceeds to instance the duties of the *Shing-jin*, in stimulating the practice of filial piety, and states: "Hence, to be wanting in affection towards parents, and to bestow it upon strangers, is called perverted virtue; to be disrespectful to relations, and civil towards strangers, perverted politeness." He then points out the manner in which a virtuous man usually conducts himself, and quotes the *She-king*, in which it is stated:

——When uncorrupt the sage,
Like heaven, he errs not.

The tenth section contains an account of an arrangement of a course of filial piety—especially its influence, as manifested in the example of the monarch. In the eleventh section, is considered the duty in its relation to punishments. "The five modes of punishment comprehend a class of three thousand crimes; but the greatest of all is a want of filial affection—diminishing respect to the prince and his dignity, substituting anarchy for the conduct of the saints." In the twelfth section it is considered with relation to the utmost limit of reason. In this chapter, ceremonies and

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music, filial obedience and fraternal respect, are prescribed as the very first requisites of government. The thirteenth section considers it with relation to the summit of virtue—the impossibility of regulating the government without the monarch being endued with the highest moral character, which cannot exist without filial obedience. The fourteenth, a very short section, examines it with respect to the attainment of fame. Tsang-tsze, in the fifteenth, demands of his master, "When feelings of affection and extreme respect are manifested towards parents, you say that children will attain fame; now, should a son, when he receives his father's command, presume to differ from it, will he be termed filial?"—"What are you saying? what are you saying?" replied Confucius.—"In times of old, when the emperor and his courtiers had disputes, although they fell into excess against reason, the empire was not lost. When the courtiers and ministers had disputes, the kingdom was not lost. When the inferior officers and ministers disputed, the families were not lost. When the learned and their friends disagree, their good name is not lost; neither do father and son, when they disagree, lose their pretensions to righteousness." In such a tenor is the whole of this excellent tract drawn up. The morality it breathes, the duties it inculcates, are not inferior to the doctrines of Socrates. Kindness and submission to the aged, gratitude for parental care, rendering back, at the close of life, those offices which the adult so freely offers to his offspring. Dutiful, but not unqualified, submission, it everywhere promulgates. In the sixteenth chapter it considers the doctrine with regard to rewards and punishments, comparing the honour rendered to a father to the adoration of the providence of heaven; the honour rendered to a mother, to the nature of earth—antithetical allusion to the *yang* and *yin* principles, or motion and *vis inertiæ*, common in Chinese writings. So universal was the influence of filial piety, that, in the words of the poem,

> In every quarter of the world, no thought
> But breathed submission.

The sympathetic influence which it exerts between ministers and monarchs, forms the argument of the seventeenth section.

> ——When mutual their affection,
> They do not shun to speak aloud their thoughts,
> Which, by the fearful, treasured in their heart,
> Ne'er see the light of day.

The eighteenth section concludes with the mourning for parents. "This," continues Confucius, "is the conduct of a dutiful son, when he grieves for the death of his parents: There is no clamour in his grief, no ostentation in the funereal rites, no flowers of rhetoric in his speech, no gaiety in his apparel; when he listens to music, there is no pleasure in its strain; when he eats, no savour in his food: such is his sorrow!"

These are the doctrines by which this singular and reflecting people are professedly guided. Socrates could scarcely have added another trait to their excellence, considered morally or metaphysically. It brings to the mind the common, though not less touching, anecdote of the rude sons of Sparta rising at the theatre to the white-haired old man. It breathes a knowledge and a kindness too little practised in Europe; it inculcates a feeling which requires strengthening, and aids nature where her power seems to fail most strikingly. It has implanted love for offspring; but duty and love for parents is not innate but acquired.

[BLACKWOOD is this month particularly rich. The article on *Song Writing* is certainly of the first order; so is also *A Prosing upon Poetry. Literary Fables*, from the Spanish of Yriarte, display great judgment and discrimination. It is from the *Lungs of London*, we extract the following graphic description of

Kensington Gardens,]

Which consisted originally, as we are told by Pennant, of only twenty-six acres. Queen Anne added thirty acres, which were laid out by her gardener, Mr. Wise; but the principal additions were made by the late Queen, who took in near three hundred acres out of Hyde Park, which were laid out by Bridgeman. They are now three and a half miles in circumference. The broad walk, which extends from the palace along the south side of the gardens, is in the spring a very fashionable promenade, especially on Sunday mornings. Kensington Gardens have been the subject of several poems, one especially by Tickell, of which we would here insert some extracts did space permit. The present extent of these gardens is somewhere about three hundred and thirty-six acres, with eight acres of water, occupying a circular pond to the west of the palace—an ugly edifice, as all our metropolitan palatial edifices are—but unpretending enough, nor, unlike its precious colleague in St. James's Park, does it superadd impudence to vulgarity. At this season of the year Kensington Gardens look remarkably well; they have an air more park-like, more secluded, than any of the other public walks of the metropolis, and afford a more unbroken shelter from the noonday heat. Here is a solitude, a seclusion, as complete as can be wished for in the immediate vicinity of a great city; the noise, confusion, and racket of the mighty Babylon close by, is lost in the distance, save when the booming bell of St. Paul's is heard to thunder forth the fleeting hour. The trees here are more numerous, more lofty, and cast a greater breadth of shade than in the Parks; but then, regarded individually, they are comparatively insignificant. The grounds are skilfully laid out, partly in the Dutch, partly in the English taste; which combination of the artificial formal, with the more natural irregular style, when cleverly executed, forms the perfection of landscape gar-

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dening. This union of grandeur, and breadth of effect, with a certain degree of natural arrangement, has been very well hit off in these gardens—the long, unbroken, regular avenues of green sward, with the dense columnar masses of foliage between, have something majestic in their appearance; while the absence of statues, hermitages, marble temples, bronze sarcophagi, and spouting monsters, relieve the scene from that constrained and artificial appearance that attends the vast majority of parks laid out in this style.

Our continental brethren carry this adornment of their public walks to a ridiculous excess. One would imagine that such places were intended as retreats from the bustle of cities; but a stranger entering the gardens of the Tuileries, for example, so far from being solaced with the agreeable delusion of retirement, finds himself introduced into the society of marble gentlemen and ladies, dying gladiators, gold and silver fish, orange trees stuck in green gallipots, and tritons spewing water in his face at every angle; so that he begins to feel himself altogether out of his element, and half inclined to resign the privilege of the promenade to the courtly creations of the magic pencil of Watteau, with their laced pocket-holes, clouded canes, velvet embroidery, and ruffles of *Point d'Espagne*. In Kensington Gardens, on the contrary, the lounger is not obliged to be so much upon his good behaviour; he can enjoy a stroll sufficiently retired for all reasonable purposes; and, if he does not object to good company, the broad walk affords good company in abundance,—literary ladies with the last new novel—cooing turtles, squeezing the last drops of ambrosia out of the expiring honeymoon—and faded old gentlemen in sky-blue coats, virgin waistcoats, Isabella-coloured "smalls," and black gaiters, who emerge from their neat suburban villas of Kensington Gore, and Bayswater, to take the air, and sigh for the brocaded petticoats, high-heeled shoes, hoops, and powdered toupees of half-a-century ago.

The view from the centre of this broad walk, exactly in front of the Palace, is one of the finest afforded anywhere in the vicinity of the metropolis. The trees, drawn up in close column like a rifle brigade of his Majesty the Emperor of Brobdignag—the vistas between, extending far away into the shady distance—the verdure of the sward, which is here more luxuriant and unbroken than in the Parks—the air of quiet and seclusion that is breathed over the scene, make it altogether superior to anything the vicinity of towns can afford to the eye wearied with an universe of brick and mortar.

In the fashionable season, when the military bands assemble here for practice, which they usually do on every Tuesday and Friday, from four to six in the afternoon, near the bridge of the Serpentine, the concourse of fashionable people is immense—and the scene altogether of great animation.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S PICTURE OF AMERICA.*

"America is a wonderful country, endowed by the Omnipotent with natural advantages which no other can boast of; and the mind can hardly calculate upon the degree of perfection and power to which, whether the States are eventually separated or not, it may in the course of two centuries arrive. At present all is energy and enterprise; everything is in a state of transition, but of rapid improvement—so rapid, indeed, that those who would describe America now, would have to correct all in the short space of ten years; for ten years in America is almost equal to a century in the old continent. Now, you may pass through a wild forest, where the elk browses and the panther howls. In ten years, that very forest, with its denizens, will, most likely, have disappeared, and in their place you will find towns with thousands of inhabitants; with arts, manufactures, and machinery, all in full activity. In reviewing America, we must look upon it as showing the developement of the English character under a new aspect, arising from a new state of things. If I were to draw a comparison between the English and the Americans, I should say that there is almost as much difference between the two nations at this present time, as there has long been between the English and the Dutch; the latter are considered by us as phlegmatic and slow; and we may be considered the same, compared with our energetic descendants. Time to an American is everything, and space he attempts to reduce to a mere nothing. By the steam-boats, railroads, and the wonderful facilities of water-carriage, a journey of five hundred miles is as little considered in America, as would be here a journey from London to Brighton. "*Go ahead*" is the real motto of the country; and every man does push on to gain in advance of his neighbour. The American lives twice as long as others; for he does twice the work during the time that he lives. He begins life sooner; at fifteen he is considered a man, plunges into the stream of enterprise, floats and struggles with his fellows. In every trifle an American shows the value he puts upon time: he rises early, eats his meals with the rapidity of a wolf, and is the whole day at his business. If he be a merchant, his money, whatever it may amount to, is seldom invested; it is all floating—his accumulations remain active; and when he dies, his wealth has to be collected from the four quarters of the globe. Now, all this energy and activity is of English origin; and were England expanded into America the same results would be produced. To a certain degree, the English were in former times what the Americans are now; and this it is which has raised our country so high in the scale of nations; but since we have become so closely packed—so crowded, that there is hardly room

* From his "Diary in America."

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for the population, our activity has been proportionally cramped and subdued. But, in this vast and favoured country the very associations and impressions of childhood foster and ripen the intellect, and precociously rouse the energies. The wide expanse of territory already occupied—the vast and magnificent rivers—the boundless regions, yet remaining to be peopled—the rapidity of communication—the dispatch with which everything is effected, are evident almost to the child. To those who have rivers many thousand miles in length, the passage across the Atlantic (of 3,500 miles) appears but a trifle."

The Gatherer.

We are happy to announce, that the Royal Society of Literature intend publishing, periodically, under the immediate superintendence of the council, a *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, arranged in chronological order, and forming an entire Literary History of the United Kingdom, beginning with the commencement of the Anglo-Saxon period. It is quite unnecessary to expiate on the usefulness and importance of such an undertaking.

1421.—Loud complaints made by the inferior clergy, of the smallness and inequality of their stipend. Ordered by the superior convocation, that each Bishop's family barber should shave each priest holding orders of his Bishop, without payment.

In 1267, origin of turnpikes, in a grant of a penny for each wagon passing through a certain manor.

Mr. Charles Dickens, (Boz.) has announced an entirely new work; the first number to appear early in March. We are happy to perceive that the last number of the popular "Nicholas Nickleby," will be embellished with a portrait of its talented author.

Machine for copying Oil Paintings.—M. Liepmann, a painter of eminence at Berlin, is stated to have invented a mechanical process for taking, in a very short time, a copy of any painting in oil, however old, with an exactitude which cannot be attained by the brush. M. Liepmann has exhibited his machine in the galleries of the Royal Museum at Berlin, and in the presence of the directors, made 110 copies of a portrait of Rembrandt, with the greatest success.—*Morning Herald.*

In all Turkish towns are found a vast number of skeletons of the domestic animals, affording ample opportunity for studying the anatomy of the camel, cow, horse, ass, and ox: the dogs begin, and the sun and wind complete, the bleaching of the skeleton. The head of the ox alone escapes this fate; in cultivated districts it is placed on a stick, or hung on a tree, as a scare-crow. This custom prevails in Greece as well as here.—*Fellows' Asia Minor.*

The pipes used by the Shepherds in Asia Minor, is a similar instrument to those found in the tombs in Athens, specimens of which are in the British Museum; it is open at both ends, and is played by the shepherds in the manner represented on the Greek vases, by blowing sideway into it. This instrument and the lyre are sufficient evidence that the ancient Greeks, who attained a perfection in architecture and sculpture never equalled by any other age, cannot have understood the science of music.—*Ibid.*

Wreck of the Royal George.—Colonel Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, whose abilities are so well known, has received orders to remove the wreck of the *Royal George*, by the same means he so effectually employed in the Thames in clearing that river.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

Dr. Chowne mentions, in the current number of the *Lancet*, the very singular case of a Swiss, who had undergone the process of hanging 13 times, and yet survived it all. When death at last had seized his prey, his body was examined to ascertain the cause of this strange tenacity of life, and it was found that the windpipe was turned to bone; a sufficient cause certainly for his not being suffocated.

In 1464, a herd of sheep transported from Cotswold hills in Glocestershire to Castile; from these are descended the sheep which produce the fine wool of Spain.

1466.—Salary of Thomas Littleton, Judge of the King's Bench, 136*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, and 17*l.* 7*s.* for his fur-gown, robes, &c.

The Bishop of Hola, in Iceland, hired the master of a London merchant ship, as proxy to perform the visitation of his see.

A curious document has been placed in our hands, purporting to be a list of the servants, with the wages paid to them, kept in one of the oldest baronial halls in England, in the year 1757; and we make the following extracts from it, as a specimen of the difference in the price of labour at that period and the present. The following are the half-yearly wages:—

	£.	s.	d.
Joseph Hilton, head-man and park-keeper	3	3	0
James Weber, groom	2	2	0
William Barrow, under-man	2	12	6
Mrs. Mally Cross, housekeeper	2	0	0
Jane Stoot old cook-maid	1	1	0
Dorothy Stephenson, chamber and dairy-maid	1	2	6
Mally Newby, ditto	1	2	6

The coffin of the Duke of Kent was remarkable for being the largest ever made for any of the royal family; being 7 feet 5½ inches in length, 2 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 2 feet 1 inch deep, and weighing upwards of a ton. The number of benevolent institutions his Royal Highness patronised, amounted to seventy!

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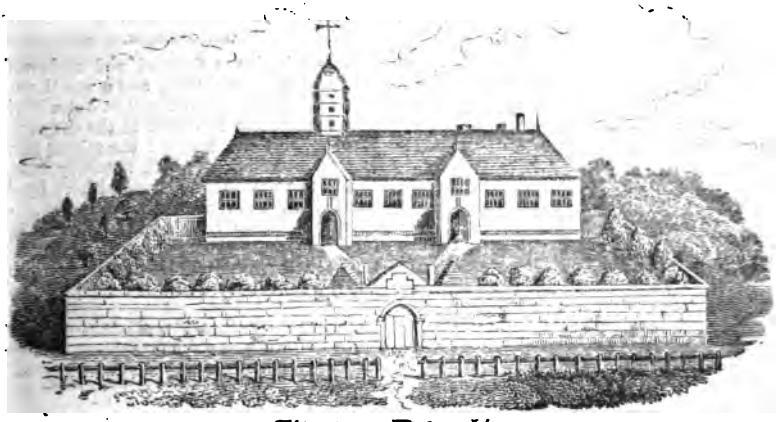
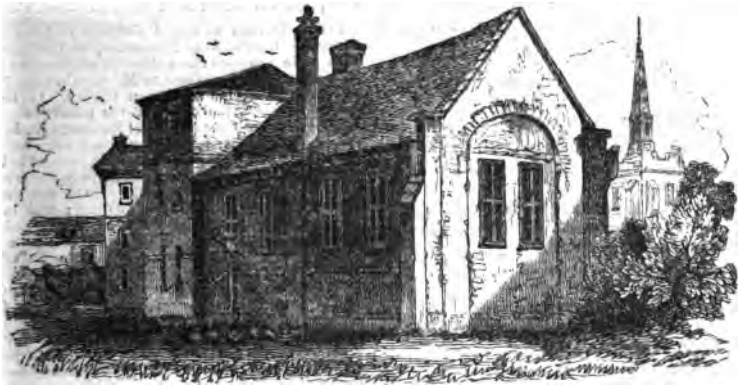
FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS.



Tiverton, Devonshire.



Chelmsford, Essex.

Barnstaple, Devonshire

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FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, AT TIVERTON, DEVONSHIRE.

THIS grammar-school was founded, and amply endowed, in 1604, pursuant to the will of Peter Blundell,* a wealthy clothier, and native of Tiverton, who gave 2,400*l.* for the purchase of ground and the erection of the building; and, for its maintenance, devised all his lands in Devonshire to twenty-seven trustees, directing his executors to apply 2,000*l.* of the proceeds in the establishment and perpetual maintenance of six students at the universities of either Oxford or Cambridge. Additional scholarships were founded by John Ham, in 1678; by R. Downe, in 1806; and one to Balliol College, Oxford, by John Newte, in 1715. There are likewise two exhibitions of 30*l.* per annum each, endowed with the dividends on certain stock bequeathed by Benjamin Gilbert, in 1783. The upper and under master have each a house rent free: the number of boys educated, the majority of whom are boarders, has varied considerably at different times. The whole income is upwards of 900*l.* per annum. The building is a venerable edifice of stone, having its north front cased with Purbeck marble: the façade exhibits two porches, and is of considerable extent, with a spacious quadrangular court opposite. The celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew,† the noted king of the beggars, received his education in the above school.

FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AT CHELMSFORD, ESSEX,

WAS founded and endowed in 1552, by Edward VI.; in addition to the classics, a course of English instruction has been introduced: this school, in common with those at Malden and Brentwood, has an exhibition of 6*l.* per annum to Caius College, Cambridge; the management is vested in four hereditary trustees. The common seal is of brass, having a rose engraved on it, and round the edge this inscription: COE. SIGILL. GUB. POSS. REV. E. BONOR. LIB. SHO. GRAM. REG. EDRI. VI^th. IN CHELMSFORD IN COM. ESSEX. The schoolhouse was rebuilt by R. Benyon, Esq., in 1782, on the site of a more ancient one erected by Sir John Tyrrell, Bart. Philemon Holland,‡ translator of Camden's Britannia, and a native of Chelmsford; John Dee, the celebrated mathematician; Sir William Mildmay, Bart., founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge; and Dr. Hume, archdeacon of Rochester, received the rudiments of their education in this establishment.

FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AT BARNSTAPLE, DEVONSHIRE.

This school was founded and endowed, in 1649, by R. Ferris, Esq., and a small annuity was added, in 1760, by the Rev. John Wright; the management is vested in the corporation, who appoint the master: the school-house is an ancient building, which formerly belonged to a Cluniac monastery, founded here by Johel de Totnes, soon after the conquest. John Jewel, bishop of Salisbury;§ Thomas Harding, the Jesuit professor at Louvain;‖ and the poet Gay, who was born in the neighbourhood, were educated at this school.¶

* This munificent benefactor of mankind also gave in 1599, to the Company of Clothworkers, 150*l.* for the purchase of lands, out of which 80*s.* yearly to be given to the poor people in Bridewell. Also 40*s.* a-year to the poor people in Bedlam; 80*s.* a-year to the poor prisoners in Ludgate; 120*s.* a-year to the poor in the Compter, Wood-street, London; and 40*s.* a-year to poor prisoners in Newgate.

† There is a view of his birth-place in the *Mirror*, vol. xxii., p. 145.

‡ Philemon Holland, M.D., the translator-general of his age, and the first that rendered Camden into English, was born at Chelmsford, 1551. After his education at Chelmsford Grammar School, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge. He became head master of the Royal Free School at Coventry; and here he commenced physician. Among his translations, are Livy, Pliny's Natural History, Plutarch's Morals, Suetonius, Ammiatus Marcellinus, Xenophon's Cyropædia, and the Brittania. It is said he wrote a large folio with one pen, on which the following epigram was written:

> With one sole pen I wrote this book,
> Made of a grey goose quill:
> A pen it was when I it took,
> A pen I leave it still.

He expired on the 9th of February, 1636, in his 85th year; and was buried in St. Mary's Church, Coventry.

§ This learned episcopal divine was born at the village of Buden, near Ilfracombe, in Devonshire, in 1552. He acquired the rudiments of learning at the above school, and was sent to Merton College, Oxford, and in 1539 elected to Corpus Christi. In 1546, he openly professed the tenets of the reformers. About 1551, he obtained the rectory of Sunningwell, in Berkshire. When Queen Mary succeeded her brother, he was deprived of his office, and secretly escaped to Frankfort, in 1554. He afterwards went to Strasburgh, and became vice-master of a college. On the death of Queen Mary, he returned to England; and in 1560, was raised to the bishoprick of Salisbury; and about the same time, in a sermon preached at Paul's Cross, he challenged the Romanists to produce a single testimony in favour of any tenet in which the Catholics differed from the Protestants. Hence originated the bishop's principal work, his famous "Apology for the Church of England," written in elegant Latin, and translated into English by the mother of Sir Francis Bacon. His death took place while on a journey, either at Monkton Farley, or, according to some accounts, at Lacock Abbey, in Wiltshire, September, 1571. His English works, comprising Sermons, &c., were printed in 1809, folio.

‖ Harding was born in 1512, at Combe-Martin, Devonshire. After receiving his education at Barnstable, he entered New College, Oxford, and became fellow of that Society in 1536. He afterwards was chosen Hebrew professor; and being then a staunch Protestant, was employed to superintend the education of Lady Jane Grey; but on the accession of Mary, he adjured his former tenets, and embraced the religion of the court. When Elizabeth came to the throne, he was deprived of his stall at Winchester, and the treasurishiip of the chapter at Salisbury. He retired to Lovaine, and entered into a bitter controversity with Bishop Jewel. He died in 1570, or, as some say, 1572, at Lovaine.

¶ This favourite English poet, whose works are in every collection, was born in 1688; and, when he had completed his studies at Barnstaple school, was apprenticed to a silk mercer, in London. "The Beggar's Opera," "Fables," and his other works, are so well known, as to need no mention here. He died, December, 1732, at the age of forty-five.

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MAHOMET II. AND IRENE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(Written expressly for the Mirror.)

BY J. L. SCHRODER.

(Concluded from page 83.)

In the divan, Mahomet, still grasping his scimetar for fear of a surprise, awaited the return of Achmet.

"Is the mosque cleared?" inquired he impatiently, as the general entered the chapel.

"My lord's orders have been strictly obeyed," replied he.

"And now, Ab-Adul, what did the paper contain which the guard brought to thee?"

"I fear to tell my lord the extent of the danger my lord stands in, without his full permission, and pardon to his servant for the advice his duty may suggest."

"Thou hast my permission and command for thy full advice upon our danger," rejoined Mahomet, scowling under his large dark eyebrows upon every member of the divan in succession—"speak freely, Ab-Adul, and my power shall screen thee from thy foes and mine."

"Let an officer bring Osmail the grand eunuch into the presence; let no one hold communication with him. Ab-Adul gave the emperor's signet to an officer in token of his authority to bring Osmail before the council.

"But what did the scroll contain?" eagerly inquired Mahomet, when the officer had received the signet.

"That parchment contained the address of the disaffected Janissaries to their commander, and the causes of their complaint.

"And what had the slaves to complain of?" The emperor's eye flashed upon Ab-Adul, then upon Achmet, and again upon the grand vizier.

Commander of the faithful——" and the vizier bowed to the earth.

"Speak, slave! let me know at once what the rebellious slaves complained of—read the scroll—omit nought," cried the infuriated emperor.

The grand vizier raised himself, and recovering, read with firmness—'To our great prince and commander, Ali-Beg, the representation of his humble slaves and fellow Janissaries—Our pay is kept back for the expenses of the Christian woman our lord the commander of the faithful has taken to himself, and the light of our lord's countenance is withdrawn; we see not his face at our military exercises, for he withdraws from all affairs to spend his whole time with that Grecian—Irene.' * * * * The vizier paused—Mahomet trembled with rage—"Proceed," cried he, almost inarticulate with passion, "let me have every word—by the holy Koran I will act as the true successor of our prophet!"

Ab-Adul continued—'We want our pay, and we want a general who will lead us to battle, not a commander who forgets the duties of a soldier!'

"Is it indeed so," ejaculated the infuriated emperor. At that moment, Osmail was brought in by the guard; the grand vizier advanced to him, and suddenly thrusting his hand into the folds of Osmail's vest, drew out a letter.

"Hast thou, slave, executed my justice upon the traitress Selima?" hastily inquired Mahomet.

"My lord, she and her women escaped before I—" "Escaped! thou hast aided her, slave!—thy life for hers."—An officer upon a signal advanced—"Save my life, and I will confess," cried the false, cowardly Osmail.—"Thy life is not worth an asses' ransom; but let us hear all," rejoined Mahomet, whilst he made a sign to the officer to stay his sword.

"It will not please my lord to hear, but Ali-Beg, whom my lord has justly punished, was to have been proclaimed emperor whilst my lord was enjoying his repast, after his marriage with Irene, and Selima was to have married him on the morrow, and—

"Treason doubled and trebled," ejaculated Mahomet.

"And the Janissaries were to have dispatched my lord and Irene at the feast to the princes."—

"Yes," cried the grand vizier, "the letter I have plucked from this recreant's bosom is from the traitor Ali-Beg; it confirms the statement of this slave, who has been the medium of their intercourse to the dishonour of my lord; but let him be saved alive for the present, we shall need further disclosure." "Be it so;—guard him safely," rejoined the emperor,—"May we depend upon the other soldiers?" continued he, turning to Achmet.

"We may, my lord, the Janissaries are surrounded with tried troops," replied the general-in-chief.

"Now we would be advised as to our course amidst these treasons; and first, Elmenai, tell us, we command thee, is it contrary to our law and our great prophet's teaching for us to marry the Christian princess, now that she hath embraced our faith?"

"The commander of the faithful may follow his will, without offence to our law, now that the princess hath openly embraced our true religion."

"Then ought the rebellious dogs to be satisfied?" inquired Mahomet, turning to the whole council successively.

"Truly they should be, our lord's will be ours," answered the entire divan.

"Proceed then to the mosque," said the emperor, whilst his close contracted lip, and knitted brow, showed a settled determination to effect the mighty purpose which he agitated.

During all this long interval the lovely Irene, and her companion Menel, were in the deepest agitation and suspense. Irene was artless and young, separated from her parent, who loved her to distraction, she was committed to the care of the governor of Constantinople—an old friend of her father's—in order to ensure her safety amidst the destruc-

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tion that came as a torrent upon the remaining Grecian provinces in the East. In the governor's palace, the blooming, tender flower of Anatolia's pride was first seen by Theodoric, a youth, whose endowments and valour endeared him to all his kindred. The young, unsophisticated Irene, soon returned the ardent affection which the brave Theodoric expressed for her. Their parents were equally gratified with the prospect of their union. Three years rolled on in all the delights of innocent love, whilst the personal attractions of Irene, unfolded themselves to a degree that made her the unconscious object of admiration to every beholder. The nuptial day was fixed; but instead of a bride, the courageous Theodoric clasped death in covering the safe retreat of his affianced Irene from the storm which broke with unmitigated fury upon the devoted metropolis of the Grecian monarchy.

Long did the widowed bride mourn her lord and her parent, whose fate was announced to her by the conquering Mahomet. The assiduous attentions of her new master, and the splendour with which she was surrounded, at length drew her tender mind from the contemplation of events that could not be recalled, and at last, her susceptible heart, influenced by gratitude for the constant kindness she received from the emperor, owned itself not indifferent to his professions of attachment. Irene was too young to understand the value of the religion of her forefathers; and when she at last resigned her affections to her new lord, she almost, in the very innocence of her soul, surrendered her scruples in religion to his guidance. Her faithful Menel, who was several years older, warned her, and then submitted in silence to that which she could not alter.

Such was the course of events which had led the beauteous Irene to the mosque of St. Sophia, to sacrifice all she possessed of innocence and virtue for a throne and an artful infidel.

On the ottoman at the foot of the ivory throne of Mahomet, did the alarmed maid await the return of her future husband. He came, attended by all his officers of state—the sight of such loveliness in distress, unclosed the compressed lips of the monarch, and his contracted brow relapsed as he approached his bride. He raised her with kindness; the ferocious conqueror was again transformed to the ardent lover.

"Irene," said he, gently embracing her, "matters of deep concern to our welfare have delayed, and somewhat sullied the happiness of this day—but to you, rebellious men," continued he, turning to the body of Janissaries whilst he surveyed them with anger and disdain, "to you who would dictate to your monarch, who should be the object of his choice or rejection, your treason will return in punishment and shame; you shall yet see that the successor of your prophet is worthy of his great descent, and can control you to his will. Now, Irene, we will truly perform the oath we took upon the holy Koran, to make thee our empress, and the sharer of our diadem. Thou hast embraced our true religion; and we will keep our royal faith unbroken, spite of treasons and rebuke."

But as Mahomet said this, his voice faltered—his whole frame shook, and his eyes seemed to burn in their large orbits. In a moment, he again became calm, and led the affrighted Irene to the front of the raised platform.

"Pardon my ecstacies—beauteous Irene—we will proceed to the consummation of my oath to thee."

A strange expression in the voice and manner of Mahomet excited the wonder of the trembling princess as he conducted her to the front of the platform.

There the grand mufti, Elmanai, performed the ceremony of marriage between them. Menel supported Irene as she arose from the ottoman on which she knelt, scarcely sensible of the act she had performed, so great was the terror occasioned by the various scenes she had witnessed in one short hour since the imperial pomp had entered the mosque.

"Now thou art mine by our law, in defiance of the rebel slaves who would dare attempt to control their sovereign's will—I will myself place thy imperial diadem upon thy head, and the rebels shall pay homage to thy beauty."

Mahomet, as he said this, pressed the almost unconscious bride to his bosom; but there seemed a desperate struggle within—his countenance alternately became flushed and lividly pale—he smiled upon the lovely creature he was in the act of supporting towards the ivory throne, but his smiles were unnatural, and distorted by the sudden quivering of his lip—his eye every moment turned towards the rebel Janissaries, and flashed upon them the fury which burnt up his veins.

At the steps ascending to the throne, Mahomet paused, and turned himself and Irene round towards the body of Janissaries in front of the platform. The great officers of state were arranged upon each side in advance of the throne; Mahomet's face was livid, his lips closely compressed; erect and firm, he cast a scowling look upon the appalled Janissaries. On his right hand, stood the gorgeous beauty of the east, arrayed in all the royal magnificence that eastern luxury and taste could command; her fine commanding stature and symmetrical form set off her splendid robes to the utmost advantage; a long veil, which descended to her knee, scarcely lessened the effulgence of the costly diamonds with which she was literally covered. A dead silence reigned; Mahomet's countenance relaxed; a smile of apparent satisfaction beamed in it, as he contemplated the wonderful work of nature which stood in all its grandeur by his side.

"Kneel here, thou flower of Asia, and thy lord will finish his duty—bring the diadem for the empress."

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An officer advanced with a small crown, refulgent with the rarest jewels, and surmounted with a beautifull aigrette of immense value. The fair Irene knelt upon the cushion prepared for her. The emperor placed the imperial diadem upon her head, and then gently removed the veil which had up to this moment secured her features from public observation. A burst of wonder and admiration from the assembled court and spectators rendered homage to personal charms of so superior an order, that no description could do justice to them. Irene's long flaxen tresses covered with lavish profusion a neck and shoulders of the most exquisite mould; her large blue eyes were rivetted upon the ground as she knelt—the object of universal interest. Mahomet gazed intently upon her—he sighed deeply—his countenance again changed to the most livid paleness.

"Look upon that perfection of nature," said he, to his court and the officers who had left their places, absorbed in the contemplation of the beautiful Irene—"Look upon that lovely creature, and say if mortal man could err in adoring her?" "No! no! no! she is divine," responded a hundred voices.

"Then shall ye find that your emperor is more than man."—Mahomet's eyes rolled in an ecstacy. * * * * * * * * * *

A universal burst of horror resounded through the vast dome and the lengthened nave of St. Sophia—shrieks of terror high above all the other sounds of confusion issued from the ladies of the harem, enclosed by the golden lattice.

On the platform stood Mahomet, in terrific attitude, his eyes rolling, and flashing fire on all around. In his right hand he held high in the air—his scimetar, reeking with blood; in his left, extended at arm's length, he held forward to the amazed spectators, the severed head of the haplsss lovely Irene, its long flaxen locks stained with the streaming gore. The trunk had fallen towards the splendid ivory throne, upon which it disgorged a volume of the heart's blood of the ill-starred bridal-empress. Upon that lifeless trunk lay extended, in an agony of grief, Menel, the faithful companion and slave of the murdered Irene.

Mahomet stood immoveable for two minutes—he then motioned with his scimetar for silence; it was the silence of terror strained to excess—all were in breathless eagerness to catch the first words of their lord.

"Now traitors! and ye who have stood true to your sovereign, learn that the descendant of your prophet knows how to govern you—he has controlled himself, this dreadful sacrifice he has made for you, learn that ye can make none equal to this for your sovereign; depart to your homes, Mahomet can *now* lead you to wars."

Mahomet dropped the ghastly head of the late lovely Irene upon her trunk, sheathed his stained scimetar, and withdrew with his court in silent procession. Menel, and the trunk, and the head, were left to the charge of Elmenai, the grand mufti, and his officers. Menel's heart-strings had burst upon the bleeding body of her beloved Irene.

One tomb in St. Sophia's dome, under the centre of the lofty cupola, contains the mouldering ashes of Menel, and the trunk and the head.

Mahomet never again smiled, nor again loved, after this direful tragedy.

FOREIGNERS' CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH.

It is truly observed, that persons cannot see themselves so well as they are seen by others. No nation has a higher opinion of itself (and I will not say without reason) than the English. Foreigners, however, *maugre* all our self-gratulations and praises, take the liberty to speak of us as we do of them—as they find us; and though it may not in all cases be gratifying (even where they speak truth) to hear what they say of us, it is amusing. On this principle, you will not perhaps think it obstrusive to insert a few specimens of their opinions. I shall chiefly quote those of foreign writers, who visited England many years since:—

Stephen Perlin, a French ecclesiastic, who was over here in the reign of King Edward VI., and who wrote with all the prejudices (and then ignorance as to England) of his countrymen, is extremely scurrilous.—"One may observe of the English," says he, "that they are neither valiant in war, nor faithful in peace, which is apparent by experience; for although they are placed in a good soil, and a good country, they are wicked, and so extremely fickle, that at one moment they will adore a prince, and the next moment they would kill or crucify him." He continues (and this seems the great ground of his dislike)—"They have a mortal enmity to the French, whom they conceive to be their ancient enemies, and in common call us French dogs, as well as *whoreson*—that is, disgraceful sons, but they hate all sorts of strangers. It displeases me that these villains, in their own country, spit in our faces, although, when they are in France, we treat them like little divinities. But herein the French demonstrate themselves to be of a noble and generous spirit."

He afterwards tempers his abuse with some compliments, particularly to (what all foreigners have admired) our females:—"The men are large, handsome, and ruddy, with flaxen hair, being in a northern latitude; the *women*, of any estimation, are the greatest beauties in the world, and as fair as alabaster, without offence to those of Italy, Flanders, and Germany, be it spoken; they are also cheerful and courteous, and of a good address." Of the country, he says, "In this kingdom are so many beautiful *ships*, so handsome are hardly to be seen elsewhere in the whole world. Here are also many fine islands, and plenty of

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pasture, with such quantities of game, that in these islands, (which are all surrounded with woods and thick hedges,) it is not uncustomary to see at one time more than one hundred rabbits running about in one meadow." He speaks, perhaps, in just terms, of what was a great fault in our national character then, and is too much so now—our fondness for drink. "The English are great drunkards. In drinking or eating they will say to you a hundred times, '*I drink to you,*' and you should answer them in their language, '*I pledge you.*' When they are drunk, they will swear blood and death that you shall drink all that is in your cup. But it is to be noted, as I have before said, that in this excellent kingdom there is no kind of order, for the people are reprobates, and thorough enemies to good manners and letters, and know not whether they belong to God or to the devil."

Hentzner, the German traveller, is far more candid, and rather laughs at than censures us. He says, "The English are serious, like the Germans, and lovers of show: they excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French. They cut their hair close on the middle of the head, letting it grow on either side; they are good sailors and better pirates, cunning, treacherous, and thievish; about 300 are said to be hanged annually at London; they give the wall as the place of honour; hawking is the general sport of the gentry; they are more polite in eating than the *French*, devouring less bread, but more meat, which they roast in perfection; they put a deal of sugar in their drink; their beds are covered with tapestry, even those of the farmers; they are often molested with scurvy, said to have first crept into *England* with the *Norman* Conquest. In the field they are powerful, successful against their enemies, impatient of any thing like slavery; vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells; so that it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go up into some belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise. If they see a foreigner very well made or particularly handsome, they will say *it is a pity he is not an* ENGLISHMAN."

Le Serre, who attended Mary de Medicis to England, when she visited her daughter Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles I., and who partook of all the hospitalities of the English Court, (whatever he might think) speaks of us in the most enthusiastic terms. Our ladies he describes as positive divinities, and the country and inhabitants generally, as worthy the highest admiration. To be sure, he was writing the description of a most splendid spectacle, of which he was the witness, where the people were all dressed in their holiday clothes, and as the same kind of ceremony attended the Queens's mother, all the way from her landing at Dover, he may be said to have only seen the best side of us.

Jorevin de Rochford, another French traveller, in the time of Charles II., says,—"This nation is tolerably polite, in which they, in a great measure, resemble the French, whose modes and fashions they study and imitate. They are in general large, fair, pretty well made, and have good faces. They are good warriors on the land, but more particularly so on the sea: they are dexterous and courageous, proper to engage in a field of battle, where they are not afraid of blows. And the honour of understanding the art of ship-building beyond all the other nations of Europe, must be allowed to the English. Strangers in general are not liked in London, even the Irish and Scots, who are the subjects of the same king. They have a great respect for their women, whom they court with all imaginable civility. They always sit at the head of the table, and dispose of what is placed on it by helping every one, entertaining the company with some pleasant conceit or agreeable story. In fine, they are respected as mistresses, whom every one is desirous of obeying, so that to speak with truth, England is the paradise of women, as Spain and Italy is their purgatory."

The above travellers, it will be recollected, are describing our forefathers, and drawing a picture which, in some respects, is as new to us as it was to them. The next is a traveller of comparatively modern days—a man of information, and apparently good nature. He speaks, as indeed almost all foreigners do, of the extreme rudeness of the lower orders of English, but bestows every praise on the higher ranks, as well as on the country generally. The person we allude to, is *M. Grossly*, who wrote his Tour in the year 1772.—Our custom of shaking hands he describes very ludicrously:—"To take a man by the arm," says he, "and shake it until his shoulder is almost dislocated, is one of the grand testimonies of friendship which the English give each other, when they happen to meet. This they do very coolly; there is no expression of friendship in their countenances, yet the whole soul enters into the arm which gives the shake; and this supplies the place of the embraces and salutes of the French." He endeavours to correct the notions of foreigners, as to the English jostling them about in the crowded streets of the metropolis, from motives of enmity: "The English," he tells them, "walk very fast, their thoughts being entirely engrossed by business, and are very punctual to their appointments, so that those who happen to be in their way are sure to be sufferers by it: constantly darting forward, they jostle them with a force proportioned to their bulk, and the velocity of their motion. I have seen foreigners," he adds, "not used to this exercise, let themselves be tossed and whirled about for a long time, in the midst of a crowd of passengers, who had nothing else in view but to get forward. Having soon, however, adopted the English custom, I made the best

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of my way through crowded streets, exerting my utmost efforts to shun persons who were equally careful to avoid me." Of the polite way in which his inquiries after places were answered by the better sort of passengers, he speaks in very gratifying terms:—"Whatever haste," says he, "a gentleman may be in the street, as soon as you speak to him he stops to answer, and often steps out of his way to direct you; in a manner that sufficiently indemnifies you for the insolence of the mob." His greatest difficulty in these cases, he complains, was to make himself understood, and sometimes he was obliged to quit a good-natured guide, who had accompanied him part of his journey to show him, with only nods and grimaces. On these occasions, he informs us, he was accustomed to say to him, with a laugh and squeeze of the hand, "*Tower of Babylon!* He would laugh one side likewise," says he, "and so we used to part."

ARABIAN HORSES.

Of these brilliant creatures there are five great races. All of them are originally from Nedjed, and from time immemorial the Arabians have applied themselves with religious care to conserve these in their primitive purity. We might here recount the florid praises which Buffon has bestowed on these fine animals, but it has been so often done before, that it is scarce worth doing again. Moreover, we are in search of something more piquant.

Here then is a curious account of the formation of the first of the Arabian horse-race, according to the text of Al Koran. "When God wished," says Mahomet, "to create it, he called to the south wind of Heaven, and said to it, I desire to draw out of your bosom a new being, absolve thyself of thy fluidity!" and the command was immediately obeyed. He then took a certain weight of this element, rendered now entirely manageable, breathed upon it, and forthwith sprang up in a shape of light and splendour, the first horse. And he said to it, "You shall be for man, and he shall be thy lord; and thou shalt be to him a source of happiness and riches. Man shall dignify himself by mounting thee."

Such is Mahomet's account of the creation of the horse. The praises lavished upon this animal by the oriential writers are, as usual, sparkling, verbose, and turgid in the extreme; these are to be found in a multitude of books, and yet scarce one of them is note-worthy on account of their universal extravagance. Lebed, more sensible perhaps than the rest, speaking of its swiftness, says, "it runs with the rapidity of a dove, which devoured by th rst, precipitates its flight towards a brook, there to quench it."

Amr'el Quais, among others, says: "the shining polish of its back is like to that of marble, upon which they have sprinkled perfumes for a young spouse on the day of her nuptials."

These descriptions are, however, quite common-place and meagre compared to what Ghefouri, the Persian poet, has written on the same subject, which is as pompous as all the superfluous riches of an Asiatic style can render it. With us, they would excite nothing better than a laugh.

We submit to the reader a very curious *instrument*, as legalists say, being neither more nor less than the cirtificate of nobility which ordinarily accompanies the Arab horses. "We, the undersigned, declare, swearing by our lot and our girdles, that the horse ——, named ——, of the age of —— years, marked with ——, having, &c. &c., (giving a full description of the horse) descends from ancestors noble and illustrious, and by three direct filiations. That this horse is born of a horse of the race of——, and a mare of the race of——, and reunites the qualities of those precious animals of which the prophet has said, "their breast is a treasure, and their back a siege of honour." Calling in witness his predecessors, we repeat that the horse in question is pure as milk, affirming, moreover, that he is renowned for his swiftness, and his ability to support the fatigues of thirst, &c.

"In witness of which we have drawn up the present certificate, after having seen and approved it ourselves,

"According to the siguatures of the declarants."

Though the race of Nedjed is, as we before said, the most noble, yet the others have attributes also which have not been uneulogized by the poets. None are esteemed prettier than those of Hedjaz, none more enduring than those of Yemen. Those of Syria are richest in colour, those of Mesopotamia the most peaceable, those of Egypt the liveliest, those of Persia and Kurdistan most warlike.

It appears, also, according to a proverb current in the East, that the horseman is as characterizable as the horse, for they say, that the Arab is without grace, he mounts mechanically; the Persian inelegant and impetuous; the Kourd clumsy, but intrepid; and the Turkoman fierce and resolute.

It is a strange thing then to say, that the horsemen of those countries which are accounted the most equestrian in the world, cannot mount an animal on whose back they are half their lives, with anything equal to comeliness, much less gracefulness.

W. Archer.

PIRATICAL HYPOCRISY.

Among the awful perversions of morality, is the custom of Christian pirates before they set sail upon a plundering expedition, with the pious design of robbing and murdering all who fall in their way, to take the sacrament, to confess their sins to a priest, and to perform the penances that he may prescribe, that Providence may bless and prosper them in their designs.

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Manners and Customs.

JOUSTS AND TOURNAMENTS.

"The challenger with fierce defy,
His trumpet sounds, the challeng'd makes reply;
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring, see decrease the middle space."

THE tournaments so long famous in Europe, and so often anathematized by the Church, were far nobler games than those of the Greeks, and much less barbarous than those of the Romans; the former consisting principally in wrestling matches, and foot and chariot races, and the latter, in the combats of the gladiators.

The tournaments materially differed from all these games; they originated in Italy, about the time of Theodoric, in the fifth century, who abolished the gladiators, not by violence, but by reproaching the Romans with the inhumanity of these spectacles, himself being of barbarian descent.

These military exercises shortly afterwards became very prevalent in Italy, especially among the Lombards, and are preserved to this day at Pisa and Venice.

We are informed by Nithard, an author of some eminence, that the reconciliation of the sons of Louis le Débonnaire in 870, was celebrated by one of these solemn games, which were afterwards called tournaments.

The word Jousts is derived from *joute*, (tilting) or *jouter*, (to run a tilt); and Tournaments, probably from *terneamento*, Ital., or *tourney*, Fr.

One of these military festivals was given in the year 920, at the inauguration of the Emperor, Henri *l'Oiseleur*, and the knights were mounted on horseback: they afterwards became universal in France, Spain, and England.

From the tournaments sprung the coat of arms, and crests, which have now become so universal, as each knight who presented himself at the lists, was of necessity compelled to have his device painted on some conspicuous part of his habiliments, in order that he might be recognised: from hence the famous mottos in romances.

The tournaments were repeatedly forbidden by the Popes and clergy, but their censures were as often despised; Pope Nicholas the third excommunicated all the knights who had combated, or even assisted at a tournament, given in France in the reign of Philippe *le Hardi* in 1279. It was this sanguinary man who also advised the King of Arragon to massacre 20,000 French in Sicily. The tournaments were, however, tolerated by some of the Popes; King John, when prepared for the conquest of Palatine, held one at Avignon, in honour of Pope Urban: it was very late when these military games were introduced into the Grecian Empire, for the Greeks held all the Eastern customs in sovereign contempt, especially "the Coat of Arms," which they considered the very essence of folly; but at length the Emperor Andronicus II., having espoused, in the year 1326, the daughter of a Sovoyard Count, the subjects of her father migrating from Savoy, held a tournament at Constantinople, which we may date as the epoch of their reception into that empire, though the exercise of these games did not enable them to withstand the Turks, who, shortly afterwards, invaded their territories on all sides.

The tournaments existed on the continent till about the time of Henry II. of France, when this prince being unfortunately killed at one that he gave June 20, 1559, they were suspended, though not then entirely abolished; for there was one given by Charles IX. and his brother Henry (who succeeded him) immediately after the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, August, 1572.

We now come to speak of tournaments in England. The origin of these great military spectacles is lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but we have shewn, that tournaments were practised in Europe previous to the Norman conquest of England, and it was to be expected that the Normans would have established them in England; but William and his successors rigidly forbade them, on account of the expense and danger with which they were attended. During the troubled reign of Stephen, these precautionary laws were disregarded, and tournaments frequently held by the nobility. Henry II. revived these prohibitions. Tournaments were again allowed by Richard I. in 1194, in consequence of his having seen the foils and insults his own unskilful knights had suffered at the hands of those of France: but, nevertheless, he would only allow them to be held at five places in England; and, in order that he might replenish his exchequer, he compelled those who attended, to purchase licenses, the prices of which to vary according to the rank of the parties.

From this period, the tournament occupied an important place in the national institutions in England.

Tournaments were generally held in honour of some important event, as a coronation, a marriage, or a great victory. Previous to the commencement, heralds were sent to announce the joyous spectacle, with an invitation to all true and good knights to repair to the solemnity; the inmates of the palace, the castle, and the hut, all hastened to the appointed spot, either as spectators or combatants. The space marked out for the combat, was a level piece of ground, cleared of every impediment that might annoy the feet of the horses, and strongly paled in: this inclosed ground was entered by two gates, one at the east, and another at the west; and round the palings, scaffolds were erected for the ladies. In order that no unworthy competitors should intrude themselves, the shields of the intended combatants were hung up in a neighbouring church for some

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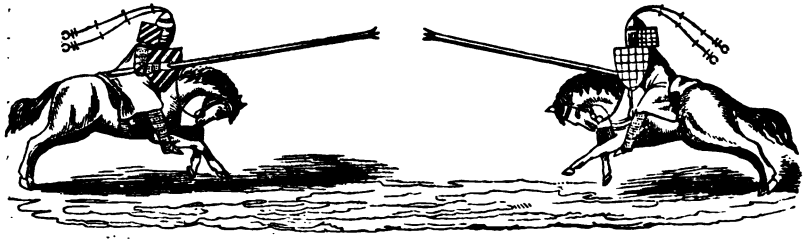
days previous to the conflict. If any of the candidates were charged with an offence against the rules of chivalry, the accusation was sometimes made by a lady touching the helmet with her wand. Indeed, so tenacious were they of guarding the tournaments from profanation, that if a knight behaved discourteously to any lady, he was immediately driven from the inclosure.

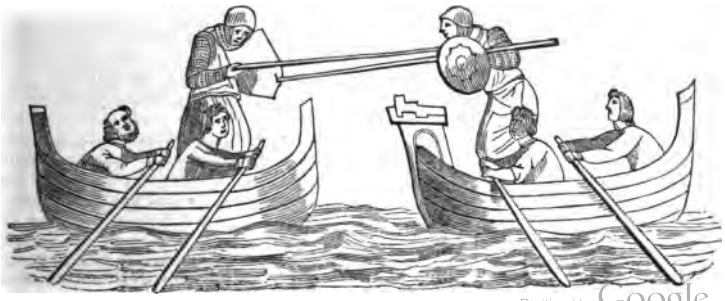
Two modes of fighting were practised. The one, called *jousting*, an encounter performed with the lance; the chief excellence of a combatant in this kind of exercise consisted in bearing the point of his spear against the breast or helmet of his adversary, so as to throw him backward out of the saddle to the ground; or, in failing of this, to shiver his own weapon in the encounter, in order to avoid a similar



downfall for himself. The laws allowed every knight to bring with him a page, who stood aloof from the contest, and supplied his master with a sword or truncheon. The combatants, in two parties, having entered the barriers, the one by the eastern, and the other by the western gate, arrange themselves for battle; and at the cry of the heralds—"To achievements! to achievements!" they closed their vizors, couched their spears, and impatiently waited the signal of onset. This was given by the president dropping his wand or truncheon, and the trumpets at the instant sounding the charge; and then commenced the furious hurtling of men and horses, the shivering of spears, and the clashing of helmets and shields. Ghastly wounds, lameness, and death, generally summed up the disasters of the day. At the close of each day, (tournaments sometimes last for several days,) the names of those who had most distinguished themselves were proclaimed by the heralds, and the rewards distributed by the ladies; after which the joys of the banquet succeeded; the successful combatants, after being unarmed by those fair hands that had distributed the prizes, were advanced to an honoured place at the board; where their valour was commended by princes and redoubted warriors, and sung by attendant minstrels. Such was the nature of that august festival, which may be regarded as the great master-piece of chivalry.

None, under the rank of an esquire, could engage in these heroic exercises, as noble birth was rendered an indispensible qualification; therefore the yeomen and burgesses contented themselves with amusements, though inferior in solemnity to the tournament, certainly was more prolific in merriment and freedom, such as the quintain, archery, quoits, foot-ball, wrestling, running, leaping, and such like athletic sports. Cock-fighting was confined to children, and boar and bull-baiting to the citizens, together with the water-quintain; they nailed a shield to the mast that was set up in the middle of the Thames, against which a boat was impelled swiftly by vigorous rowers, and a man standing upright in the stern of the boat, couched his lance against the shield, and struck it in passing. If the spear shivered while the champion maintained his place, the prize was won; but if the stave did not yield to the encounter, the boat glided from beneath his feet, and he fell back into the water.

There was also a very favourite sport on the Thames, called *Water Tournaments*: the



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combatants armed with staves and shields, tilted against each other in boats, in like manner as the tournaments on land. It was by these sports that the people were trained to the exercises of manhood and to dexterity in war. The boys, too, at this happy period had also their quintains; in winter, they tied the shank-bones to their feet, (the substitutes, it would appear, in those days, for skaits,) upon which they skated along the ice, and tilted against each other with staves in full career. It was such athletic exercises as these, combined with the plainness of the diet, and 'early to bed, and early to rise,' that made our forefathers such herculean and iron-nerved men: the number of their meals, too, were few; for it is recorded thus:

Lever a cinque, diner a neuf.
Souper a cinque, coucher a neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to bed at nine,
Makes a man live to ninety-nine.

Edward III. saw in chivalry the instrument most suited to the temper and circumstances of the age, and that, therefore, by which his vast designs could be accomplished. Every showy tournament he proclaimed increased the number and spirit of his supporters, and added to his real strength. His great opponent, Philip of Valois, adopted the same course, and a rivalry in these splendid pageantries was the consequence. In 1344, Edward gave a grand tournament at Windsor; and to avoid a distinction of rank, he erected a circular hall, 200 feet in diameter, where he feasted all the knights at one table, which was called the Round Table, in memory of Arthur: the French king, Philip, then established one similar in Paris. Edward instituted the since illustrious Order of the Garter, April 23, 1349; and Philip increased the number and splendour of his jousts and tournaments.

In 1374, he held a grand tournament in Smithfield, to gratify the pride of Alice Piers, whom Edward III., in his dotage, had chosen for his mistress, and on that occasion had dignified with the appellation of the *Lady of the Sun*. She appeared by the king's side, in a triumphal chariot, cloathed in gorgeous apparel, and accompanied by a great number of ladies of high rank, each of whom led a knight on horseback by the bridle. The procession set out from the Tower, and was attended by the principal nobility, richly accoutred; and many gallant feats of arms were performed by the knights who entered the lists, which were kept open during seven successive days.

(*To be continued.*)

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

Experience teaches that the sword, the fagot, exile and proscription, are better calculated to irritate than to heal a disease, which, having its source in the mind, cannot be relieved by remedies that act only on the body. The most efficacious means are sound doctrines and repeated instructions, which make a ready impression, when inculcated with mildness. Everything bows to the sovereign authority of the laws—but religion alone is not to be commanded.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIAL OF QUEEN MARY THE FIRST,

IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF WINCHESTER, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1554.*

First, the said church was richly hanged with arras and cloth of gold; and in the middle of the said church, from the west door to the rood, was erected a scaffold of timber, at the end whereof was also raised a mount, [platform or throne,] covered with red saye; and underneath the rood-loft were erected two traverses,—one on the right hand, for the Queen, the other on the left, for the Prince. The choir was also richly hanged with cloth of gold; and on each side of the altar were two other rich traverses, for the Queen's Majesty and the Prince.

The Queen, very richly apparelled, made her entry into the city of Winchester, on Saturday, July 21st, and was lodged at the Bishop's Palace. Prince Philip made his entry into the said city on Monday after, being July 23d; at whose entry, being lodged at the dean's house, the mayor delivered to him the keys of the city, which he received, and delivered them back again.

On Wednesday, July 25th, being St. James's Day, the Prince, richly apparelled in cloth of gold embroidered, accompanied by a great number of the nobles of Spain, in such sort as the like before hath not been seen, proceeded to the church, no sword borne before him; and having entered at the west door, passed to his traverse, all the way on foot.

Then came the Queen's Majesty, the sword being borne before her by the Earl of Derby, attended by a great number of the nobility of the realm; and many ladies and gentlewomen very richly apparelled. Her Majesty's train was borne by the Marquis of Winchester, assisted by Sir John Gage, her lord chamberlain. The kings and heralds of arms, in their tabards or coats, went before her, on foot, on her proceeding from her lodging to the church, where entering at the west door, she passed on till she came to her traverse. Then the Bishop of Winchester, lord chancellor of England, having performed divine service, assisted by the bishops of London, Durham, Chichester, Lincoln, and Ely, all with their crosiers borne before him, came from the choir to the mount.

Then the Regent Figerda presented to the Prince a solemn oration, with a patent sent from the emperor, Charles V., to the Prince, of the surrender of the kingdom of Naples, freely given to him and his heirs, as declared

* Ralph Brooke, York Herald's Book of Precedents, formerly among the Manuscript Collections of Sir Edward Dering.

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by the said patent, fair sealed, and enclosed in a cover of silver, gilded.

This done, the lord chamberlain made a goodly oration to the people, to the following effect:—Whereas the Emperor, by his ambassadors in England, had concluded and contracted a marriage between the Queen's Majesty and his chief Jewel, his son and heir, Philip Prince of Spain, then present, the articles whereof were not unknown to the whole realm, and confirmed by act of Parliament, so that there needed no further rehearsal of that matter; and so likewise declared, the Queen's Highness had sent the Earl of Bedford and the Lord Fitzwalter, ambassadors to the realm of Spain, for the performance of the said contract, which they had brought thence with the consent of the whole realm of Spain, for the full conclusion of the same, as appeared by the instrument on parchment, containing by estimation twelve leaves, sealed with a great seal. Then the lord chamberlain delivered openly for the solemnization of this high marriage—how that the Emperor had given his son the kingdom of Naples, so that whereas it was thought the Queen's Majesty should marry but with a Prince, it was thereby manifested she would marry with a King, and so proceeded to the espousal, and in a loud voice asked—if there were any person, who knew any lawful impediment between the two parties, that they should not go together according to the contract concluded between both realms, they should then come forth and be heard, or else to proceed to the celebration of the marriage, which was then pronounced in English and Latin; and when it came to the gift of the Queen, it was asked who should give her? The Marquis of Winchester, the Earls of Derby, Bedford, and Pembroke, then gave her Highness in the name of the whole realm.

All the people then gave a great shout, praying God to send them joy; and the ring being laid on the book to be hallowed, the Prince laid also on the said book three handsfull of fine gold, which the Lady Margaret seeing, opened the Queen's purse, into which the Queen with a smile placed it; and when they had inclosed their hands, the sword of state was immediately advanced before the King, by the Earl of Pembroke.

This done, the trumpets sounded, and they both returned hand in hand, the sword being borne before them, to their traverses in the choir—the Queen going always on the right hand, and there remained until mass was done, at which time wine and sops were hallowed and presented unto them; when garter king of arms, with the other kings and heralds, published and proclaimed their styles in Latin, French, and English. They then returned, both under one canopy, borne by seven knights, the Queen on the right hand, and their sword borne before them, to the bishop's palace; and so they proceeded to the hall, where they both dined under one cloth of estate.

By-Gone Places of Amusement.

THE THREE HATS, ISLINGTON,

Was situated near the Turnpike Gate, and for many years known as a place of public resort. It is particularly alluded to by Mawworm in Bickerstaff's Comedy of the Hypocrite; wherein he says, "'Till I went after him, (Dr. Cantwell,) I was alway roving after fantastical delights. I used to go to the Three Hats, at Islington. It is a public-house. Mayhap your ladyship may know it."

The celebrated Thomas Johnson, one of the first equestrian performers in England, exhibited in a field behind the Three Hats, in 1758. He was succeeded here by the no less eminent Mr. Sampson, in 1767, who had for an opponent, one Price, who displayed his equestrian talents at an adjacent place of public amusement, called Dobney's Gardens. The exhibition of these two heroes so near to one spot, caused no small degree of jealousy between them, and gave rise to a piece of generalship on the part of Price, who, by ensnaring Sampson into gay company, was soon rendered incapable of riding on horseback; and, accordingly, was obliged to dispose of his stock to one Coningham, who performed at the Three Hats, in the year 1771.*

* The following is a copy of an extremely rare handbill, in the possession of the Editor; it is curious as showing how very inferior the early equestrian masters were in the number and daring of their exploits, to those of the present day.

"CONINGHAM'S
HORSEMANSHIP.

Mr. Coningham presents himself to the PUBLIC and as he has bought Mr. Sampson's Horses, he will perform during this week, every evening, at the Three Hatts, ISLINGTON.

FIRST, He Rides on Gallop standing upright on a single Horse three times round the room without holding.

II. He Rides a single Horse on full speed, Dismounts, fires a Pistol, and performs that boasted feat of HUGHES leaping over him backwards and forwards for forty times without ceasing. Also flies over three horses on full speed, leaps over one and two horses on full speed as they leap the bar, plays a march on the flute, without holding, upon two horses standing upright.

The public are desired to take notice, that I do not throw myself over the horses with my feet touching the horses' hind-legs, but my feet over the saddles, and will perform every other feat that is performed by any horseman.

Mr. and Mrs. SAMPSON,† Mr. BROWN, &c., will perform to make these nights the completest in this kingdom.

The TAILOR and SAILOR

upon the Drollest Horses in the Kingdom;
The Doors to be opened exactly at Five, and to mount at a quarter after Five.
Admittance in the Front Seats Two Shillings; and the Back Seats One.

Mr. Coningham will engage to fly through a hogshead of Fire upon two horses' backs without touching them, and for a single person will perform activity with any man in the world."

† Mrs. Sampson was the first female equestrian performer.

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About this period, the celebrated Hughes and Astley, having established themselves in St. George's Fields, the above once popular resort fell into disuse as a place for equestrian performances; but remained as a favourite tea-gardens for many years afterwards, until the ground at the back of the house was built over; from this period it continued as a public-house and wine-vaults, until the 6th of January, 1839, when, in consequence of a fire which destroyed two adjoining houses, the roof of the Three Hats was found so much damaged, that the entire building was condemned; and, accordingly, in April, 1839, the whole of this once far-famed favourite place of entertainment in the ancient village of Islington, was annihilated.—"Such is the mutability of human affairs!" as Baillie Mucklethrift says.

DOBNEY'S (D'AUBIGNY) GARDENS, CLERKENWELL.

THESE pleasant tea-gardens, with bowling-green, occupied the ground on which a group of houses is now erected, called Dobney's Place, near the bottom of Penton-street, and almost opposite to the Belvidere Tavern and Tea Gardens.

They were known, also, as the Jubilee Gardens, where boxes for refreshments were painted with different scenes from Shakspeare's plays, and not succeeding as well as the proprietor wished, he called in Price as an auxiliary. As the boxes encircled the spacious bowling-green, a circle was formed on it, and there was an amphitheatre immediately, without further trouble or expense. The following advertisement is copied from the Public Advertiser, Wednesday, 22d of April, 1767:—"Mr. Price's original feats of horsemanship (which he exhibited before their Majesties,) will be performed exactly at six o'clock, and continue every evening during the summer season, at the Prospect House, known by the name of Dobney's Bowling Green, where he has engaged a proper band of musick for the better entertainment of those ladies and gentlemen who please to favour him with their company."

Wildman exhibited his bees here, in June, 1772.

We are not aware at what period the above gardens ceased to be a place of amusement.

Horses were taught dancing and such like evolutions in England, as early as the thirteenth century; but the first mention we find of feats on horseback in this country, is in the Privy Purse expenses of King Henry VIII., from 1529 to 1532; wherein it says:—"Paied to one Dompe Peter Tremesin, *that dyd ryde two horses at once*, by waye of rewarde, C corons," (i.e.) 23*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

We have no mention of any other equestrian performer until the above-mentioned Johnson, who also performed at the Star and Garter, Chelsea, July, 1762.

About the period when Price and Sampson "shone forth in all their glory," the no less celebrated Jacob Bates, an Englishman, was astonishing the good people of Germany with the varied number of his exploits. There is a folio print representing fourteen of his performances on the horse; engraved by G. P. Nusbiegal, and published at Nuremberg, 1766. In the back ground of which is represented a large field railed in, and his various performances on one, two, three, and four horses. Among the great crowd of spectators, are some princely and noble personages in carriages, by which it seems this species of entertainment must have been very attractive. We have no mention of his ever performing in England.

Coningham exhibited at the Mulberry Gardens, Burr-street, near Tower Hill, shortly after he left Dobney's Gardens.

The superior attractions of Hughes at his Riding-Horse Academy, in Blackfriars Road, (which he opened 23d of April, 1772,) and Astley, at his Academy at the foot of Westminster Bridge, (both of whom performed in the open air by day-light, if fine weather,) soon engrossed the whole of the public's attention, and became great favourites; to the exclusion of other *artistes*.

Doubtless the present celebrated performer, Ducrow, bears away the palm of victory from all competitors who have hitherto appeared, in his complete mastery of that beauteous and noble animal, the horse, and in which art he has never given greater proof than in the present representation of the Curriculum, or Olympic Games, at Vauxhall Gardens. Σ.

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS.

13.—JESSE'S ANGLER'S RAMBLES.

"It is a melancholy truth, that the vices, evil passions, and cruelty of man, have been the chief cause of the miseries of the animal creation, who would otherwise have sported in happiness and enjoyment around him."—(p. 233.)

Cruelty of Angling.

"PANGBOURN," says Mr. Jesse, "is a place I can safely recommend to a brother of the angle, who may, like myself, be for adding the enjoyment of scenery to his sport. I say *sport*, though *I have been found fault with for the term by some well-meaning persons*, as if some degree of cruelty were attached to it. It is a fisherman's own fault if it be so. I never fish with a live bait, or with worms; and I am furnished with a large knife, having a small hammer at the end of it, with which I kill my fish the moment they are out of the water. It may be said that pain is inflicted on a fish the instant the hook strikes its mouth. *I do not think* that this is the case. It is either resistance or the sight of an object that alarms them, which occasions fish to show fear, and not from any actual pain they feel from the hook. This is well known to fishermen—as

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well as the fact of fish taking a bait while they have had a set of hooks in their mouth. I have given an instance of this in a large trout taken by Mr. Marshall, and another proof of it, amongst numerous others, occurred this summer in the Thames, near Kingston Bridge. On two consecutive days this summer, (1835,) a large barbel broke the tackle of a gentleman, and on the third day he caught it with two hooks, and the line attached to them, which had been previously lost, fixed to its mouth. Sir Humphry Davy has some curious observations on this subject in his *Salmonia*. He says, that 'the nervous system of fish, and cold-blooded animals in general, is less sensitive than that of warm-blooded animals.' The hook is *usually* fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves; and a proof that the sufferings of a hooked fish cannot be great is found in the circumstance, that though a trout has been hooked and played for some minutes, he will often, after his escape with the artificial fly in his mouth, take the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had happened; having apparently learnt, only from experiment, that the artificial fly is not proper food. And I have caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and tackle which they had broken only a few minutes before; and the hooks seemed to have had no other effect than that of serving as a sort of *sauce piquante*, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind. To the accuracy of this statement I can bear testimony; and it may tend to do away with the charge of cruelty which has been brought against us. Indeed, I much question whether any animal which is deprived of life for the purpose of affording food for man, does not suffer more than the fish, when the latter at last is properly caught and speedily killed. At all events, I am persuaded that fish taken in nets, have to undergo more actual suffering than those caught by the rod. I have dwelt upon this subject from an anxiety I felt to rescue myself and others from the charge of enjoying a cruel sport. I do not consider it to be so. If it was, I do not think that so many excellent, *humane*, and good men would have been found amongst its advocates."

In our author's statement that some well-meaning persons have found fault with him for calling angling a *sport*, and have attached some degree of cruelty to it, we imagine ourselves to be alluded to, as in our *Notes* on his third series of Gleanings in Natural History, we exposed his inconsistency in pretending that one of his great aims in writing that work was to excite more kindly feelings towards animals,—that he thought we are bound "to treat not only dogs, but *every* animal with *tenderness* and *kindness*."—and that he considered it "a sad reflection that the chief miseries of animals are inflicted on them by man";—while in the face of these observations, which would have done honour to Mr. Jesse, had they appeared sincere, he exhibited himself in the character of a wanton worryer and destroyer of animals, for such must he be, who, for mere *sport-sake*, angles and courses. (See *Mirror*, vol. xxvi, p. 290.) However, we are glad to find that Mr. Jesse adverts to our charge, which he is very mistaken in supposing can be removed by such flimsy and illogical arguments as those he has adduced. As the question of angling and other *sports* being attended with a cruel infliction of pain, is (at least in the opinion of humane persons,) one of some importance, we cannot pass it over, as we otherwise would do, for some theme more pleasant and instructive. Let us, then, examine the above observations of Mr. Jesse.

His remark, that it angling be condemnable as a cruel sport, it is the fisherman's own fault, or, in other words, that if a man be reproachable with cruelty, it is his own fault, is a plain truism. The circumstance of his never using a live bait, or worms, will not exempt him from the charge of cruelty *to the fish he hooks with his dead bait*. A *thoroughly* humane man would not engage in a sport, unless he felt quite *certain* that it was unattended with pain to any creature; so that our author's declaration, that he does not *think* that pain is inflicted on a fish the instant the hook strikes its mouth, is no apology for him. When a *doubt* exists on such a subject, the benefit of it ought to be in favour of humanity, or the forbearance from inflicting unnecessary pain, —a forbearance which to a man not requiring the fish for his support, but only in quest of *amusement*, can cost so little, for there are many recreations equally, if not more, healthy, certainly more instructive, and unattended with cruelty. His notion, that fish shew fear from, merely, either the resistance, or the sight of the object which alarms them, and not from any actual pain they feel, is a very poor one. He might use the same argument when hurting a dog or a cat, by pulling its tail,—yet who would coincide with him. The fact of fish taking a bait while they already have a set of hooks in their mouth, is not a proof of their then insensibility to the pain, for the fish may be in pain, and yet not have the sense to avoid the like danger,—or extreme hunger and the prospect of allaying it may tempt a second bite. Were Mr. Jesse a fish, without hands or other means of removing weapons that might penetrate and hurt him, and he had a hook sticking in his mouth, and he could not extricate it, would he not, when gnawed by hunger, seize another bait, even in spite of the hook. It would be a poor argument to say that a lion felt no pain, because, after having been hurt in the mouth by a huntsman, it, instead of being daunted, sprang upon him. Davy's observation, that "*the nervous system of fish*, and other cold-blooded animals, *is less sensative* than that of warm-blooded animals," does not remove the idea that they feel pain, and can therefore be objects of cruelty; but it only implies that they do not feel pain *so severely as other* animals

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do. There is, say these sages, *no* cruelty in hooking fish for mere pastime, because they dont feel *quite so much* pain as a cat would. Very logical, certainly. And how satisfying to be told that "the hook is *usually* fixed in the cartilagenous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves." But to get at that cartilaginous part does not the hook pierce through the skin or flesh that invests it, and who will swear that that skin or flesh has no nerves whatever? Would Yarrell, Jenyns, or any other ichthyologist? Even if they would, they would surely be too modest in their views than to assert that where there are no nerves, there can be no pain, for they will admit that there is much which is undreamt of in their philosophy. The next observations of Davy we pass by, as they are only similar to one by Jesse, already noticed and remarked on, but which he again refers to, by observing that it may tend to dispel the charge of cruelty which has been brought against anglers. His questioning whether any animal which is killed for the food of man, does not suffer more than the fish when properly caught, and speedily killed, is not to the point. For a butcher to kill an animal *for necessity* is one thing, and for a gentleman to go forth to kill animals for mere *sport* is another thing, and a very different one. If Mr. Jesse, or any other squire, needs a dish for his table, he should not be his own butcher, he should leave that to some servant, whose situation has rendered the sight and practice of slaughter familiar to him. Does our author cut the throats of his own pigs, wring the necks of his own fowls, or leave such operations to some one already accustomed to perform them? We do not perceive why this should not be as fashionable as for gentlemen to hunt and kill stags, imbrue their hands in the blood of game, and hook and kill fish. Even his suspicion that an animal killed expressly for the food of man, suffers *more* that a fish properly caught and speedily killed, carries with it a conviction, that fish so caught and killed *do* suffer. Then, how can he, and others, consistently with his advocacy of humanity to *every* animal, practice angling for mere sport, when he knows that they feel *some* degree of pain. The belief that they feel it, would be quite enough to induce a *thoroughly* humane man to desist from a *sport* attended with the infliction of it upon them. His persuasion, "that fish taken in nets have to undergo more actual suffering than those caught by the rod," even if correct, will be no apology for his inflicting, by way of sport, pain in a less degree than the poor and unthinking fisherman, who captures them without mutilation, and from the most justifiable motive, namely, that of supporting himself, and sending human food to market. Then Mr. Jesse says, that, as for angling being a cruel sport, he does "not consider it to be so." It is strange, that one who believes that fish feel pain in *some* degree, should not perceive that he who is the unnecessary cause of it, and for mere sport, *must be cruel*. There is no one so blind, says the proverb, as he who *wont* see. He says, that if it were a cruel sport, he does "not think"—here is another *think*—"that so many excellent, *humane*, and good men, would have been found amongst its advocates." Now, of the excellence, humanity, and goodness of anglers, we cannot receive the assurance of one belonging to the class. Virtuous qualities the least likely to be possessed by classes of persons whose pursuits are the most contrary to the entertainment of such qualities, are strangely enough ascribed to them. We have often heard that there is honesty among thieves, and now Mr. Jesse tells us there is *humanity* among sporting anglers. Doubtless *they* must be humane, whose pleasure is at the highest when they know the bait is seized, the hook is fixed in the jaw, the captive struggles to be free, but in vain!

(*To be continued*)

MODE OF BURIAL AMONG THE GREEKS.

THE outward marks of respect are scarcely visible in their burial-grounds, little more being left to mark the place of interment than a row of stones, indicating the oblong form of the grave; but a pipe, or chimney, generally formed of wood or earthenware, rises a few inches above the ground, and communicates with the corpse beneath; and down this tube libations are poured by the friends of the deceased to the attendant spirit of the dead. The same practice prevailed among the ancient Greeks, and is to be traced in many of their tombs. The custom of hiring women to mourn with cries and howlings, is also retained by the modern Greeks at their funerals.—*Fellows' Asia Minor.*

Pouqueville, in his Travels in the Morea, &c., gives the following account of what was done during his residence in Greece:

"A codja-bachi of the town died in our vicinity, and the public prayers were ordered for repose of his soul. It was not sufficient that his wife and children, with rent garments, proceeded to his grave, striking their face and bosom; but, as he was a man of power, the honour of his family required that the pomp of religion should be displayed in respect to his manes, and the most famous criers were put in requisition to attend the funeral. These criers were women, who soon arrived with a joyful countenance, in the hope of receiving a salary proportionate to the importance of their functions. They began by drinking off some bumpers of wine, and ascertaining the price they were to receive. They then inquired the name, qualities, and good actions of the codja-bachi, of which his valet informed them, taking care to enlarge upon each circumstance. They now placed themselves round the coffin, and began to groan and murmur. Afterwards they cried in faint

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accents, but gradually raised the voice till it had attained a high pitch. The substance of their lamentations was as follows:—'Oh! what a fine brave man! His ancestors were noble and illustrious. His father and grandfather were codja-bachis, and he was one himself. He might have been a prince, and who knows but what he might have restored the empire? He prayed like a saint; and never failed to burn incense before the image on holidays. Let us weep over him!' And then their cries recommenced. These lamentations continued for a length of time, and were repeated to every person who came to see the corpse. After the interment, at which the criers also attend, the whole family return to partake of a repast, when they eat and drink, and their grief is at an end."

ANCIENT BRITISH NAVAL UNIFORM.

The following notice is the oldest record known, of a naval uniform in this country: it is extracted from a manuscript in the British Museum:—

"JAMES R.—James, by the Grace of God, of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Kinge, Defender of the Faithe, etc. To our trustie and right well-beloved Counsello, Sir George Howmes, Knight, Mr of our greete wardrobe, and to the Mr of the same that hereafter for the tyme shal be, greetinge, Wee will and commaunde you ymediatlie vpon the sight hereof, to delyero r cause to be deliuered vnto our well-beloved servants, John Austin, Thomas Grove, John Hankin, John Eliot, Roger Morice, and Thomas Tompson, six principall Maisters of or ships by vs appointed to that office, their p'cells following for theire Lyuire coat, that is to saie, To eury of them two yards of fyne red cloth, at thirtene shillings and fower pence a yarde. Item, to eury of them two yards of velvet for gardinge the same coats, at twentie shillings the yarde. To eury of them ten ounces of silke lace for garnishinge the same coats, at two shillings and fower pence the ounce. To eury of them two ounces of sowinge silke, at twentie pence the ounce. Item, to eury of them two yardes of passamayne lace, at fower pence the yarde.

Item, to eury of them two dozen of buttons of silke and golde, at two shillings and sixpence the dozen. Item, for imbroderinge of theire coats with ships, roses, crownes, and or L'res I. R. richlie imbrodered wth Venice golde, silver, and silke, and wth spangles of siluer and silke, price the piece fower pounds. Item, to eury of them one yarde and a half of fustian for lyninge the bodies, at twelue pence the yarde. To eury of them two yardes and a quarter of bayes for the skirtes of theire coates, at two shillings and sixpence the yarde. To eury of them for facinge, half a yarde of taffatie, and to eury of them two dozen of silke peynte wth siluer tags, and for makinge of eury of the same coates thirtene shillings, fower pence. And also wee will and commaunde you, that on the Sixtenth day of March, against the feast of Easter, wch shal be in the yeare of or Lord God 1605: And so for that eury like daye wch hereafter shal happen eury yeare, you deliuer or cause to be deliuered vnto the saide John Awstyn, Thomas Grove, John Hankin, John Eliot, Roger Morrice, & Thomas Tomson, to eury of them for their lyveries the like p'cells duringe theire lives: And to eury one that shal succeed them in that office in like sorte as they have. And this or L'res, signed wth or owne hande, shal be yor sufficient warrante, dormant, and discharge in that behalf for the deliuery of the prmisses in forme aforesaide. Given under or signel this sixt daye of Aprill, Anno d'ni 1604, And in the yeares of oure raigne of England, France, and Ireland, the Second, And of Scotlande the Seuen and Thirteth.

"It may please yor Matie to renewe this warrante for the lyueries of the six principall Mres of yor Highnes ships, the same being drawne verbatim wth the warrante signed by the late queen, wch by reason of her deathe is become voide, and they denyed the havinge of theire lyueries until it shal please yor Matie to renewe the former warrante.

"NOTINGHAM."

THEATRES IN RUSSIA.

A LETTER from St. Petersburgh states, that the emperor has just issued an ordonnance relative to the *personnel* of the imperial theatres, and containing the following provisions:—First. The artists of these theatres are divided into three classes, the first of which comprise the chief *employés* and the artists charged with the principal parts of every line, the directors, maitres de chapelle, and directors of the orchestra, the painters of decorations, the directors of the costumes, and the principal machinists. The second class is to comprise the actors entrusted with second and third-rate parts, the masters of the wardrobe, the painters, sculptors, and inferior machinists, the leader of the musical bureaux, and the fencing-masters. The third class is to comprise the chorists of the opera and the ballets, the figurants, chorus-singers, and their leaders, copyists, and hair-dressers. Secondly.—The persons composing the first class, after ten years' service at the imperial theatres, are to have the rank of *employés* in the chancellery of the third class, and are to be eligible to civil employments. Thirdly.—The pupils of the imperial theatres are to have the same right, and are to be admissible to civil employments, but only after fifteen years' service. Should they quit the imperial theatres before that period, they will be assimulated to the persons comprised in the second and third classes.

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AN OVERBEARING TEMPER.

NOTHING shows a greater abjectness of spirit than an overbearing temper appearing in a person's behaviour to inferiors. To insult or abuse those who dare not answer again, is as sure a mark of cowardice as it would be to attack with a drawn sword a woman or a child. And wherever you see a person given to insult his inferiors, you may assure yourself he will creep to his superiors; for the same baseness of mind will lead him to act the part of a bully to those who cannot resist, and of a coward to those who can. But though servants and other dependants may not have it in their power to retort in the same taste the injurious usage they receive from their superiors, they are sure to be even with them by the contempt they themselves have for them, and the character they spread abroad of them through the world. Upon the whole, the proper behaviour to inferiors is, to treat them with generosity and humanity; but by no means with familiarity on one hand, or insolence on the other.

The Gatherer.

July 14, 1766, a man, for a wager, crossed the Thames opposite Somerset House, in a butcher's tray.

Con.—Why is a thief like a philosopher?—Because he is given to fits of *abstraction*.—*Literary Gazette.*

The first toll we read of in England for mending the highways, was imposed in the reign of Edward III.; and was for repairing the road betwixt St. Giles's and Temple-bar.

The first Lord Mayor's show was in 1453; and Sir John Shaw was the first that held his feast at Guildhall, November 1501.

"*Nine Tailors make a Man.*"—This sentence, which had its origin in the grateful mind of one who had received his start in life from the charity of the craft, has now, from an ignorance of the circumstance, entirely lost its meaning. The term had its origin in the following manner. In 1742, an orphan beggar boy applied for alms at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital, our little hero purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. From this beginning, he rose to great wealth and distinction, and when he set up his carriage, he had painted on the pannel, "Nine tailors made me a man."—*Boston Yankee Miscellany.*

One of the many superstitions, traditional in the Greek church, and which are perpetuated by the priests, themselves the least informed among the people, is that of not following the trade of a blacksmith; and the reason given for this observance, is, that a blacksmith made the nails used at the Crucifixion, and that, having made more than were required, he and his craft were cursed.

Butter was unknown to the Greeks; they have no word which expresses an idea of it.—*Beloe's Herodotus.*

The Mammoth.—At the last meeting of the Bristol Philosophical Society, Dr. Fairbrother exhibited the tusk of a mammoth, which had been found on the line of the Great Western Railway, near the spot where the city boundary crosses the line. The tusk was found in the lower part of the gravel. Its length is about five feet and a half, its circumference varying from twenty-one to ten inches. It is curved in a form nearly circular, and occupies an arc of about 140 degrees. Mr. Stutchbury supposes it to be a part only of the original tusk, which was probably nine feet in length. About two years ago, a part of a tusk and a tooth were found in the gravel overlying the "New Red Sandstone," while forming the foundation on which the buildings of the Cotton Factory are erected. The former is slightly curved, about three feet long, about fifteen inches in its greatest circumference, and tapers off to the extremity. The complete tusk was propably nearly five in length, the missing portion being the end inserted into the cranium. It belonged to a species more nearly resembling the existing elephant, than that which possessed the highly curved tusk. The enamel plates of the tooth indicate its analogy to the Asiatic rather than the African elephant.

Good wine is a cordial, a good cordial, a fine stomachic, and, taken at its proper season, invigorates mind and body, and gives life an additional charm. There can be found no substitutes for the fermented liquors, that can enable man to sustain the mental and bodily labour which the artificial habits of society so constantly demand. Temperance and moderation are virtues essential to our happiness, but a total abstinence from the enjoyments which the bounteous hand of Nature has provided, is as unwise as it is ungrateful. If, on the one hand, disease and sorrow attend the abuse of alcoholic liquors, innocent gaiety, additional strength and power of mind, and an increased capability of encountering the ever-varying agitation of life, are amongst the many good results which spring from a well-regulated diet, in which the alcoholic preparations bear their just proportion and adaptation.—*Dr. Sigmund.*

Blind Angler.—There is at present residing near Milnthorpe, in this county, an old man named Williamson, who has been completely blind for some years. This veteran may be seen almost daily fishing with the artificial fly at the river Beela, and on Tuesday week was noticed by several persons landing a fish in beautiful style, which proved to be a mort, weighing about 2lb.—*Westmoreland Gazette.*

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The Mirror

OF

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Wellingtoniana —No. III.

LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

THE CHURCH AT WATERLOO.

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WELLINGTONIANA.—No. III.

In two former papers we introduced our readers to the subject which heads this article; and beg to present now two more sketches, illustrating the achievements of the great chief at Waterloo: the first, the farm-house where Blucher and Wellington met after the debouch of the Prussians from the wood, and their sanguinary but successful encounter at *Planchenoit*; the spot, from the former circumstance, named *La Belle Alliance*. The second engraving represents the church in the village of Waterloo, in which monuments are raised to the memory of many of those who perished in the battle—both French and English officers of rank and merit.

La Belle Alliance is thus introduced in the Duke of Wellington's memorable despatch:—"These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre, near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and having observed that the troops retired from the attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bulow's corps, by Frischermont, upon Planchenoit and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Blucher had joined in person with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point: the enemy was forced from his positions on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands."

The calmness and activity of our great chief is strikingly set forth in the following letter, written at

"Waterloo, 18th June, 3 A.M.

"My dear Stuart,—I enclose two letters, which I beg you to peruse, and forward without loss of time. You will see in the letter to the *Duc de Berri* the real state of our case, and the only risk we run. The Prussians will be ready again in the morning for any thing.

"Pray keep the English quiet if you can. Let them all prepare to move, but neither be in a hurry or a fright, as all will yet turn out well.

"I have given the directions to the governor of Antwerp to meet the *crotchets* which I find in the heads of the king's governors upon every turn. Believe me, &c.

"Wellington."

"Sir Charles Stuart, G. C. B."

The Letters and Despatches of Wellington more truly illustrate the tone and character of his mind than any other data which his eventful life can furnish. It has been asserted that Wellington's is a character which we *must* respect, but cannot love. Certainly, the principal elements of his character are those which come neither within the bounds of admiration, and were never intended by nature for scenic effect, to clap-trap the sensibilities. Great as was Napoleon, there was much of the latter in him; indeed, the very nature of a bad cause requires it: hence the inflation of his proclamations, and the continuous appeals to passion and vain glory in his addresses. Wellington, on the other hand, from no deficiency of strength of character, or the absence of enthusiasm, is contented to announce the most memorable feats and achievements, with the brevity and without the pedantry of the Roman general's despatch.—Thus to the army of Waterloo, after that memorable battle,—he is contented with saying, "The Field-Marshal returns to the army his thanks for their conduct in the glorious action fought on the 18th instant."* His soldiers knew their chief, and required no luxuriant diction to chronicle all the feelings with which he was exercised by his own success and their undaunted bravery—like the "*up, Guards, and at 'em,*" it illustrates what Englishmen are, simple and undaunted, when appealed to by a correspondent sympathy.

But to assert that Wellington is deficient in those elements which chasten and temper the character of the warrior, is to speak in ignorance of the truth. Let the following letters be perused, to illustrate a pleasing feature of the character of the mind of this great man, who declares, whilst yet the trophies of the field were crowding upon him, "that the glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to him."

To the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T.

"Bruxelles, 19th June, 1815.

"My dear Lord,—You will readily give credit to the existence of the extreme grief with which I announce to you the death of your gallant brother, in consequence of a wound received in our great battle of yesterday.

"He had served me most zealously and usefully for many years, and on many trying occasions; but he had never rendered himself more useful, and had never distinguished himself more, than in our late actions.

"He received the wound which occasioned his death when rallying one of the Brunswick battalions which was shaking a little; and he lived long enough to be informed by myself of the glorious result of our actions, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance.

"I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope that it

* General Order, 20th June, 1815.

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may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for their loss.

"Believe me, &c.

"WELLINGTON."

"The Earl of Aberdeen, K.T."

"Your brother had a black horse, given to him, I believe, by Lord Ashburnham, which I will keep till I hear from you what you wish should be done with it."

In a like spirit is the following expressed:—

To the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.

"Bruxelles, 19th June, 1815.

"My dear Lord,—I am very sorry to have to acquaint you that your brother Fitz-Roy is very severely wounded, and has lost his right arm. I have just seen him, and he is perfectly free from fever, and as well as anybody could be under such circumstances. You are aware how useful he has always been to me; and how *much* I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I feel for him; and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broken me down; and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired. I hope, however, that your brother will soon be able to join me again; and that he will long live to be, as he is likely to become, an honour to his country, as he is a satisfaction to his family and friends.

"Believe me, &c.

"WELLINGTON."

"The Duke of Beaufort, K.G."

And the following passage, from a letter to Sir Charles Stuart, dated Orville, 28th June, 1815, surely reflects the highest lustre on his character:—

"General —— has been here this day to negociate for Napoleon's passing to America, to which proposition I have answered that I have no authority. The Prussians think the Jacobins wish to give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. ——— wishes to kill him; but I have told him that I shall remonstrate, and shall insist upon his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction; that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners; and that I was determined, that if the Sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me."

THE LOST ONE.

"Long since, the lovely brow of which I sing,
Is lost amid the dark and mouldering earth."
M. A. BROWNE.

ALL duskily the evening ray,
Gleams on yon gothic window pane,
Where, clad in mail, a warrior grey,
Long, long, in effigy hath lain;
And a couchant lion carved in stone,
The slumberer's feet are resting on.

With sword begirt, with helm and shield,
As if prepared for battle strife,
As if again the "tented field"
Could stir Earl Mowbray's life;
As if the soldier imaged there,
Again could to such scenes repair.

None mark that face, for centuries past,
Have gathered round oblivion's shade,
Amongst forgotten things at last,
Brave Mowbray's pomp is laid,—
And "wanting speculation" lie,
That moveless brow, and closed eye!

Yet vain conjecture loves to trace
What scenes that noble heart hath stirr'd,
And in that chilly resting place,
Where only whispering winds are heard,
A vision of the past appears,
A legend of long vanish'd years.

* * * *

When the fourth Edward ruled the land,
And many a feudal tower,
Defended by its vassal band,
Arose in pride and power,
Stood Mowbray Castle, and 'twas bound,
With a deep moat encircling round.

High o'er the stately woods were seen,
The huge grey towers to rise,
While through the glades so darkly green,
The hunter early hies;
While echo sent, from haunts remote,
An answer to his bugle's note.

And galleries receding far,
And lofty halls were there,
But amongst all, the brightest star,
Was Mowbray's daughter fair,
Sweet Gertrude! clear and polished brow,
Bright tresses and bright eyes hadst thou.

And to thy widowed father's home,
Wert thou a precious treasure given,
With gentle step round him to come,
The dearest gift of heaven!
And wild and free thy fairy feet,
Would rove that father's eye to greet.

And Nigel was the chosen one,
Who Gertrude's guileless heart had gain'd,
He to King Edward's wars had gone,
For civil discord reign'd,
And the pale rose, Earl Warwick swore,
Should hold supremacy no more.

And day by day had crept along,
And over moss and over moor,
Nigel D'Albini, why prolong
The hours of absence more?
When wilt thou back again repair,
And wreathe white roses for her hair?

And Gertrude low'd, from the high tower,
The dark grey tower with ivy clad,
To watch thro' many a lonely hour,
All wearily and sad,
In the far distance to descry
Her own brave Nigel drawing nigh.

And she would wander far away,
Beyond the moat's dark banks of green,
To a wide moor, for near it lay
The road where Nigel's steps had been,
The spot where last he waved farewell,
How dear that memory who may tell!

* * * *

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In Mowbray's hall the feast is spread,
And minstrels wake historic lays,
And tell of victories, where bled
The warriors of more warlike days.—
And echoing through the chambers high,
Music awakes glad revelry.

For Nigel had returned alone,
A glad surprise to waken,
And when the twilight star had shown,
His stealthy way had taken;
And neared the frowning castle-wall,
As evening shadows round him fall.

But where is Gertrude? watches she
From tower or turret high,
The faithful maid! unknowing she,
Her truant knight is nigh:
He seeks the tower, he mounts the stair,
Not there,—sweet Gertrude is not there!

They sought her 'till the moonlight pale,
Gave place to midnight's silent reign,—
They called her,—dreary is my tale,
Fair Gertrude ne'er returned again!
From that long night of wild dismay,
She came not with the coming day.

She came not with the dewy morn,
From flowery garden bowers,
The scene she lov'd so to adorn,
Through the long summer hours:—
She came not from the forest shade,
She came not from the greenwood glade!

Some said by fell enchanter's power,
She had been spirited away,
Some thought in that mysterious hour,
Some fairy or some fay,
Had wrought a spell unknown before;—
But Gertrude comes not—came no more!

And weeds and desolation lie
In her neglected garden now,
And through her turret chamber high
The winds of autumn blow;
Few ever loved to enter there,
The speaking silence none could bear!

And Nigel sought the battle field,
A soldier's death to gain,
But Mowbray's trust would never yield,
That she would come again;
And so he pined, and pined away,
And died in that fond hope, they say.

Years glided by—and her sweet face,
Was smiling in her picture still:
When passed away the noble race
Who once those halls did fill;—
A gossip's evening tale it grew,
Of the lost Gertrude, fair and true!

They whispering told, how some beside
The ruins lone and old,
Saw the pale lady slowly glide,
A vision fair and cold,—
And listening heard, or seem'd to hear,
Her shadowy footsteps rustling near.

* * * * *

Long centuries pass'd—and Gertrude's grave,
Deep in the treacherous moor was found,
None had been near that form to save,
A skeleton alone was found,—
But o'er that dust no mourners bow,
Unknown her love,—unknown her woe!

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE.

In the year 1747, the body of a female was discovered in the peat moors, near Amcotts, a village in the Isle of Axholme, which has for many hundred years been the property of a family of that name. The following interesting account of which circumstance was published in the Gentleman's Magazine, by Mr. Stovin, of Hirst Priory: "We have several places called moors in and about the Isle of Axholme, out of which the poorer sort get most of their fuel called peats: in doing this, they sometimes dig two yards deep. One of these peat-diggers, in a moor belonging to Amcotts, met with a human skeleton, in an upright posture, and immediately left his work, and informed Mr. Stovin what had occurred to him, who immediately went over, and after taking out the skeleton, had the place carefully searched, if haply he might find any piece of coin which might ascertain the time when the accident happened, but did not succeed. He took away the bones of a hand, and of both the feet, which were entire, and in their natural order, enclosed in shoes or sandals. The leather of these shoes appears firm and neat, and very little, if at all, injured, by the moist situation in which they have been for several centuries. One of these sandals was sent to the Royal Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Stovin; he received their thanks, in a letter informing him, that after they had compared it with all the old statues they could meet with, they found none that answered to it—but some made about the time of the conquest came the nearest. From the size of the shoe, the skeleton is conjectured to be that of a woman. It is made of one entire piece of leather, without any seam, except only in the part behind the heel; but from the toe to the place where we usually buckle on the shoe, it is cut on the corresponding loops. This shoe is fastened on the foot with a lace proceeding through all the loops, and fastened at the top, to be drawn as tight as the wearer pleases. They were of opinion that this shoe, being peaked or turned up, must at least be earlier than the time of Edward the Fourth, in whose time shoes of this kind had so increased that those who wore them were mulcted, or were to have them cut shorter, as they passed the gates of London—nor older than the time of Edward the First, or Henry the Third, at which time shoes of this kind were first worn. There can be little doubt that this unfortunate female perished accidentally.—She had, probably, lost her way, and sinking into the soft ground of these desolate moors, was unable to extricate herself. The remains of this lady were buried in Amcotts chapel-yard."

From the History and Topography of the Isle of Axholme.—Being that part of Lincolnshire which is west of Trent—An interesting work, by the Rev. W. B. Stonhouse, M.A.

It ought to be added, that sandals such as are here described were only worn by persons of rank.—The Mowbrays were lords over this part of Lincolnshire from a very remote period.

Biography.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(*Concluded from page 92*)

CHAUCER left two sons, Thomas and Lewis; of the youngest of whom we have no records by which we can learn, either the station he occupied while living, or the time of his death. In regard to his eldest son, Thomas, we are informed that he was appointed to the office of chief butler, in the last year of Richard II., which office was afterwards confirmed for life, by letters-patent, granted by Henry IV. In the second year of Henry IV., we find him Speaker of the House of Commons, sheriff of Oxfordshire and Berkshire, and constable of Wallingford and Knaresborough castles, during life. In the fourth year of the same reign, the king directed an order to him, as chief butler, to deliver one hundred tons of wine to the Duke of Burgundy. In the sixth year of the same reign, he was sent ambassador to France; and, in the following year, went abroad on a commission with the king's brother, and Geoffrey Chaucer's nephew, Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. On Tuesday, the 25th of October, in the ninth year, on

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Wednesday, the 28th of January, in the eleventh year, and on the 5th of November, in the thirteenth year, of Henry IV., he was presented by the House of Commons as their Speaker. In the twelfth year of the same reign, Queen Jane granted him, for his good service, the manors of Woodstock, Hannebrough, Wotton, and Stantesfield, during life. In the second year of Henry V., he was again presented by the House of Commons as their Speaker; soon after which he was sent by the king with Hugh Mortimer, on a commission, to treat of a marriage with Katharine, daughter of the Duke of Burgundy; from this period until the time of his decease, he appears to have been employed in several offices of trust and confidence. He died on the 28th of April, 1434, at Ewelin, in Oxfordshire, and was buried in the parish church, under a black marble tomb. By his wife, Maud, or Matilda, who survived him two years, he had one daughter, named Alice, who was thrice married; first, to Sir John Philips, Knight, and afterwards, to Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, at whose decease she married William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, by whom he had one son, John, afterwards Duke of Suffolk. He resided chiefly at Dunnington and Ewelin; at the former of which Stowe says he built an hospital; but this appears to be a mistake, for, according to Dugdale, the hospital at Dunnington was founded by Adderbury; but that the Duke of Suffolk founded one at Ewelin, called God's House. After exercising immense influence over his sovereign, Henry VI., he was banished to France, but the Yorkists, being fearful of his return, seized him on his passage; and, having cut off his head upon the side of a cock-boat, had his body buried at the Charterhouse, at Hull: the duchess survived him several years, and, after an honourable life, died at Ewelin, in 1475. Their son, John, had issue, according to Leland, John, Earl of Lincoln; Edmund, afterwards Duke of Suffolk; Richard; William; and a fifth son, who was a student in Gonville Hall, in the University of Cambridge. Edmund de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, being convicted of treason against Henry VII., was beheaded in the seventh year of that king's reign, by which means the estates belonging to Chaucer's family came into the possession of the crown.

We may justly affirm of Chaucer, that in whatever light he is considered, he seems to merit our esteem, as well as to claim our admiration. In his public character, he appears to have shown as much steadiness, and adhered as firmly to his principles, as could be expected, considering the time in which he lived. His conduct in the latter part of his life was full of prudence, and a calm contempt for the ingratitude of the world. In private life he was an accomplished gentleman, and an agreeable companion. In his youth he was gay, and fond of pleasure; but in his maturer years his manners altered, and his behaviour was modest and grave: he was very bashful and reserved in company, notwithstanding the life and wit which appears in his writings. As an auther, he may be truly styled the father of English poetry; for, except the unavoidable defects of language, his works have still all the beauties that can be wished for, or expected. That he was not unacquainted with the ancient rules of poetry, appears by the *Knight's Tale*; but he did not always judge this exactness necessary; and, perhaps, he thought his genius placed him above these restraints, which limit and improve the works of more humble poets. He appears to have been well versed in moral and natural philosophy; and, as there were few men who understood human nature better, so, at the same time, there has been no writer in any language that has painted it with greater force, exactness, or judgment. His reading was deep and extensive, and his learning both specious and solid; for he knew how to expose those parts of it to view that are most apt to attract public applause, and yet have a sense concealed which might employ and satisfy the most inquisitive understanding. It may be safely affirmed of Chaucer, that he excelled in all the different kinds of verse in which he wrote; in his sonnets, or love-songs, which he composed when he was very young, there appears a great deal of sound judgment and elegance of thought. That he was a complete master in elegiac poetry, appears by his *Complaint of the Black Knight*, the poem called *la belle Dame sans mercy*, and several of his songs. He was an excellent master of love-poetry. His *Troilus and Creseide* is one of the most beautiful poems of the kind, in which love is curiously and naturally described in its early appearance, its hopes and fears, its application, fruition, and despair in disappointment. He was a great proficient in that mode of writing styled panegyric: his praises are easy, natural, and delicate, which, while they give pleasure to the person commended as well as the peruser, have, at the same time, the true air of a courtier without the meanness of a flatterer. His moral poems abound with good sense and fine sentiments. Dryden, who was scarce a better poet than a critic, has given the following opinion of his writings: "As he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learned in all sciences, and, therefore, speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. Chaucer followed Nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being *poeta et nimis poeta*, if we may believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us,

but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*. They who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so, even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. The equality of numbers in every verse, which we call heroic, was either not known, or not always practised, in Chaucer's age: it were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. There was Ennius; and, in process of time, Lucilius; and Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace: even after Chaucer, there was Spenser, Harrington, and Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared."

The Canterbury Tales, which is Chaucer's largest work, has hitherto remained above the reach of imitation. The scheme appears of so vast an extent, that it seems almost impossible for the powers of any single mind to paint the lineaments, as well as bring to view the various faculties of the different persons that are introduced into this poem. Chaucer commences by informing us, that, having resolved to pay his devotions to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, he put up his horse at the Tarbard-inn, in Southwark, where he found a number of pilgrims, who severally proposed the same journey; and that they agreed to sup together and to set out the next morning in company. The supper being finished, the landlord, who was a fellow of sense and drollery, made them the following proposal; namely, that in order to divert them on their journey, each of them should be obliged to tell two stories, one going, the other coming back; and that whoever, in the judgment of the company, should succeed best in this art of tale-telling, should, on their return to his inn, be entitled to a good supper at the common cost; which proposal being assented to, he undertook to be their governer and guide. At the commencement of the poem, the characters of the different pilgrims are distinctly drawn, and a plan of the comedy in which they stand for the *dramatis personæ;* every part of which is performed with equal justice and spirit, particularly the incomparable character of the host, who entertains his companions with his wit and humour through the whole of the journey.

An eminent writer, who appears to have had a thorough knowledge of the works of Chaucer, says, he must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, having taken into the compass of his Canterbury Tales, the various manners and humours, as we now call them, of the whole English nation, in his age; not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other, and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptiste Porra could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity; their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous, some are unlearned, or, as Chaucer calls them, lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different; the reeve, the miller, and the cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing lady prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-toothed wife of Bath. In these tales, we have our forefathers and great grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names; for nothing is lost out of nature, though every thing is altered. Baccace, who lived in the same age as Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies; but in the serious part of poetry, Chaucer has the advantage; for, although he borrowed many of his tales from the Italian, yet it appears, that those of Baccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages.

Among his numerous friends and acquaintance, his communicative disposition made him as much beloved, as he has been admired by posterity. He appears to have assisted them whenever it lay in his power; and it was doubtless this disposition that kept them so firm in his interest while he was living, and taught them to have a high respect for his memory after his decease. Among the earliest of his friends, as well as directors of his studies, were Nicholas of Lynne and John Some, two Carmelite monks, who were well versed in mathematical science, more especially the former, who left behind him several learned books. Leland says, that he excelled all that were before him in the knowledge of astronomy. One of Chaucer's most intimate acquaintance was Ralph Strode, a celebrated poet and philosopher of Merton College, Oxford, where it seems he was intimately acquainted with him, and had a great veneration for his abilities. The author of the Life of Chaucer which is prefixed to Mr. Urry's edition of his works, has made a great mistake in regard to this Strode, who he says was a follower of Wickliffe; now so far from being one of his followers, he was one of the principal writers against him; for which he is severely

censured by Bale, and as highly commended by Pits. It is not improbable but that Wickliffe and Chaucer were on terms of friendship, as they both owed the eminence of their respective stations to the same patron, John, Duke of Lancaster. Sir John Gower, an eminent lawyer, poet, and philosopher, appears, by both their writings, to have been an intimate companion of Chaucer's, he was blind before Chaucer's death, whom he survived only two years. Thomas Occleve, or Hocklife, a very ingenious man, and a celebrated writer, was a great favourite of Chaucer's, and imitated him in his manner of writing: we are indebted to him for the preservation of Chaucer's portrait, which he caused to be drawn in his *de Regimine Principis*, a work which he dedicated to Henry V. It appears from the verses which refer to this portrait, that the work was not composed until a long time after Chaucer's death. Another scholar of Chaucer's was the famous John Lydgate, a monk of Bury, who celebrates his master's memory and writings in many of his pieces, and who survived him forty years. Schogan, who distinguished himself by his sarcastical wit, was a professed admirer and imitator of Chaucer; but, as Leland observes, that though Chaucer, who sometimes styles Gower his master, excels him in the spirit and elegance of his verses, Schogan, so far from being equal to Chaucer, whom he acknowledged as his master, is very much his inferior. It is supposed that he was personally acquainted with Petrarch; but although we have no authentic records to prove the fact, yet it appears by his works that he had a thorough knowledge of his writings, as well as those of Baccase.

The favour with which the writings of Chaucer were received during his life, and the honours that were paid to his memory, by those who styled themselves his disciples, have saved at least the greatest part of his works from that oblivion which has covered most of the performances of the celebrated authors of his time. Caxton printed several editions of many of Chaucer's works. William Botteville, in the reign of Henry VIII., was the editor of a new edition of Chaucer, which, in an elegant discourse, he addressed to that monarch. Speght, with the assistance of John Stowe, published an edition of his works, which was dedicated to Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury; and another more complete edition was promised by Francis Thynne, but which never appeared. Sir Francis Kynaston, of Otely, in Shropshire, published the first and second books of a Latin version of Troilus and Creseide, and completed his translation of, and notes upon, the other three. His works are highly commended by Leland and Roger Ascham, to whom we may add Sir Philip Sidney, who observes, that it was equally strange to him, that Chaucer should see so clearly in so misty a time, and, that in brighter ages, men should go so stumbling after him.

W. G. C.

A FEW WORDS ON PRECIOUS STONES.

After all the moralizing of philosophers upon the nothingness and worthlessness of personal embellishments, the taste for adorning the outward man (perhaps we ought to say the outward woman) is so universal, that it should be considered merely as a natural propensity.

Rich and costly habiliments have at all times been considered as indicative of high rank and station, and therefore it is no wonder that inferior persons should delight in approximating their external appearance to that of their betters—a very harmless vanity when not carried to the extent of injuring more important interests. But besides costly and elegant apparel, there has prevailed in all ages, in all countries, another method of adding dignity and grace to the human form—we mean by wearing ornaments, composed of precious metals and stones, which no ingenuity can justify as even approaching to a necessity; in this then does jewellery differ from magnificent dress, that it is purely ornamental, or significant of high rank.

Yet it is an extraordinary fact, that in many countries, particularly in Eastern ones, that whilst ornaments of the most costly description are worn by the higher ranks, to denote that rank, to exemplify worth, or to adorn their persons, so the lower classes all wear similar articles in construction, though of more common materials. Thus, whilst in India a lady of distinction wears enormous gold bangles on her ancles and arms, rings of the same metal in her nose and ears, the very Pariahs will encumber themselves with enormous bangles of *iron* of the very commonest workmanship! We can well understand why a wealthy person should wish to exhibit a proof of it on his or her person, or why an individual of rank should wish to show the world an external sign of it; but we must confess that all our philosophy cannot enable us to discover why the lowest classes should ape the customs of their superiors, when no one can for a single moment be deceived either as to the wearer's rank or wealth, and when at the same time *their* personal appearance is injured rather than improved by the custom. But all this is extraneous to the subject; we can only say, that we cannot understand it, and there leave the matter.

Sacred writ is sufficient evidence that the custom of wearing precious metals and gems as embellishments to the person, and as signs of rank, is of the highest antiquity; but we have no knowledge of the extent to which the custom prevailed amongst the Jews; pearls are mentioned in the book of Job—but that is all we know, except that they were of great price.

We have abundant means of knowing that the Roman ladies were particularly extravagant in their use of jewels—witness Lollia Paulina, who, we are informed by Pliny,

carried about her person ornaments to the value of a million of dollars! a very pretty sum—and Miss Lolly Polly must have been a person of great consideration. Again—Pliny and Horace both mention that one Clodius, when he gave an entertainment, threw pearls into the goblets of his guests: we are not bound to believe that the guests swallowed them, either whole or dissolved; most likely it was considered a very elegant manner of presenting a *souvenir*. Suetonius likewise reports that Caligula followed the same custom —and a very magnificent custom it was, and one which we strongly advise our wealthy *fete*-givers to follow. Now to give our fair readers a short account of some of the precious gems which repose on their fair bosoms.

The diamond, which is the most valuable of all substances, weight for weight, in its natural state, is found in Ethiopia according to Pliny, and we know, also, in the East Indies and South America. The ancients ascribed it to many virtues; it was thought to be a cure for insanity, and counteractor of the effects of poison; it was a test of conjugal fidelity, and was used as a charm in the incantations of their necromancers and magicians by the Arabians, and possessed numberless other supposititous virtues too tedious to be repeated here.

The first person who appears to have known anything of the real nature of the diamond was Boetius de Boot, who declared it to be inflammable, though on insufficient grounds; he was quite right in his supposition—the diamond, as has since been proved, being pure carbon.

Until the fifteenth century the diamond was *set* rough, as it was brought from the mines, and it was only in the year 1356, that Louis Berghen, of the city of Bruges, discovered the art of polishing this valuable stone. The other precious stones were polished by the friction of emery powder, which would not touch the diamond at all. Louis Berghen succeeded in giving a polished *(facet)* to a diamond by rubbing it against another; the invention of the wheel, and the use of diamond powder, is also due to Louis Berghen. The manner of cutting diamonds it is not our business to describe—its appearance when finished is sufficiently well known.

Tavernier says, that in the throne of the great Mogul, there were one hundred and eight large rubies, varying in weight from one hundred to two hundred carats, and one which weighed two ounces and a half.—*New York Mirror.*

JOCULAR TENURES.

Some of the services to be performed to the Crown, by this species of tenure, show the extreme simplicity in eating and living of the Sovereign at these early periods.

William Russi held the manor of Henningford by the service of finding for our Lord the King "one spindle full of yarn (worsted), when the king should go into Ireland, to repair the pavilion."

William de Alesbury held lands in Buckinghamshire by the service of finding "straw for the king's bed, and to straw his bed in winter, and also finding for the king, when he should come to Aylesbury in the summer, straw for his bed, and grass or rushes to strew his chamber." Shakspeare mentions this custom of strewing rushes, in several places of his dramas, and particularly in that of *Henry the Fourth*, (Part II. Act V.) where, at the coronation procession of Henry V., two grooms enter strewing of rushes, and the first groom calls out

"More *rushes*! more *rushes*!"

Straw was used for the king's bed as late as the time of Henry VIII.—(See *Archæologia*, v. iv. p. 312.)

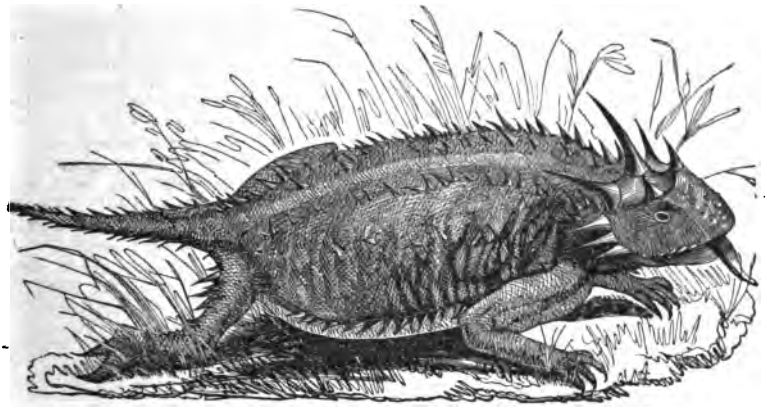
The manor of Wilmington, Kent, was anciently held by the service of finding for the king "one pot-hook for his meat," whenever he should come that way. Henry the Third's Queen's goldsmith was to render yearly to the king "a pot of honey" for lands at Newington, Surrey; William Gardiner held an estate in Lancaster, "to find pot-herbs and leeks for the king, when he came to the castle there." And another paid for land elsewhere "the service of dressing such." Emmer de Hamon held an estate by the service of "cutting out the linen clothes of the king and queen." One of the most remarkable of these royal tenures, however, was one where a William Hopperhost held land by the service of keeping for the king, *six damsels* (*meretrices*), and another by which Hamo de Gatton held the manor of Gateshull, by the service of being "marshal of *twelve girls* who followed the king's court." The former service is called "pimp tenure," and has occasioned much dispute and some merriment, as being supposed to mean that these were women kept for the king's pleasures. Good reasons, however, have been given by late writers for dissenting from this opinion; the term "*meretrices*" being explained by them to mean merely washerwomen, or laundry-maids.

Among other singular tenures granted by subjects, the following are enumerated:—

In the manor of Stoneley, Warwickshire, there were anciently four bondmen, whereof each held one messuage and certain land, by the service of "making the gallows, and hanging the thieves there." Each of which bondmen was to wear a red clout between his shoulders, upon his upper garment. Sir Edward Coke says this is the worst species of tenure he ever heard of.

Ralph Scales gave the Knights Templars, 170 acres of arable and also other land in Essex; and they had other lands here, the tenants of some of which "was to eat in lieu of all services." *Memdescabit pro omni servitio.* But the next tenure was still more ludicrous:—"A farm at Brook Home, in

Langsell, in the parish of Ramston, in the county of York, paid yearly to Godfrey Bosville, Esq., *a snow-ball at Midsummer, and a red rose at Christmas.*" This extraordinary service, the editor supposes, was fulfilled by presenting a preserved or dried rose, as it is not specified that it should be fresh gathered. And as to the snow-ball, he easily accounts for it, by remarking, that he has himself observed snow in the caverns or hollows upon the high moors in the neighbourhood in the midst of summer.



The Naturalist.

THE FOUR-HORNED AGAMA.

It has been justly remarked, that we possess fewer authentic observations upon the manners and economy of reptiles, than of almost any other class of animals. Of the many thousand different species of reptiles enumerated in the most complete catalogues of zoologists, it may be safely affirmed, that we do not know the habits of as many dozens; yet this defect of information is to be attributed only to the neglect or inattention of travellers, for these animals afford at least the same facilities for observation and experiment as mammals and birds, and much greater than fishes or insects.

The true Agamus inhabit humid places in the warmest countries of the two continents. The present species, the *A. cornuta* of Dr. Harlan, and *Lacerta orbicularis* of Cuvier, is common on the mountains and rocks of Mexico and Terra Firma, where, according to Hernandez, the inhabitants name it *tapayaxin*. It has some slight resemblance to the toad, and Seba has, indeed, designated it under the name of the *spinous toad* of America; although it belongs, in fact, to quite a distinct class of animals. Its proper place is among the saurian division of the class *Reptilia*; whereas the frogs and toads, which undergo transformations, while this creature does not, belong to the class *Amphibia*. In Paraquay, the four-horned agama is called *chamelion*, because it swells its body and changes colour a little when touched.—It is generally about six inches long, including the tail, which is short, slender, and pointed, and that of the female is longer than the male's. The body is broad, nearly orbicular, and inflated; its head thick, short, widened, and swelled behind the eyes; its occiput is furnished with several small spines, four of which are particularly conspicuous, and hence its name; its back and the upper part of its tail are also covered with small spines; its feet have fine long and slender toes, provided with hooked nails; the colour of its back is ash-grey, variegated with several dark brown blotches; underneath, it is scaly, and of a light colour, shaded with brown spots of different intensity. Ray says that it can be tamed.

The above figure was drawn from a living specimen in the possession of Mr. Kemp, jun., baker, of Leicester Street, Regent Street, by whom it was brought, with six others, from Texas, where it was captured while running among the grass. It is the only survivor, and lives upon flies and other insects which it catches for itself. It runs very rapidly, and somewhat in the manner of the armadillo, and is most active in the sunshine.

We understand that Lord Derby, who is much attached to the study of zoology, and posseses a fine collection, has recently received several living specimens of this reptile. Dead ones are preserved in spirits in the *Museum of the Zoological Society*, Leicester Square, and in the *British Museum*.

J. H. F.

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Manners and Customs.

JOUSTS AND TOURNAMENTS.

(*Continued from page* 106.)

THE taste for chivalry among classes of people apparently little susceptible of its influence, may be learned from the masquerading tournament of Edward; for knightly games must have been well known to the citizens of London, or the proclamation would not have been issued, that the lord mayor, aided by the court of aldermen and the sheriffs, would, on a certain day, hold a solemn tournament. The same taste was proved some years before, when the Black Prince entered London, with King John of France as his prisoner. The outside of the houses were covered with hangings, wrought over with battles in tapestry, and the citizens exposed in their shops, windows, and balconies, an incredible quantity of bows and arrows, shields, helmets, corslets, breast and back pieces, coats of mail, gauntlets, umbraces, swords, spears, battle-axes, armour for horses, and other armour.*

The sun of English chivalry reached its meridian in the reign of Edward III., for the king and the nobles all were knightly. Tournaments and jousts for the amusement, and in honour of the ladies, were the universal fashion of the times.

The gay character of Edward and his court was pleasingly displayed in the spring of the year 1359, three years after the battle of Poictiers. A solemn tournament, of three days' duration, was proclaimed in London, and the lord mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, proposed to keep the field against all comers. The time arrived, the martial games were held, and all the honour of arms appeared to be right due to the officers of the city. The victors then threw aside their shields and surcoats, impressed with the city's bearings, removed their beavers; and King Edward, the Black Prince, the Princes Lionel, John, and Edmund, and nineteen noble barons, were recognized.†

Among the *Issues of the Exchequer*, 9th Edward III., there are the following items:—"3d May, To John, Duke of Brittany, in money paid to him of the king's gift, for his armour and equipment at the last tournament at Smythfield, held on the 4th day of March last past, and for the expenses of himself and his household incurred by reason of the said tournament. By writ of privy seal, &c.—13*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*"

"To William Volaunt, king of the heralds and minstrels, being at Smithfield at the last tournament there, in money paid to them of the king's gift, &c.—40*l.*"

In the reign of Richard II. the splendour of English chivalry was clouded. That monarch did not emulate the martial fame of his father, for he was a voluptuous prince; yet, the splendour of chivalry hung over his court; his tilts and tourtaments were unusually magnificent; but the martial, and, therefore, the chief spring of knighthood, was wanting.

In 1394, Richard II. had a great jousting in Smithfield, when the Earl of Mar, who, with "certain other lords of Scotland, came into England, to get worship by force of arms, was overthrown by the Earl of Nottingham, and, having had two of his ribs broken by the fall, he died on his return homeward."

In a time of peace, during the year 1398, there were sundry jousts and combats between Scots and Englishmen. The most remarkable encounter was that which took place between Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, and the Lord Wells, in the presence of Richard II. and his court. They agreed to run certain courses on horseback, with spears sharply ground, for life or death. The place appointed for these jousts was London Bridge; the day was the feast of St. George.

The knights appeared sheathed in armour of proof, and mounted on mighty war horses. They ran together with all the fierceness of mortal hate; and, though they attainted, yet both kept their saddles. Lord Crawford kept his seat with such remarkable firmness, that the people cried out that assuredly he was locked in his saddle. Incontinently, that right noble knight leaped from his steed, and, again, armed as he was, vaulted on his back, and amazed the beholders by his perfect horsemanship. The battle was renewed on foot; the skill of the Scotsman prevailed, and the life of the Lord Wells was in his power. De Lindsay now displayed the grace and courtesy of his chivalry, for he raised his foe from the ground, and presenting him as a gift to the queen, wishing, like a true knight, that mercy should proceed from woman. The queen thanked the valiant and courteous Scot, and then gave liberty to the Lord Wells.‡

The ladies were the supreme judges of tournaments; and if any complaint was raised against a knight, they adjudged the cause without appeal. Nothing was more beautiful than the courtesy of chivalric times. At a martial game held in Smithfield, during the reign of Richard II. the queen proposed a crown of gold as a reward of the best jouster, were he a stranger; but if an English knight had the praise, then a rich bracelet was to be his reward. At the day of this merry tournament,§ there issued out of the Tower of London, first, three-score coursers, apparelled for the lists, and on every one, a squire of honour, riding a soft pace. Then appeared three-score ladies of honour, mounted on fair palfreys, each lady leading, by a chain of silver, a knight, sheathed in jousting harness. The fair and gallant troop, with the sound of clarions, trum-

* Knyghton. Chron. col. 2615.

† Barnes's Edward III., p. 564.

‡ Holinshed. History of Scotland, p. 252. Wyntown's Cronykil of Scotland, book ix., c. ii. The Sir David de Lindsay, mentioned above, is the knight of whom Sir Walter Scott tells an amusing story in his Notes to Marmion; canto i., note 8.

§ Froissart, vol. ii. c. 173.

pets, and other minstrelsy, rode along the streets of London, the fronts of the houses shining with martial glory in the rich banners and tapestries which hung from the windows. They reached Smithfield, where the Queen of England and many matrons and damsels were already seated in richly adorned galleries. The ladies that led the knights, joined them; the squires of honour alighted from their coursers, and the knights, in good order, vaulted upon them. This mode of conducting knights to the tournament, was not the only pleasing prelude of the sports.

Henry IV. displayed little chivalrous spirit. The Duke of Orleans challenged to meet him at any place he chose in France, each of them being accompanied by one hundred knights and squires, and to combat together till one of the parties should surrender: this challenge Henry declined; but the character of courage can scarcely be denied to him, yet it was not graced by any of the lofty daring of chivalry.

"Henry V." says Mr. Mills, "was the last of our chivalric kings. Though he revived the fame of Edward III. and the Black Prince, yet, immediately after his reign, the glories of English chivalry began to wane."

Henry VI. was a devotee, and had no inclination to renew the latent fire of the people to deeds of heroism.

In the sixth year of Edward IV., the most interesting joust was that between Lord Scales, (brother of the queen of Edward) and the Bastard of Burgundy, who was with his father the Duke of Burgundy. The bastard, having landed at Billingsgate, was conducted in great state to the palace of the Bishop of Salisbury, in Fleet street.

The ceremonies of the joust were then arranged, and strong lists were erected in Smithfield; and on the morning appointed for the gallant show, the king and queen, with all the chivalry and beauty of the land, repaired thither. On the first day, the combatants fought on foot with sharp spears, and "departed with equal honour." The next day they "turneyed" on horseback with swords, when the Bastard's horse falling under him, the king ordered the fight to be discontinued. On the morrow "they came into the field on foote, with two pole-axes, and fought valiantly; but at last, the point of Lord Scales's weapon happened to enter the sight of the Burgundian's helmet, when the king suddenly threw down his warder, and then the Marshall severed them." The Bastard desired to renew the combat, but it being declared, that according to the law of arms, "he must be delivered to his adversary in the same state and like condition as he stood when he was taken from him," he "doubting the sequal of the matter, relinquished his challenge."*

The very short reign of the youthful Edward the Fifth presented little else but stratagems and plots; and that of his successor, Richard the Third, was prodigal only of turmoil and of blood; of course, chivalry was little heeded; and Henry the Seventh, although the least warlike of our sovereigns, kept a "roiall *Tourney* and *Justs*" within the Tower of London. In the reign of the eighth Harry, jousts and tournaments were no longer simple representations of chivalry, but splendid pageants were united to them.

There was a considerable portion of chivalry among the nobility of Henry the Eighth. In some respects, however, it partook more of the romance of the Trabadour, than the genuine character of knighthood. The education of our English gentry was nearly as chivalric then as at any previous period of our history. Boys were sent to school to learn to read at four years of age. At six they were taught languages, and the first principle of manners: from ten to twelve dancing and music were added to their accomplishments; and politeness was particularly encouraged. At fourteen they were initiated into the sports of the field, which prepared them for the ruder exercise of arms. At sixteen, they were taught to joust, to fight at the barriers, to manage the war-horse, to assail castles, to support the weight of armour, and to contend in feats of arms with their companions. And here their education terminated.†

Sharon Turner says, that nothing could break the custom of holding tournaments but the increased civilization of the age. This is a mistake, for tournaments increased in number as the world became more civilized. There were more tournaments in the fourteenth century than in the thirteenth, and even so late as the reign of Henry the Eighth the whole of England seems to have been parcelled out into tilting ground.‡

WATER

MAY with truth be called the blood of cities; the first introduction of it into London was by leaden pipes in 1236, in the reign of Henry III.; it was brought from Tybourne. In 1285, was erected in Westcheap, a great stone castellated cistern of lead, called the Great Conduit. The Tun upon Cornhill was constructed in 1401. Perilous-pool, Muswell-hill, Hackney, St. Mary-le-bone, and Hampstead-heath, were the sources from whence the supplies were derived; and new conduits were in the year 1546 erected in Lothbury and Coleman-street. "The brook of Tybourne (according to Pennant) furnished nine conduits for supplying the city with water. Here the Lord Mayor had a banqueting-house, to which he and the Aldermen were accustomed to repair on horseback, attended by their ladies in waggons, and after viewing the conduit (query, if they tasted the water), returned to the city, where they were magnificently entertained." Thames

* Stow's Ann. p. 690.

† Mills's History of Chivalry; vol. ii., p. 116.

‡ History of England, vol. i., p. 144, 4to. edit.

water was first supplied to the houses of the citizens in 1582, by engines at London-bridge, made by Peter Maurice; the water was carried over the steeple of St. Magnus, and thence into the houses in Thames-street, New Fish-street, and Gracechurch-street, up to Cornhill, by the north corner of Leadenhall, then the highest ground in the city. Here the water from the principal pipe rose into a standard, rushed out from four spouts, one running each way at every side. The chief conduits were at Leadenhall, Cripplegate, Paul's-gate, Old Fish-street, Oldbourne, Fleet-bridge, and Aldgate. Stowe describes that at Fleet-bridge as having the image of St. Christopher at the top, and lower down surrounded with angels, with sweet-sounding bells before them, whereupon, by means of an engine within the tower, they, "dyvers hours of the day and night, chymed suche a hymme as was appointed." In West Smithfield was a pool, which, according to Burton, was called Horse-pool, and another in St. Giles's, and divers fair wells and springs, by which the city was served with sweet water. These conduits continued till they were destroyed by the fire of 1666.—*Times Journal.*

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS.

13.—JESSE'S ANGLER'S RAMBLES.

Cruelty of Angling.

(*Concluded from page* 110.)

WE have already observed on the idleness of Mr. Jesse's supposing that the angler is guiltless of cruelty in his sport, provided that he use a dead bait, but we are glad to find that Mr. Jesse does admit the cruelty of, and accordingly censures, those anglers who use live baits, which are permitted to hang on the hook for hours exposed to their enemies, and all the time alive and in pain.—"I have said nothing about snap, or live-bait fishing, or of setting trimmers for pike. I detest them all, especially the two latter, as *they are attended with no small degree of cruelty.* An angler may enjoy his amusement, and yet inflict *very little* pain upon the fish he takes, or the bait he uses. As long as he does this, his sport is an innocent one [not even then in our opinion,] but when a live gudgeon has a wire passed under its skin, and is then set afloat to be gorged by a pike, which probably remains for hours, with hooks in its stomach, swimming about in very fear and pain, until it is hauled into a boat, *the sport degenerates into an act of wanton cruelty.* By fishing with a dead bait, and by instantly killing a fish as soon as it is landed, but little pain is inflicted, and perhaps not more than every animal suffers in being deprived of life for the purpose of becoming food for the use of man. I am the more desirous of mentioning this, because there are many persons who think that angling and cruelty are synonimous terms." (p. 75.)

It is astonishing that Mr. Jesse, after telling us, in the early part of his book that he uses no live-baits, should, incautiously, disclose that he sometimes fishes with cads and black-beetles for bait, (p. 196,) and should recommend as such, "flies or butterflies, with the large wings taken off, as well as blue-bottles, and almost any sort of beetle," (p. 197.) Again, speaking of the baits for pike, he says, "If properly put on, gudgeons *spin admirably*, and are then very attractive," (p. 73,) and, "a small perch, *with the fins cut off*, is not a bad bait." (p. 73.) If he really "detests" the use of live-baits, and considers that they are attended with cruelty, what induces him to insert in his book a wood-cut representing a poor unfortunate fish, with a hook forced through its lips, a second and third hook in the side of its back, a fourth hook reversed lower down the back, and connected with a fifth inserted near the fork of the tail, which is thus compelled to bend forwards, which has the effect of making the live-bait spin at the end of the line in the water.

"I am no advocate," says Mr. Jesse, "for fishing with worms, and therefore say nothing about it, except, that the evident pain which is inflicted on these reptiles when they are impaled on a hook, would, I should think, counterbalance any pleasure to be derived from catching fish with them—they are all—all the meanest things that are—

> As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
> As God was free to form them at the first,
> Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all." (p. 106.)

How singular that Mr. Jesse does not perceive that the very lines he quotes in pleading for the worms, would be just as mercifully and fitly applied in the case of the fish he captures, whether it be with a dead-bait, or a live-bait, for mere sport.

We think we have now sufficiently shown that Mr. Jesse's attempts to defend angling from the charge of cruelty are most weak and evasive, as are all those of every angler whom we have read or conversed with on the subject. After reading in his preface this observation:—"In this volume my favourite art will be found to be *divested of its cruelty* which is so generally attached to it, and I have endeavoured to show that it may be enjoyed without the infliction of unnecessary pain,"—it may be judged how disappointed we have been. He is a most incorrigible angler, and will persist, despite all arguments which prove the contrary, that angling "is *certainly* a pursuit which supplies an inexhaustible fund of *innocent* amusement, either to the novice, or to the more skilful angler." (p. 250.)

It is really pleasant to turn from the inconsistencies and weak reasoning (if we may dignify it with that term) of Mr. Jesse, to read such a passage as the following, from the pen of another writer:—"For my part I can hardly think that fishing for mere sport is entirely right. The inhabitants of the waters are doubtless as happy as those of the land or the air, and we have no privilege which au-

thorizes us to put an end to the existence and terminate the happiness of any of these, for so slight a reason as that of our mementary pleasure. If the Creator has seen fit to make them, there is, doubtless, a good reason why man should not wantonly destroy them. We have, certainly, a right to take the lives of these animals, and use them for our substantial wants; but a kind heart will be reluctant to quench the right of life and happiness in the humblest creatures for so inadequate an end as amusement. The fishes, indeed, devour each other for subsistence, and, when their interests clash, they engage in battle, for so their instincts teach them. But they never destroy each other in wanton sport; and man, endowed with reason, should not break a rule of mercy, which God has taught to mere animals." (Parley's *Tales about Animals*, p. 284.) This is something like sound reasoning, most happily expressed, and in the plainest, yet most touching language.

Mr. Jesse says a great deal about the *healthfulness* of angling,—or, in other words, the standing still for hours by the water-side, amidst the damp vapours which arise from it, which vapours, together with a sharp breeze or two, and a good soaking rain, which must never scare a *true* angler, tends wonderfully to keep off the ague and the rheumatism. We remember a caricature wherein one angler says, "Vel Sam, vot did you catch yesterday?" and Sam answers, "Vy I only catched a cold." Now Sam had only caught what anglers very often catch.

"I always consider," says our author, "the mere act of fishing as a secondary consideration. I connect with it the enjoyment of the country, the song of birds, the beauty of the day, the refreshment of mind, and the calmness of thought which these bring with them. 'If,' as an old writer remarks, 'an angler is weary, his sport refreshes him; if melancholy, it cheers him; if in pain, it eases him. This is the prosperity of the fisher. Patience and hope are the two chiefest pillars that support him.' * * * Perhaps there is no pleasure to be enjoyed at a more easy rate than that of angling, one more conducive to health, or which composes the mind to that quiet and serenity which can only be appreciated by those who have experienced the happiness which they bring with them. An old angler has justly remarked, that he who lives, *sibi et Deo*, leads the most happy life; and when we reflect that most of our earthly hopes are attended with anxiety—that ambition, riches, and power, generally have some cares or evils to counterbalance them, the contented angler may pursue his course, enjoying his beloved recreation, with a mind unruffled like the stream he wanders along."

This may *read* prettily, but it does not prove that pleasure and health, the present burden of his song, are not to be got without practicing cruelty. Again, he says,—"I candidly confess that I derive only a secondary gratification in the mere act of fishing. The balmy softness of a fine morning in the spring, the 'song of early birds,' the beauties which Flora now begins to disclose, the revival of all nature teeming with joy and harmony, have inexpressible charms for me. The very insects which are bursting into a new life, the fresh and tender leaf with its cheerful verdure, and the kindly influence of the sun, all these add to the pleasures of spring, and enable me to contemplate nature with satisfaction and delight.

'Here the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
Their cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring.'"
(p. 110.)

But is it necessary that we should sport with the lives of one class of animals, to enjoy the songs and the sight of those of another class. Cannot we hear and see as much, and with more attention too, without standing by a river's bank with a rod and line. Look to the real lover of nature taking *his* calm walk of a summer's evening. *He* hears with pleasure the song of birds, and sees the works of nature without purposely destroying or mutilating one. The love of nature and the love of destruction are incompatible in the same breast.

Mr. Jesse quotes, in favour of angling, the following passage from Juliana Berner's Boke of St. Albans (1496):—"The angler at the leest hath his holsom walke, and merry at his ease. A sweet ayre of the sweet savoure of the meed flowers, that maketh hym hungry. He heareth the melodious harmony of fooles. He seeth the yonge swannes, herons, ducks, cootes, and many other fooles wyth theyr broodes, whyche me seemeth better than all the noyse of hounds. And if the angler take fysshe, surely then there is noo man merrier than he is in his spryte." But similar pleasures attend pursuits which are more rational, instructive and innocent. When, for instance, the botanist goes forth, he has his wholesome walk, is merry at his ease, inhales the sweet scent of flowers, which is just as likely to *make him hungry* as the angler; he hears the melody of birds, he sees the young swans, and the ducks, and the cootes, &c. with their brood; and if he gathers or observes many plants, surely there is no man merrier than he in his spirit, for his intellect and his senses have been gratified, and that, too, without any intentional hurt or destruction to even the smallest animal.

It seems that Mr. Jesse is aware that the angling of many of his brethren is not very pleasant, for, at p. 176, he expresses his dislike of "poring all day at one or two particular holes, pulling your line in and out of the water, or watching a piece of quill *till your eyes ache again*, even if he had the chance of killing the largest fish in the whole river."

Yet if we can't reclaim anglers—if anglers will be anglers still,—let us hope that at any rate they will attend to the following advice of Mr. Jesse:—"he should delight in the charms of nature, and contemplate her works as he wanders with his rod by the side of some clear

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and tranquil stream, or traverses the shore of a turbulent and eddying pool. The beauteous scenery, also, which is generally to be found on the banks of our pretty trout rivers, their graceful and fanciful windings, and the sweet and gay flowers which ornament their sides, should all add to the pleasures of the angler. Far removed from the haunts of the profligate, he may see in everything around him, proofs of the care and bounty of a benificent Creator. His mind will [then] be impressed with pure and holy thoughts of the Great Author of the universe, and he will possess that best and most valuable of blessings, a cheerful and contented disposition." (p. 164.)

Were angling only followed by persons whose circumstances require that they themselves should fish for their dinner, we should not object to it, but we know that many do not care for their fish when they have caught them — Mr. Jesse himself says, that he has known a party, fishing in a punt boat, capture sixty, or even eighty barbel, and adds, that these fish, "are generally given to the owner of the punt, excepting three or four of the largest, which are taken away as specimens of the sport which has been had." (p. 6.)

Mr. Jesse would have us believe that anglers are always men of rightly ordered minds, and yet he admits that "there is a sort of coxcombry in angling," (p. 160); and in two or three places he appears to suspect that some of these gentry are apt to be economical of the truth, as when they direct another angler to a spot for fishing as a capital one, when they know it is the reverse. We have found them somewhat addicted to exaggeration and invention, especially upon the subject of fish, which failing we ascribe to the fact, that as they take no interest in ichthyology, or the natural history of fish, they little know that the truth is in demand—and we have found them any thing but that mild and well mannered set, the piscatory authors have described them. But Mr. Jesse has exhausted the dictionary of all its best epithets to bestow them upon this class of sportsmen. He says, they are "peaceful," "placid," "benevolent," "unaffected," [and yet he has said there is coxcoombry in them,] "patient," "invariably pleasant and good humoured," "staid and decorous," "open hearted," and "gentle." We don't doubt that anglers are *gentle*-men, because they fish with *gentles*. "If those who sneer at anglers," he says, "could witness the good humour and kindness of heart which characterize the members of the Walton and Cotton Club, and see the good fellowship which subsists between them, they would probably desire to belong to so agreeable a society." (p. 27.) There is generally good humour and kindness of heart among birds of the same flock, yet that is no proof that they exercise such qualities towards others of their fellow-creatures, nor of their being exempt from the charge of cruelty in their sport.

Pike-fishing (p. 71.) "What is said about *playing* him till he is tired, is a waste of time. I am always for securing a fish as quickly as possible."

How much better it would have read, if Mr. Jesse, instead of this, had written—What is said about pulling the fish up and down the stream, till he is exhausted with pain and fatigue, is both a waste of time, and a barbarity. I am always for securing a fish as quickly as possible, not merely for fear of losing him, but to put a speedy termination to his sufferings, whether they are slight or intense.

Hunting.—Mr. Jesse says, he used to hunt in his younger days, "when in high health, good spirits, and well mounted;" but he adds, that he neither means to justify the sport, or the way in which his time was then spent; and then he gives us an edifying account of a clergyman, who used to hunt, and whom he is pleased to call a "very worthy divine." If there be one class of persons whom the sports of the field less become than another, it is that class; who, both by their public and private conduct, ought to endeavour to cultivate the practice of humanity towards every creature, the highest and the lowest that God has endowed with life. That clergyman, whose maxim is, to live and let live, and who is pleased with the sight of animals enjoying life, and who feels, as the poet says, "their happiness augment his own," has, in our opinion, some claim to be considered a very worthy divine.

Affection of Fish. (p. 252.)—"The miller-thumb (Cottus Gobio) is the only one in England which appears to have any natural affection for its young. This little fish deposits its spawn in a hole, and watches it until the young ones are hatched. The *goramy* of India, are stated by General Hardwicke in his account of that fish, to watch with the most active vigilance the margins of the spot which they had selected and prepared for depositing their spawn; driving away with violence every other fish which approached their cover. He adds, that from the time he first noticed the circumstance, about one month had elapsed, when one day he saw numerous minute fishes close to the margin of the grass, on the outer side of which, the parent fishes continued to pass to and fro."

An article on the affection of fish is published in the twenty-third volume of the *Mirror*, p. 390, and illustrated by instances of its apparent existence in the syngnathi, the flat-headed hassar, the round-headed hassar, and the blue-shark.

Sight and Smell of predaceous Birds (p. 213.)—"In answer to a question put to him by Mr. Eames, Dr. Hastings remarked, that both the sight and scent of birds of prey were particularly acute, although he was of opinion that they were led to their prey more by the latter than the former."

Dr. Roget, in his recent volume of the Bridgewater Treatises, makes some observations on this disputed question, and is of opi-

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nion, we believe, (for as yet we have only had a peep at his book,) that the sight, and not the smell, is the faculty by which birds of prey discover their quarry at great distances.

J. H. F.

BIRTH-DAY SERENADE TO THE MOTHER OF OUR QUEEN.*

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people—here is a sweet tale for your English hearts, which bears witness in no measured degree to the kind nature and careful love of our young and dear Queen's worthy disposition. Astrofel, who has read the stars, has already told us under what benignant and tender influences our throned Lady is born, and here is about to be adduced a cheerful instance, fully confirmatory of that prophetic oracle, and which breathes fair promises of gentleness and comfortable assurances of peace to the people of England, under the sway of a heart so tender and susceptible.

It was on the seventeenth day of this month, which, as we know, had its name from the *August* Emperor of olden Rome, it was in that same bright circle of lunar time, that the present mother of our fair Queen was born. On this occasion, therefore, it was certain, that according to ancient and proper custom, all the glorious bells of our thousand churches would, in remembrance and acknowledgment of the same, peal out their silver chimes, shaking the air with their tumultuous sweet music, in joyful commemoration of that day's anniversary. Of this there was no doubt, the custom was as sure to regularly take place, as that the sun would that morning come forth from his chamber, and that he would obtain from men, blessed by his benificent reign, their thankful praise and homage, so soon as their sluggish mortality could manage about the tenth hour before meridian, to indolently arise and do so. But in reality, the giving of praise or thanks at this late time of day, was in truth, giving either the sun—or its resemblant image, the royal mother of our Queen, a bare moiety even of appropriate homage, seeing that by the time either the sun had got to the tenth step in his ascendancy, or our august lady to the tenth hour of her day, all the preceding and primal hours to that, would have slid incontinently away, without having been blessed by the single benison or gratulative worship of a single devotee. This, therefore, was palpable neglect of rightful honour due both to the one and to the other, and to reform the abuse in the latter case, a fair being at this juncture arose, and ordained a new and honorable observance.

Gathering her wisdom from the worshippers of the sun, our noble lady the Queen, had long observed how that the Persian saluted at the first moment of its rising, the luminary which demanded his loyalty and love; and how, moreover, in a lesser degree, the humble lark ran up the crystal stairs of the air, even to Heaven's gate, to pour out his earliest warble of love to the planet of light and life. Gathering wisdom therefore from these, she resolved that she ought not to be surpassed by a Persic barbarian, or a lowly bird of the air, in manifestation of love and affection to that being, her dear mother, who was to her, as was the sun to them, the giver of the life and brightness of her being. In becoming imitation of them, therefore, she determined to celebrate the prime and early hours of her royal mother's birth-day, with salutations of melodious songs. To put her new resolution into effect, in furtherance of this filial and estimable idea, she summoned troops of rich serenaders, the famous Chanteurs Montagnards, to attend on the forthcoming morning, and to surprise her beloved mother on this, her anniversary birth-day, with festal gratulations.

Accordingly, at "the sweet hour of prime" of that day which stands in our calendars as seventeenth of this month, gatherings of gay minstrels might have been seen entering with courtly step, the palace entrance at St. James, and taking their stand immediately under the high window of the royal and maternal lady's chamber. Their eyes, however, were in common directed towards another window, not far apart, from which they were to receive the signal for their commencement, and which was to be no less than the appearance of our noble Queen herself at its front. Some minutes they waited in suspense, waiting like the merry trouveurs and minstrelers of old for the encouraging smile of their honoured mistress. Every eye is fixed on that window, and now—look at that beautiful shape which shineth at yon lofty window, luminous as that which made the pious Trojan believe it was the rosy-smiling goddess of the morning. That, that is the looked-for signal, obedient to which the seranaders strike up the sparkling symphonies from their delicious instruments, melting by degrees into a full body of harmonious sound. In troth, had it but reached the ear of the fabled divinity of the sun, as it did the ear of the princely lady for whom it was intended, he would have looked about quickly for his golden lyre, to see whether mortal hand had not, during his sleep, pilfered one or other of its shining strings.

But who shall tell the feelings of the royal lady herself in whose honour it was given, serenaded from the court-yard below. It seemed to her like that music of which Shakspeare somewhere speaks, which seemed as if it rose from under the haunted ground, rising up and filling the air with its melody, till all the

* By special command of her Majesty, the exquisite band of the Chanteurs Montagnards from Vauxhall, at 7 o clock on Saturday morning, serenaded the Duchess of K-nt, under her bed-room w ndow, in celebration of her birth-day. The signal for their commencement was the appearance of the Queen herself at her own window. The duchess was no less surprised, than delighted, at this unusual testimony of her dear daughter's love.—*Morning Herald*, Monday, August 19, 1839.

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chambers and corridors overflowed with soft-toned sweetness. Dreamily at hearing those sounds, the royal mother raised her head, and when the first fine music-piece was finished, and she had recovered from the ravishment of the strains, she wonderingly inquired from whence proceeded the music, and how and by whom it had been transported to her ears.

And thereupon was told to her the beautiful and gratifying tale of her dear daughter's desire to manifest her love and deep regard for her and for the day which was her birthday. At the hearing of that recital, it was difficult to say whether smile or tear predominated most on the royal mother's countenance; whether the smile of love unspeakable, or the glistening tear of heart-moving delight. Be that as it may, the instance nevertheless is, for many reasons, worthy of record, and every English heart will not fail to perceive in this little fact belonging to our virgin and sovereign Queen, that she has a heart, beating as vividly with sympathetic love, and as feelingly alive to tender and beautiful sentiments, as any other that pulses in creation.

W. ARCHER.

The Gatherer.

M. Thiers has just entered into a contract with Paulin, the bookseller, for the publication of a "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," as a continuation of his History of the French Revolution. For the perpetual copyright of this work, Paulin is to pay 500,000 francs; that is to say, 400,000 on the delivery of the manuscript to the author, and 100,000 a year afterwards. It is to consist of ten volumes, and to be published in two years.—*Foreign Monthly Review.*

In the first quarter of the present year, the number of books, pamphlets, &c., published in Paris, amounted to 1619; that of engravings, lithographs, &c., to 277; and that of musical works, to 147.—*Ibid.*

The population of Paris amounts to 1,200,000 souls, and that of London to 1,700,000. Thus the two capitals of the civilized world contain a population of 2,900,000 inhabitants, a number exceeding the united populations of all the other capitals of Europe. In 1814 the population of London was only 826,000 souls, and that of Paris 795,000.—*Capitole.*

Ancient Trundle Wheel.—A part of an ancient trundle wheel was found a few days ago in Chalmerston Moss, on the surface of the clay, and about fifteen feet of moss above it; from which circumstance it is supposed that it must have lain there for nearly 2,000 years. The construction is remarkably simple. The various parts are held together without nails, but in a strong and efficient way.—*Stirling Observer.*

St. Clement's Danes.—The scaffolding for the repairs of the steeple of this church has this week been wholly moved away, and the steeple has been wonderfully improved in effect. The *Country Journal*, a newspaper of the year 1728, records a singular fact relative to this steeple—"On Sunday last, [March 10th,] two young Lads being on the Ledge without the Steeple of St. Clement's Church, the Foot of one of the Boys slipping, he caught hold of the other, and they both fell together upon the Pavement; the Boy whose Foot slipp'd, died on the Spot, his Brains being dashed out; but the other received only a Bruise on his Head, and is now recovered; he remembers his being let Blood, when every Body supposed he was dead. The Steeple is 120 Foot high."

Costly Stone.—"About fourteen or sixteen years since, a stone was moved in the upper part of St. Bride's steeple, the scaffolding and repairs of which cost the parish, it is said, near 700*l.*"—*Public Advertiser*, June 21, 1764.

In the houses of the Greeks only is pitch to be met with, and by them it is taken too freely. In their mode of manufacturing it another trace of antiquity is recognised. They add a flavour of turpentine, obtained from the fir-apple;* this was also the custom with the ancient Greeks, and the fir-apple is found in all bacchanalian emblems surmounting the vine-wreathed thyrsus or staff of the god.—*Fellows' Asia Minor.*

The only wheat grown in Asia Minor is bearded, and this is the peculiar kind represented in the figures of Ceres, and upon ancient coins.—*Ibid.*

Hanged at the next Oak.—King John, on being interdicted by the Pope, for resisting the papal appointment of Stephen de Langeton, Cardinal of St. Chrysogonus, an Englishman by birth, to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, seized on all the priest's lands in England; and among other writs issued by him in that matter, the following, which appears to have been sent to the sheriff in every county, affords a singular proof of the summary character of legal proceedings at this time, and leads to the inference that the clergy, and not the king, were the unpopular parties in the pending dispute:—

"We command you that you cause it to be cryed, without delay, throughout your county, that no men, as they love their bodies and their goods, either do or say any harm to the religious men, or clerks, against our peace; and that if we catch any body in the fact we will have him *hung at the next oak.* Witness myself at Marlebridge, the 11th day of April, [1208.]"

* Compare the remarks of Dr. Sibthorp and Lord Aberdeen in Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey, edited by Walpole. Lond. 1818.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

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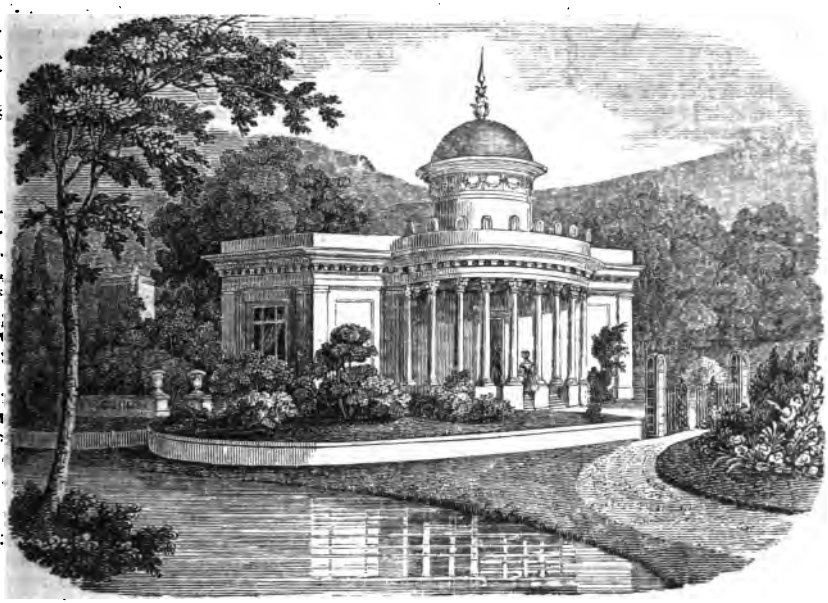
The Mirror

OF

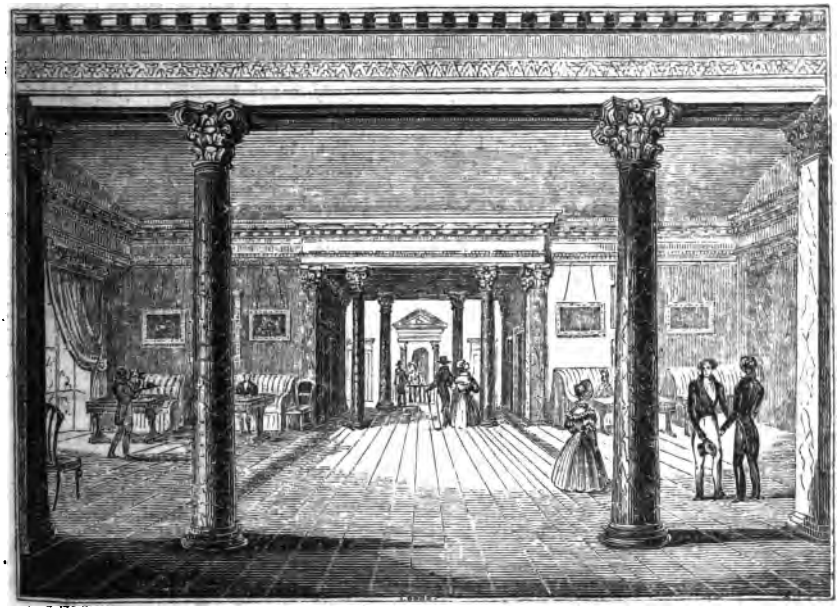
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 965. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1839. PRICE 2*d*.

CHALYBEATE SPA, AT DORTON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.



EAST FRONT OF THE BATH.



PUMP ROOM.

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THE CHALYBEATE SPA,

AT DORTON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

THE above fashionable Spa having risen to great eminence in the estimation of many medical men, and also of vast numbers of persons who have received relief by drinking its waters of "Nature's own preparing," that we conceived a short narrative of its medicinal virtues, and accurate views of the exterior and interior of the Baths, would not come unacceptably to our readers.

The estate, on which the Spring is situated, is near twelve miles east from Oxford, having the market town of Thame, through which there is a direct communication with London, about six miles to the south.

Springs of the purest water rise from almost every hill on the estate; and in the upper grounds of Dorton Park, bordering on the parish of Brill, the attention of the neighbouring villages has been attracted from time immemorial to a stream, issuing from a small orifice, which marked its course towards the brook, into which it emptied itself, by the destruction it occasioned to vegetable life: the few blades of grass that were spared bore a thick encrustation of oxide of iron; and the surface of the ground, which, for a few yards on either side of its channel, assumed a yellow and scorched appearance, was covered with a similar metallic deposit. It was named by the common people in the vicinity the "Alum Well," the taste of this salt being most apparent to the palate; and the cattle in the neighbouring pastures being allowed a free access to it, it was observed that those amongst them which laboured under any disease, recurred to its use spontaneously, and rapidly recovered.

Its effects on that very obstinate, and almost incurable disorder, the mange of the horse, were perhaps of all others the most singularly remarkable. Thus it has happened with this, as with other springs now "long known to fame"—to go no farther than those of Bath, for instance—that the merit of discovering its medicinal properties is due to those instinctive feelings of the brute creation, which so often serve as a guide to the higher faculties of man. One circumstance connected with the cattle that partook of the water, deserves notice, not only from its singularity, but the proof it affords of its powerful Chalybeate qualities; their manure, when collected for the purpose of fuel, as is customary here, burns to a cinder, similar to the clinkers thrown from a blacksmith's forge, and possesses the same sonorous sound. However, its benefits were not long confined within this limited range, and many inveterate cases of human suffering exhibited on its application the same successful results.

Of late years its fame has been widely spread in the surrounding country; but the almost impassable state of the country roads, until very recently, joined to the advanced age of the late proprietor, rendered it impossible to take any steps respecting the spring, calculated to promote the public advantage. At length the influx of visiters to the Well became so great, owing to some recent cases of cure; and at the same time the injury done to the fences and herbage of the park was so serious, that it was judged advisable to restrain the peasantry who flocked thither, to one path; to inclose the well, and to give it in charge to a superintendant, who should regulate the distribution of the water. By these precautions, from fifty to one hundred gallons of the water *per diem* have been supplied to various applicants; and this, too, it should be observed, to a class of persons who would appreciate it only in proportion to the benefit they derived from its use.

Under the certainty of its healing qualities, induced by repeated proof, and corroborated by the high authority of Professor Brande, the proprietor has felt it incumbent upon him to take measures for giving to the public at large every facility of access to the Chalybeate, accompanied with that security which its value demands. Accordingly, he employed a professional gentleman from London to erect a Pump-room and Baths, on an extensive, useful, and ornamental plan; and ordered twelve acres of the park to be laid out so as to add to these buildings all the *agrèmens* of a pleasure-ground.

Nor is the situation of a medicinal spring to be disregarded as an object of trifling importance. The mind and the body are too intimately allied to suffer the latter to remain passive under what affects the former. Those individuals, whose cases are most likely to be benefited by the use of mineral waters, in general labour under the depression of spirits which is the natural result of corporeal debility; and circumstances which seem to the robust of slight consequence, trifles as they may be, become to the invalid an aggregate of real evil. Whatever tends to engage the attention, to preserve the mind light and unclouded; whatever holds out inducements to proper exercise, and, in a word, can excite, attract, or amuse, without fatiguing, is to be taken into our account of the advantages likely to be produced, when quitting our home to seek renewal of health, amidst unknown objects and change of scenes. In these respects Dorton will be found most happily situated.

The pastoral district around, verging on the fertile Vale of Aylesbury, affords a delightful variety of rural walks and rides, diversified by that alternation of gentle ascent, with quiet and sequestered dell, which relieves the unobtrusive beauties of English landscape from the charge of monotony.

The Baths were erected under the judicious direction of James Hakewill, Esq. The eastern entrance to the splendid Pump-room is under a semi-circular portico, supported by nine Corinthian pillars.

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A RUN THROUGH THE CHERRY-GROUNDS OF KENT.

In our way at starting, we passed the Cross Keys, in Wood-street, with the Dover coach filled within and without, and which passes through the very parts into which it was our intent to travel, namely, Rochester, Rainham, Tong, Tenham, Sittingborne, Feversham, and other adjacent spots. One half of the passengers seemed irascibly inclined, from the suffocation of their close packing, the other, at the delay in starting, looking wonderfully hot, and swearing—while we ourselves were cool as July, in his "light yellow jacket," and instead of being in any of the aforesaid Cross-Keys, were never more sweet or tuneable of temper.

On passing by the Golden Eagle, of Grace-church-street, much the same scene presented itself; but, as we have before-time said, that which we had proposed to ourselves, was only a slow ramble, for examinative purposes—we left, therefore, the coach of the Golden Eagle to speed as fastly as it might, with all the Ganymedes who might trust themselves to its back.

We need not describe how having effected a pleasant day's journey, we put up for the night at an inn on the borders of Kent. If we had any dreams that night, they were decidedly of cherries, and my first thought in the morning was, how propitious a day for Italy, and Italian palates, was that on which the famous Lucullus won a victory over the black king of Pontus, and seeing the shining fruit in those far-off African regions, tore up a cherry-tree by the roots, and transplanted the living luxury to Rome. And the Romans, afterwards, at the same time that they transported themselves to Britain, brought along with them that rosy-fruited tree. Shakspeare thought we hymned his praises to the "Mulberry tree," and bade the dancers dance around it, but, "nostro judicio," they had better do so under the cherry-tree.

We rose up with a bright morning, and found all broad Kent before us. From the summits of different little hills which we ascended, we had varied and beautiful views. On one side we might see Thames gliding his silver streams, with innumerable sweet villas on its banks, with walks, groves, and parks plenty: on the other side you might see as far as eye and telescope could distinguish, earth and heaven, keeps, terraces, parks, and forests, so embowering the land that we feel almost persuaded that the etymology of Lambard in his famous perambulation of this county, fancying that *Cantium*, Kent, might be derived from *Caine*, which in the British tongue signified "green leafage," owing to the abundance of its noble woods and forest trees, was the true and faithful derivation of the county's name.

We might, in addition to these, tell you of the sweet and delectable country-seats and villas of the noblesse scattered here and there, and embosomed in bower and valley; of country and rural domains; vistas, groves, and large plantations, with other most charming and delightful recesses, natural and artificial: but from this I must abstain—and shall from generalities proceed to particulars.

Here, then, we revel, at length, in that part called by Kentishmen, the Hundred of Tenham, adjoining the Hundred of Milton: a parish situated northward of the High London Road at Green-street. The old women of the adjoining county consider it to be far from healthy, for lying so low and near large tracts of marshes, it is very subject to unwholesome vapours arising from them, and the inhabitants are, therefore, often subjected to agues and intermittents: in fact, the common proverb runs,

> He that will not live long,
> Let him dwell at Tenham or Tong.

Yet, strange to say, however, that the land is exceedingly rich and fertile, like most of the neighbouring parishes in this tract, much of it being what is called tilt land, bearing successively for years together, plentiful crops of barley, wheat, &c., without any help of fallows.

Lambarde says, that this parish, with thirty others lying on each side of the great road from Rainham to Blean-wood, formed in his time the *Cherry Garden of Kent*, and such title it undoubtedly deserved.

Tenham, moreover, he says, was the parent from whence the other plantations issued; for Richard Harrys, fruiterer to King Henry the Eighth, having observed that those plants which had been brought over by our Norman ancestors had lost their native excellence by length of time, and that we were served from foreign parts with these fruits on that account, which he saw no reason for, as neither the soil nor climate here were unequal to the bringing of them to perfection, determined to try a plantation of them here: for which purpose, having, in 1533, obtained 105 acres of rich land, then called the Brennet, he divided it into ten parcels, and then having, with great care, good choice, and no small labour and cost, brought plants from beyond the seas, he furnished this ground with them in rows, in the most beautiful order. This charming picture of cherry cultivation struck the poetical eye of honest Drayton, who sings,

> Where Thames-ward to the shore, which shoots upon the rise,
> Rich Tenham undertakes thy closet to suffice
> With cherries, which we say, the summer in doth bring,
> Wherewith Pomona crowns the plump and lustful spring.

And truly, at the present day, nothing can be more pleasing than travelling this road: on one side the eye is delighted with the most luxuriant views of Nature's productions, and on the other, extensive prospects of the ships at the Nore, where the waters of the Thames and Medway are lost in the bosom of the sea.

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But, alas! for the cherry-ground, with the glorious rows of crimson fruitage: none of these, or at least but scattered plantations, could we find. Instead of them we saw tall hop-poles pointing ad astra, and, on inquiry, found that though by Lambarde and Drayton noted for vast plantations of fruit-trees, these were now almost universally displanted, to make way for hops: but, said a sensible fruit-grower to us, "all the hops are likely soon to give way again to the old settlers, the cherries; for there is, of late years, little profit accruing from hops."

Though we managed to make some very good cherry-feasts before we quitted Tenham, yet we were on the whole disappointed at not finding this delicious fruit of more common and general growth. On arriving at Rainham, we found that the same paucity of fruit existed, and the same song was sung as to the introduction of hops to the displacement of the cherry tribe. In this parish, however, we were much delighted to find an old relic of Christian goodness. In one of the charities belonging to this parish, some beneficent soul left to the poor, "two acres and twenty-five perches of land, planted with cherries, of the yearly rent of *2l.* 10*s.*"

Good creature who granted this bequest! not grinding down the poor of the earth to the scant and strict rule, of administration to their *mere necessities*, thou in the plenitude of thy Christian love and charitableness, didst desire and ordain that they also should taste of nature's sweet and bountiful *luxuries*, and that the lips of the indigent as well as the rich should overflow with the rosy juices of ambrosial fruit. Good creature! Blessed be thy memory, and memorialized thy name!

Hartlip is the next parish into which we came. There has long been a contest as to where Paradise stood. All allow that it derives its name from Παραδεισος, a place stored with all kinds of fruits. Le Clerc reporteth it to be in Syria, towards the springs of Orontes and Crysorrhoe, but Postellus will have it to be under the North Pole. If so, Captain Ross, we are afraid, has not yet been fortunate enough to find it; but, in our exploration, we undoubtedly found a "Paradise," and that, too, abounding in all manner of fruits. For the traveller will find in the north-east part of Hartlip, about half a mile from the London Road, a fine old mansion, situate in the midst of fruit-grounds, having stately and beautiful trees, plentiful of fruit, and called by the name of Paradise. This fair place, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was the property of Mr. Rowland Scarle, gent., whose family, under another name, still hold it.

The next quarter to which we came, worthy of note, was Newington, on the high road eading from Rochester to Dover, thirty-seven miles from London. This is a small delightful village, containing about fifty houses. Of the Agrarian grounds which surround it, the soil is a rich and fertile loam: though in the northern part there is much clay, and some sand. There is a fresh stream which rises about a quarter of a mile N.W. of its church, running from thence northward, and having a small breadth of meadow marshes on each side. Here for many summer-hours we sat in the pleasant cool. The hills which environ it rise in a continued chain, and are crowned with rich waving woods of chesnut.

This place was formerly covered all over with cherries: here they grew ripe in their richest abundance, till they, like the others, were sadly displaced by hops. This is the crying sin in these parts; but we were glad to see that the people of these places were going back fast to their primitive friends, the cherries; and their orchards were beginning to be replanted all over Newington, seemingly in as great abundance as before. From this region of Kent, indeed, we derived the greatest pleasure, sat under the shade of more cherry trees than hitherto, plucked them more greedily than ever, and plenteously crushed on our dry lips, their sweet red juices.

The fruit-question was one, however, which at this moment we found to agitate the Kentish growers. On account of the great importation of foreign fruit into the market, the native produce was under-rated, and rendered of so little value, that many growers told us, that they had resolved, if they could not have their labours and legitimate rights better protected, they would root up every fruit-tree in the county.

There is not in nature a sight more beautiful than that of the tall ornamental cherry-tree, standing on the top of some steep acclivity, and enriched with its vermillion clusters. This we frequently saw in the course of our perambulations; but more elegantly than it could ever be by us, is this charming image introduced into the olden poetry of Alexander Montgomerie. Like ourselves, he saw, on the top of a rock, a fair cherry-tree, beautifully laden with shining fruits.

Betwixt the river and the rock
A tree fair, I saw there,
Of cherries on the braes;
Below too, I saw too,
A bush of bitter slaes;
The cherries hung about myne head
Like trickling rubies, round and red:
So high up in the Heugh
Whose shadowes in the river shew
As graithli coloured, as they grew
On trembling twiste and teaugh.

This sweet picture, however, is by Montgomerie further embellished by a beautiful moral. Dempster, who has thought it worthy of a Latin version, explains the cherry-tree with its rich fruits on the steep cliff to typify Virtue; the bush of thorny sloes below it, is the thorny mean by which we are enabled to climb up the severe ascent and gather the precious fruitage.

With this we shall conclude, feeling glad on our return and rest at home, to find that

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we have reaped not only much pleasure from the cherries themselves, but have, in addition, collected from them at least one seed of morality and wisdom. W. ARCHER.

The Naturalist.

HAIL.

HAIL consists of drops of rain, congealed by a blast of cold wind. It seldom occurs in very cold countries; never, for instance, at St. Petersburgh. In Russia, however, a few years ago, there fell a shower of hail, the stones of which consisted of a nuclus of iron pyrites, surrounded by ice. The most frequent form of it is more or less globular; sometimes it is rhomboidal. When a hail-stone is broken, the centre is sometimes found to consist of snow, surrounded by ice. This indicates that it has fallen from a considerable height. Sometimes there is air in the interstices, shewing that the congelation has been sudden; and it is sometimes composed of successive layers, which it has acquired in its progress downward. A hail-stone is sometimes broken to pieces by the expansion of the air inclosed within; and then portions are formed which are called pyramidal hail. It is very difficult to tell how some hail-stones have a radiated structure; but it is probable that it is acquired after congelation; for similar changes are sometimes observed in stalactites.

RAIN.

Rain never falls in this country without clouds. It is owing to globules of water losing their vesicular form, and becoming drops. This depends partly on the wind, and partly on electricity; but the influence of the latter is not well understood. It will not fall if the clouds are quite stationary; for it is necessary there should be some motion or agitation among the latter to produce it. A drop of rain varies from the one twenty-fifth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. The larger drops are formed in the lower part of the atmosphere; the smaller in the upper. A gentleman, on descending a mountain, found that the drops increased in size as he proceeded; being only a mist at the top, but heavy rain at the bottom. The drops are larger in summer, and in hot countries, than in winter, and cold ones; the clouds being higher in the former case, and the rain having in consequence to descend farther. Their size is increased partly by the mixture of smaller drops; and partly by the cold drops entering warm strata of air. The rain seldom falls perpendicularly, but generally obliquely; and sometimes its direction is apparently horizontal, owing to the force of the wind. In the latter case the clouds may be at a distance; and in cities, where a free view of the sky cannot be obtained, the latter may appear to be cloudless.

A rain-gauge is a vessel of a determinate size, set up in a place where there is no obstacle to interfere with the entrance of the rain into it. The quantity of rain collected, being divided by the inches in the area of the gauge, gives the depth of rain which has fallen in that place. Less rain is collected at a high than at a low elevation. For instance, on the top of Westminster Abbey, twelve inches of rain fell in a given period; while sixteen inches fell on the top of a house, and twenty-two on the ground. This is owing to the drifting effect of the wind; for the drops of rain near the earth are drifted along more slowly than in a higher region of the atmosphere. More rain falls near the sea, than in more inland situations; and more also in mountainous countries; owing to the agitation of the atmosphere there, and to the clouds being attracted by the mountains. In Brazil about 280 inches of rain fall annually; while in north latitude 50°, the quantity is only about 20 inches; and it diminishes as we go farther north. It was once thought that, from the uniform temperature of the poles, rain probably never fell there; but Captain Parry, in parts far north, sometimes met with heavy and continued rains. In Norway, a great deal falls near Bergen,—about 70 inches annually; which equals many tropical countries. In Upsal, which is not far distant, the annual quantity is only fifteen inches. At Manchester, the quantity is about thirty-six inches; the same at Liverpool; at Lancaster, 40; at Kendal, which is in a mountainous country, 54; at Dumfries, 34; 21 at Glasgow; and nearly the same at Edinburgh, though there are more rainy days at Glasgow. More rain falls in the west of Scotland, than in the east side; and the same is the case in England. This is owing to the south-west winds, which, blowing over the Atlantic, are moist and warm; while the north-east winds are comparatively dry. But though the rain diminishes towards the north, the number of rainy days increases. More rain falls in summer than in winter, owing to the greater evaporation; and more in the day than in the night, for a similar reason. The quantity in Paris is nineteen inches annually. Attempts have been made to ascertain the total quantity which falls upon the globe annually; but it is not well determined.

Rain of a red colour has sometimes fallen. In Germany, on one occasion, rain of this description fell for a quarter of an hour; owing to the admixture with it of the pollen of a pine-forest. Rain of this colour is called blood-rain. Salt rain is that which contains much muriate of soda. All rain-water contains a minute quantity of it: but not sufficient to be discoverable by the taste. Salt rain is owing to admixture with the spray of the sea. Vegetable substances are sometimes carried into the air, and descend again in rain. A few years ago, a nutritious matter, to which they gave the appropriate name of "manna," fell in Persia in great quantities; and bread was made of it. Specimens of this substance were sent to Paris in 1828; and it was proved

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to be a species of lichen, which is abundant in Persia, and is sometimes carried to a distance by a violent wind. Showers of rats are spoken of in Norway. Thousands of them annually migrate from place to place, when very small; and are sometimes met by storms, which whirl them away for thirty or forty miles. N.R.

THE AVALANCHE.

A FEW days after Murat passed through, on the seventh December, 1813, a deluge of snow covered our mountains; there were more than ten feet on a level; we had to cut passages from house to house; and to add to our difficulties, a detachment of two hundred men, the wreck of one of those fine Italian regiments that were cut up at the battle of Hanau, had been detained on the Simplon for two days; provisions were scarce, and the municipality, whose patriotic zeal had been surprisingly cooled by the reverses of our army, seemed little anxious to relieve our embarrassments; however, I had recourse to requisitions, and got through the day tolerably. Every one was full of the dread of avalanches, whether from presentiment of the future, or the result of the experience of the old shepherds, who had long been regretting the stripping of the trees from our mountains, I cannot say. But I remember perfectly well the urgent entreaties of the gendarmes that I would not abandon them in case they should be buried under the avalanche; and more especially, the prophetic words of the brigadier, who at nine in the evening said sorrowfully, pointing to the snow, "There is our grave, we shall never see the light of day again!" And in fact, two hours afterwards he was no more.

At eleven o'clock, the officers, with whom the hotel was crowded, had retired to their rooms; when I entered a lower chamber in which the family of the postmaster was collected, preparing for their evening prayer.

"What do you think of the avalanche?" said the mistress of the house, anxiously.

"Don't be afraid," answered I, laughing. "I am here, and my time is not come yet! I will pray along with you that the ava———" A tremendous noise cut the word short; it seemed as though the mountains were coming down on us; the outer walls of the room we were in began to crack and split, and I saw with deadly terror the trunk of an enormous larch, with some of its branches on, enter the room on the top of a mass of snow, which had carried every thing before it, walls, doors, and partitions. At the same instant, I fancied I saw a bluish flame traverse the room, but this was perhaps a hallucination produced by fear. My terror, however, did not last long; the fainting of the women, the cries of the children, the alarm of the officers, who came to seek a shelter by us, half naked, with haggard eyes, and, more than all, the danger that threatened the girl of my heart, left me no time to think of my fears: I rushed to the window, and burst it open, and then saw that the stables opposite the house had been crushed, and that the Roman tower was the only thing left standing on that side. My first care was to carry off to the tower the mother of my beloved. The dear old dame weighed some hundreds, but I did not feel it, in my violent nervous excitement; in a few minutes I made a second trip with a second load, a lighter and a sweeter one, my Fanny. She had fainted; I left her with her mother, and hastened to where duty called me.

Meantime, all the inhabitants who had escaped from the wreck of their houses, had assembled, the curate in the midst, in his surplice, holding up the image of our Divine Redeemer; all kneeling in the snow, bare-headed, repeated in concert the terrible melody of the *Dies irae, dies illa*, which was accompanied by the far-off echoes of avalanches that were yet rolling through the valleys. The pale rays of the moon lighted up this scene, the most impressive I have ever witnessed, and one well calculated to touch every heart. For my own part, I freely confess that my tears mingled freely with those of the good pastor, as he embraced me warmly.

"To the tocsin!" cried the hoarse voices of some hardy mountaineers.

"No, no, we are not safe," I answered; "do you want to bring down new avalanches by the sound of your bells?"

All understood me, and, in spite of my extreme youth, came, with tools in hand, to obey my orders. My first object was to disengage the brigade of *douaniers*, who had passed the night at the *corps-de-gardes*, as I had ordered. The doors and windows were covered under more than ten feet of snow. It was less from *esprit-de-corps* that I begun with them, than from the idea of the efficient aid I should obtain from these hardy fellows. As soon as the first duty was over, I looked round for the barrack of the *gendarmerie;* it had disappeared, all except the corner farthest from the road; at that angle there was a window in which a light was still shining. It was the brigadier's quarters, and I began to feel a hope of saving him. Accompanied by one of my men, I crept on my hands and knees to the spot where we saw the light, and climbed with great labour up the remains of a staircase, which gave us access to the apartment. On entering by the half-opened door, to our great surprise, we saw nothing of the brigadier or his wife; we called them repeatedly, but in vain. No one answered, except that our shouts aroused two lovely little girls, who were sleeping in the same bed, and who, it seemed, had not been awakened either by the roar of the avalanche, nor the destruction of a part of the building. The innocent darlings, used to being caressed by me, stretched out their arms, calling for *papa*. We wrapped them up carefully, and with great labour succeeded in depositing them in the tower.

What was the fate of their parents! We

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did not ascertain until the next day, when we found their bodies, horribly mutilated, under the ruins of the barrack.

During our absence, a road had been opened to the stables of the post-office, where were heard the groans of postillions, and the violent efforts of their horses, struggling against their fate. After some hours labour, we succeeded in disinterring a young postillion named Seiler. It was high time, for his eyes were filled with blood, and he was on the very point of suffocation. One of his fellows, who slept in the same bed, was less fortunate. He had hardly time to cry out, "Oh, God, what is this?" before he was a corpse. Three or four others perished in the stable.

Day overtook us in the midst of our arduous task; we were fairly worn out with fatigue, and the barracks seemed so completely destroyed, that we had almost given up the idea of further search in that quarter, when a loud shout informed us that some fellow creature required our aid. The signal came from one of my brave fellows, Rambaud, who had laid his ear to the snow, and thus been able to hear a faint moaning. As soon as his discovery was made known, the workmen laboured with new zeal, but at every stroke they ran a risk of crushing the sufferers under the ruins that fell around us. This forced us to proceed with great caution; but Rambaud had the presence of mind to open with the spade a kind of narrow shaft, and was let down by a rope at the risk of being crushed to death among the ruins.

We did not succeed in communicating with the victims till eleven in the morning; my name uttered by one of them was the first sound that reached us. Two of the gendarmes, Curtz and Laroo, who had been squeezed in between the wreck of the walls, were the only ones left alive, and even they were not yet in safety. Rambaud made them swallow a few drops of liquor, and remained by them, both to encourage them by his presence, and to shield them, as well as he could, from the fragments that fell all around them, as we worked on. We had already dragged from under the ruins the horribly mangled corpses of the brigadier and his wife, and one of his men; after tremendous exertions we succeeded in disengaging Curtz and Laroo. Both were severely wounded, Curtz in particular had his head compressed by a heavy brick stove, and survived his deliverance only twenty-four hours. It seemed that the brigadier and his wife, in their terror, had repaired to the quarters of their men, and there met a fate which did not visit the apartments they left.

The unhappy sufferers had been buried under the snow twenty-six hours, yet when we questioned them, they said they did not think it was three; hope is so ready at self-deception! "We trusted so much to you!" said poor Curtz, grasping my hand.

But let us leave these scenes of horror. The avalanche came down from the Pahaolz mountains, and forced a way through the forest that bears the same name; huge larches, such as four men could not span, were crushed down by it like straws. It destroyed the gendarmes' barracks, the forge, the public buildings, then seemed to diverge, and after shaking, and partly overthrowing the post station, had broken at the base of the Roman tower, after shoving the stables clean off the ground.

I imagined that the storm might have done injury in other places, and after sending off the detachment of the Italiens, made for Brigg, with a force of ten *douaniers*. I will not speak of the unexampled fatigue and cold we had to endure, these were the least part; we were lucky in being so many, for if one of us, worn out with toil and watching, threw himself on the snow, whence he would have waked only in eternity, the rest would rub his limbs, even beat him, and force him to keep on. How many poor straggling soldiers we saw, who had perished in that way! they were generally seated holding their firelocks; on their ruddy countenances we could still trace the smile that accompanies death by cold. When we reached the convent, a still more melancholy spectacle awaited us; Colonel Pesta, of the first Italian regiment, and part of his staff, had perished in an avalanche, and their bodies had just been brought in. Poor colonel! his aged mother was waiting for him at the foot of the Simplon; she fancied that she was soon to clasp in her arms the darling son, whom the snows of Russia had spared; he knew it, and in spite of the advice of the mountaineers, determined to push on. His filial piety was the cause of his death at twenty-five.

The next day we arrived at Brigg, and I went on to Sion, to make my report to the prefect. I did not imagine, however, that I would appear in the character of a visiter from the other world; but so it proved. I was introduced at midnight, and my haggard features, which the sufferings I had undergone had rendered livid, and on which my guide's lantern shed a dim light, made the good people take me for a spectre. They seemed fairly panic-struck, and it was some time before I could explain that the report of my death which had reached them, was decidedly premature. The prefect was pleased to award us very high praise; but it can be easily imagined that the great events which happened soon after, caused our humble services to be forgotten. Not that I would complain of this, the only adequate reward of such labours is in the consciousness of having done our duty.—*New York Mirror.*

THE SKY-LARK.

THE song of the lark is certainly not musical, for its notes are not finely modulated, nor its tones mellow; but it is cheerful and cheering in the highest degree, and protracted beyond all comparison. In a sunny day in April or May, when the grass fields have begun to resume their verdure, it is pleasant to

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listen to the merry songster that makes the welkin ring with its sprightly notes; in the sultry month of July, still more pleasant is it to hear its matin hymn while the dew is yet on the corn; and in winter, should you chance to hear the well-known voice on high, it reminds you of the bright days that have gone, and fills you with anticipation of those that are to come. No doubt much of the pleasure derived from the lark's song depends upon association, and to him who finds delight in wandering over the green fields, along the daisied margin of the clear stream that winds in the bottom of the pastoral glen, or upon the ferny brae, where the 'lang yellow broom,' and 'blossomed furze unprofitably gay,' shoot up amidst the wild thyme, yarrow, and bluebell, it is pleasant to listen even to the 'skirl' of the corn bunting, the see-saw song of the tit, the creaking cry of the partridge, or the singular crake of the landrail; but, independently of circumstances and associations, the song of the lark inparts an elasticity to the mind, elevates the spirits, and suspends for a time the gnawing of corroding care. The mellow song of the merle or mavis is apt to inspire melancholy, especially if heard in a sequestered valley toward the close of day, and the feelings which it excites have perhaps as much of a depressing as of a soothing tendency; but the carol of the lark, like the lively fife, excites pure cheerfulness, and might with propriety be prescribed as an antidote to dulness. It is not merely music that we look for in the song of birds, but variety, and the expression of passions, feelings, and wants. Were all our warblers to tune their throats according to rule, we should become sickly and sentimental, fill the valleys with sighs, and groan from the mountain-tops; but the loud war-whoop of the eagle, the harsh scream of the heron, and the croak of the raven, are antidotes to the bewitching melody of the blackcap and nightingale. I have endeavoured to trace a repetition at regular intervals in the strains of the lark; but its modulations seem to have no rule. In confinement, this bird sings every whit as well as when at large; and when rapidly perambulating the square bit of faded turf in its cage, it enacts its part with apparently as much delight as when mounting towards 'heaven's gate.'*

* From Macgillivray's History of British Birds. [Scott and Co.]

CUSTOMS OF MANORS.

THE custom in the town of Montgomery, with scolds and incontinent women, was, "that when they were taken, they were adjudged to the *goging* stoole, (backing stool,) and there to stand with their feet naked, and their hair hanging and dishevelled for such time, as they might be seen by all persons passing that way." And in the Hundred of Sandwich, in Kent, the execution of felons condemned to death, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was by *drowning*; and in the year 1315, a complaint was made by the prior of Christ Church, for "that he had directed the course of a certain stream, called the Gestlyng, *so that felons could not be executed for want of water.*"

New Books.

The Vale of Glamorgan; Scenes and Tales among the Welsh. Saunders and Ottley.

[Mingled with a number of well-written legendary tales, illustrative of the ancient superstitions and traditions of the Welsh, is the following lively account of

The Corpse Candle.]

"The parson of that parish was a snuffy little man, who used to come to the tavern almost every day, dressed in an old suit of rusty black clothes, very coarse yarn stockings, and a greasy hat, cocked up behind by his coat-collar. I observed, that if he found the ale and fire to his liking, he had no objection to beguile some hours of his time in gossip with the old landlady; and on such occasions he would hold forth to her in a loud nasal twang, very oracularly. One day, however, he turned in with something of a cloud upon his countenance; and as he took out his snuff-box, and tapped the lid, at the same time looking round and wriggling his nose, he desired them to bring him a mug of beer, in a voice that shewed he was affected by some more than ordinary incident. Our old landlady regarded him for a moment with a curious look, and then went and drew a mug of her best, and was going to air it for him before the fire, and add to it a little powdered ginger, with the observation that 'the day was raw;' when he seized it out of her hand, and without more ado took off a deep draught. Then, setting the mug down on a bright steel stand upon the hearth, he turned his back to the fire, and spreading his legs, drew a deep sigh. 'Bobba,' said he to the surprised old woman, 'I have just been giving the sacrament to Winny Thomas; the poor girl is just going.' 'Ha!' said our hostess, 'I was thinking as much: *Udgorn angau yw peswch sych*, 'the trumpet of death is a dry cough.'' 'Ay,' said the parson, 'and her mother has had the *Marw goel*, 'the yellow spot before some one's death,' on her arm now this long while.' 'It is true enough,' said our landlady; 'the poor woman was in here with me only the other day, for something good to give her *druan*, 'her poor child,' and she told me about it, and how the *Canwyll Corph*, the Corpse-candle, had been in the house.' 'Well,' said the parson, with a drawling, nasal twang, as he tucked up the skirts of his coat, one under each arm, 'I do'nt know what to say to that. In these days, to be sure, people will have that the *Canwyll Corph* is seen here and there, all about the country; but it was not so, I warrant you, in old times. For the old account is, that this light, which goes from the

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house to the church before death, was to be seen nowhere but in Wales; nor yet in any part of Wales out of St. David's diocess; nor yet there, it is like, before the time of St. David himself, who, once upon a time, took in hand to pray God that some such token should have its place there as a memorial of him: which accordingly was. And,' said the parson, snuffing a pinch emphatically into his nose, 'it is there, to this day.' But our hostess protested against such a limitation of the *Canwyll Corph* to the diocess of St. David, and declared that she had known many and many people to see it in that very neighbourhood, and immediately entered upon a particular and earnest relation of all the circumstances attending its appearance to Winny Thomas's mother. 'The poor woman and her sick daughter were in bed together one night, when the mother could not sleep for sorrowing over her *anwyl* child, and thinking how lone and disconsolate she should be were she to lose her. And as her eyes filled with tears, it seemed as though she saw confusedly several small lights flitting indistinctly about. So she raised her hand and wiped away the tears, and looked, and at the foot of the bed she saw a corpse-candle sure enough. It was a still, faint, little flame that shed no light, and every thing remained dark about it. The poor woman gazed at it, like one stupid, for some time; and then, without knowing scarcely what she was about, she raised herself softly, and reached her hand towards it. But as her finger touched the light, it dropped all into pale sparkles that went out as they fell. Just then the sick girl groaned, and something came over the mother, and she could not help sobbing aloud. Her daughter heard her, and asked what was the matter; but she could only answer, 'Oh my *anwyl* child!' She could not go on for weeping. So the sick girl asked again, 'Did you see anything, mother?'—which startled and surprised her exceedingly, and she replied, 'See! no, my *anwyl*, why?—did you?' 'No,' said the poor girl; 'only I felt as if I saw something.' Here the old hostess raised her apron to her eyes: for indeed they had gradually filled with tears. But as she concluded, and turned off to her housewifery, she told us, with something of an air of triumph, that it was plain enough that the *Canwyll Corph* was to be seen a good distance from St. David's."

An Essay on the State of Literature and Learning under the Anglo-Saxons. By Thomas Wright, Esq. M. A., F. S. A. Rivingtons, and C. Knight.

[This pleasing essay is intended as an introduction to the first section of the *Biographia Britannica Literaria* of the Royal Society of Literature. We earnestly recommend it to the attention of those readers who wish to become acquainted with the literary attainments of our forefathers. In the first section, which is devoted to *Anglo-Saxon Poetry and Romance*, are some interesting details relative to

The Saxon Poets, or Minstrels.]

The first records of the Anglo-Saxons carry us back to that state of society in which all literature is comprised under the one characteristic head of poetry; and all literary genius centres in one person, the Minstrel, who equally composed and sang. This was the literature, which, in the year 449, the Saxons brought with them into our island; and during the first period of their establishment, poetry held a high rank, both by its comparative importance, and by its own intrinsic beauties. Life itself, and the language of life, were in those early ages essentially poetic; man lived and acted according to his impulses and passions; he was unacquainted with the business-like movements and feelings of more civilized existence; when he was not occupied in imitating the famous deeds of his forefathers, he listened to the words of the minstrel who celebrated them. The song on which were told the gigantic movements of an earlier period, already clothed in a traditionary garb of the supernatural, was the instrument to which his mind owed its culture; his very conversation was moulded upon it, and even in the transactions of the council, he spake in poetry.

Among the many examples of the poetic feeling of the Saxons, furnished by old historians, Bede gives us one which is peculiarly beautiful. When Paulinus preached the doctrines of Christ before the court of King Edwin, one of his nobles arose and said, "Thou hast seen, O king, when the fire blazed, and the hall was warm, and thou wast seated at the feast amid thy nobles, whilst the winter storm raged without, and the snow fell, how some solitary sparrow has flown through, scarcely entered at one door, before it disappeared by the other. Whilst it is in the hall, it feels not the storm, but, after the space of a moment, it returns to whence it came, and thou beholdest it no longer, nor knowest where, or to what it may be exposed. Such, as it appears to me, is the life of a man, a short moment of enjoyment, and we know not whence we came, nor whither we are going. If this new doctrine brings us any greater certitude of the future, I for one, vote for its adoption."*

The poet, or minstrel, was held in high esteem among the Saxons. His genius was looked upon as a birthright, not an acquired art, and it obtained for him everywhere the respect and protection of the great and the powerful. His place was in the hall of princes, where he never failed to earn admiration and applause, attended generally with advantages of a more substantial nature. The early poem of Boewulf affords us many evidences of the high place which poetry held amongst the enjoyments of life.

* * * * * * *

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons has pre-

* Bede, Hist. Eccles. Angl. Lib. ii., cap. 13.

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served to us many traits of the character and office of the ancient minstrel. He was sometimes a household retainer of the chief whom he served, as we see in the poem of Boewulf; sometimes he wandered through different countries, visiting the courts of various princes.

* * * * * * *

It was the minstrel's duty, not only to tell the mythic history of the earlier ages, but to relate contemporary events, and to clothe in poetry the deeds which fell under his eye, to turn into derision the coward or the vanquished enemy, and to laud and exalt the conduct of his patrons.

* * * * * * *

It was by means of the minstrels' songs, that the intelligence of contemporary events was, in the earlier ages, carried from one court to another.

At times, the bard raised song to the highest themes, and laid open the sacred story of the cosmogony, and the beginning of all things. Thus, when the warriors were joyful in Heorot—

> there was the noise of the harp,
> the clear song of the poet.
> one said that knew
> the origin of men
> from a remote period to relate;
> he said that the Almighty
> wrought the earth,
> the bright-faced plain
> which water encompasseth;
> exulting in victory he set up
> the sun and the moon,
> luminaries to light
> the inhabitants of the land;
> and adorned
> the districts of the earth
> with boughs and leaves;
> life also he created
> for all kinds
> that go about alive.

These minstrel-poets had, by degrees, composed a large mass of national poetry, which formed collectively one grand mythic cycle. Their education consisted chiefly in committing this poetry to memory, and it was thus preserved from age to age. They rehearsed such portions of it as might be asked for by the hearers, or as the circumstances of the moment might require; for it seems certain that they were in the habit of singing detached scenes even of particular poems, just as we are told was done with the works of Homer, in the earlier times of Greece.

* * * * * * *

In their passage from one minstrel to another, these poems underwent successive changes; and, since, like the religion taught by the priests, the poetry belonged to the whole class, without being known severally as the work of this or that individual, it happens that all the Anglo-Saxon national poetry is anonymous.

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons was neither modulated according to foot-measure, like that of the Greeks and Romans, nor written with rhymes, like that of many modern languages. Its chief and universal characteristic was a very regular alliteration, so arranged, that, in every couplet there should be two principal words in the first line, beginning with the same letter, which letter must also be the initial of the first word on which the stress of the voice falls in the second line.

[We shall return, at our earliest opportunity, to this intellectual essay.]

The Public Journals.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[The following vigorous narrative of this eventful battle, is extracted from *The Conquest of England by the Normans* by Augustin Thierry, as given in an admirable notice of the work, in the fourth number of the *Foreign Monthly Review*.]

On the night of the 13th of October, (1066,) William announced to the Normans that the morrow would be the day of battle. The priests and ecclesiastics, who had followed in great numbers the invading army, attracted, like the soldiery, by the hopes of booty, assembled for the purpose of praying and chanting the services of the church, while the men at arms made ready their weapons. This necessary duty being performed, they employed the remainder of their time in confessing their sins, and receiving the holy sacrament. In the opposite army, the night was passed in a very different manner; there, all was noise and revelry; the Saxons amusing themselves while seated over their watch-fires, singing their old national songs, and emptying the horns of beer and wine which circulated freely among them.

At the break of day, in the Norman camp, the Bishop of Bayeux, a son of Duke William's mother, armed with a coat of mail beneath his sacred vesture, celebrated mass, and gave his blessing to the troops; then, mounting a handsome white charger, and bearing a bâton in his hand, he drew up the cavalry. The army of attack formed three divisions; the first comprised the men at arms from Boulogne and Ponthieu, with the greater part of the mercenaries; the second consisted of the Breton, Maine, and Poitevin auxiliaries; while the third, formed of the flower of the Norman chivalry, was commanded by William in person. At the head and on the flank of each battalion, marched several companies of foot soldiers, lightly armed, wearing quilted cassocks, some bearing long bows of wood, and others, steel cross-bows. The duke rode a Spanish horse, which a rich Norman had brought with him from a pilgrimage to St. Jago, in Gallicia, and wore suspended from his neck the most sacred of those relics on which Harold had sworn fealty to him; while the standard, blessed by the pope, was borne by his side by a youth named Toustain le Blanc. At the moment when the troops commenced their march, the duke, raising his voice, addressed them in these words:—

"Think how ye may best fight, and put

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every one to the sword; for, if we conquer, we shall all be rich. What I gain, shall be your gain, what I conquer, shall be your conquest; if I win the land, ye shall possess it. Know, moreover, that I am come hither not merely to assert my own rights, but to avenge our whole nation for the crimes, the perjuries, and the treasons of these Englishmen. They put to death the Danes, both the men and the women, on the night of St. Brice. They slaughtered the companions of Alfred, my kinsman, who perished through their means. On them! and, by God's help, punish them for all their misdeeds!"

The army soon found themselves in sight of the Saxon camp, on the north-west of Hastings. The priests and monks who accompanied it, retired to a rising ground close by, whence they could view the combat, and offer up their prayers for their friends. A Norman, named Taillefer, spurring his horse to the very front of the lines, began to sing the song of Roland and Charlemagne, popular throughout all Gaul. As he sang, he played with his sword, which he threw up with all his force into the air, and then caught in his right hand; while the Normans joined in the chorus of his song, and cried, "God help us! God help us!"

At length the archers and cross-bowmen directed their arrows against the enemy, but the greater portion of their blows fell against the high walls which surrounded the Saxon encampment. The foot soldiery, armed with lances, and the cavalry, advanced to the very entrance of the redoubts, and endeavoured to force them. The Anglo-Saxons, who were all on foot around their standard, which they had planted in the earth, and who formed one solid and compact mass behind their palisades, received their assailants with heavy blows of their battle-axes, which broke their lances, and cut through their armour. The Normans, wearied with an attack from which they derived no success, and unable to penetrate the redoubts, or pull up the stakes of which they were formed, returned towards the division which William himself commanded. The duke then directed the archers to make a fresh attack; ordering them, at the same time, no longer to shoot straight forward, but so to direct their arrows into the air, that they might fall within the enemy's ramparts. By this manœuvre they succeeded in wounding many of the English, mostly in the face; Harold himself had one of his eyes put out by an arrow; yet this did not compel him to retire either from the command, or from the battle. The attack of the men at arms, on horse and on foot, now commenced amidst cries of "Our Lady! God help us! God help us!" But the Normans were repulsed from one of the portals, and driven back to a morass covered with grass and brushwood, when, their horses falling with them, they floundered confusedly one over the other, and perished in great numbers. This was a moment of great alarm in the army of the invaders. A report spread through the ranks that the duke had been slain; and this served as a signal for a general flight. William immediately thrust himself in the front of the fugitives, arresting their further progress, threatening them, and beating them back with his spear, while he uncovered his head to assure them of his identity. "Here I am," he said, "behold me, I yet live, and, by God's help, hope to gain the day."

The knights upon this, returned to attack the fortifications, but their endeavours to force the gates, or make a breach for their entrance, utterly failed; at length the duke bethought him of a stratagem which should draw the English from their strong-holds, and induce them to break their ranks. He ordered a thousand of his cavalry to advance, and then make a sudden retreat. The sight of this pretended flight deprived the Saxons of their coolness, and they hastened to the pursuit with their battle-axes slung around their necks. On arriving at a certain point, a body of men who had been placed there for the purpose joined the fugitives, who suddenly turned round upon their pursuers; the English, thus unexpectedly attacked when in all the disorder of victory, were assailed on every side by spears and swords, from which they could not defend themselves, having both hands engaged in wielding their huge axes. When their ranks were thus broken, their redoubts were forced; the cavalry and foot soldiers gained an entrance, and the combat was carried on in the fiercest manner, hand to hand, and foot to foot. William had his horse killed under him: Harold and his two brothers were left dead at the foot of their standard, which was thrown down and supplanted by the one which Rome had sent to the invader. The remnant of the English army, left without a chief, and without a banner, continued to struggle against the victors till day had so long closed in, that the two parties could only be recognised by their language.

Manners and Customs.

JOUSTS AND TOURNAMENTS.

(*Continued from page* 123.)

In June 1512, a solemn tournament was kept at Greenwich, the King and Sir Charles Brandon undertook to abide all comers.

In April 1540, the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell, being dissolved, Henry gave to the challengers in "a great triumph of jousting at Westminster, held on May-day, and the four days following, a hundred marks, and a house to dwell in of yeerely revenues of the lands of the said hospital, for ever, in reward for their valientness." During the continuance of the tournaments, the challengers, who where Sir John Dudley, Sir Thomas Seymour, Sir Thomas Poynings, Sir George Carew, knts., and Anthony Kingston, and Richard Cromwell (ancestor to the Protector) esqrs., kept "open household" at Dur-

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ham Place, where, on different days, they entertained their majesties and the whole court, the knights and burgesses of Parliament, and the mayor and aldermen of London, with their wives, &c.

The last semblance of chivalry, which expired with Henry the Eighth, (the festive diversions in the reign of Elizabeth being but the shadow of knightly prowess,) was the magnificent tournament of the Cloth of Gold, on an open plain near Guisnes and Ardres, in France, June, 1520, in celebration of a treaty between Francis I. of France, and Henry. The ostensible object of Francis at this meeting, was to strengthen his alliance with Henry. The whole of this gorgeous affair was under the sole direction of the truly splendid Cardinal Wolsey, who had a decided genius for such matters. He caused a glorious palace, 1,322 feet square, to be erected on the plain at Guisnes, and "sette on stages by great conynge and sumptuous work." At the entrance and on the plain, were fountains of fine gold,—conduits which overflowed "red, white, and claret wines. On the other side of the gate was set up an elaborate column, supported by four lions, well gilt, enwreathed with golden foliage, and surmounted by an image of the blind god Cupid, with his bow and arrows of love, ready, by his seeming, to strike the young to love." The outside was covered with sail-cloth, and the inside was hung with the richest arras. The furniture and decorations of the temporary chapel and apartments of state were gorgeous in the extreme. The walls glittered with embroidery and jewels; the altar and the tables groaned under the weight of massive plate. Francis, in order that he might not be undone, had prepared an immense pavilion, which was chiefly sustained by a mighty mast, with ropes and tackle strained to steady it: the exterior, in form of a dome, was covered all over with cloth of gold; and in the interior, the concavity of the sphere was lined with blue velvet, set in stars in gold foil, "and the orbs of the heavens, by the craft of the colours in the roof, were curiously wrought in manner like the sky or firmament. At each side there was a smaller tent or pavilion, of the same costly materials, the very tent ropes being made of blue silk twisted with gold of Cyprus. But there arose a most impetuous and tempestuous wind, which broke asunder the ropes, and laid all this bravery in the dirt; and Francis was obliged to take up his lodging in an old castle near the town of Ardres. As soon as the two kings were settled in their respective residences, Cardinal Wolsey rode with many lords, gentlemen and prelates, to the French court at Ardres. The Frenchmen were so struck with Wolsey's pomp and splendour, that they afterwards "*made books*, showing the triumphant doings of the cardinal's *royalty*; as, of the number of his gentlemen, knights and lords, all in crimson velvet, with marvellous number of chains of gold,—the multitude of horses, mules, coursers, and carriages that went before him with sumpters and coffers,—his great silver crosses and pillars,—his embroidered cushions,—and his host of servants, as yeomen and grooms, all clad in scarlet."

When all the introductory business was over, Henry, on the morning of the first royal interview, was mounted on a stately white courser, most gorgeously caparisoned; the trappings, breast-plate, head-stalls, reins, and stirrups, being covered with wrought gold. On his head was a black velvet cap, with a white plume, and very precious stones: he wore a damask garment of cloth of gold, thickly ribbed with silver, over a jacket of rose-coloured velvet, composed of rubies and branches of pearl set alternately; and on his breast was a rich jewel of St. George, suspended by a ribbon of the order: his boots were of yellow leather; and he held a small whip in his hand. Abreast of the king, rode Cardinal Wolsey; he was habited in the full robes of a cardinal, and the magnificence of his dress surpassed even that of his master. A long train of noblemen, knights and gentlemen of distinction, brought up the procession. In short, the whole collected wealth of England seemed lavished on the vale of Ardres. Francis was less gorgeously apparalled than his brother monarch; indeed his whole appearance evinced a less eager love of pomp and magnificence. His train was as numerous, and composed of persons of as high rank and distinction as that of Henry.

At a signal from Wolsey, the bugle sounded, and the two monarchs rode briskly towards each other. They were esteemed the two most handsome and accomplished men in Europe: both were then in the flower of their age. The kings met, and in order to get over a delicate point of precedency, they saluted and embraced each other on horseback. The two monarchs then dismounted together, and having renewed their caresses, they went into the pavilion of the cloth of gold. "Thus, arm in arm," says Hall, "went the Frenche kinge, Francis the First of Fraunce, and Henry the Eighth, kyng of England and of Fraunce, passyng with communicacion."

On the following day, the tournaments commenced. An enclosure called the camp, had been prepared; it was 900 feet long, and 320 feet broad, defended with broad moats, and partially surrounded with scaffolds, and galleries, for the accommodation of the two queens, and the ladies of their courts. In the midst of the arena was an artificial mound, and on the mound were raised two artificial trees,—a hawthorn for England, and a raspberry, symbolical of France, with their stems and branches lovingly interlaced. At the entrance to the camp were two tents richly adorned, for the two kings, where they armed themselves, and took their ease after their martial exercises; and close at hand, were two great

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cellars brim-full of wine, which was as free to all men, as the water of the fountain.

On the 11th of June, the jousts were opened —the queens having taken their places. Catherine was most brilliantly equipped, her very foot-cloth being powdered with pearls. Next to the Queen of England sat Wolsey. The judges were on stages with the herald of France, and garter king-at-arms for England —"to marke and write the dedes of noblemen." The trumpets sounded, and the two kings and their retinues entered the field. Then came the Earl of Devonshire, cousin to Henry, "and sixteen honourable persons in his bande, all armed." Then came Mons. de Flourenges, and his retinue, with other nobles and their suites, on the part of Francis.

Behold the noble youths of form divine,
Upon the plain advancing in a line;
The riders grace the steeds, the steeds with glory shine.
Thus marching on in military pride,
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
Their casques adorn'd with laurel-wreaths they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a corner spear.

"The ii kynges," says Hall, "were ready, and either of them encountered one man of armes; the French kynge to the erle of Devonshire, the kynge of England to Mounsire Florrenges, and brake his poldron and him disarmed, when ye strokes were stricken, this battail was departed, and was much praised. Then on went swordes, and doune went vizers, there was little abidyng."

Six days were spent in tilting with lances, two in tourneys with the broad sword on horseback, and the two last in fighting on foot at the barriers. The English, being much given to wrestling, some of the meaner sort amused themselves in that manner; and Henry, who had cultivated all kinds of sports and exercises, one day challenged his brother of France to try a fall with him, and caught hold of his collar. Francis, who was very agile, threw his grace. Henry arose, and demanded his revenge; but the by-standers discreetly interfered.

At length "the kynges rode about the felde as honour of armes required, and the heraldes cried, *la fine des Turnayes*, by the sayd two noble princes the xxi daie of June."

On June 23, Wolsey, who would not suffer so distinguished an occasion to pass, without having some share in the pomp which abounded, sang "an highe and solemne masse" before the royal personages and their followers, in a magnificent chapel, which he had built in the course of the preceding night. A banquet was then given, the splendour of which seemed to surpass all that had gone before it. Hall says, "to tell you the apparel of the ladyes, their rich attyres, their sumptuous juells, their diversities of beauties, and the goodly behaviour from day to day, sithe the first meeting, I assure you ten mennes wittes can scarce declare it."

On June 24, "which was Sunday and Midsomer day," the two kings took leave of each other.

Barkley, the monk, who wrote "the Ship of Fools," was engaged by Wolsey to supply the mottoes and devices on the occasion.*

Hume says, "The nobility of both nations vied with each other in pomp and expense; many of them involved themselves in great debts, and were not able, by the penury of their whole lives, to repair the vain splendour of a few days." And Hall declares, "the most lasting effect produced by the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold,' as the interview and the place where it was held were afterwards called, was the ruin of many of the nobility of both English and French, who, in their insane rivalry, contracted enormous debts. Of the French, it was said, that many of them carried their entire estates on their backs."

Perhaps the most pleasing tournament in London, was that given by Queen Elizabeth, May, 1581, for the entertainment of the French embassy. The gallery at the end of the Tilt-yard, where the Queen was seated, "was called," says Holinshed, "and not without cause, the Castelle or Fortresse of *perfect Beautie*, for as much as her Highnesse should be there included." This was assaulted by the four Foster-Children *of Desire*, after being summoned by a "*delectable* song," of which the first verses were as follow:—

Yield, yield, O yield, you that this Fort do hold,
Which seated is in spotless Honour's field;
Desire's great force, no forces can withhold,
Then to Desire's desire, O yield! O yield!

Yield, yield, O yield—trust not to Beauty's pride;
Fairness, though fair, is but a feeble shield,
When strong Desire, which Virtue's love doth guide,
Claims but to gain his due—yield, yield, O yield!

Wooden guns, (cannon,) charged with sweet powder and sweet waters, "verie odoriferous and pleasant," were then "shot off" against the Fortress of Beauty, from a "rowling trench, or mound of earth," that was wheeled up to the walls, and an attack was made with "pretie scaling ladders," and "flowers, and such fancies and devices," were thrown in, "as might seem fit shot for Desire."

Whilst the challengers, viz. "the Earle of Arundel, the Lord Windsore, Maister Philip Sidneie, and Maister Fulke Greuill," were thus engaged, each at the head of his band of partizans, in very sumptuous apparel, the Defenders of Beauty entered the Tilt-yard, and a regular "tourneie" and "justing" took place, in the course of which the renowned *Sir Harry Lee*, K.G., the Queen's devoted knight, brake "his six staves," and many others justed "right valiantly" until the approach of night separated the combatants.

On the following day, the four Foster-children of Desire entered "in a brown chariot (verie finelie and curiouslie decked), as men sore wearied and halfe overcome," whilst "verie doleful musicke" was played by a concealed band, within the chariot, in which

* Ellis's Original Letters, vol. i. p. 162.

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also Desire herself, represented by "a beautiful ladie," sat "upon the top," in company with the knights. On approaching the Queen, an "herald at arms," expressed the challengers' "despair of victory," yet, as "their soules should leave their bodies rather than Desire should leave their soules," they besought her Highness "to vouchsafe the eies of her peerless beauty, upon their death or overthrow."

"Then went they to the tournie, where they did verie noblie, as the shiuering of the swords might verie well testifie; and after that to the barriers, where they lashed it out lustilie, and fought couragiouslie, as if the Greeks and Troians had dealt their deadlie dole. No partie was spared, no estate excepted, but ech knight induced to win the golden fleece that expected either fame or the fauor of his mistresse, which sporte continued all the same daie. And towards the euening the sport being ended, there was a boie sent vp to the Queene, clothed in ash coloured garments, in token of humble submission, who having an olive branch in his hand, and falling downe prostrate on his face, and then kneeling vp, concluded this noble exercise," by requesting her Highness to admit the challengers as her perpetual bondmen, notwithstanding their degeneracy and unworthyness in making "violence accompanie desire."*

This "*amorous foolery*," as Pennant has styled it, was ended by the maiden Queen giving to all her knights "praise and great thanks." "And thus ceased," says Holinshed, "these courtly triumphs, set forth with the most costlie braverie and gallantness." At that time her Majesty was nearly forty-eight years of age, yet, in the set speeches of the Pageant, the flattering blandishments addressed to her were as highly flavoured as could have been offered to a virgin beauty of eighteen.

The tilts in Greenwich Parks, during the reign of Elizabeth, were worthy of the brightest days of festivity.

In January 1610, a grand display of feats of arms was exhibited at Whitehall, in honour of Prince Henry, who had recently been made a knight. On the following afternoon, a splendid tournament was held in the Tilt-yard, Whitehall, and in the evening "were novel triumphs, and pastimes uppon the water, over against the court," the Thames "being in a manner close covered with boats and barges full of people, and the shore on both sides surcharged" with spectators.†

"Before the imperial palace tow'ring stood
Rare works of fire, encas'd in painted wood;
Whose rival glories did to heaven arise,
And earth born thunder rung along the skies.
The heav'ns amaz'd, with borrow'd lustre shone,
With lights and meteors of a race unknown,
With foreign stars, as thick and splendid as their own.
Such noise, such flames fill'd all the amplest air,
The very triumph seem'd another war.
And with the dreadful joy did all the people scare."

As soon as Prince Henry reached his sixteenth year, he put himself in a more heroic manner than was usual with princes of his time, by tiltings, barriers, and other exercises on horseback, the martial discipline of gentle peace.* After his death, chivalric sports fell quite out of fashion,†

"Shields and swords
Cobwebb'd and rusty; not a helm affords
A spark of lustre, which were wont to give
Light to the world, and make the nation live."

The troubles of Charles—the caution of Cromwell—the profligacy of the second Charles—the fanaticism of his brother James; and the *refinement* (?) of the after monarchs, precluded the warlike people of England from again witnessing such truly splendid and heart-stirring pageantries, until the present Earl of Eglinton resolved to make the princely domain of his valorous sires once more the scene of British chivalry. Speed on, thou noble scion of the illustrious house of De Montgomery, and prove as true a knight as any of your valorous‡ ancestors!—

"Time bids thee raise thine head-strong thoughts on high,
To valour and adventurous chivalry."

DR. CHANNING'S REMARKS ON ENGLAND.

ENGLAND is a privileged nation. On one part of her history she can look with unmixed self-respect. With the exception of the promulgation of Christianity, I know not a moral effort so glorious as the long, painful, and victorious struggle of her philanthropists against that concentration of all horrors, cruelties, and crimes, the slave-trade. Next to this, her recent Emancipation Act, is the most signal expression afforded by our times of the progress of civilization and a purer Christianity. Other nations have won inperishable honours by heroic struggles for their own rights; but there was wanting the example of a nation espousing with disinterestedness, and amidst great obstacles, the rights of those who had no claim but that of a common humanity, the

* Heutzner mentions, that in the Royal Library at Whitehall, there were among other valuable curiosities, a Variety of Emblems, on paper, cut in the shape of shields, with mottos, used by the nobility at tilts and tournaments, hung up there for a memorial.

† Howe's Stow, p. 899.

* Wilson's Life of James I.

† Prince Henry caused a piece of ground near Leicester Fields, to be enclosed, for the exercise of arms; at one end a house was built, as an armoury, with a well-furnished library of all such books as related to arms, chivalry, &c. It remained so till the restoration of Charles II., when it was sold to the Lord Gerrard, who let the ground, on* a part of which was erected the present *Spur*-street.

‡ The gallant Sir Robert Montgomery, (an ancestor of Earl Eglington's,), in 1388, at the chivalric battle of Otterbourn, took prisoner, with his own hands, Henry Lord Percy, named Hotspur, the conqueror of the heroic Earl of Douglas. Hence the family motto, "Garde Bien."

* Harl: MSS. 5900.

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rights of the most fallen of the race. Great Britain, loaded with an unprecedented debt, and with a grinding taxation, contracted a new debt of a hundred million of dollars, to give freedom, not to Englishmen, but to the degraded African. This was not an act of policy, nor a work of statesmen. Parliament but registered the edict of the people. The English nation, with one heart and one voice, under a strong Christian impulse, and without distinction of rank, sex, party, or religious names, decreed freedom to the slave. I know not that history records a national act so disinterested, so sublime. In the progress of ages, England's naval triumphs will shrink into a more and more narrow space, whilst, in the records of our race, this moral triumph will fill a broader, brighter, page. Is not England, representing as she does in this case, the civilized world, authorized, and even bound to remonstrate, in the name of humanity and religion, against a measure by which the great work for which she has so long toiled is to be indifinitely postponed ?

THE STOUT OLD BRITISH SHIP.

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON.

Tune—"*The Old Oak Tree.*"

Hurrah ! for the stout old British ship,
The monarch of the sea !
That bounds like a greyhound from the slip,
When the sails are loosen'd free!
That, spite of the storm and deadly gun,
Ne'er yet it's course gave o'er ;
And never knew what 'twas to run
A hostile flag before !
It long has the bulwark been of our rights,
Of our freedom still the stay ;
Then give to the brave old British ship,
Three British cheers—hurrah !

When Nelson trode its quarter-deck,
Its glory was in its prime ;
Victory he had at his finger-beck,
As proved in every clime :
Then England was honour'd and fear'd by all,
And nations sung her praise ;
But that is a tale we may not recall
In these degenerate days :
For the stout old ship lies idly ashore,
Laid up like a useless tree ;
Its battles and cruises now are o'er,
Though it still is fit for sea !

The vaunting foreigner long has felt
Its thunders on the main,
And he smiles when he thinks the blows it dealt
Shall ne'er be dealt again.
But the spirit of Nelson is not dead,
It bounds in a hundred hearts,
And his story of fame is remembered and read
And studied with our charts !
For cherish'd with care is the glory it won,
The meed of a thousand years !
And its foes will fly as they often have done,
When the stout old ship appears !

When the brave old ship, as bright as morn,
Hoists high its well-known flag ;
The flag that has still been unsullied borne,
Since the days of Drake and Sprague.
Let's see who'll dare dispute its right,
To the empire of the main,
'Twill prove its title clear and bright,
Against the world again ?
Then give to the stout old British ship,
Of our freedom still the stay,
That long has the bulwark been of our rights,
Three British cheers—hurrah !

Arts and Sciences.

TOMKINSON'S NEWLY-INVENTED PIANOFORTE.

Mr. Tomkinson has manufactured an instrument which, we think, is destined to figure very conspicuously in the future history of the pianoforte. Let our readers picture to themselves a *cottage piano*, 3 ft. 5 in. high with regard to size, and a grand piano, or even more than a grand piano, as to power and volume of sound, and they will have some idea of Mr. Tomkinson's new and most important invention. The immense tone produced from an instrument of such diminutive size, is a feature as novel as it is interesting. The means by which this singular phenomenon is produced, are, of course, known only to the inventor ; but we are enabled to say this much, that there are differences of a very material nature in the action from that of any other pianoforte hitherto manufactured ; differences which, among other advantages, give to the base notes a bell-like clearness which is hardly surpassed by the finest horizontal pianos of the best makers.

A BUFFALO CHASE.

Away went the buffalo, and away went the men, hard as they could dash ; now the hunters gained upon him, and pressed him hard ; again the enormous creature had the advantage, plunging with all his might, his terrific horns often ploughing up the earth as he spurned it under him. Sometimes he would double, and rush so near the horses, as almost to gore them with his horns, and in an instant would be off in a tangent, and throw his pursuers from the track. At length, the poor animal came to bay, and made some unequivocal demonstrations of combat ; raising and tossing his head furiously, and tearing up the ground with his feet. At this moment, a shot was fired. The victim trembled like an aspen, and fell to his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, started again as fast as before. Again the determined hunters dashed after him, but the poor bull was nearly exhausted —he proceeded but a short distance, and stopped again. The hunters approached, rode slowly by him, and shot two balls through his body, with the most perfect coolness and precision. During the race,—the whole of which occurred in full view of the party,—the men seemed wild with the excitement which it occasioned : and when the animal fell, a shout rent the air, which startled the antelopes by dozens from the bluffs, and sent the wolves howling like demons from their lairs.—*Murray's Travels in North America.*

The Gatherer.

Characteristic Prevarication.—The late R. B. Sheridan walking home one night, or, speaking more minutely as to the fact, rather

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early one morning, accompanied by some companions, who, like himself, had partaken rather freely of the bottle; his friends thought proper to amuse themselves with calling a different hour from that proclaimed by the authorized guardians of the night. The watchman expostulated with them, saying,—"Gentlemen, if you go on so, the people will not believe me when I call the right hour!" To this remonstrance Sheridan retorted, "You are a pretty person to stand upon your veracity: a fellow who is never two hours together in the same story."

Albert Durer's Engraving on Wood.—Bewick, the reviver of wood-engraving in England, has long been the accredited inventer of the method now so much practised, of giving a softened effect, by means of sinking-in certain situations, the surface of the block. Some original blocks cut by the immortal hand of Albert Durer, show that the same expedient was resorted to by him to produce the same effect. These blocks by the first inventer of the art are now in England, and display several surprising specimens of the old master's style in appropriating this resource of his great invention.

Nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.—*Demetrius.*

Love of Reading.—If the riches of both Indies, if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all.—*Fenelon.*

Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.

The Virtues of a Cigar.—There is nothing like a cigar for whiling away the tedium of travelling; to my fancy a real Havannah never smokes so pleasantly as on a coach-top, or the deck of a ship, more particularly towards evening, when odours are most powerful, and the mind, perchance, excited by the "dying day's decay," reverts most forcibly to the thoughts of absent friends.—*A Paper: —of Tobacco.*

Gentlemen ¶!!!] whether civil or military, who wear mustachios, are nearly all cigar-smokers; and it has been ascertained by a painstaking member of the Statistical Society, that out of every ten gentlemen who wear Macintoshes, nine, on an average, smoke cigars. Shipping-clerks, custom-house agents, and Mincing-lane brokers, are great consumers of tobacco in this form.—*Ibid.*

A wife who looses her patience, must not expect to keep her husband's heart.

The Canadas have at present a population not falling short of a million; and if to this number be added the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, and the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, we shall have not less than a million and a half for the sum total of British subjects in North America.

The revenue of Russia, according to the latest accounts, is 300,000,000 rubles, answering nearly to 12,000,000*l.*: the revenue of British India amounts to more than 19,000,000*l.* yearly.

It is a singular fact, that there are now confined in the public and private establishments for the treatment of insanity in London and the neighbourhood, no less than [illegible] men and women who consider themselves legitimate, but unacknowledged, sovereigns of the country! One female patient insists on asserting that she is the real Victoria, and that she was confined in a mad-house, to prevent her from ascending the throne of her forefathers. This patient most graciously affirms, that she was sent to the asylum by Lord Melbourne, in order to make way for a lady with whom he was in love, and who now occupies the throne. It is most lamentable to witness the pomposity with which the poor mad creature struts about the room, exclaiming, "Fall back! clear the way for your illustrious Queen Victoria."—*Patients and Physicians.*

Exchequer bills, which now occupy so much of the attention of the monied men of the City, were invented in 1696, and first circulated by the Bank in 1706.

Immense Annual Issue of Base Coin.—Mr. Serjeant Atcherley, the attorney-general for the county palatine of Lancashire, lately said, in allusion to the importance of [illegible] prosecutions, that not less than 3,000 persons are at present engaged in counterfeiting and uttering base coin in the United Kingdom, and that the amount annually put in circulation is not less than 600,000*l.*—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

The Cuckoo.—Natural sound has seldom been so felicitously and so generally imitated as in the word "cuckoo." In the Greek language the bird is called κόκκυξ; in the Latin, *cuculus;* in the Italian, *cuculo;* in the French, *coucou;* in the English, *cuckoo;* in the German, *kukuk;* in the Vandal Sclavonic, *kukuliza, kukovisa;* in the Polish, *kukulka,* and in the Illyrian, *kukutka, kukuvasca.* The Poles and Illyrians have, however, quite different names for the bird, and the Swedish abbreviation *gök* is very infelicitous.—*Morgenblatt.*

☞ *On Saturday next, a Supplementary Number of The MIRROR will be published, containing an Authentic Narrative of the GRAND TOURNAMENT at EGLINGTON CASTLE; embellished with a large folding View of the splendid Scene, together with other illustrative Engravings, taken by an eminent Artist, specially for the purpose.*

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The Mirror

OF

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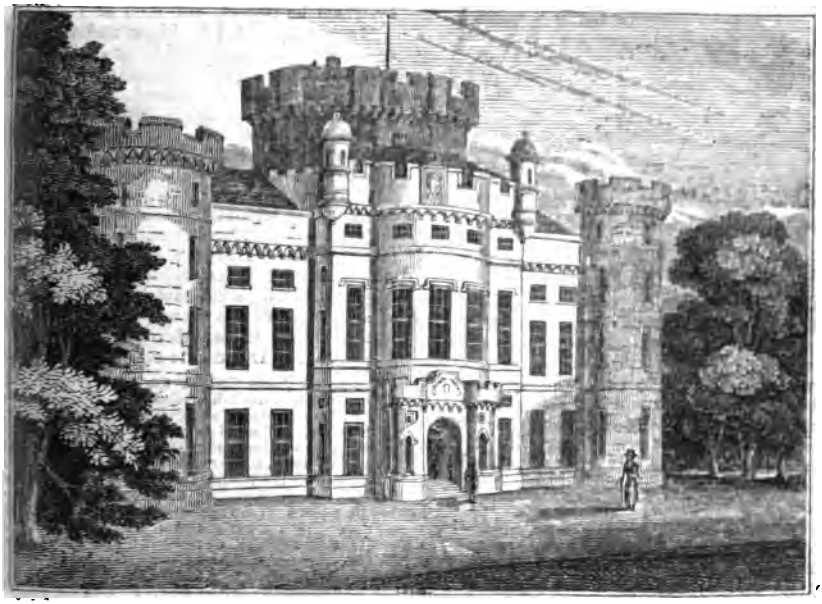

EGLINTON CASTLE,

THE MODERN SEAT OF THE EARL OF EGLINTON, NEAR IRVINE, AYRSHIRE.

THIS Castle is about three miles from the sea-coast; the grounds reach nearly to the sea. It is situate in a beautiful part of the county, twenty-six miles from Glasgow, and three from Irvine,* which is the nearest port-town. It is in the midst of a pleasant park, not very extensive, but full of variety of hill and dale, upon a small scale. The country round is highly cultivated, and is well populated. The ground laid-off, is a portion of a beautifully level lawn, skirted by the winding Lugton, and round which the gently-sloping ascents, and belts of planting, form a natural amphitheatre of the richest description. Doubtless, Eglinton Castle is situated in that part of the county best adapted for a chivalrous display: a more appropriate spot could not have been chosen. Under the very peculiar circumstances of our visit, it was almost impossible to obtain a minute view of the interior of the Castle; but from what was seen, gave evidence that it is one of the most elegant and convenient noble residences in Scotland. The exterior has an imposing appearance; there is a large circular keep, and at the corners are circular turrets joined together by a curtain, to use the language of fortification. The whole is piereed with modern windows, which in some degree destroy the castellated effect, but add to the internal comfort.

At a short distance from the above splendid seat stand the ruined remains of the old Castle of Eglinton.

His lordship's seats, are—Eglinton Castle, Skelmorley Castle, and Coylsfield House, in the county of Air, and Polnone Lodge, in the county of Renfrew.

* Irvine is celebrated as being the birth-place of two eminent authors—Montgomery, the poet, and Galt, the novelist: and Burns once lived in it. The house in which Montgomery was born, stands on the north side of the mouth of an alley, called the Braid Close, in a street leading to the harbour; and the little chapel in which his father, a Moravian clergyman, long preached, is now used as a weaver's workshop, though still known by the name of the Moravian Kirk. The gifted author of the "Annals of the Parish," first saw light in a more respectable part of the town—a goodly house of two stories, upon the south side of the main street.

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MEMOIR OF

ARCHIBALD WILLIAM MONTGOMERIE, EARL OF EGLINTON,

BARON MONTGOMERIE, OF SCOTLAND; AND BARON ARDROSSAN, OF ENGLAND.

Of this noble family, which is of French extraction, was Roger de Montgomery, the son of Sir Hugh de Montgomerie, Kt., a near relation of William Duke of Normandy, and was one of those nobles, who, in the year 1066, accompanied him into England; where, commanding the body of his army at the memorable battle of Hastings, when King Harold was slain, for that signal service, the Duke bestowed on him very large gifts, as the territory and honour of Arundel, with the earldom of Old Sarum, in which city he founded the abbey of St. Peter, and there died. He married Mabel, daughter of William de Talvaise, and by her had a son named Philip, who, in the reign of King Henry I., coming to Scotland, got a good inheritance in the shire of Renfrew, and from him descended Sir John Montgomery of Eglesham; who, being at the battle of Otterburn,* took prisoner (15th August, 1388) with his own hand, Lord Harry Piercy, son to the earl of Northumberland, and for his ransom obliged him to build the castle of Punoon, the chief messuage of the lordship of Eglesham. This Sir John married the daughter and heiress of Sir Hugh Eglinton, and with her having the baronies of Eglinton and Ardrossan, in the county of Cunningham, the family from thence quarter the arms of Eglinton, which were *gules*, three annulets *or*, ston'd azure.

To this Sir John and his wife succeeded Sir John their son, who was one of the hostages sent into England for the ransom of King James I.* And on the return of the king, he was made a lord of parliament, and one of the privy council. He was succeeded by his grandson Alexander, who married Catherine, daughter to Gilbert, Lord Kennedy, and by her had Hugh, one of the privy council to James IV., by whom he was created Earl of Eglinton.

He was succeeded by his grandson Hugh, one of the privy council of King James V., by whom (with the Earl of Huntly) he was appointed Governor of Scotland, while his Majesty went to France to espouse Magdalen, the daughter of that crown. This Hugh, the third earl, was succeeded by his eldest son Hugh, (whom he had by Marion, daughter of Lord Seaton), who marrying Giles, daughter of Lord Boydes, had Hugh, the fifth earl †† but he dying in 1612, without issue, his estates came to Sir Alexander Seaton, his cousin-german, who changed his name to Montgomerie.

Alexander, the sixth earl, being a nobleman of great valour, was thereupon named Greysteel, and in 1642 had the command of a regiment sent to Ireland, to suppress the rebel-

* This conflict gave rise to the celebrated ballad of Chevy Chase, in which it says, speaking of Montgomerie—

A knight among the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge,
Upon the Earl Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight.

In this ballad, which, Addison says, is written in a true spirit of poetry, the author may be excused for departing so much from the truth, as his design was to show the miseries which attended private quarrels.

* This was James Stewart, the accomplished King of the Scots, who was taken prisoner in England, as he landed to refresh himself at Flamborough, in Yorkshire, [30th March, 1405] on his way to France, while prince; at length he was ransomed, 1423, after a confinement of sixteen years in the castle at Windsor.

But during the leisure which was afforded by his tedious captivity, James applied himself to severer studies than either his military exercises or his cultivation of music. He was acquainted with the Latin tongue, as also with theology, oratory, and grammar, in the civil and the canon laws. Devoted as James was to these pursuits, he appears to have given his mind with a still stronger bias to the study of English poetry, choosing Chaucer and Gower for his masters in the art, and entering with the utmost ardour into the great object of the first of these illustrious men, the improvement of the English language, the production of easy and natural rhymes, and the refinement of poetical numbers, from the rude compositions which had preceded him. In the concluding stanza of the King's Quair, a work composed by the Scottish King shortly before his return to Scotland, he apostrophises Gower and Chaucer as his dear masters, who sat upon the high steps of rhetoric, and whose genius as poets, orators, and moralists, entitled them to receive the most exalted honour.

The captivity of James was sweetened by other charms than those of verse; he has in lasting song described the beauty which enchained him. Joan, or Jane Beaufort, the daughter of the Earl of Somerset, a lady of exquisite beauty, was accidentally seen by the royal prisoner, who became enamoured of her. We learn from his own elegant and unaffected testimody, that the first moment he beheld this "fresh and lovest flower in the harbour of Windsor,"‡ his heart willingly, and in an instant, became the seat of the most ardent and delicate love; and immediately on his return to Scotland he married her.

This highly gifted monarch was murdered in the convent of the Dominicans at St Johnston, in the presence of his queen, by Robert Graham, at the instigation of Douglas, Earl of Angus, February 12, 1437, in the thirteenth year of his reign, and the forty-fourth of his age.‖

† He was murdered by three of the Earl of Ghearn's kinsmen.

‡ Tytler's Lives of Scottish Worthies, 1833.

‖ For an account of the frightful execution of the conspirators, we refer the reader to *The History of the Scottish Kings*, by Matthew Duncan.

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lion there. It appears, by the *Mercurius Britannicus*, [8 July, 1644] that this earl was engaged in the celebrated battle of Marston Moor, where one of his sons was 'deadly wounded.'* In 1650, in raising troops for the king, he was surprised by a body of English horse, and sent prisoner to Berwick-upon-Tweed, where he remained till the Restoration, during which time his estates were sequestered. He was succeeded in his honours by Hugh, the seventh earl, whom he had by Anne, daughter of the Earl of Linlithgow. This Hugh marrying, secondly, Mary, the daughter of the Earl of Rothes, by whom he had several children, was succeeded by his son Alexander, who became one of the privy council to King William III., in the last year of whose reign he died, leaving among other issue by Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Dumfries, Alexander, the eldest son, who was also one of the privy council of the aforesaid king, and one of the commissioners of the Treasury. In the reign of Queen Anne, [1710 and 1713] he was elected one of the sixteen peers for Scotland, and was one of her Majesty's privy council; and having married three wives, by the third (Susanna, daughter of Archibald Kennedy, of Colzean, Bart.) he had two sons, and seven daughters;† being succeeded by Archibald Montgomerie, his eldest son, and eleventh earl, who married Lilias, daughter and heir of Sir Robert Montgomerie, of Skelmonly. By this union he had, with other children, Hugh, (grandfather of the present peer) who married 1772, Eleanor, daughter of Robert Hamilton, Esq., and by her had issue Archibald, who died, æt. 40, January 4, 1814, leaving an only son, the present earl, born on the 29th September, 1812, who, on the death of his grandfather, 14th December, 1819, succeeded to the title, and to the large unencumbered estates.

The Earl of Eglinton is descended from the extinct Earls of Wintoune, by the marriage of the first earl of that title with the heiress of Montgomerie.

Creation.] Earl of Eglinton, and Baron Montgomerie, in 1503, 15 James IV.

Arms.] Quarterly, 1st and 4th *sapphire, three fleurs de lis, topax*, for Montgomerie. 2d and 3d *ruby, three annulets,‡ topax, stoned sapphire*, for Eglinton; all within a border *topax, charged with a double tressure flowered*, and *counter flowered, ruby.*

Supporters.] *Two wyverns emerald*, vomitting fire, being the crest of the Earl of Wintoun.

Crest.] On a wreath a maid, or the picture of Hope, dressed in ancient rich apparel, holding in her dexter hand a man's head, and in her sinister, an anchor.

* Vide Cromwelliana, p. 9.

† The house of Eglinton has produced a number of women, celebrated for their great beauty: a quality in later times may be traced to this fair daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy. All her seven daughters were equally remarkable with herself for a graceful mein, insomuch that the *Eglinton air* became, in their time, a common phrase.

‡ Annulet, a ring.—Leigh supposes annulets to be rings of mail, which was an armour of defence long before the hardness of steel was invented. The Romans, by the ring, represented liberty and nobility, and by its circular form signified strength and eternity.

ARMOUR WORN AT TOURNAMENTS.

The Helmet.

The armour of the ancients, which particularly guarded the head, was known by the general denominations of head-piece, casque, and helmet. Helmets were anciently formed of various materials, but chiefly of skins of beasts, brass and iron. An open-helmet covers only the head, ears, and neck, leaving the face unguarded. Some open-helmets have a bar or bars from the forehead to the chin, to guard against the transverse cut of a broad-sword, but it affords little defence against the point of a lance or sword. A close-helmet entirely covers the head, face and neck; having on the front, perforations for the admission of air, and slits through which the wearer may see the objects around him; this part, which is styled the visor (from the French word *viser*, to take aim,) lifts up by means of a pivot over each ear. Some helmets have a bever, (from *buveur*, drinker, or from the Italian *bévere*, to drink,) which, when closed, covers the mouth and chin, and either lifts up by revolving on the same pivots as the visor, or lets down by means of two or more pivots on each side near the jaws. The use of the bever was to enable the wearer to eat and drink more commodiously than could be done in a helmet with a visor only. The helmets of the Greeks and Romans were mostly open, not unlike scull-caps, as formerly worn by our dragoons. Montfaucon says he never saw an ancient helmet with a visor to raise or let down, although he is of opinion that they had those contrivances; it seems as if the Romans, at least those of which Pompey's army was composed at Pharsalia, had open-helmets, as Cæsar directed his soldiers to strike them in the face, which order, had their faces been covered, he would not have given. The two Grecian helmets in the British Museum have a kind of contrivance to cover the nose. Over the top of the helmet rose an elevated ridge called the crest, some of which represented lions, dragons, &c., to make the warrior appear taller, and more terrible.

The Chapelle de Fer, or Iron Hat,

Is frequently mentioned by Froissart, and was then the head-piece worn by the light horse and foot soldiers. Father Daniel says, it was a light helmet, without visor or gorget, like those since called bacinets; perhaps a kind of iron cap, attached to or worn over a hood of mail. This iron hat is called also in French, *armet*, and was occasionally put on by knights, when they retired from the melée of the battle, to rest themselves, and take breath.

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The Bourguinote, or Burgonet.

This kind of head-piece probably succeeded the cylindric and conical casques before mentioned: that celebrated French antiquary, Monsieur Fauchet, says, "when helmets better represented the human head, they were called bourguinotes, possibly from being invented by the Burgundians.

The Bacinet.

Bacinets were light helmets, so called from their resemblance to a basin, and were generally without visors, though from divers quotations cited by Du Cange, they appear occasionally to have had them. Fauchet supposes them to have been a lighter sort of helmet, that did not cover the face; and says, he finds that the knights often exchanged their helmets for bacinets when much fatigued, and wishing to ease and refresh themselves, at a time when they could not with propriety go quite unarmed. Bacinets were worn in the reigns of Edward II. and III. and Richard II., by most of the English infantry, as may be repeatedly seen in the Rolls of Parliament, and other public records.

The Selade, Sadet, or Celate.

Father Daniel defines a salet to be a sort of light casque, without a crest, sometimes having a visor, and being sometimes without one.

In a manuscript* inventory of the royal stores, and habiliments of war, in the different arsenals and garrisons taken Ist of Edward VI. there are entries of the following articles:—At Hampton Court, sallets for archers on horseback, sallets with grates, and old sallets with vizards: at Windsor, sallets and skulls. At Calais, saletts with vysors and bevers, and salets with bevers. These authorities prove that salets were of various constructions.

The Skull,

Is a head-piece without visor or bever, resembling a bowl or basin, such as was worn by our cavalry.

The Hufken.

This seems to be a light head-piece worn by archers: it is mentioned in a manuscript treatise of martial discipline by Ralph Smith, dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton, then vice-chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth: its particular form or construction is not described.

The Castle.

The castle was perhaps a figurative name for a close head-piece, deduced from its enclosing and defending the head as a castle did the whole body; or a corruption from the old French word *casquetel*, a small or light helmet.

The Morion.

The Morion is a kind of open helmet, without visor or bever, somewhat resembling a hat; it was commonly worn by the harquebussiers and musqueteers.

* This very curious manuscript is the property of Gustavus Brander, Esq.

The Pot.

The pot is an iron hat with broad brims: there are many under this denomination in the Tower, said to have been taken from the French.

The names of the chief pieces particularly appropriated to the defence of the breast and body, were, the coat of mail or haubergeon, the skirt of mail, the sagesant, the aketon, the jack, the bambasium, the cuirass, the hallecret, and the brigandine.

These pieces were of different forms and various materials,† besides brass and iron, &c. The hauberk, Almaine ryvetts, and corselets, were terms signifying complete suits.

Of mail there are two sorts, viz. chain, and plate-mail. Chain-mail is formed by a number of iron rings, each ring having four others inserted into it, the whole exhibiting a kind of net work with circular meshes, every ring separately riveted: this kind of mail answered to that worn in the ancient breast-plates, whence they were denominated loricæ hammatæ, from the rings being hooked together.

Plate-mail consisted of a number of small laminæ of metal, commonly iron, laid over one another, like scales of fish, and sewed down to a strong linen or leathern jacket, by the end passing through a small hole in each plate: this was exactly the form of the ancient lorica squammosa.

The Hauberk

Was a complete covering of mail from head to foot. It consisted of a hood joined to a jacket, with sleeves, breeches, stockings, and shoes of double chain-mail; to which were added gauntlets of the same construction. Some of these hauberks opened before, like a modern coat, others were closed like a shirt.

In France, only persons possessed of a certain estate, called *un fief de hauber*, were permitted to wear a hauberk, which was the armour of a knight; esquires might only wear a simple coat of mail, without the hood and hose.

The cuirass covered the body before and behind; it consisted of two parts, a breast and back-piece of iron, fastened together by means of straps and buckles. Father Daniel says, he has seen cuirasses of various constructions in the cabinet of arms at Chantilly.

Almaine Ryvetts.

What was the particular form or construction of the Almaine ryvetts has not been clearly discovered, but it is conjectured they were denominated ryvetts from having the joints of the arms made flexible by means of rivets, a contrivance possibly invented or perfected in Germany. King Henry VIII. in the 38th year of his reign, had Almaine armourers in his pay.

† The earliest armour was undoubtedly made of the skins of beasts slain in the chase, and afterwards of jacked leather.

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The Caselet, or Corslet.

This was a suit of armour chiefly worn by pikemen. The caselet included the head-piece and gazett, the back and breast with sheets of iron called tassets, covering the thighs. To the back-piece of the cuirass, for the protection of the loins, was hooked on a piece of armour called Gardes des Reins, or calottes.

The hands were defended by gauntlets: these were sometimes of chain-mail, but oftener of small plates of iron riveted together in imitation of the lobster's tail, so as to yield to every motion of the hand.

The thighs were defended by small hips of iron.

For the defence of the legs were worn a kind of iron boot, called greaves, as in the armour of John of Gaunt, and that of Henry VIII.; with these they had broad-toed iron shoes with joints at the ankles; sometimes they had sabatons of mail. Boots of jacked-leather, called carbouly (cuir bouille), were also worn by horsemen. These are mentioned by Chaucer.

Tilting Armour.

Tilting armour consisted in general of the same pieces as that worn in war. The helmet was perforated only on the right side, the left side of the face, the left shoulder and breast are secured by a plate called a grand guard, which fastened on the stomach. On each shoulder was likewise fixed a plate declining from the face like wings; these were intended to protect the eyes from the point of the lance.

The shields used by our Norman ancestors were the triangular or heater shield. The Norman shields represented in the curious tapestry at Bayeux, have their upper extremities circular, their whole form much resembling a school-boy's kite.

The targets (from *tergum*, a hide) or buckler, (from the German Beucheler or Bockenleer, *i.e.* the skin of a goat) answered to the scutuni of the Romans. They were mostly made of wood, covered with many folds of bull's hide, or jacked-leather.* One of these (armed with one or more small gun-barrels) is shewn in the Spanish Armoury in the Tower of London.

Armour of the Horses.

The defensive armour with which the horses of the ancien tknights, or men-at-arms, were covered, consisted of pieces made either of metal or jacked-leather, the chanfron† &c. Horses covered all over from head to foot with mail, occur in some ancient writers.

The chanfron took its denomination from that part of the horse's head it covered, and was a kind of mask of iron, copper, or brass. Some of these were so contrived as to hinder a horse from seeing right before him, perhaps to prevent his being intimidated by any object against which he might be directed, so as to cause him to start aside, or lessen the celerity of the charge. From the centre of the forehead, there sometimes issued a spike or horn like that given by the heralds to the unicorn, but generally it was adorned with an escutcheon of animal bearings, or other ornamental devices. In several of the French historians we read of chanfrons worn by their nobility, not only of gold, but also ornamented by precious stones. The manefaire consisted of a number of small plates, generally about twelve hooked together, and to the chanfron, so as to be moveable; their use was to guard the neck of the horse from a stroke of a cutting sword.

The poiturial pectoral, or breast plate, was formed of plates riveted together, which covered the breast and shoulders of the horse.

The croupiere, or buttock-piece, was formed of plates of copper, brass, or iron, though often of jacked-leather, when the chanfron and poiturial were of metal. It descended down to the hocks.

Claudian, in the sixth consulship of Honorius, elegantly speaks of steel armour: his words are:

"As in steel put on horses, and concealed in brass,
Are seen the hoofed feet. From what nation, he asked,
Have these steel-clad men come? What land gives birth
To horses clothed in metal? Whether Lemnius, the inventor,
Has given the neighing-power to iron, and to warlike images
Hath given life?"

* By the laws of Æthalstan, any hide-maker covering a shield with sheep-skins, forfeited thirty shillings,—a prodigious fine in those days.

† The chanfron first occurs in the clause-roll of Henry III.

PHILANTHROPIC TABLE TALK.

SUBJECT.—*How to dispose of a fund collected for the diffusion of universal happiness.*

Host.—My worthy guests, we have met this evening for the purpose of arriving at some determination regarding the disposal of our fund. The object for which this fund was raised is a noble one—the diffusion of happiness throughout the world. So fill your glasses, and let us decide what we are to do with the money.

Mr. Lawless.—I recommend that all persons of both sexes follow their own inclinations, and that all existing laws, having a tendency to oppose the natural will of man, be forthwith annulled and set aside for ever. By this method, well-disposed individuals will arrive at the acme of their wishes, while the evil-minded will speedily attain the goal of destruction. Without restraint, the heedless will rush headlong to perdition—they will extirpate themselves from the face of the earth. And thus the good alone will remain, without fear or molestation.

Mr. Broadview.—The sentiments expressed by my excellent friend, Mr. Lawless, are altogether vague. Man is naturally prone to error: make him free, in the full sense of the word, and he will retrograde to his original state of savageness.

Mr. Morality.—Reduce the price of all the

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common necessaries of life, raise the price of luxuries, and prohibit the distillation of ardent spirits. Educate the poor, build alms-houses, protect the friendless, and reform the vicious.

Sir Sensual Vain, Bart.—Allow every handsome man, with an income of not less than six thousand a-year, to enjoy the society of the ladies without any restriction, and make scandal a capital offence.

Host.—I fear, gentlemen, that Sir Sensual's plan would by no means promote universal happiness: but I am anxious to hear all your opinions; pray proceed.

Rev. Mr. Saintly.—Make Sir A—— A—— prime minister, and build more churches. Compel all persons to attend divine service three times every sabbath-day, and empower all humane and pious clergymen to award corporeal punishment on the bodies of absentees. The chastisement to be inflicted publicly, at the doors of the church to which the culprit may belong. Thus will mankind be regenerated, and arrive at the highest felicity.

Mr. Morbidmind.—Gentlemen, I have studied a great deal, and know by heart the works of the Greek and Latin authors, and all other authors, both ancient and modern. You need not trouble yourselves any further about the diffusion of happiness, for I have lately discovered that the world cannot last much longer. The doom is fixed—destruction is inevitable. The present generation may, however, escape; but it is our duty, as philanthropists, to stop the further propagation of the human species. Employ the fund in building monasteries for all the male sex, and in erecting nunneries for the females. On entering these places of seclusion, let each person resolve on celibacy and chastity.

Mr. Common Sense.—My dear Sirs, I cannot agree with any of your opinions. I advise that we lay out the fund in providing ourselves and friends with good dinners. Your schemes, I am afraid, will all end in *smoke.*

Dr. Jokewell.—I beg to inform the company that I have very much at heart the well-being of my fellow-men. You know that I am an alchymist. Well, then, I have bestowed much time and study in preparing a certain compound, (*taking a large bottle from his coat-pocket,*) not only for the certain cure of all diseases, but also for the pecuniary benefit of every man, woman, and child in the world. In the first place, it is a real panacea for all complaints incident to the human frame. In the second place, it will convert all valueless substances into pure gold. With your permission, I will shew you an example. That candlestick, for instance, is made of gross metal: I will apply the lighted candle itself to the mouth of my bottle, and then the candlestick, and indeed every other article in the room, will be turned into gold.—*(He applies the candle to the bottle, the light goes out, and the room is filled with smoke almost to suffocation. Great confusion ensues.)*

Several voices.—Mr. Morbidmind! Doctor! For Heav'n's sake help us—the world's at an end already! G. W. N.

MAHOMET ALI AND HIS SONS.

"Of the sons of Mahomet Ali, Toussoun, the second, was long the favourite. He was a prince of a generous, not to say extravagant disposition; and when, on one occasion, he was reproached by his father for his prodigality, he answered, 'It may be well for you to be economical, who were not born what you are, but I am the son of Mahomet Ali *Pacha*, and the son of a Pacha must be liberal.' His father smiled, the answer flattered his sense of dignity, and he upbraided Toussoun no more. Not long after Toussoun died of the plague. A third son, Ismail, was murdered by the blacks in Sennar, the hut in which he was being surrounded by brushwood, set on fire, and he perished in the flames. * * 'I have been very happy in my children,' he said to me one day; 'there is not one of them who does not treat me with the utmost deference and respect; except,' he added, laughing outright, 'that little fellow, the last and the least of all, Mahomet Ali.' He was then a boy of five or six years old, called by his father's name—the son of his old age—his Benjamin—his best beloved. 'I see how it is,' I said; 'your Highness spoils the boy. You encourage the little rogue.' Mahomet Ali laughed again—it was an acknowledgment of a little paternal weakness. Not long after, I was in the Palace of Shoubra—it was on a Friday, the Mussulman sabbath, when the Pacha is in the habit of receiving all his family. I found him in the centre of his Divan. He was surrounded by all his sons and grandsons, who were then residing at Cairo. He had been listening to the accounts of their studies—of their amusements and their employments. Abbas Pacha, the eldest son of Toussoun Pacha, sat next his grandfather, and the rest of the family were seated on chairs, according to their ranks and ages. After some conversation, Mahomet Ali told his descendants that they might now withdraw. One after another they rose, knelt before him, kissed the hem of his garment, and retired. Little Mahomet Ali came last; he was dressed in military costume, with a small golden-cased scimitar dangling at his side. He advanced towards his father—looked in his face; he saw the accustomed, the involuntary smile; and, when he was about a yard from the Pacha, instead of bending or saluting him, he turned on his heels, and laughingly scampered away, like a young colt. 'I see how it is,' said I to Mahomet Ali. The old man shook his head—looked grave for a moment—another smile passed over his countenance—'Peki, peki!' said he, in a low tone, 'Well, well!' But I certainly did not like his Highness the worse for what I had just witnessed."—*Bowring's Minor Morals.*

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THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE last week has been a very eventful one. About the same time that Lord Eglinton was giving his guests some idea of the gallantry of the knights of olden time, Lord Brougham was eulogising the bravery of Wellington, and the British Association were discussing science and art, in peace and good fellowship, on a stage which not long previously had exhibited scenes of riot and bloodshed. Strange contrasts these, and such as would lead us into a strain of moralizing; but we must forbear, and at once proceed to lay before our readers a few of the more interesting matters which were discussed at the latter assembly:—

Zoology.—Mr Lankaster exhibited several specimens of fishes, which, after having taken away one side, he had allowed to dry, and assume their natural state, and then placed them on paper. The process consisted in drying the fish, then taking away their soft parts, then drying the skins, keeping them in shape by pieces of stick and cork, and, finally, varnishing them with mastic varnish, by which they become stiffened, and their colours preserved.

Mr. Gray stated, that his uncle had adopted a similar process many years ago, at the British Museum, by modelling wax and resin to the shape of the fish. A carpenter's boy had also prepared a great number, by skinning the fish, and filling it with bran, and when dry it retained its original shape. He hoped soon to have a very fine collection open for inspection at the British Museum. He thought the fish were better sewed on to the paper than glued. The preserving the colour of fish and reptiles was a great object; he had attained this by soaking them in brine, and drying them before they were put in spirit. He condemned the use of the oxymuriate of mercury in the preparation of animal substance.—Dr. Macartney recommended pyroligneous acid, instead of it, and observed, that Medusæ might be preserved by putting them into a solution of alum and nitre in spirit; they lost little of their size thus, and could be kept in no other way.—Mr. Forbes had seen several specimens of reptiles in Dr. Knapp's possession, which retained their original colouring. They had been preserved in spirit two months, and then taken out and dried, and placed upon cork.—Dr. Macartney observed, that solutions of alum preserved the colour of animal substances best; and Mr. Gray stated, that reptiles might be preserved by pressing, as plants, or by skinning, and filling with sand.

Mr. R. Patterson exhibited drawings made from living specimens of a species of *Ciliograde*, taken in July last at Bagnor, county Down. Its occurrence on the Irish coast had first been announced in a note appended to his paper on the *Cydippe pomiformis*, published in the *Transactions of the Irish Academy*. This animal he had referred, though with some doubt, to the genus *Bolina*, of Mertens, and named it provisionally *Bolina Hibernica*. He mentioned some particulars relative to its appearance, movements, frangibility, and luminosity.

Prof. Jones thought that the luminosity of marine animals could not be identified with particular species, nor was it confined to the living animals, as they gave it out equally when dead. He had not been able to detect the nervous system which Dr. Grant had ascribed to *Beroe pileus*; but he believed that delicate vessels existed in these animals.

Mr. Forbes remarked that some difficulty existed in examining these animals, but he had found an easy plan to do this, by placing them in a watch-glass. He had found Acalephæ in a state in which they gave no indications of luminosity, but on being agitated they were immediately luminous. Dr. Macartney had described a Beroe that was constantly luminous. He believed, however, with Ehrenberg, that this depended on the condition of the ovaries, and only occurred at certain periods.—Mr. Goodsir gave some account of an *Alcynöe*, which, whenever it was touched, gave out gleams of light, and these proceeded from the circular ridges of cilia.

Botany.—Mr. Lankaster read a paper *On the Formation of Woody Tissue.*

The tissues of plants, for the sake of convenience, are divided into five, but the origin of these may be all traced to the simple cell. How they are formed from the simple cell is undecided, especially with regard to woody tissue. Du Petit Thouars supposes, that woody fibre is formed by the buds and leaves, and sent down by them between the bark and wood of the tree, whilst other writers suppose that it is formed from the bark or wood. The most prominent features of woody tissue are its length, and the hard nature of the secretions deposited in its interior. These points do not constitute an essential difference between this and cellular tissue, as we find the latter lengthened in the form now called pitted tissue, and hardened in the endocarps of *Amygdalæ*, &c. If by the term woody tissue, all hardened lengthened tissue be included, then we find it present in many instances, where neither buds, leaves, nor bark can be said to exist, as in *Cryptogamia*, especially *Boleti*. Again, it is found in many parts of flowering plants, as the pericarps of the *cocoa*, beech, and other plants, which in those parts are destitute of leaves. The author has also found woody tissue in abundance in the leafless *Monotropa*, and in many species of *Cactaceæ*. Other objections may be urged against the theory of Du Petit Thouars, as the fact of wounds in trees being filled up at their lower as well as their upper lip. In trees that had been felled, the author had observed the production of fibrous tissue, independent of leaves or buds. The author had observed in several trees that he had ringed in the spring, when the sap was rising, and had cut down in Au-

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gust, that woody tissue was connected with a cellular formation, in both the lower and upper edges of the wound. The woody tissue being evidently formed subsequent to the ringing. The knobs of wood in the bark of beech and other trees are excrescences, and when first formed are cellular; they gradually harden, and at last present layers of contorted woody fibre. They have a regular bark of their own filled with sap during the spring, and present concentric circles of woody tissue, representing their yearly growth. Many of them put forth buds, and some few leaves, but by far the greater number have neither buds nor leaves. Sometimes they congregate together in a mass, each nucleus having a separate series of concentric layers surrounding it. Although from rapid growth the compound knobs are found in contact with the wood of the tree, the single knobs are seldom found in this position. These knobs have been called by Dutrochet, embryo-buds, and used by him as an argument against Du Petit Thouars' theory, and Dr. Lindley admits their existence to be one of the greatest objections of which he is aware. The conclusions to which Mr. Lankaster came, from taking a view of all the facts which we are in possession of at present, on the formation of woody tissue:—1. That the requisites for the formation of wood are a living tissue developing elongating fibres, a tissue forming and depositing secreted matter, and exposure to the influence of external stimuli. 2. That the secreted matters are more easily brought under the influence of external stimuli in the younger tissues; hence the importance of leaves. 3. That neither bark nor leaves are essential to the formation of woody tissue.

Mr. Babington believed that the knobs in trees afforded evidence of the unsoundness of Du Petit Thouars' theory. He had never been inclined to adopt the view of wood being a descending fibrous formation of the leaves. If this were the case, the stock of a grafted tree should have wood formed round it like the graft; but this was not the case, as the wood of the stock remained the same.—Dr. Bossey thought the views of Du Petit Thouars were beset with objections, besides those which Mr. Lankaster had brought forward. The oriental plane shed its bark from increase in the wood of the trunk: if this wood was formed by the leaves, the shedding of the bark would take place from the upper part of the stem first, and not from the middle and lower portions, as it was now found to do.

Geology.—Dr. Buckland called the attention of the meeting to a communication from a public association of the town of Bradford, recommending that local museums should be formed for the collection and preservation of such specimens as occurred in their own neighbourhoods. This suggestion could not emanate from a fitter place than from Bradford, which, like Birmingham, was seated on those enormous remains of ancient vegetation which had raised them from the rank of petty villages to the high commercial and manufacturing importance which they now enjoyed. The same course had been already pursued at Newcastle, and the members who had visited that town last year, had seen the valuable results. Strangers visiting such museums would at once see what the country contained, and learn, without further trouble, what and where to seek. It was properly recommended to keep distant products separate and apart from those of the localities where the museums are established, and he was of opinion that too much attention could not be paid to this excellent suggestion.

Mr. Greenough mentioned that at the Bureau des Mines at Paris, the specimens from each department in France were kept distinct. No similar collection is to be found in Great Britain, not even in the British Museum. He trusted that this reproach would soon be removed, and in the mean time that local collections would be encouraged. Heretofore fossil remains had been too little considered in reference to their localities. In looking for them according to the strata in which they were discovered, the varieties found in different parts had been rather overlooked. It is also of importance that not only mineralogical specimens be arranged topographically, but that there should be a similar disposition of organic remains, as different fossils may occur in the same stratum in different districts.

CHILDREN.

How little do they who have grown up to man's estate trouble themselves about the feelings of children! It would really seem as if they fancied that children were destitute of all those fine and delicate springs of emotion, which are recognised in maturer life, and are the sources of all our joys and sorrows. It is time that the grown-up world went to school to some one who has not forgotten the tender susceptibilities of childhood; that it may learn to sympathise with the little sufferers. The germinating bud has within its folded recesses all the beauty and the fragrance of the flower; the gentle distillations of heaven sink as sweetly in its secluded shrine, and the sunbeams fall there as soothingly, as on the prouder petals that would claim all to themselves. How many a sweet spirit withers beneath the blighting frown of an unsympathising guardian; how many a one retires to weep in solitude, because it is not loved as it would be, and is not comprehended in its affection! We little imagine what arcana we read, when the words "of such is the kingdom of heaven," pass our unheeded utterance.

Restoration from Drowning.—Dr. Fairbrother, of Clifton, has restored animation, after immersion in the water for a quarter of an hour, by stopping the mouth and sucking the foul air from the lungs through the nostrils, whilst respiration was promoted by pressing on the abdominal muscles on the sides.

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DWELLING OF RICHARD OF RAINDALE, KING OF THE MOORS.

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air,
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command,
To come and play before thee?

MR. EDITOR.—During a sojourn of several months in the north-east parts of Yorkshire, and being much engaged among the wild and unfrequented portion of that extensive county, formerly under the dominion of the ecclesiastics of Whitby Abbey, founded by St. Hilda, and where the manners and customs of the inhabitants but slowly approximate to the present state of modern improvement, myself and friend were induced to visit the most romantic features of the surrounding scenery, and among them the dreary and humble residence of a remarkable character who located there, and known as 'The King of the Moors;' this structure was of his own building, and in which he had resided many years, with no other companion that his trusty dog, Bob.

In this retirement, he composed a small volume of poems, which was published under the patronage of Major Liddell. This recluse was seldom visited but by people from curiosity, although he often settled differences and pointed out allotments on the Moors. The interior of his dwelling, as may be imagined, was very rude and simple; and so constructed, that he could, while sitting at his fire-side, easily reach all his implements for making and baking his bread, which formed the principal of his support.

To give the reader a better idea of this residence, we shall quote a few verses from a long poem he presented to us, entitled '*The Plan of my House vindicated.*'

My house is built in such a style
As shews it not to be worth while
Any unnecessary toil
At all to use:
Too much regard for earth will foil
Our better views.

And hence I would no trouble take
With mine, nor any scaffold make
For height, that so it might not shake
If gusts should be,
Or bear the shock of an earthquake,
More steadily.

It serves my purpose very well,
Altho' just like a hermit's cell,
Where anciently they used to dwell,
Far from all din
Of a rude world implacable,
And full of sin.

Here on a shelf my books recline,
Both heads and points an awkward line,
Which will be found a certain sign,
I them peruse,
As likewise those who pile them fine,
More seldom use.

For making tea I have a kettle,
Besides a pan made of run metal;
An old arm-chair, in which I sit well—
The back is round.
A bed resembling a long settle,
Where I sleep sound.

Some for a finer front display'd,
Have countless sums of money paid,
'Till lastly in York Castle laid,
A humble debtor.
So I'll ne'er wish to put my head
Into a better.

Having made a drawing of the house (which I enclose), we mentioned to the truly intelligent and kind-hearted occupier, that understanding he had many years lived like a hermit, we begged his acceptance of some scissars wherewith to clip his beard and his nails; he, in complying with our wishes, mentioned, that he generally shaved himself twice a week. In a letter written by him to me, he says, "I was born in a country village, encircled by rusticity, and educated in a manner common to such places; and that following the bent of my genius, by perseverance, I have been enabled to write some few poems."

These are all the particulars we could glean of the rustic bard's history. Among his poetical productions, may be mentioned:—*Advice to poor Folks who live above their Income;* and a sketch, called *Solitude.*

T. T. B.

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Tournament at Eglinton Castle.

AUGUST MDCCCXXXIX.

WHO shall say that the age of romance is passed, or the military ardour of our knights abated? Old Froissart, Montfaucon, and Chaucer, will rejoice in their graves when they hear that the blast of the herald's trumpet has once more sounded to the onset: that a real tournament has taken place in all the panoply of glorious chivalry! That it was the Lord of Eglinton who had valiantly thrown open the portals of his castle to

"Every valiant knight that loved chivalry,"

and that no incident of late years ever created so great a sensation in Scotland. As the vast preparations for the magnificent sports became more complete, the anxiety to behold the gorgeous *fête* increased. The beds and every accommodation in all the neighbouring towns were engaged long before the appointed day; and many years will roll away ere these festivities of Eglinton castle will be forgotten.

The little towns of Irvine, Ardrossan, Saltcoats, Kilmarnock, Kilwinnie, &c., and all the farm-houses in the neighbourhood were, for some days previous to the grand spectacle, crowded with visiters to the Tournament. Every bed was taken, barns and clean straw in requisition, and many obliged to bivouac beneath shelter of the friendly trees. The knights and esquires were lodged in tents at the extremities of the lists, and every room in the castle crowded with guests.

The stands, capable of containing upwards of 2,000 spectators, were built with great elegance on one side of the lists, whilst on the opposite side a strong fence divided the ground for the general spectators from the lists. It is calculated 60,000 persons attended, and consequently immense preparations were made for their accommodation. The lists were 300 feet in width and 600 feet in length; at the extremities were erected stately tents, marquees, or in the language of the age to which all these preparations bear reference, "pavilions." They were shaped conically, of lofty and imposing appearance, floored with planks. They were white, striped with blue, red, black, &c., and surmounted with banners, pennons, &c. Upon the whole their appearance was gorgeous. It was within these tents that the knights and esquires took up their quarters. The ball-room and the banquetting room were erected on the north-western side of the castle, and joined to it by a flight of steps. These spacious rooms were built of deal, and canvass, elegantly decorated on the inside with chandeliers and candelabra, and lamps of porcelain and or-moulu of a most costly description; the length of these rooms together was upwards of 100 yards, the width 50 feet each room. They were divided by a saloon of 30 feet in length, ornamented with armorial bearings, and hung with variegated lamps and the branches of trees. These three rooms were in good taste and well proportioned. 'At the end of the ball-room was the throne of the Queen of Beauty, and an extensive orchestra on one side. The drawing-room was very elegant. It had been recently fitted up, and was illuminated at night by a superb chandelier of torquoise porcelain, containing 90 lights. In the dining-room were some splendid specimens of antique furniture. Amongst other things a bronze chandelier of the age of Francis I., of exquisite and peculiar workmanship. These things have been supplied by Messrs. Phillips, of Regent Street, and Messrs. Pratt, of Bond Street, to whom the noble owner of the castle had committed the whole of the arrangement of the internal decorations of the festival. A porcelain lamp in the drawing-room was particularly beautiful; being one of the *recherché* ornaments of the time of Louis XIV.

The most extensive preparations were made in the castle for the comforts of the guests. Legions of all sorts of tame and wild fowl, domestic poultry, and game from the moors, with barons of beef, haunches of venison, pasties, modern cookery, and antique revelry, have combined to entertain the hungry and tempt the fastidious to the feast. Wine and ale flowed in fertile streams amidst this heap of viands, and strong yet humble ale was humming and sparkling in the hall; and on the eve of the first day's 'tournay' the castle presented a scene of indescribable excitement, expectation, and confusion: here were revellers eating, drinking, carousing, and laughing; every room and gallery were filled with people, "buckling harness on." Knights, esquires, ladies, damosels, &c., were hurrying through the corridors, and crowding the staircases of the edifice. A regiment of cooks preparing the viands for the banquet, the stew-pans, or rather cauldrons; and from piles of ice, the champagne and claret was momentarily extracted by the active servitors.

At length the 'wished-for morrow' arrived —the 27th August—and from the last even's sun having 'made a glorious set,' the peep of day presented a scene of activity, excitement, and bustling life: crowds were parading the streets of the little towns of Irving, Saltcoats, and Ardrossan; those who were arrayed in the costume of olden days were strutting up and down the road to the amazement of the natives and the supreme satisfaction of themselves. Steam-boats were arriving continually at Ardrossan from Glasgow, transporting the "bits o' bodies" of that famous city, and other steamers from Liverpool were bringing in the southerns of merry England. The morning dawned propitious for the entertainments, and everything appeared at first favourable for the occasion, but at twelve the rain descended in torrents, and spoilt the whole diversion of that day. Along the roads were trains of vehicles of a more elegant description, and equipages that would have done credit to the builders of Long-acre or the circle in Hyde-

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park. In these were the *élite* of the county of Ayr. Within the park, by 11 o'clock, many thousands of persons were collected, and thousands more were pouring in in all directions. The incongruous and novel appearance of this huge carnival was very curious. The diversity of dresses, the brilliancy of colours, and the nodding of plumes, was in strange keeping with the rough, unpicturesque, and unromantic garb of the peasantry, and the uncompromising costume of those visiters who chose to make their appearance in their every-day clothes. In the stables of the castle all was activity, the grooms were arranging the caparisons and housings of the steeds; the squires were giving directions, and the warders were repelling the entrance of those whose curiosity was a hindrance to the preparations.

The proceedings of the day opened with the marshalling of the grand procession, which took place about one o'clock, when the immense body, accompanied by spirit-stirring music from the bands of the 1st or Queen's Dragoon Guards, and of the 78th, that awaked echoes new to the sylvan solitude around, having a very grand and imposing effect, moved by a circuitous route, staked off by wooden paling, through the Policies, across the bridge north of the castle, and circling it, arrived at the lists.

The Procession from the Castle,

was marshalled in the following order:—

The horses of the knights and esquires, under care of the grooms, &c., were arranged on the right of the grand entrance; and the retainers and men at arms on the left, according to their priority in the procession.

A chamberlain and a trumpeter were on each side of the door.

A deputy-marshal, with the seneschal, were situated in the outer hall.

A chamberlain was placed at the door of the inner hall or vestibule, and at each of the three doors leading from the vestibule into the three principal reception rooms.

The knights, esquires, and the principal personages forming part of the procession, assembled in the three above-named rooms, and were arranged in their order of joining the procession by the deputy-marshals and pursuivants. The deputy-marshal called from his roll the name of the first person to head the procession—the chamberlain at the outer door ordered his horses, retinue, &c., to advance—the chamberlain stationed at the inner door summoned the personage so named to take his place in the procession. This done, the party rode up the line of route to a given point, so as to allow a space for the marshalling of the whole cavalcade—this order was continued until the whole were mounted and marshalled, which being proclaimed by the chamberlains and trumpet at the entrance, the procession proceeded *en route* to the lists, to the sound of warlike music and blasts of the trumpet.

The line of march was kept by mounted men at arms at regular distances, assisted by the retainers and halberdiers (on foot) of the lord of the tournament.

On arriving at the lists, the procession entered at the principal gate; and after making the half circuit, the king of the tournament, the judges of the field, &c., with their attendant knights and esquires, were dismounted and marshalled to their appointed seats in the Gothic gallery.

The King, Queen, &c., having assumed their thrones, (to which the latter was conveyed in a coach and four,) a prolonged flourish of the trumpets summoned the knights and esquires to pay their devoirs to the Queen of Beauty: and the whole riding again round, received from their ladies the favours, gloves, scarfs, &c., to be worn in their helmets during the tourney. Another blast of trumpets gave notice to the knights to retire to their separate pavilions, to complete their arming, and await the summons of the herald and his trumpeters.

The knights rode from their pavilions *completely armed*, after being assisted to their chargers by their esquires, and took their stations on the ground appointed to them; when, the trumpets having again sounded, the herald of the tourney gave notice that they were ready to do their devoir against any knight who might demand the combat. On this, the knight elected to run the first course against the challengers, left his tent, armed at all points, and, riding up to the gallery, demanded permission to make his assay, which was granted.

At the cry of "Laisser les allez," the trumpets sounded the charge, and the knights ran the appointed courses.

Up till one o'clock, the hour the procession was expected on the ground, the sun shone brightly, the sky was beautifully serene, and the pavilion and tents being then filled, never before did we behold a spectacle more varied, gorgeous, and imposing. Enthroned in front of the centre of the Grand Pavilion sat Lady Seymour, the elected Queen of Beauty and Love, and the supreme judge of the tournament, whose duty it was to crown the knights with laurels who should bear themselves best in the sports of the day—

> "And, as in beauty she surpassed the choir,
> So nobler than the rest was her attire—
> A crown of ruddy gold enclosed her brow,
> Plain without pomp, and rich without a show."

The queen of the festivities wore a rich antique dress, and was attended by her maids of honour and body guard of ladies equipped as archers, in elegant and appropriate costume. The Pavilion, which was ornamented with Gothic architecture, and tastefully hung with drapery studded with cloth of gold, was crowded with a dazzling display of the beauty, rank and wealth of the kingdom, whose splendid and costly attire, (amongst which the crimson and black velvet cape, edged with gold, was very effective,) was well relieved by

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the plainer, though not less varied costumes of the spectators in the Stands on either side. The interval which elapsed betwixt the filling of the Pavilion and Stands, and the arrival of the procession, allowed spectators ample time to feast the eye on the magnificent spectacle before it. But the elements now began to threaten; and to the bitter disappointment of the vast multitude, the procession was ushered into the arena, at ½ to 4 o'clock, P.M., amidst a heavy shower of rain, which lessened the grandeur of the sight, as the Stands and ground outside presented an unbroken surface of umbrellas, while the "Queen of Beauty" and her fair attendants formed no part of the cavalcade, but were carried to the Pavilion in their equipages. Truly it was lamentable to behold so much costly splendour, in a few minutes lose its most attractive features, and such a host of people, thousands from the lightness of their dress but ill prepared for such inclement weather, exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm. In about a quarter of an hour, the rain abated, and showed, to advantage, in the arena, noble knights, with their plumage waving, glistening helmets, suits of bright armour, and gallant steeds in rich trappings, impatient for the onset—

"Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march'd, and quaint attires;
One laced the helm—another held the lance—
A third the shining buckler did advance;
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd and champ'd the burnish'd bit;
The yeomen guard the lists in seemly bands,
And clowns came crowding on, with cudgels in their hands."

The Armour worn by the Knights

Was of a very splendid description, and the caparison of the horses equally so. The Earl of Eglinton wore a costly and beautiful suit of brass armour. The crest which surmounted his helmet contained a plume of blue and yellow feathers. His horse was richly caparisoned with blue satin and cloth of gold. Viscount Alford was cased in a magnificent suit of polished steel. His horse was also caparisoned with blue and white cloth. The most splendid specimen of ancient armour worn on this interesting occasion, was considered to be that from the armoury of the baronial hall of Hylton Castle, near Sunderland, worn by the Right Hon. the Earl of Craven. The suit was of pure Milan steel, burnished blue, decorated with gold studs or rivets, curiously inlaid with the same costly metal, and exquisitely wrought in arabesque. The casque or helmet alone weighed nearly 40lb., and the bars of the vizor were of solid gold. This armour was worn by the then Baron Hylton, at the victorious battle of Cressy. Some of heralds' and pursuivants' costumes were very splendid. All the knights had golden stirrups and spurs. There was an immense store of armour of all sorts, pennons, lances, trappings, and all the detail of war of the middle ages.

(*To be continued.*)

PLEASURES IN AYR.

OR THE TOURNAMENT.

Written by T. Dibdin; for the Mirror.

Gas, glory, and guns, owe to *fire* their worth,
For potatoes and plates we're indebted to *earth*,
Diving belles often *water's* rich treasures declare,
While balloons and grand tournaments lead us to *Ayr*.

Yet balloons we ne'er witness'd attracting such crowds
To see fearless aeronauts storming the clouds,
And water-works all are ashamed to compare
To those knights whose fame rests on a *Castle in Ayr*.

From miles round and round came each wise man and ninny,
From Irvine, Kilmarnock, Saltcots, and Kilwhinny,
A descendant from Bouey himself too was there,—
From his high state came down to see sights in our *Ayr*.

Northern folk are tenacious fair profits to gain,
And Sandy of harvest had nought to complain;
A small house for three days, thirty guineas, or where
You'd a bed, you paid only one sovereign in *Ayr*.

Thirty thousand spectators collected were seen
To witness the triumph of beauty's fair queen,
And her *reign* was *kept up* by the brave and the fair,
'Till the *rain that came down* vex'd the beauties of *Ayr*.

When that *rain* had subsided, all present cried *hail!*
To Glenlyon who spite of the *wind* led the *Gael*,
And *Abercorn's Archers* so bonnie and fair,
For the *belles* brought a bundle of *bows* into *Ayr*.

Then the Knight of the *Swan* met the Knight of the *Rose*,
One had near lost his lance and the other his nose,
Swan's steed lost his head-piece and left his brow bare,
And the victor with pride held his plume high in *Ayr*.

The *Lord of the Tournament* next we may brazen,
Who gallop'd full tilt at the *Knight of the Dragon*;
But of *nothing* nought came, so an encore was fair,
And the lord's lance was shiver'd in honour of *Ayr*.

It continued to *rain*; and 'twas pity, some say,
That so many *fine knights* cou'du't make *one fine day*!
Yet the Knight of the *Big Burning Tow'r* then and there
At one blow sent the Red Rose Crest up into *Ayr*.

Then the Knight of the *Gael* ran *Black Lion* a muck,
And the plume from the *casque* on his head had the luck
To cut off, while the *Lion*, too saucy to care,
Crack'd his lance on the *Gael*, and astonish'd all *Ayr*.

Now prosper our Queen, and may all her bright *days*
Prove as good as her *Knights* who have won so much praise;
And shou'd Puritans put down Bartholomew fair,
You'll be just as well pleas'd with the show-folks at *Ayr*.

AN AUTUMNAL CONTEMPLATION.

BY ANDREW STEINMETZ.

Author of "Thoughts from the Diary of a Young Man."

Summa est philosophia meditatio mortis assidua.

The continual meditation of death is the highest philosophy.

It was a pale, grey, mournful evening of autumn. Fitful showers ever and anon bedashed the withered branches of the dying year. The wind had assumed that melancholy and thrilling moan which our youthful minds was always wont to associate with the restless spirits of the night, condemned to the torment of the worrying blast. I was journeying in a foreign land—alone, friendless, and unknown. The spirit of the hour; the restless solitude of dwindling day; and my

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own unrest, I mean the unrest of a poor heart violently torn and shattered by the storms of life, were all congenial. Still, misfortune has her charms, which only the unfortunate know; and the harp of Nature's plaintive hour, as its chords are touched symphoniously by the hand of unconsoled grief, when the angel of tempest rules the troubled elements, vibrates a harmony more melodious to the heart than any which the lute of Orpheus ever knew.... I list—voices of bewailing come gliding down yon forest-side, and echo always in her sportive vigil mocks the lament of human woe! It is the knell of death. I will reach yon pale light, for where shall the exile find consolation save in the house of mourning!... I entered the dwelling, and humbly craved a lodging for the night,—I showed my wet garments, I beseeched with my eyes dimmed by the tears of affliction, and my breast heaving with a deep, deep sigh, which they, alas! could never comprehend! They were moved to pity—or, perchance, the God of the miserable, of the orphan, and the houseless, touched their hearts with a sweet ray of compassion. The angel came down and stirred up the bowels of mercy! Hast thou never known misfortune? Hast thou ever known what it is to receive a needful favour from the hand of another, of a stranger?—If thou hast not, I cannot speak to thee of the sword that wounds to the heart's core, with a wound full of pain, and yet full of pleasure—full of woe, and yet consoling. If thou hast not, I cannot speak to thee of the heart's harmony for a time restored; the harmony which is marred by desolating grief; the affliction of pains which we cannot tell, and yet cannot all conceal.

> "Sorrow weighs me down, I feel
> Bitter, bitter woe;
> Feel what I may not reveal,
> Thou may'st never know."

But my hosts were in affliction too; and I beheld their streaming eyes with a strange feeling of pleasure! So singularly true it is, that in joy or sorrow, we love to have companions. They wept—and from that very circumstance I was inclined to rejoice, because my heart seemed to feel conscious that it was not the only miserable thing in existence! Again, I knew that they could not have suffered as I had; and so I pitied their causeless lamentation. Pity moves to joy! Alas, the ambiguity of the human heart! Pity is a sweet sentiment, and yet it springs from misfortune. My heart has never felt a livelier ecstacy than when I have steeped it in the contemplation of a heart-rending calamity! Nay, more, there is a sweet sorrow even in the disasters of our dearest friends—"*même dans les malheurs de nos plus intimes amis, il-y-a toujours quelque chose qui plait!*"...

But the night was swinging on the hinges of the ghostly hour. My lamp was flickering on a small table in the middle of the room. The mad blast had blown itself to rest; and the clouds, harassed by their implacable pursuer, had wept their eyes dry, and now, like a changeling child, were laughing in a beautiful white splendour, lit up by the well-trimmed lamp of autumn's moon. She rose like a sigh of love in the breast of the clean of heart. All nature was sleeping beneath the sweet enchantment. Not a sound, nor voice was heard from without; but the voice of adamantine care still clamoured to my heart: "thou wert made to mourn!" I have never heard that voice but every feeling within me compelled me to obey. I arose. Seldom in moments of grief is the mind slow in adopting the suggestions of a congenial spirit. The dead, it occurred to me, are the best companions of the wretched—and, to the couch of the dead I hastened, seeking the wisdom of consolation. Upon entering the room, I found that the corpse was deserted. There it lay, dead! dead! dead! for ever shall I say! No—hope, thou art too sweet a cherub to be despised. Ah! leave me not—but stay awhile, and console me with thy laughing eye..... Cold as the frozen ice, the poor youth lay. I approached—I examined the features—I shuddered—it was my bosom friend. Long lost—it was Ildefonzo! Good God! and have I not drunk deep enough of misery's amaranth, or must I swallow even the dregs! But so it is—and, if my destiny be iron, behold my hands in subjection—I submit in humble resignation. Behold! now is all joy fled, lamentation henceforth must be my only consolation. I closed the door; and taking a chair, sat down between the dead body of my friend and the window, through which the moonbeams dashed a clear and steady light. There was a crucifix upon his breast; a few flowers strewn here and there upon the mortuary couch seemed to diffuse their fragrance in mockery to the scentless dead. A lamp was by his side (emblem of faith); and a small basin containing a little water, made sacred by the benediction of the church, was beside the snow-white pillow. I dipped my finger into the holy laver, signed myself with the sign of salvation, and sprinkled the poor youth. "*Archytas** begs for a handful of dust, *licebit injecto ter pulvere, curras.*" This with the poor heathen was no unmeaning ceremony. He knew not what charity was; but who will deny him the semblance, though void of life? When I sprinkled the water of blessedness over the poor youth, I said: "may these holy drops, like the dew of heaven, refreshen and gladden thy soul, dear brother! May the God of mercy take thee to his rest, and Abraham thus approach thee, and cool thy parching thirst with the 'waters gushing into life eternal!'"

And now I place my hand upon the cold brow of the departed! It is prominent and expressive, and its lustre has not fled. But, it is flesh—it is bone—it is corruption—it is rottenness! I open those eyes. They were

* Horace, Ode xxviii., b. I.

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once so bright, so piercing, and so fierce! And when lit up by the ardours of his swelling heart, how did they sparkle! how did they glow! But now they are fixed, fixed in beamless vacancy! Those lips so valuable, eloquent, insinuating, resistless,—now, cold, dumb, ghastly, lifeless, dead. Ah! me. It is a wise meditation to ruminate upon the things of the dead; and feel, and touch, and turn over and over the horrors of death, that the remembrance of the final hour may so transfix this flesh of revolt, that it may never transgress.

Ildefonzo was my dearest friend. He was not born in the same bowels with me; but, he was still dearer to me than a brother. I loved him when a boy scarcely able to speak. We loved mutually; and, as years increased, our affection grew firmer, and we never parted from each other without pain. The friendship of youth seldom goes beyond the precincts of the school; but ours was based on too perfect a similitude of nature's not to last for ever. United in heart, we united in studies and pursuits. We tended to the same gold—we used the same means; and the same misfortunes fell upon us with the same all-blasting fury. Ambition was the divinity of our souls. But we knew not that ambition is only a sentiment which gives energy to the mind in availing itself of circumstances which it cannot always make. Possessed of knowledge, we deemed ourselves omnipotent; but fruitless struggles, and repeated failures, too plainly evidenced to us that our destinies were in the hands of an all-ruling Divinity, not in ours. Disappointments maddened him, for his spirit partook too much of the unbending oak, and he scorned to descend to the common-place of life. He cherished the high thoughts of what he *could* do, when his stern destiny deprived him of the means to do. But the conflict of the mind in itself—the battlings of desire, of hopes, and despair, became his executioner; and pining in misery and ruin, his spirit flit away from its useless and despised clay, like a noble scorn from polluted lips. I saw him borne to the grave; and I heard the lament of those who knew him. Voices were heard: "So young! so beautiful! so wise!"—they were from the tenderness of pity. Whisperings were heard: "So clever, and yet so imprudent!" they were from the cold and calculating, who enjoy the good things of the world. Words I had none to utter. My heart was too full to speak. A tear on the grave of my friend was all that I had to give him; for my heart he had taken with him beyond the grave.

RULES FOR LADIES.

1. MARRY not a profane man; because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children and embitter your existence.

2. Marry not a gambler, a tippler, or a haunter of taverns, because he who has no regard for *himself*, will never have any for his wife.

3. Marry not a man who makes promises which he never performs; because you can never trust him.

4. Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments—because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature, unrestrained, can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own ideas of right and wrong, is deplorable, and the less you have to do with him the better.

5. Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after all the girls in the country; because the affections are continually wavering—and therefore can never be permanent.

6. Marry not a man who neglects his business; if he does so when single, he will be worse when married.

New Books.

Blindness; or, the second Sense restored and lost. A Poem, in Three Parts, by Andrew Park. Smith, Elder, and Co.

IN this Poem, which overflows with pleasing imagery, and pure fellow feeling, the gifted author paints the various causes and effects of blindness, not with the pen of a cold calculating philosopher, but with the inspiring language of the confident and confiding Christian. While treating on the ingenuity* which many of the blind so pre-eminently enjoy, he says:—

Yet do the Blind, ingenious now in art,
Send forth their curious labours to the mart;
The shuttle they can ply with dextrous skill:
The rounding lathe submissive owns their will;
The osier twists into symmetric taste;
The needle forms its varied efforts chaste;
And many powers, that vie with eye-balls bright,
Now to themselves and teachers yield delight!

The author's appeal on behalf of the indigent blind, is worthy of him:—

If grateful prayers can avail in heaven,
Relieve the blind,—theirs shall be purely given!
To whom does helplessness so far extend?
A blind man is Compassion's nearest friend!
School'd to reflect, to drop the silent tear,
His solitary soul must love sincere;

* The phenomena of the mind are at all times interesting. In the mental powers of the blind, we see the loss of one sense compensated for by the intensity and perfection of the remaining ones, as numberless instances, which we could quote, would amply testify: the following few must suffice:—

Du Piles saw, in Italy, a blind man who modelled statue of Minerva in wax for the Gustiniani Palace; he also drew portraits displaying surpassing talent.—*John Ass*, of Whiston, near Rotheram, made the chimes in the borough church of Edon, in Holderness; and also made great improvements in organs and other musical instruments.—*William Kennedy*, of Whishorn, in the county of Down, Ireland, gained his livelihood by repairing clocks and watches, making the tools himself: he also made, among other musical instruments, thirty sets of bagpipes.—*John Gambasius*, of Volters, modelled a statue of Pope Urban VIII., and one of Cosmo de Medicis.—*John Strong*, who died at Carlisle, 1789, aged 66, made the model of a loom, and the figure of a man working at it, although, like all the above persons, he was quite blind.—[ED. M.]

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No gaudy scenes to lead his thoughts astray,
A noise is all his notions of the gay;
Living a life of never-ceasing gloom,
As though he breathed within a spacious tomb.

The mention of Byron, where the noble bard prays for the darling of his heart—Ada! will well repay the reading: it is in the second part of the Poem. We could willingly make many more extracts, but must refer our readers to the work itself, where they will find numerous passages of no ordinary talent, particularly in the third part. The Poem is accompanied by copious elucidatory notes.

Appended, are many pleasing effusions on various subjects. Mr. Park has been particularly happy in his Sonnets; we give the following as a specimen:—

There is a little spot on God's fair earth,
To which our longing memory ever clings;
Where, in our youthful days of love and mirth,
Sweet feeling trill'd the bosom's tenderest strings.
Where'er we roam, Reflection ever flings
Its fond arms round it, and will linger there;
And fancy often hovers high on wings
To gaze upon it, deeming it most fair!
No charm, however novel, can compare
With this sweet spot, so cherish'd in the heart;
Nor beauty, be it e'er so bright and rare,
Such sacred pleasures to the soul impart.
Speak out, my Heart! tho' thou hast lov'd to roam,
Hast thou e'er once forgot thy sacred, natal HOME?

The Public Journals.

THE POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL.—NO. I.

[This new periodical promises to be a valuable adjunct to our present stock of useful and endearing knowledge; and to be in reality, a teacher of the arts and sciences. It bids fair to be a valuable magazine, if we are to judge from the contents of the first number. From an highly interesting article by Mr. Hogarth, we find some excellent remarks on

The Ancient National Music of Scotland.]

On the subject of Scottish music much interest has recently been excited by the discovery of an ancient manuscript in the Advocates' Library at Edingurgh, which contains a number of the national melodies of that country. The manuscript was bequeathed to the above learned body, about twenty years ago, by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Skene, the last surviving member of the distinguished family of Skene of Hallyards. The "Skene manuscript" itself is only the *nucleus* of the work, (a large and elegant quarto, published under the auspices of the learned body who possess the manuscript); its bulk and substance consist of Mr. Dauney's historical and antiquarian researches; and we have no hesitation in saying that his inquiry into the history of Scottish music is by far the most learned, complete, and interesting, that has yet appeared.

The only publication (as far as is known) of secular music in Scotland during the seventeenth century, was a collection called "Cantus; Songs and Fancies," printed by John Forbes, at Aberdeen, in 1662. A great deal has been said about this book by all the writers on Scottish music, Mr. Dauney included; but very needlessly, for it consists entirely of regular compositions for several voices, in the scholastic style of the day, when melody was little regarded, and music in parts almost exclusively cultivated by professors and amateurs of the art. There are, however, two curious publications of that age which show that it was usual to unite the popular tunes with *parodies* of the popular words, changing the subject from profane to sacred, for the edification of devout lovers of music. One of these, printed by Andro Hart, in 1621, is entitled, "Ane Compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundrie other Ballates changed out of profane songs, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie." The other appeared in 1683, under the title of "The Saint's Recreation," compiled by Mr. William Geddes, minister of the Gospel. Some of these parodies are ludicrously absurd.

The notion that Scottish melody is in any degree indebted to Queen Mary's unhappy favourite, David Rizzio, is now exploded among us, though it is still current among foreign musical literati. We lately met with an article by an eminent French critic, in which Rizzio's authorship of many of the existing Scottish airs is taken for granted. But this Italian lutanist could have been conversant only with the music of his own country, as unlike as possible to the simple and often rude strains which have been ascribed to him: and his attendance on the person of his mistress, while in this country, never could have given him any sort of influence on the national taste.

The speculations as to the origin of the Scottish melodies which have been so largely indulged in by musical historians and antiquaries—some ascribing them to David Rizzio, others to King James the First of Scotland—some deducing them from the music of the Greeks, others from the *plain-chant* of the Romish church—are all alike unfounded and unnecessary.

The wild and artless melodies of Scotland took their origin from the "rude forefathers" of the people, among whom they have been handed down, from generation to generation, to the present day. Their preservation has been almost entirely traditional. If we except the new-discovered "Skene Manuscript," no collection of them was made till only about a century ago; and, indeed, their preservation among the people of Scotland, is to this day in a great measure independent of published collections. The child still hears them on his mother's knee; they still lighten the toils of rural labour, give zest to rural happiness, and add to the innocent enjoyment of the cottage hearth. They are with the ploughman in the furrowed field, and with the shepherd on the lonely moor. The popularity of songs so universally diffused among the peasantry necessarily extended to the classes above them, their mutual intercourse having been closer and

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more intimate than is admitted by modern manners: and it is only in recent times that publications of Scottish songs have been necessary to keep them alive even among the more elevated ranks of society. "There are," says Sir John Hawkins, "no genuine copies of any of the Scottish tunes now remaining; they having for a series of years been propagated by tradition, and, *till lately*, subsisted in the memory of the inhabitants of that kingdom." But the worthy knight speaks in ignorance of the people of Scotland, and their manners and habits: and we will venture to affirm, that every genuine Scottish air, whose beauty has made it worthy of preservation, lives to this hour in the memory of the inhabitants of Scotland, and may be heard from persons to whom it has been familiar from childhood.

The Gatherer.

An honest Irishman, fresh from Hibernia, caught a humble-bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming-bird. "Och," he exclaimed, "how hot his little fut is!"

Fragrant odour for sick rooms.—A few drops of oil of sandal wood, which, though not in general use, may be easily obtained at any chymist's, when dropped on a hot shovel, will diffuse a most agreeable balsamic perfume throughout the atmosphere of sick rooms, or other confined apartments.

Colleges are now to be seen in all the larger towns in British India; the age of the students is from 15 to 25 years. At these establishments, the Hindu youths are educated partly in the languages of Europe; the English is most admired. Shakspeare is a favourite author there as in England, and his plays are performed with great success by the Hindu youth.

A Conspiracy.—Captain Marryatt relates the following story:—There were, and I believe still are, two lawyers in partnership in New York, with the peculiarly happy names of Catchem and Chetum. People laughed at seeing these two names in juxta-position over the door; so the lawyers thought it advisable to separate them by the insertion of their Christian names. Mr. Catchem's name was Isaac, Mr. Chetum's, Uriah. A new board was ordered, but when sent to the painter, it was found to be too short to admit the Christian names at full length. The painter, therefore, put only the initials before the surnames, which made the matter still worse than before, for there now appeared—"I. Catchem and U. Chetum."

A collection of paintings and sculpture has been opened at the Eastern Institution, Commercial Road.

Modesty.—A girl down East said she didn't like to swing in the garden, "cause the taters had eyes."—*Boston Post.*

Stage Coaches in 1706.—The following copy of a printed card, framed and glazed, is preserved in the bar of the Black Swan, at York:—"Your four days coach begins on Friday the 12th of April, 1706. All that are desirous to pass from London to York, and from York, or any other place on that road, in this expeditious manner, let them repair to the Black Swan, in Holborne, in London; and to the Black Swan, in Coney Street, York. At both places they may be received in a stage-coach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which actually performs the *whole journey in the short space of four days* (if GOD permit!) The coach sets forth at five o'clock in the morning, and returns from York to Stamford, by Huntingdon to London, in two days more, allowing passengers 14lb. weight, and all above, 3d. per pound."

Landslip.—On the 18th of June, a remarkable displacement of an entire valley, near the foot of a mountain, took place at the village of Federowk, in Russia; and during seventy-two hours it moved with an undulating motion towards the River Volga. The sinking of the valley is one mile and a half long, and 250 fathoms in breadth. Above seventy houses were damaged or thrown down, but happily no lives were lost.

A penny paper of tobacco is, in London, termed a screw. 'I say, mister,' inquired a sailor one day of a pot-boy, at a public-house in Wapping, who had brought what he considered a very small penny-worth, 'do you call this here a proper full-sized screw?' 'Yes.' 'Why, then, I can only tell you it's a precious soft-roed one.'—*Paper:—of Tobacco.*

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling too; for, if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.—*Locke.*

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the heart.

People are for everlasting striving to prolong their lives, without thinking of the evils of longevity; an example of which recently occurred in America, where, *it is said*, two men lived so long, that they did not know who they were, nor could anybody tell them!

The "Talking Canary" died at Brighton on Saturday last.

☞ THE TOURNAMENT.—*On account of our Artist being detained at Eglinton Castle much longer than he anticipated, it is impossible to publish the* SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER *until Thursday next.*

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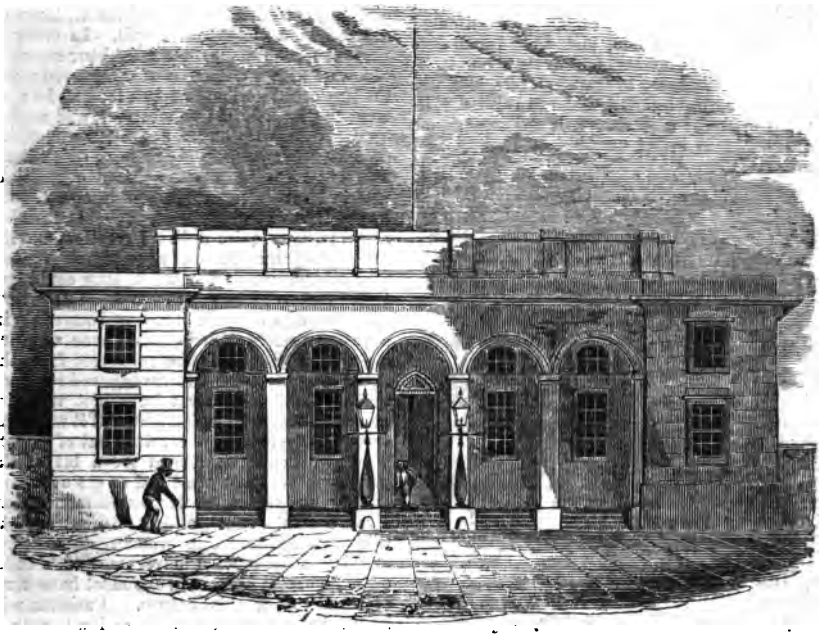

ENTRANCE TO THE SOUTHAMPTON RAILWAY,

NINE ELMS, VAUXHALL.

THE mind is lost in amazement and suspense while contemplating the results that will be produced by the introduction of travelling by steam, and which has already, although quite in its embryo, given a new feature to trade; and will, doubtless, eventually cause a complete revolution in the modes of conducting business. Among the many rail-roads, few eventually bid more fair to be of real public utility than the London and Southampton; which (after a trip by the directors for the purpose of testing its security,) was opened to the public on the twenty-first of May, 1838, as far as Woking Common.

The London entrance is at Nine Elms, Vauxhall, near the turnpike.

Almost immediately on turning into the road, the entrance to the railway will be seen on the left—an elegant and spacious structure, which contains offices for receiving the fares, waiting-rooms for the passengers, &c. The front of this building lies open to the river on the other side of the road, being intercepted only by the wharf at which the steam-boats disembark passengers for the railway.

On entering the great station-house, the passenger pays his fare to the clerk appointed to receive it for the particular station to which he is going, and receives a ticket, which he will have to give up on alighting. He then passes through a doorway on the left, where he will see the line of carriages next to be started, placed close to the pavement on the left-hand side, under a spacious and well-lighted roof. If a first-class passenger, he will be shewn into one of the close coach-like-looking carriages, with glazed windows; if a second-class passenger, into one of those open at the sides. His luggage, if small enough, will be placed in a locker under his seat. If too large for that place, it will be taken due care of by the guards. Each passenger is allowed to carry 50lbs. of luggage without extra fee; the charge for all above that weight is 2*s.* for every 50lbs. up to 500cwt., and then 1*s.* per 100cwt. or 20*s.* per ton. Five minutes before the time of starting, a bell is rung as a signal for passengers to take their seats, and for the attendants to get every thing in readiness; and precisely at the appointed hour the trains

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are set in motion, the second-class carriages first, next the first class, then the trucks on which stage coaches and other vehicles are placed, followed by horse-boxes, cattle and sheep carriages, &c.

The act of Paliament by which the company was incorporated, received the royal assent 25th July, 1834. The capital has been raised chiefly in shares of 50*l.* each. The estimated cost of the entire line, including locomotive engines, station-houses, and every other item, is 1,700,000*l.*, being at the rate of 21,000*l.* per mile, an outlay infinitely below any other railroad; and the whole work is expected to be completed at within 50,000*l.* of the original estimates.

MORNING.

FORTH from the world of sunshine, laughing morn,
Come forth! come forth!
And to her shadows drive reluctant night;
Smile on the rose, and dry the diamond tears,
That she has wept for thee;
And she will turn in modest joy to thee her blushing cheek,
And to thy searching gaze reveal her charms.
Up, up, to heaven's gate the lark ascends,
And hails thy coming with a jocund song;
And as he shakes the dew-drop from his wing,
He soars with joy into thy laughing face.
Then comes the fevered student, pale with thought,
And wearied with the dark night's vigils;
Mark how he turns his thankful eye to heaven,
As thy pure breezes fan his burning brow,
And chase each sombre thought at once away!
The little child arises from his couch,
And shading from his eyes the glorious sun,
Kneels down and offers up his oft-taught prayer
To GOD, who sent thee forth to wake him up:
And let me bend my knee with thee, sweet child,
And jointly offer up to Him a prayer,
Who to the anxious weeping mother said,—
"Suffer thy children to come unto me,
And, oh, forbid them not."

WILDER.

ABUSES IN DIET.

IN Dr. Elliotson's Lectures,* under the head of "Disorders of the Digestive Organs," the following striking instances of indulgence in improper food are narrated:—"Sometimes the appetite is depraved. You will sometimes see young ladies long for chalk, cinders, or sand; and they will bite glass,—munch it; and when it is small enough, they will swallow some of it. I saw a lady, the other day, who ate brown paper;—not paper hot-pressed and gilt-edged; but *brown* paper. She longed for something to eat; but did not know what. She wished for something that she had never eaten before; but she could not tell what;—nor could I. I have heard of cases where the patient longed for raw flesh, and even for *live* flesh; so that some have eaten live kittens and rats. This is an absolute fact. In the same way, some have been known to long for the contents of snuffers; and even for manure. A case is described of a man who ate a live pig,—leaving the intestines; but, after a while, he ate them also. There is described, at full length, in a German work, the case of a boy who had such a longing for lime, that he ate all the mortar he could pick out of the wall; and being well horsewhipped for it, he commenced on a *neighbour's* wall. In order to prevent this, however, the neighbour smeared the wall with a decoction of wormwood; and the boy could no longer relish it; but he then went to the kennel in the street, and sucked up the sand. He had a desire for something dirty. After this, he got to some quick lime; and was forced to drink a large quantity of water, in order to extinguish his thirst. He had a distaste for proper food; but, in other respects, was quite well. I recollect having read of a girl, and also of a student at Leyden, who always ate spiders when they could get them; and no harm arose from it. I have read of a man who disliked bread, and never ate it; but he was seized with a quartan ague, and then ate a large quantity. He recovered from the ague; and the disgust towards bread returned again. Every one must have met with instances of females longing for what it was difficult to get,—longing for things out of season. There was one who longed for a bit of the priest's sleeve; and contrived to get at it, and bite it; not caring for his excommunication. I could relate cases, almost without end, of this description. One woman dipped her bread in a tar-tub. I never met with these extreme cases; but every one must have read of instances of this nature. Patients will long for chalk, sealing-wax, and all sorts of things; and are not always the worse for eating them. The stomach manages them pretty well;—such is the departure from the natural state of things. They will sometimes eat the most filthy things;—things that one would never think would be touched by any human beings except cannibals. They will even take pleasure in offensive smells. This, however, is an intense state of the affection. Sometimes the appetite is excessive; so that people will eat an immense quantity. People will eat many pounds of bread and meat, in the course of a day."

In illustration of Dr. Elliotson's last remark, we give an extract from one of the notes in Mr. Lane's new translation of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments:"—"On certain periodical festivals, and on some other occasions, it has long been, and still is a custom of Muslim princes, to give, in the palace, public feasts to all classes of their subjects. El-Makreezee quotes a curious account of the feasts which were given on the festival following Ramadan, to the inhabitants of Cairo, by the Fatimee Khaleefehs. At the upper end of a large saloon, was placed the sofa of the monarch; upon which he sate, with the Wezeer on his right. Upon this

* The Principles and Practice of Medicine. By John Elliotson, M.D., F.R.S. With notes, illustrations, and additions: by Nathaniel Rogers, M.D.

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seat was placed a round silver table, with various delicacies, of which they alone ate. Before it, and extending nearly from the seat to the other end of the saloon, was set up a kind of table or platform of painted wood, resembling a number of benches placed together, and about eighteen feet in width. Along the middle of this table were arranged twenty-one enormous dishes; each containing twenty-one baked sheep, three years old, and fat; together with fowls, chickens, and young pigeons, in number three hundred and fifty of each kind; —all of which were piled together in an oblong form, to the height of the stature of a man, and enclosed with dry sweatmeat. The spaces between these dishes were occupied by nearly five hundred other earthenware dishes; each of which contained seven fowls, and was filled up with sweatmeats of various kinds. The table was strewed with flowers; and cakes of bread, made of the finest flower, were arranged along each side. There were also two great edifices of sweatmeats, each weighing seventeen hundred-weights, and carried thither by porters with shoulder-poles. One was placed on the table at the commencement, and the other at the end, of this sumptuous banquet. When the Khaleefeh and Wezeer had taken their seats upon the sofa, the officers of state (who were distinguished by neck-rings or collars) and the inferior members of the court, seated themselves in the order of their respective ranks; and, when they had eaten, gave place to others. Two such feasts, given on the festival after Ramadan, and on the "great festival," cost four thousand deenárs, or about two thousand pounds sterling.

"Two military officers, named Ibn Faiz and Ed-Deylernee, distinguished themselves at these feasts in a very remarkable manner. Each of them used to eat a baked sheep, and ten fowls dressed with sweatmeats, and ten pounds of sweatmeats beside; and was presented with a quantity of food carried away from the feast to his house, together with a large sum of money. One of them had been a prisoner at Askalan; and after he had remained there some time, the person into whose power he had fallen jestingly told him that if he would eat a calf belonging to him, and the flesh of which weighed several hundred-weights, he would emancipate him. This feat he accomplished; and thus he obtained his liberation. Several cases, of a similar kind to those just mentioned, are instanced in a late work. One is told by Vopiscus, of a man who was brought before the Emperor Maximilian; and who devoured a whole calf, and was proceeding to eat up a sheep, but was prevented. Another is related of a man who commenced his repast (in the presence of Dr. Boehmen, of Whittenberg) by eating a raw sheep and a sucking pig; and (by way of dessert) swallowed sixty pounds of prunes,—stones and all. An attendant of the Menageris in the Botanical Garden at Paris, used to devour all the offal of the Theatre of Comparative Anatomy; and ate a dead lion in one day." These last instances are taken from that very interesting work,—Dr. Millengen's "Curiosities of Medical Experience."

Arts and Sciences.

ARCHITECTURE, &c.

Of all the branches of art to which man turns his attention, I think there are none, amongst the many, that points out more clearly the successive stages and advances of learning and moral improvement, combined with intellectual extension, than that of Architecture; for if we turn to by-gone times we shall find, if we examine the history of any particular country, that as learning spread its genial influence through the land, that architecture, in that country, rapidly improved at the same time, and, in may cases, in a far greater ratio than learning itself. We shall almost invariably find, that as the early inhabitants of any country emerge from their rude and barbarous state to anything at all comparable with civilization, the erection of buildings to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather, will be one of the first things to which they will turn their minds.

And, as the love of association constitutes an integral part of the general character of man, this principal will of itself, in a very great measure, account for the rise of villages, towns, and cities; for, as the pursuits of life draw men together, they find, from experience, that far more advantages result from associating with each other in clans or tribes, than roving solitarily through the lands in which Providence has placed them.

This we know to be the case from direct observation: certain it is, the wild Indian of the New World loves the society of his fellows as much as his more civilized neighbours —and he finds the advantage of this association present itself under a thousand different forms; and this same principle ultimately brings him into contact with clans amicably disposed; and this contact will be found, in its turn, to be productive of good, and in the end introduce commerce between them; and thus the seeds of civilization will be sown, in a soil the most likely to be productive of benefit, and of greater results than might be anticipated from such a source.

And, as commerce is the grand source from whence all power, all greatness, wealth, and learning proceeds, so shall we find in all cases, that as commerce increases in any country, the result will be the extension and cultivation of learning of all kinds; and, pre-eminent above all, architecture rises in all its simplicity to the utmost pinnacle of use and beauty—(I combine use with beauty, for I feel fully persuaded that one without the other, is like a beautiful face joined to a crippled body—nothing less than an abortion.)

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It may be asked from what authority do I reason or argue that architecture, above all other arts, develops the progress of a country or kingdom towards a high state of moral and intellectual cultivation, better, or more distinctly, than any other?—One reason will plainly be, the durability of most architectural efforts in comparison with those of any other, though it must certainly be admitted that there are some works which claim an equal durability with architecture—and, indeed, a much greater in respect to perpetuity; thus, for instance, the noble poems of Homer will remain for ever, whilst many of the temples erected even subsequent to the time of that poet, are rapidly crumbling into ruins; and, in a few centuries, all that remains of them will be their name and locality; and even these, like the situation of old Troy, of which Homer so eloquently sung, may be doubtful, and lost amid the various revolutions of time.

Again, architecture, generally speaking, rises to its greatest perfection during the busiest and most active time of the affairs or commerce of any country. We know that the Romans, when in the plentitude of their power, and engaged in war from one part of the globe to another, did not neglect architecture; but, on the contrary, gave it as much attention as the engrossing affairs of the constant wars in which they were engaged would permit; and we are well aware that as the power and splendour of this once celebrated nation declined, so did, not only architecture, but nearly all other useful arts sink, from their greatest perfection then known, to a state of complete neglect, and were, in a great measure, lost during the subsequent troubles that ensued, and laid dormant for years, until learning again revived.

And when the power of ancient Rome was at its topmost pinnacle, sending forth its conquering legions to the remotest parts of the globe, then was the time of the greatest architectural glories of this most celebrated of cities; when her power flagged. When victory deserted her arms, and her conquering career was checked by the rude arms of barbarians, then her architecture, with all its glories and associations, began to retrograde and fall. And with the fall of architecture may be noticed the degeneration of nearly every other art then in existence: for architecture, by the vastness of its principles, and the multiplicity of its details, gives ample employment to a variety of other arts altogether distinct, and totally independent of architecture itself, as far as regards their principles, but in a great measure supported by it more than by any other. We are well aware that architecture itself could never reach anything like perfection without the aid and assistance of a variety of independent arts, and all of which are more or less advanced towards a state of perfection; and consequently where these are not, there cannot be any great architectural display.

D. L.

A POET'S GRAVE.

All that exists to this day to denote the burial-place of Thomson, is a square brass tablet, erected by the Earl of Buchan.

He sleeps! and o'er his grave no flowers are bending,
No trophied marble notes his place of rest;
No dew showers fresh from forest leaves descending,
Fall o'er the earth where sleeps a spirit blest.

How much of sorrow and pain is the poet's life,
Wherefore with tears lament his early doom;
To him death brings his first cessation from earth's strife,
Repose and quiet mark his silent tomb.

The haunting dreams of Fame that filled his spirit,
Were life and light to him, the symbols vast
Of his immortal state—thus doth man inherit
The all-endearing link that gilds the past.

The shadows of twilight gently and softly steal
With the rich tint the golden sunset wears
O'er the still aisle whose walls a poet's name reveal,
The seasons songster freed from mortal care.

Vera.

THE CHASE.

On the outward passage to India (says an American writer) of a noble ship of six hundred tons, with a cargo of specie and American goods, and just before doubling the Cape, a suspicious looking vessel was discovered, dead to windward, under a press of canvass, bearing down upon her. The experienced eye of the captain instantly enabled him to determine that she was a small light schooner, but of that description that it would be far from desirable to have any acquaintance with her. Although he had a good supply of arms, and a brave crew, yet he knew they could not contend with a well-armed pirate. The ship was, therefore, put away before the wind, and every rag of canvass packed upon her that she could bear. The captain first looked upon his bending masts, covered with canvass to the very trucks; then upon his gallant crew, who stood collected, having entire confidence in his skill and courage; and, at last, looking steadfastly upon the chase, he exclaimed:—"She gains—she gains—and there are many hours yet of daylight. A ship has the advantage of a small sharp craft with a floating sheet, but yet she gains; the danger is pressing—is imminent:—and lo! a new and terrible enemy appears, far to leeward." This new danger which had caught the eye of the captain, was a black cloud, which rising slowly from the horizon, gave but too sure an intimation of what might shortly be apprehended. The ship could not shorten sail, for if she had, the chase would have been upon her—the captain's plan was instantly laid. Every man was ordered to his post. The heavens grew more portentous every moment; but the pirate did not start a tack or sheet, which had he done, it would have enabled the merchantman to have gained a little before the hurricane came on. The wind freshened—the mast yielded to the tremendous pressure which they had to sustain—

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the teeth of the stoutest seamen were set firm, in the apprehension that they would go by the board; and the steady eye of the captain was fixed upon the gathering storm. At last it came—the ocean in the distance was white with foam; and he, who was but a short time before, quiet and unmoved, became animated to the utmost exertion. "Let go all fore and aft; clew up and clew down; lay aloft," were orders which followed each other in quick succession, and were as quickly obeyed. The flapping sails were rapidly secured—the wind was lulled—the tornado was upon them, taking them aback. The ship fell off—she bent to the gale, until her yard-arms were in the waves; and she began to move through the water with a constantly accelerated motion. The pirate instantly perceived his advantage; he was near two miles dead to leeward of the Indiaman, which made greater headway under her bare-poles than he did; but the hurricane would not last long; and when it had passed over he knew that he should be close upon her, when she must fall an easy prey to him. The captain of the merchantman saw it all; and there was but one fearful way to escape. He had a gallant and staunch ship—she had not sprung a spar, nor split a sail—he had an extremely valuable cargo, and, at the same time, he would not see his men hung up to the yard-arm if he could by any means prevent it. Having set his fore-topsail, and close-reefed mainsail, the ship was urged through the water with great velocity. The pirate on perceiving the plan, attempted to make sail, but soon discovered that his only chance for safety was, if possible, to elude the shock at the moment of the expected concussion. The ship came down upon him with terrific precision. "Hard to port!" shouted the pirate to the helmsman. "Hard to port!" echoed the merchantman to his. One tremendous crash—one wild, frantic shriek of despair; and all was hushed in death. W. G. C.

Biography.

LIFE OF FLORIAN.

Jean Pierre Claris de Florian was the son of a gentleman of good family in the town of Languedoc; born in May, 1755, at the family seat, where he passed the first few years of his childhood. This chateau had been built by his grandfather, who was reported to have nearly ruined himself by building so large a mansion on so small a piece of land. His mother was of Castilian origin, and it was from her he derived his decided taste for Spanish literature, which is perceivable in the whole of his writings. Florian always showed the utmost grief for the loss of a mother whom he had never had the happiness of knowing; and it is, most likely, to this feeling of grief that we are indebted for that sweet and tender melancholy, which constitutes the charm of all his writings.

When, after the lapse of some time, he obtained success in literature, he still regretted that he could not partake it with her from whom he derived his existence, and to whom he thought he was indebted for his love for Spanish literature; for his father, though a brave and honourable man, was more intent on cultivating his land than his mind; whilst, on the other hand, his mother's chief delight was in the pursuit of literature, which made him revere her memory the more.

On his grandfather's death, the young Florian was sent to Hippolyto, where he learnt but little; but the natural powers of his mind, combined with the favourable reports of his behaviour, induced his father to give him a superior education.

In the Memoirs published under the name of the young Spaniard, he relates an anecdote which may be interesting to my young readers.

"Whilst at Neaflor, at which place I remained some time to little purpose, doing little but killing the sparrows with my gun, which I was tolerably expert at; as my father, having intended me for the army, had put a fusil into my hands when only about eight or nine, and reading such works as I could find in the library of the chateau, that which pleased me most was Homer's Iliad; the exploits of the Grecian heroes transporting me with pleasure. Whenever I had slain a bird at all remarkable for its plumage or its size, I did not fail to form a small funeral pile with some dry wood in the midst of the courtyard, and thereon deposit, with the utmost respect, the body of Patroclus or Sarpedon, and then I gravely placed fire under, and remained myself under arms to guard the body of my hero till it was consumed; then I gathered the ashes together into a vessel I had obtained for the purpose from the kitchen; I then carried my treasure home to show to my father."

One of Florian's uncles having married a niece of Voltaire's, they were frequently talking of the young Florian, and of the talents which he displayed. Voltaire became curious to see him, and, having seen him, conceived a liking for him; and, in fact, was so much pleased, that he gave him, in his letters, the names of Florianet and Procio. His first entrance into life was under the patronage of Voltaire.

This is the account which our author gives in his Memoirs, of which we have previously spoken, of his reception by Voltaire, whom he calls by the name of Lope de Vega.

"I was but six years old, but well informed that Lope de Vega had rendered himself superior to other men, by his very superior genius, and accordingly I felt great respect for him, which fifteen years has been unable to dissipate. He often placed me by him at table, and whilst many, who thought themselves important, and who dined with him solely to augment this importance, beheld him talking to, and attentively observing, a little child. The first question he put to me was, if I had

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read much. Yes, sir, said I to him promptly, I have read the Iliad, and studied heraldry."

With de Ferney, Florian went to pass a few years in Paris, where he had masters assigned him to cultivate his talents; and as his family was by no means what might be called rich, he entered, in 1768, into the service of Duke de Penthievre, in the situation of page; it being hoped that, in this capacity, he would be able to complete his education, and, in the end, obtain honourable employment. There, as with Voltaire, his mind, but, above all, the integrity of his heart, obtained for him the good will of all who knew him.

It was about this time that he composed his first work: a conversation respecting sermons happening to take place one day at the Duke de Penthievre's, Florian having been appealed to, said, there was little or no difficulty in composing sermons, and that he would write one in very little time. The Duke took him at his word, and promised him fifty louis if he succeeded satisfactorily. The Abbot, St. Eustache, being present, was appointed the judge of the performance. Florian immediately set about his task with vigour, and at the end of a few days presented them with the result of his labours. It was on *Death*; and the Abbot, St. Eustache, having decided in his favour, the Duke immediately paid him with pleasure.

We quote a passage from this, the first of Florian's essays, copied literally from a faithful manuscript of the Sermon found amongst his papers. This *morçeau* would be interesting, as being the first production of a celebrated author, but it becomes more so when we reflect, that the author was scarcely fifteen, and a page:—

"Death is every where;—in the midst of the titles which the ambitious seek to obtain; in the midst of the riches which the miser strives to amass; as well as in the pleasures which the voluptuary seeks to enjoy: in short, Death is the end of every thing. Follow me into the world, and contemplate with me all that the world is accustomed to adore, and behold Death there.

"The great of the world, those who, proud of their nobility or their dignity, consider themselves as sprung from dust nobler than mine;—these aristocrats, to whom we pay the tribute we have in some manner accustomed ourselves to pay their ancestors, and who think that the homage we thus render them is a duty which we owe them from the first moment of their birth;—where is he that dare calculate on the title that will raise him above his equals? each one of these titles is a benefit derived from Death! His nobility! It is hidden under a heap of corpses;—the more the pile increases, the more it ceases to be illustrious; and a heap of dust becomes the throne of this nobility, of which he is so proud, and on which he shall soon obtain for himself a place. His dignities!—To whom does he owe them? To Death! who had snatched away those who had perhaps deserved them. Death makes his harvest of man, and but little remains for the ambitious to possess himself of, until death."

Whilst Florian was discharging the duties of page, he was for a long time undecided in his choice of a profession; he at last fixed on the military service, and entered into the corps which were then called the Royal Artillery Corps. He next went to Bahaum, where he joined himself to the Military College, and applied himself to the study of mathematics with an ardour which can be best judged of by perusing the following anecdote:—

"I often arrived there," said he, "in the middle of winter, riding by Don Juan's carriage, repeating all the while to myself a problem that I had with great difficulty demonstrated without a figure. I then descended, and traced on the sand with the handle of my whip two figures connected with a line, on which I calculated, and demonstrated the point where each had its centre of gravity; and when I had finished my demonstration I re-mounted, and gained, by hard riding, the time I had thus lost."

(To be continued.)

DOCTOR ROBERT MORRISON.

The great Chinese scholar and missionary, the founder of the Anglo-Chinese College, the author of the great Anglo-Chinese dictionary, (a stupendous monument of human ingenuity, labour, and perseverance,) and the first translator of the beauties and blessings of Scripture into a language spoken by upwards of four hundred millions of the human race—had to struggle against all the supposed obstacles of low birth and unlucky fortune. The son of a poor last and boot-tree maker in the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he was himself an apprentice and industrious workman at the same humble trade. But a passion for knowledge and intellectual attainment—originating in his case, it would seem, in an over-mastering religious sentiment—seized him in early life, and every incident in his after career only proved what surpassing purity and enduring strength belong to such a passion. Excellence was with him, as with other great scholars who have equally proved their easy superiority to adverse circumstance, the simple and natural result of a strong determination to excel. A good memory, and a lively sensibility to external impressions, are the only advantages we take him to have been at this period in possession of, besides the strength of resolution we have named. The last had its origin, as we have intimated, in a peculiar religious fervour which, though scarcely at that time so discreet in expression as it was always sincere and devout in feeling, yet animated him then, and to the latest moment of his life, with an unselfish desire to benefit his fellow-creatures. Nothing can conquer a desire which originates in such a motive, and proposes as its object the acquisition of knowledge. The love of know-

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ledge is, in itself, the attainment of knowledge. Poverty or toil discourage it in vain. It supplies the scarcity of time by the concentration of attention, and replaces comfort by self-denial. No man proved this better than the subject of this biography. No one ever proved more satisfactorily that the privileges and delights of intellectual cultivation depend upon the man himself, and not upon his external fortunes. The learned Doctor Morrison, surrounded by all the accommodations of study in his library and learned leisure at Canton, was not a more laborious or successful student than the last-maker's apprentice, who stole his leisure from toil-purchased sleep in the poor workshop of Newcastle.—*Examiner.*

POLYTECHNIC EXPERIMENTS.

SECOND SET.

(*For the Mirror.*)

HEAT.

WHAT is termed *repulsion* in the corpuscular particles of matter, is, it is well known, in some measure connected with heat: in plainer language, bodies *expand* under the influence of heat. Heat exists in everything.

Experiment 1.—Take a bar of iron, and hammer it dexterously for some time: it will become red-hot.

Experiment 2.—Compress air in a tube by means of a piston, and force it downwards suddenly; heat will be disengaged, and will set fire to German tinder.

Experiment 3.—Add phosphuretted hydrogen to oxygen gas; intense flame will result from this union of the two gases.

There is one very singular *exception* to the expansion of bodies by heat; viz. that water expands by *freezing*. It is a law of heat,—1st. that when fluids become solid, heat is liberated; and, 2d, that when a solid becomes a fluid or a fluid a gas, the substances become colder than before.

Experiment 4.—Combine muriatic acid gas, and ammoniacal gas, so as to form the substance called sal-ammoniac: heat will be liberated.

Also, throw water on burnt-lime; the water loses its fluidity, and forms a dry powder with the lime; and the lime swells up and becomes hotter than boiling water, throwing out clouds of steam.

Experiment 5.—In order to prove that when a solid becomes a fluid, the substances become colder,—mix snow, suddenly, with half its weight of common salt; they will instantly become liquid,—and if the ingredients were in the first instance at the freezing point, they will be reduced to 40° below it!

It now becomes necessary to explain, that different bodies contain more or less of caloric or inert heat; and therefore the same degree of heat that would raise one kind of matter 10°, would raise another only 5°. As an example, the heat that would raise water 1°, would raise mercury 30°. In *Steam* (according to Lavoisier) the latent heat amounts to 1000 degrees. Some bodies *conduct* heat much better than others: metals are good conductors; wood is a bad one. Water heated to 150 degrees will scald; but air at 260 degrees is not productive of pain.

Experiment 6.—Take a piece of lead and a piece of cork, each of equal bulk, and place them in boiling water. When withdrawn and dried, the metal will be so hot that it cannot be held; whereas the cork appears only warm. Now, strange as it may seem, *both contain the same quantity of heat:* and if a thermometer be applied, it will stand at the same height for each! The fact is, that the metal conducts the heat *rapidly* to the hand, and the cork *slowly.*

Some bodies, such as lamp-black, paper, &c. throw off heat with facility—or, in other words, *radiate* it: but polished metals radiate badly, and are bad receivers of radiated heat. Now, what becomes of the heat flung upon polished metals? They *reflect* it.

Experiment 7.—Get two polished concave surfaces of block tin (the best tin-plate,) about two feet in diameter: hang one of them from the ceiling of a room twelve feet high. Hang within this a small wire receptacle, containing burning charcoal: place the other concave mirror on the floor. Take a piece of black paper, and on it lay a small quantity of gunpowder, and place it within the focus of the lower mirror;—it will explode. In this case the heat is *radiated* from the charcoal,—*reflected* from the upper mirror to the lower one, and by this latter *again reflected* before it reaches the gunpowder. During all this time, the reflecting mirrors remain *perfectly cold.* It is a remarkable fact, that a good *radiator* of heat, though hard and highly polished, will *not reflect:* glass, for instance, is a good radiator, and a glass mirror will not reflect, even though it have a brilliant metallic coating at the back.

ARMOUR.

Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died at Warwick Castle, 28th August, 1316, by his will of July in the preceding year, bequeathed to his son Thomas his best coat of mail, helmet, and suit of harness, with all that belonged thereto; to his second son, John, his second coat of mail, helmet and harness; and willed that all the rest of his armour, bows, and other warlike implements, should remain in Warwick Castle for his heir.

One of the most splendid suits of armour in Europe belonged to the renowned Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara, Modena, &c., the patron of literature and the arts, and whom the pen of Tasso immortalized in the dedication to him of the *Gerusalemme Liberata.* He was born on the 19th of January, 1533, succeeded to the dukedom in 1558, died 27th of October, 1597.

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VICTORIA COUNTY;

OR 150,000 ACRES RECOVERABLE FROM THE SEA.

DESIRE of territorial increase is a passion which has not ceased to agitate the breast of royalty, even from the first king on record, down to the last on the historic page; from Semiramis, the first queen, down to the last Czarina of Russia. That the same desire has existence in the bosom of our sovereign lady Victoria, we shall not, for a moment, stay to doubt. Even her high-souled prototype, Queen Elizabeth, was not free from this desire; and Raleigh, as we know, sought for her new realms and a golden El Dorado from abroad. But Raleigh's expedition was based on uncertainty and surmise; not so, however, the present plan, which, by scientific survey and calculation, indubitably shows that no less than 150,000 acres of sound, fruitful, and luxuriant land may, by a proportionate expense, and that too without any other army than one composed of sappers, miners, and sturdy workmen, be peaceably and speedily put under the enlarged rule and governance of England's sceptre.

In elucidation of this statement, we have to remark, that there has long been a proposed plan for embanking the channels to the sea, and thereby reclaiming all the lands now overflowed by the encroaching tide; and Sir John Rennie, acting upon that plan, had some time since been employed to make a general report, fully explanatory of his opinions upon the subject. The result of Sir John's survey and calculations tended clearly to show that upwards of 150,000 acres of most useful land, (which, by proper and judicious management were capable of being rendered valuable and fructuous,) might be rescued from the sea, which would ultimately produce, after payment of all expenses and disbursements, a sum exceeding five millions of money.

Every ordinary reader is well acquainted with the engulfment of the Goodwin Sands, which occurred in the earlier times of our history; nor is that an isolated instance as regards the shores and beaches of our own country. Around the coast, it is well known, submersions and sinkings are not unfrequently occurring, though to us, indeed, imperceptibly, on account of the great lapse of time they take: and there are some geologists who maintain that portions of our coast are constantly carried off; and then, by submarine agencies, conveyed to coasts which they point out, and which are thereby constantly receiving new accessions and deposits. This is, however, the case only in certain parts of our coast; in general, where portions have been submerged, they continue so—unaltered, for indefinite periods.

To reclaim, therefore, such submerged portions or tracts, was the intention of Sir John Rennie's undertaking; and by divesting such parts of the waters which covered them, to restore rich territories to England, which, till this moment, she had for centuries been gradually losing, owing to the ineffective checks used, or altogether neglected, in restraining the incursions of the sea.

But in further pursuance of Sir J. Rennie's valuable investigations, on the 2nd of last month, (August,) a meeting of public-spirited gentlemen interested in the improvement of the outfalls to the sea of the several rivers, Witham, Welland, Nene, and Ouse, below the ports Lynn, Boston, and Wisbeach, was held in Cockspur Street;* at which meeting, Sir John Rennie was in attendance, and where he read the result of his laborious investigations, which have been explained and alluded to above. At this meeting, certain resolutions were unanimously determined on, in furtherance of which, a deputation, consisting of Lord George Bentinck, M. P., Mr. Childers, M. P., Sir John Rennie, Mr. Frederick Lane, and the registrar to the Bedford Level Corporation, had an interview, on Friday the 5th of August, with Lord Duncannon, at the Office of Woods and Forests, relative to improving the outfalls to the sea below the harbours of Lynn, Wisbeach, and Boston, and reclaiming from the sea 150,000 acres of fertile land, as well as greatly improving the drainage and navigation by the rivers Ouse, Nene, Welland, and Witham, in the counties of Lincoln and Norfolk.

With the result of this interview we are unacquainted, but no doubt due attention will be paid to a subject of so great importance, and proper means eventually supplied by government towards the carrying so considerable a plan into effect.

It is said that this great work will actually add another county to England, and it is moreover intended to obtain permission to have the recovered land called by the name of Victoria County.

Such an accession would be a far more valuable addition to British territory, than that of a foreign addition, either in this or the other hemisphere; and considering that it would be an immediate appurtenant to our own country, would give land and subsistence to hundreds of fellow-countrymen, who are now, for lack of room and employ, emigrating to Zealand, Australia, and other settlements.

We heartily hope that any measure taken in the affair will be active, and, being active, that it will be of avail.

THE TOURNAMENT.

According to Davilla, the death of Henry the Second of France, when jousting, in 1559, with Gahiel, Count of Montgomeri, captain of his guard, was occasioned by the sudden opening of the helmet in order to give a little air. The lance had a short iron head, and that of his antagonist struck him in the right eye and pierced his brain.

* Vide Surveyors' and Engineers' Journal, No. 1.

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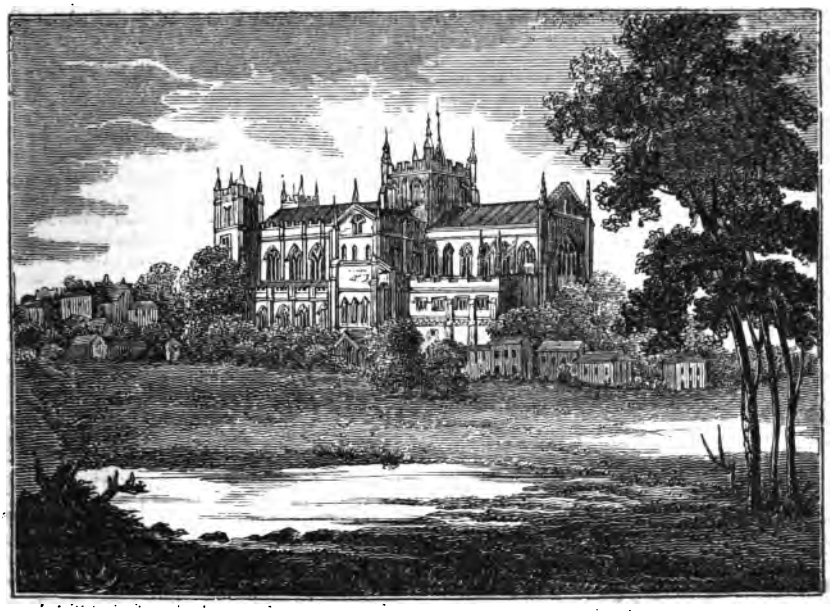

RIPON MINSTER.

THE town of Ripon, of great antiquity, is supposed to derive its name from the Latin *Ripa*, from its situation on the bank of the river Ure. It is in the West Riding of the county of York, twenty-three miles from the city of York, and 212 from London.

The earliest mention we find respecting it is about the middle of the seventh century, when a monastery was founded here by Eata, abbot of Melrose, in Scotland, (the town at that time consisting of only thirty houses,) which was subsequently given by Alfred, King of Northumbria, to Wilfred, Archbishop of York, who not only improved the monastery, but by his patronage of the town very much increased its wealth and consequence. In the ninth century it was plundered and burnt by the Danes; and so complete was the devastation, that only the remaining ruins denoted its former existence; it, however, recovered so quickly as to be incorporated a royal borough by Alfred the Great, in 886. William the Norman, who, after defeating the Northumbrians, in 1069, demolished this town so effectually that it remained for some time in ruins; and at the period of the Norman survey, it lay waste and uncultivated. Profiting by a period of comparative tranquillity, Ripon had again begun to revive, when it was once more exposed to the ravages of war, by the progress of the Scots, under Robert Bruce, in the reign of Edward II., who, after exacting from the inhabitants all that could be wrung from them, destroyed the town by fire. But by the industry of the inhabitants, aided by donations of the gentry, it soon recovered, and was selected by Henry IV. for the residence of himself and court, when driven from London by the plague. In 1617, James I. passed a night here on his route from Scotland to London, and was presented by the mayor with a gilt bowl and a pair of Ripon spurs.

Ripon Church, or Minster, is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Wilfred; it is a large cruciform building, with two square towers at the west end, each one hundred and ten feet long, embattled and surmounted with pinnacles; and, in the centre, another square tower, standing upon four pillars with arches, and ornamented with a cupola on its north-western angle: on each of these towers there was, formerly, a spire, those on the towers at the western end being each one hundred and twenty feet in height, and that in the central tower still higher; but the latter having been blown down in 1660, caused considerable damage to the roof, the others were taken down. The length of the side aisles is one hundred and ten feet, and that of the transverse aisle, one hundred and twenty-nine. The choir is ninety-two feet in length, and thirty-four in breadth; on its southern side is a chapter-house, over which is the library, containing a good collection of ancient works, and portraits of many of the kings and queens of England. Under the nave of the church is a chapel, in which is a place called St. Wilfred's Needle. The bishop's throne and the stalls are ornamented with carved work: the

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east window, which is fifty-one feet by twenty-five, and in which are the arms of James I. of England and France; of the ecclesiastical society; and of the town; is very magnificent, the painted glass having been lately renovated: there are many beautiful and curious monuments in the church.

Ripon was the birth-place of the learned Beilby Porteus, bishop of London.

SUBSTITUTE FOR STEAM.

An intelligent Prussian engineer has sent an account from St. Petersburgh, of the progress of the experiments which Councillor Jacobi uninterruptedly carries on in that capital, to show that the Electromotor invented by him, affords a sufficient locomotive power to supersede steam. For the present, I can only mention the fact alleged in that account, that the Emperor has placed at the disposal of M. Jacobi, a small frigate, which the ingenious inventor has contrived to keep in motion for six successive weeks, without consuming ten pounds of zinc for the plates; and several competent judges already have pronounced it as their opinion, that the chief difficulties which at first sight appeared to them as insurmountable, are actually overcome.—*Berlin Correspondent; in the Morning Chronicle.*

THE WRELTON OAK.

This majestic oak, whose age is supposed to number upwards of 300 years, was cut down on the 17th of August. The length of the trunk was 20 feet, and the girth 12 feet. It stood upon the estate of Mr. Jacob Marshall, who has sold it to Mr. George Grayson, of Pickering. The cutting down of this venerable tree was celebrated as a festival by the inhabitants of Wrelton, and its surrounding neighbourhood. A numerous party dined upon the tree, under the presidency of Dr. Cole, and among the substantials served were a rump of beef of two stone weight, given by Mr. Marshall, and a pie weighing three stone, given by Mr. Grayson. After the cloth was drawn, the health of the Queen, and many other loyal and social toasts were drunk, and heartily responded to by the company. The scene was further enlivened by a band of music which was in attendance; and the day being fine, dancing, and races among the villagers, with other rustic sports, occupied the time until the evening, when the company adjourned to the village inn, and the social glass, the song, the glee, and other convivialities, detained the guests for some time longer. The roots of this noble tree are of a beautifully variegated kind, adapted for snuff-boxes, and other trifles, for which, no doubt, they will be in great requisition, as many will be desirous to possess a relic of a tree so well known, and so much celebrated.—*York Courant.*

DURABILITY OF BUILDINGS.

[The following examples of the degree of durability of various edifices are given in the Report on the selection of stone for the new Houses of Parliament.]

"Of the sandstone buildings which we have examined, we may notice the remains of Ecclestone Abbey, of the thirteenth century, near Barnard Castle, constructed of a stone closely resembling that of Steton quarry, in the vicinity, as exhibiting the mouldings and other decorations, even to the dog's tooth ornament, in excellent condition. The circular keep of Barnard Castle, apparently also built of the same material, is in fine preservation. Tintern Abbey may also be noticed as a sandstone edifice, that has to a considerable extent resisted decomposition; for, although it is decayed in some parts, it is nearly perfect in others. Some portions of Whitley Abbey are likewise in a perfect state, whilst others are fast yielding to the effects of the atmosphere. The older portions of Ripon Cathedral constructed of sandstone are in a fair state of preservation. Rivaulx Abbey is another good example of an ancient sandstone building in a fair condition. The Norman keep of Richmond Castle, in Yorkshire, affords an instance of moderately hard sandstone, which has well resisted decomposition.

"As examples of sandstone buildings of more recent date in a good state of preservation, we may mention Hardwicke Hall, Haddon Hall, and all the buildings of Craigleith stone in Edinburgh and its vicinity; of sandstone edifices in an advanced stage of decomposition, we may enumerate Durham Cathedral, the churches of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Carlisle Cathedral, Kirkstall Abbey, and the Fountains Abbey. The sandstone churches of Derby are also extremely decomposed, and the church of St. Peter, at Shaftsbury, is in such a state of decay, that some portions of the building are only prevented from falling by means of iron ties.

"As an example of an edifice constructed of a calciferous variety of sandstone, we may notice Tilsbury Church, which is in unequal condition, the moulding and other enrichments being in a perfect state, whilst the ashler, apparently selected with less care, is fast mouldering away. The choir of Southwell Church may be mentioned as affording an instance of the durability of a magnesio-calciferous sandstone resembling that of Mansfield, after long exposure to the influence of the atmosphere.

"Of buildings constructed of magnesian limestone, we may mention the Norman portions of Southwark Church, built of stone similar to that of Bolsover-moor, which are throughout in a perfect state, the mouldings and carved enrichments being as sharp as when first executed. The keep of Koningsburg Castle, built of a magnesian limestone from the vicinity, is also in a perfect state,

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although the joints of the masonry are open in consequence of the decomposition and disappearance of the mortar formerly within them. The church at Hemmingsburgh, of the fifteenth century, constructed of a material resembling the stone from Huddlestone, does not exhibit any appearance of decay. Tickhill Church, of the fifteenth century, built of a similar material, is in a fair state of preservation. Huddlestone-hall, of the sixteenth century, constructed of the stone of the immediate vicinity, is also in good condition. Roche Abbey, of the thirteenth century, in which stone from the immediate neighbourhood has been employed, exhibits generally a fair state of preservation, although some portions have yielded to the effects of the atmosphere. As examples of magnesian limestone buildings in a more advanced stage of decay, we may notice the churches at York, and a large portion of the Minster, Howden Church, Doncaster old church, and others in this part of the country, many of which are so much decomposed, that the mouldings, carvings, and other architectural decorations, are often entirely effaced. We may here remark, that as far as our observations extend, in proportion as the stone employed in magnesian limestone buildings is chrystalline, so does it appear to have resisted the decomposing effects of the atmosphere; a conclusion in accordance with the opinion of Professer Daniel, who has stated to us, that from the results of experiments, he is of opinion that the nearer the magnesian limestones approach to equivalent proportions of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, the more chrystalline and better they are in every respect.

"Of buildings constructed of oolitic and other limestones, we may notice the church of Byland Abbey, of the twelfth century, especially the west front, built of stone from the immediate vicinity, as being in an almost perfect state of preservation. Sandyfoot Castle, near Weymouth, constructed in the time of Henry the Eighth, is an example of that material in excellent condition, a few decomposed stones used in the interior (and which are exceptions to this fact) being from another oolite, in the immediate vicinity of the Castle. Bow and Arrow Castle, and the neighbouring ruins of the church, of the fourteenth century, in the island of Portland, also afford instances of the Portland oolite in perfect condition. The new church in the island, built in 1766, of a variety of the Portland stone, termed Roach, is in excellent state throughout, even to the preservation of the marks of the chisel.

"The churches of Stamford, Ketton, Colley Weston, Kettering, and other places in that part of the country, attest the durability of the shelley oolite, termed Barnack Rag, with the exception of those portions of some of them, for which the stone has been ill selected. The excellent condition of the parts which remain of Glastonbury Abbey, show the value of a shelley limestone similar to that of Doulting; whilst the stone employed in Wells Cathedral, apparently of the same kind, and not selected with equal care, is in parts decomposed.

"In the public buildings of Oxford, we have a marked instance, both of the decomposition and durability in the materials employed, for whilst a shelley oolite, similar to that of Taynton, which is employed in the more ancient parts of the cathedral, in Merton College chapel, &c., is generally in a good state of preservation, a calcareous stone, from Heddington, employed in nearly the whole of the colleges, churches, and other public buildings, is in such a deplorable state of decay, as in some instances to have caused all traces of architectural decoration to disappear, and the ashler itself to be in many places deeply disintegrated.

"In Spofforth Castle we have a striking example of the unequal decomposition of two materials, a magnesian limestone and a sandstone: the former employed in the decorated parts, and the latter for the ashler or plain facing of the walls. Although the magnesian limestone has been equally exposed with the sandstone to the decomposing effects of the atmosphere, it has remained as perfect in form as when first employed, whilst the sandstone has suffered considerably from decomposition.

"Judging, therefore, from the evidence afforded by buildings of various dates, there would appear to be many varieties of sandstone and limestone employed for building purposes, which successfully resist the destructive effects of atmospheric influence. Amongst these, the sandstones of Stenton, Whitby, Tintern, Rivaulx, and Craigleith; the magnesio-calciferous sandstone of Mansfield; the calciferous sandstone of Tinsbury; the christalline-magnesian limestone or dolomites of Bolsover-moor, Huddesline, and Roche Abbey; the oolites and limestone of Barnack and Hambill, and the siliciferous limestones of Chelmark, appear to be amongst the most durable. To these, which may all be considered desirable building materials, we are inclined to add the sandstone of Darley Dale, Hambill, Longannet, and Crowbank; the magnesian limestone of Robin Hood's Well, and the oolite of Ketton, although some of them may not have the evidence of ancient buildings in their favour."

BOUNDARIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

AMONG the greatest phenomena in the history of the world may, undoubtedly, be reckoned the British Empire in the East Indies.

This empire has, within a single century, risen from the humble rank of a trading factory to an *imperium* of more than 100,000,000 of inhabitants, with an equal number (100,000,000) who, though under their own princes, still obey the Britsh power, extends over 1,250,000 *English square miles* of

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the most fertile part of the surface of the earth (from 8° latitude to 35°, and from 68° longitude to 92°), and consequently contains a polar altitude the same as from *Messina* to *Torneo*, and a breadth as from *Lisbon* to *Smolensk*, which shows that it cannot be compared to any thing *in* Europe, either as to size or population, any more than in difference of climate and temperature, but that it must be compared with *Europe itself*. This empire has within its boundaries, the *Gauts* and *Himalay* mountains always covered with ice, which rise, the former 13,000, the latter 27,000 feet above the level of the sea; it is intersected by rivers, each of which, like the Indus, Jumna, Sutledge, Ganges, and Brahmapootra, offers a navigation of not less than 1,200 English miles, and the two last-mentioned during certain months pour into the Bay of Bengal a mass of water containing more than 1,000,000,000 cubic feet in an hour. It has for its defence a standing army excellently deciplined, and considerably greater than that of Austria, and a revenue half as large again as Russia. Within its boundaries there are towns which, like *Calcutta*, have a population of a million; others which, like *Delhi*, *Agra*, *Benares*, *Luckno*, and *Poona*, reckon from 300,000 to 500,000 inhabitants; and others again—Madras and Bombay, which carry on a trade greater than that of ancient *Carthage*, *Venice*, or *Genoa*, during their most flourishing periods. It has kings as vassals, with a greater number of subjects than Naples; of dynasties older than the Bourbons; and the emperor in Hindoostan, the descendant of Tamerlane (Thimur Khan), the great Moghul, sits still on his golden throne, in Delhi, surrounded by all the grandeur of the East, himself only a prisoner in the power of the British.—*Lit. Gazette.*

ON MENTAL ACQUIREMENTS.

(*For the Mirr r.*)

He who wishes to become *thoroughly learned*, must read much, write much, and study hard; and he who would become *thoroughly wise*, must be well educated in the great and grand school of adversity—

Where those who want to learn, should go instead of college,
For there it is a man may pick up knowledge.

But the question is, whether extraordinary mental acquirements make us happy or miserable in the course of our journey through life. That learning does not beget riches any more than riches beget happiness, we have abundance of proof. He who is *literary*, is seldom *rich*; and he who is *rich*, is seldom *literary*. We may, therefore, perhaps, conclude that it is better for those whom fortune has not favoured with riches, and who have not the means of maintaining their dignity according to the learning they may acquire, *not to know too much*. R. S.

THE SALT-MINES OF HALLEIN.

We descended about two hundred steps cut in the rock, at the termination of this first passage, in order to reach another and lower portion of it, which brought us to the brink of what appeared to me a bottomless pit. The "darkness visible" of the place at first hardly permitted a more careful survey; but when the eye became, at last, accustomed to the dingy atmosphere, I could perceive before me a narrow inclined plane, at an angle of forty degrees, the terminus of which was left entirely to imagination to divine. On the inclined plane, and in the direction of its axis, two parallel lines, one foot apart, formed of smooth, polished, wooden cylinders, (being portions of the trunks of fir-trees,) six inches in diameter, placed contiguous to one another, are laid down, and secured by short cross-pieces. A tightly-drawn rope runs close to, and parallel with, the cylinder on the right.

Litner here looked round for the first time since we had entered these singular regions, and pulling from my girdle the glove, bid me put it on my right hand, and follow his example. He grinned at the same time a smile of encouragement, probably because he saw on my pale face the momentary feeling of my heart. Litner next stretched himself upon the inclined plane, keeping his head somewhat erect, and touching with his body both wooden cylinders, across which his legs were thrown slanting. He held his light with the left, while within the palm of the right he grasped the tight rope, keeping the thumb free and aloof from it.

There was a momentary pause on my part. Litner had not explained to me the object of this *montagne russe*, as I took it to be; nor were it would lead to, nor how deep it was. The mind of man can, by resolution, encounter the greatest danger without dismay, if it be but seen; against a threatening evil that is known, we can put on the armour of courage and brave the worst; but, to face an evil we know not of, is a task from which the stoutest often recoil. A thousand accidents might happen; giddiness might follow the rapid downward descent for which I was bidden to prepare; my hand might not stand the quick friction of the rope, or cramp might supervene to prevent its proper grasp. Still, others had gone down before me, and the stern being then lying at my feet had done so a thousand times. The situation was one of my own seeking, and there was no receding without shame. I stopped, therefore, on the brink of the dark abyss, behind my guide, seated myself on the cylinders, and placed my feet against Litner's broad shoulders, while, with my hand passed under the rope, I strove to gain some security by holding it tight. The moment Litner felt the weight of my person inclining against him, he suffered himself to slide downwards, followed by me; and down, down we glided, at a giddy pace, my breath-

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ing held in suspense, so that the dead silence of the dark cavern into which we were thus plunging, resounded only with the wind-like hissing of the rope, as it passed rapidly over the rough glove in our hands, and with the distant murmuring and splashing of unseen and falling water. In one minute and a half we were again on our feet at the end of the shaft, called Freudenberge Rolle, 300 feet deep.

Hitherto, fear had given way to admiration, and fatigue to the pleasure of witnessing these stupendous works of nature and man. But the greatest surprise was yet to come, and great it was indeed, when, upon the throwing open of a door which seemed to bar the avenue we were then pursuing, I suddenly emerged, from comparative darkness and a narrow pass, into a wide expanse, lighted up all round by hundreds of tapers. These, being reflected from the surface of a dark and still lake of liquid brine, which spreads widely below them, and from the low and extended ceiling above, which was sparkling with the deliquescent moisture of the salt rock, seemed at first to be of 10 times their real number. The sudden appearance, too, of several of the miners in their bizarre costume, whispering in low murmurs to each other—some on the brink of this dismal lake looking on, while others were pushing a flat bark on its liquid surface to the spot on which I stood, inviting me at the same time, and by mute signs only, to embark on it—added to my first surprise the more intense feeling of interest. At the first glance, one might have fancied himself in a very large square at night, surrounded by an illuminated town; and the veins of salt rock, which were of red, green, yellow, white, and blue tints, mixed with crystals of selenite, sparkled and shone like precious stones.—*Dr. Granville's Spas of Germany.*

THE PRIEST AND THE OSTLER.

I REMEMBER once hearing a story of an ostler who confessed to a Catholic priest: he enumerated a long catalogue of enormities peculiar to his profession, and when he had finished, the priest inquired of him "whether he had ever greased horses' teeth to prevent their eating their corn?" this peculiar offence not having been mentioned in his confession. The ostler declared that he never had; absolution was given, and he departed. About six months afterwards, the ostler went again to unload his conscience; the former crimes and peccadilloes were enumerated, but, added to them were several acknowledgments of having at various times, "*greased horses' teeth,*" to prevent their eating their corn. "Ho—ho!" cried the priest, "why, if I recollect right, according to your former confession, you had never been guilty of this practice. How comes it that you have added this crime to your many others!" "May it please you, father," replied the ostler, "I had never *heard of it* until you told me."—*Captain Marryatt's America.*

CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH NAVY IN THE REIGN OF HENRY V.

THE Kings of England, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, had occasionally large fleets under their command, but they consisted of merchant ships only, coming from the different ports of England, or hired from foreign countries; those of England on such emergencies being pressed, with their crews, into the king's service. In 1304, the largest ship of war in England, according to Dr. Henry, had a crew only of 40 men; and, in the fleet of Edward the Third, at the siege of Calais, in 1346, the complement of each ship, upon an average, must have been under 20 men*. Henry the Fifth was the first of our kings who established a permanent navy. There is a letter to him from John Alcetre, which details minutely the progress of certain workmen at Bayonne, in constructing a vessel of considerable size, which the king had ordered to be built. Bayonne was then the last town in the Duchy of Acquitaine. The mayor and corporation had contracted with the king for the completion of this vessel within a certain time; but the writer of the letter thinks it could not be ready, and that it would take even four or five years to finish. The ship, as the timbers had been laid down, was one hundred and eighty-six feet in length. From a passage in a rhyming pamphlet written 1433, printed by Hakluyt, entitled "*The Libel of English Policie,*" it appears that Henry the Fifth built other large ships:—

And if I should conclude all by the King
Henrie the Fifth, what was his purposing,
When at Hampton *he made the great* DROMONS,
Which passed other great ships of all the Commons;
The *Trinitie*, the *Grace de Dieu*, the *Holy Ghost*,
And other more which now be lost.

The ships of the King, and those of the Commons, are here distinguished; the Royal Navy, from the vessels which were supplied by the sea-ports, or hired abroad. The entire list of Henry's own ships, in the fourth year of his reign, is preserved among the proceedings of his council. They consisted of three vessels of the greater size, three carracks, eight barges, and ten balingers or smaller barges. In a document of the antecedent year, among the same proceedings of council, we have the pay of the officers and sailors of the king's great ships, employed in keeping the narrow seas.

The admiral received for a quarter of a year and thirty-nine days' service, wages for fifty men at arms, twelve pence per day each; and for a hundred and fifty bowmen at sixpence a day each—making a total of 812*l.* 10*s.* For the wages during the same time of four masters of respective ships, and two hundred

* "The following was the equipment of the ship in which, in 1406-7, Henry IV. carried Phillipa, his sister, Queen of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, to her home;—Two guns, 40 pounds of powder, 40 stones for guns, 40 tampons, four touches, one mallet, two firepans, 40 panys, 24 bows, and 40 sheaf of arrows."—Rym. Fœd., tom. viij., p. 447.

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and fifty mariners; the former at sixpence a day, and the mariners at threepence, he received 819*l.* 5*s.* The name of *Dromons*, given in the "*Libel of English Policie*," to the great ships of Henry the Fifth, requires explanation. The term was of a date much earlier than the fifteenth century, and seems to have been borrowed from the Saracens. It meant ships of the largest size, and strongest construction. The famous ship, which was taken by King Richard the First, near the port of Acon, and which contained no fewer than fifteen hundred men, is so named by Matthew Paris.

It is also shown by another curious letter, that the desire of Henry the Fifth to have vessels of a large size was not unnoticed by the Spaniards, who appear to have sent to him several, particularly two carracks, one of which is described as of a tonnage equal to fourteen hundred, and the other to ten hundred boats. The carrack is supposed to have obtained its name from its capacity for carriage.—*Cottonian MSS.: Brit. Museum.*

PLANTS AND FISHES IN HOT SPRINGS.

(*From the French of Mr. Sonnerat.*)

"I FOUND at about six miles from Calamba, in the island of Lacon, a spring, the water of which was of sufficient heat to make it painful to hold one's hand in it. I thought that surely all vegetation on its banks was impossible, but was much surprised to find several bushes in full vigour, their roots bathed by the water, and their foliage enveloped in its vapours. The latter were possessed of such deteriorating properties, that birds flying at the height of six feet or so, fell lifeless. Judge of my surprise then, when, on looking more closely into this spring, I discovered a number of small fishes swimming merrily about, and so lively, as to render it almost impossible to catch them. They were covered with scales of a brownish hue, and measured about four or five inches in length."*

Since translating the above, I have met with a similar notice in the Entomology of Kirby and Spence. "The most extraordinary circumstance that Lord Bute relates, is, that not only confervas were found in the boiling springs, (in the Paduan States,) but numbers of small black-beetles, that died upon being taken out and plunged into cold water." (Vol. II. p. 231.) H. M.

* The above forms a foot-note in the "Epoques de la Nature," of Buffon.

DELUSIVE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF PHILIP AND MARY.

DURING the time that Sir Thomas Gresham was in Antwerp, [4th May, 1555,] he wrote thus to the lords of the council.—"It maye please your most honourable lordeships to be advertised, that as the ii^nd^ of this present, here came newes along the seas, by men of this country, that the Queene's Majesty was brought a-bed of a yonge prynce, the last of April; which newes contynewed here till the iiii^th^ day. And as the thyrde day, the regent, being in this town of Andwerpe, about 7 of the clocke at night, dyd cause the great bell to ringe, to give all men to understand that the news was trewe. Signifying unto your honnors, that as the ii^nd^ day, upon the arryvall of the fyrst newes, the quene's highness' mere merchants, according to their most boundyd dewtye, caussyd all our Inglishe ships to shoote off, with such joy and triumph as by man's art and pollicy could be devysed, in the presence of the regent, with all her nobills and gentilwomen. Whereupon the regent presently sent our Inglishe maroners one hundred crowns to dryncke. Trusting in God the news to be trewe; for as yet I, nor none of our nacion hath no certayne wryting thereof." Notwithstanding a certain degree of concern which this passage in Queen Mary's history excites, there is something irresistibly ludicrous in the accounts transmitted to us of the extent to which the delusion alluded to was indulged. "All the court," says Grafton, "was full of midwives, nurses, and rockers; and this talk continued almost half a year, and was affirmed true by some of her physicians, and other persons about her; which seemed both grave and credible. Insomuch that divers were punished for saying the contrary." On the 3d of May, the Bishop of Norwich received "the sodeine good newes of the quene's highnes moost joyfull deliverance of a nooble prince: whereupon to laude God *Te Deum* was solemnly sung in the Cathedrall Churche, and other places of the cytye [of Norwich] wyth woonderfull joye and muche gladness of all people throughowte all the whole cytye and the countrye thereabowtes." "The parson of Saint Anne within Aldersgate," says Foxe, "after procession, and *Te Deum* sung, took upon him to describe the proportion of the child; how faire, how beautiful, and how great a prince it was, as the like had not been seen." But by far the most extraordinary circumstance connected with this delusion has never yet been noticed in print. There is in the State Paper Office an original letter to Cardinal Pole, *signed by Philip and Mary, announcing the birth of a prince* as an event which had already occurred. "Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God of his infinite goodnes to adde vnto the great nomber of other his benefites bestowed vpon vs, the gladding of vs with *the happy deliverie of a prince.*" The date is left blank, but the letter is endorsed "29th May, 1555."*

* From Burgon's interesting Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham. 2 v. Jennings.

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FORM OF CHALLENGES.

THE form of Challenges used in ancient Chivalry was maintained so lately as the time of Henry the Fourth of France. Robert d'Evreux, Earl of Essex, who commanded the forces sent by Queen Elizabeth to aid that monarch in 1591, wrote to the Admiral André de Villars Brancas—"If you will yourself fight on foot, or horseback, I will maintain the King's quarrel to be more just than that of the League; that I am a better man than you; and that my mistress is handsomer than yours. If you are not for fighting singly, I will bring twenty with me, the worst of whom shall be a match for a colonel; or sixty, and the least, a captain." To this challenge, the admiral replied—"As to the close of your letter, where you are for maintaining you are a better man than me, I tell you, that you lie, and will lie whenever you say so; and that you likewise lie, in saying that the quarrel which I assert in the defence of my religion, is not better than that of those who are striving to overthrow it; and as to comparing your mistress to mine—this is as void of truth as the others: this, however, at present, gives me little concern." Thus ended the matter; yet how singularly unhappy was the fate of these gallant hearts—the earl, the adored favourite of his queen, was eventually, to her deeply-felt chagrin, beheaded by the common executioner; and the admiral fell by the vile hands of some assassins, hired by a Spanish commissary.

PRINCES OF THE BLOOD

WHO HAVE BEEN LORD LIEUTENANTS OF IRELAND.

1184. JOHN, son to King Henry II.

1361. Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son to Edward III. and in right of his wife, the Lady Elizabeth de Burgo or Burke, Earl of Ulster.

1380. Roger Mortimer, Earl of March and Ulster, grandson to the Duke of Clarence, by his daughter Philippa, only issue of the above marriage.

1395. The same.

1416. Thomas of Lancaster, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V.

1449. Richard, Duke of York.

1459. The same again.

1460. George, Duke of Clarence, his son.

1479. Richard, Duke of York, son to Edward IV.

1483. Edward, Prince of Wales, son to Richard III.

1484. John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, nephew to Richard III.

1501. Henry, Duke of York, afterwards King Henry VIII.

Lionel, Duke of Clarence, was Earl of Ulster, in Ireland, in right of his wife, before he was Duke of Clarence. He resided in that kingdom as Lord Lieutenant, from 1361 to 1365.

Roger Mortimer, his grandson, and Earl of Ulster and March, was twice Lord Lieutenant, once in 1380, and again in 1395. A pretty strong proof that this prince had resided in Ireland is, that he was killed there in battle against the O'Mores, in 1398.

This prince held a higher rank in the state than the present Duke of Sussex does now; for before he went last to Ireland, he was declared by act of Parliament presumptive heir to the crown of England, then worn by Richard II.; and yet, notwithstanding this high rank, he not only accepted the government of Ireland, but administered it in person, and lost his life against the Irish, who had taken up arms to recover their independence.

Richard Duke of York, father of Edward IV., of George Duke of Clarence, and of Richard III., governed Ireland in person, having inherited the Irish estates of his grandfather, the above Roger Mortimer, and also his right to the crown.

The friends of the House of Lancaster used to say, that this prince had learned but too well to play the king, by having been too long left at the head of the government in both France and Ireland.

George, Duke of Clarence, his second surviving son, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for life. This prince certainly was in Ireland, for it was there he was born.

John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, was appointed Lord Lieutenant by his uncle, Richard III., who also declared him presumptive heir to the crown.

It is not pretended to say that this prince was in Ireland during his Lieutenancy; but he certainly resided some time in that kingdom; for in 1487 he was present, in Christ Church, Dublin, at the coronation of Lambert Simnel, whom the Irish had received as Earl of Warwick, the son of their favourite and countryman, the Duke of Clarence.

From Ireland, the Earl of Lincoln, with the Earl of Kildare, and an army of 8,000 men, went to place Lambert Simnel on the throne; but the two earls lost their lives fighting gallantly at the battle of Stoke.

THE DYING STRUGGLES OF A WOUNDED BIRD.

THE most melancholy ornithological exhibition that I remember to have witnessed, was that of a wounded dipper, which was shot through the lungs, above Cramond Bridge, near Edinburgh. It stood still, without attempting to fly off, apparently insensible to all external objects, its legs bent, its wings drooping, its head declined. The blood was oozing from its side and gurgling in its windpipe, which the poor bird made ineffectual efforts to clear. At intervals a convulsive heaving of the chest took place, followed by an effort to vomit; and in this state, the sufferer stood for five minutes, until I got over

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the stream to it, when it expired in my hand. In the agony of death, the pupil became contracted to a mere point, and presently after dilated, when the lower eyelid gradually rose and covered the eye. This is commonly the case in birds, which do not expire with the eyes open like man, and most quadrupeds.—*Macgillivray's History of British Birds.*

HORSE ARMOUR.

The horse armour which belonged to the Emperor Maximilian the First, was particularly curious. The poitrel represented an angel, with expanded wings, holding a shield, as often seen in ecclesiastical sculpture; and those pieces of the croupiere which hang over the haunches of the horse, have the form of eagles.

The Gatherer.

Morality.—Human nature is so constituted by the Creator, that morality is as necessary to the prosperity of mankind, as oxygen to combustion, caloric to vegetation, and respiration to human life.—*Spursheim.*

Taverns.—As public-houses and beer-shops form so prominent a part of legislatorial discussion, it may serve to show the altered state of society at the present day from what it was in the year 1552, to notice that, in that year, an act was sanctioned by Edward IV., restraining the number of taverns to 40 in London, 8 in York, 4 in Norwich, 3 in Westminster, 6 in Bristol, 3 in Lincoln, 4 in Hull, 3 in Shrewsbury, 4 in Exeter, 3 in Salisbury, 4 in Gloucester, 4 in Chester, 3 in Hereford, 3 in Worcester, 3 in Oxford, 4 in Cambridge, 3 in Southampton, 4 in Canterbury, 3 in Ipswich, 3 in Winchester, 3 in Colchester, and 4 in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Chevalier de Klenze, of Munich, lately visited St. Petersburgh, by desire of the Emperor, to submit designs for a new Museum for sculpture and pictures. One has been approved, and the structure will probably be the most magnificent in Europe. It is to be attached to the Hermitage Palace, the back buildings of which are to be pulled down to make way for the new pile. The entrance will be very striking, the giant figures of the Temple of Jupiter, at Agrigentum, in Sicily, having suggested its most prominent decoration. A superb staircase, with noble colonnades of marble or granite on each side, will lead to the upper range of galleries for the paintings, and, in fact, no expense will be spared in order to make this museum exceed in splendour those of Berlin, Munich, or Paris.

William Wilkins, M. A., F. R. S., the talented Professor of Architecture of the Royal Academy, and architect of many of our public buildings, which bespeak taste and genius, died at his house, near Cambridge, Saturday, August 31, 1839, aged 61. He was buried in the chapel of the College of Corpus Christi.

The rebuilding of the Kremlin, which is confided to the Baron de Bode, one of the crown architects, is proceeding with great activity. It is built in the old style of Russo-Tartar architecture. Upon the roof, there is to be a terem, or large pavilion, in form of a tent, such as was found in all the places of residence of the ancient czars, and in which they shut up their women. The interior of the palace will correspond with the exterior, as the disposition of the apartments, their form, ornaments, tapestry, and furniture, even to the most minute details, are to be in the Russo-Tartar style.

The Earl of Arundel [*temp.* Charles I.] was the first person who brought over from Italy the new way of building with bricks.

Experimental Paving in Oxford-street.—The Marybone Paving Committee have resolved to recommend the vestry to adopt Mr. Stead's wooden block paving, the surface being found to be as smooth and even as when first laid down.

Comparison of Speed.—A French scientific journal states, that the ordinary rate is, per second,

	Feet.
Of a man walking	4
Of a good horse in harness	12
Of a reindeer, in a sledge on the ice	26
Of an English race-horse	43
Of a hare	88
Of a good sailing ship	14
Of the wind	82
Of sound	1,038
Of a 24-pounder cannon-ball	1,800
Of the air which, so divided, returns into space	1,300

The entire population of Russia, on the 1st of January, 1839, was about 60,000,000 of inhabitants.

Fine Arts in the Provinces.—At the great room of the Athenæum, at Plymouth, is an exhibition of pictures by modern artists, most of them provincial.

Those who, in the day of sorrow, have owned God's presence in *the cloud*, will find him also to be in the *pillar of fire*, brightening and cheering their abode as night comes on.—*Observ. by E. W.*

Remarkable instances of Longevity in Russia, in 1838:—858 reached the age of from 100 to 105; 125 that of 110 to 115; 130 that of 116 to 120; 111 that of 121 to 125; 3 that of 126 to 130; 5 that of 131 to 140; 1 that of 145; 3 that of 150 to 155; 1 that of 160; and 1 that of 165.

At the late Leeds Public Exhibition, No. 249 consisted of the ashes of 500,000 bank notes.

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The Mirror

OF

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No. 968.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2d.

Tournament at Eglinton Castle.

AUGUST MDCCCXXXIX.

(*Continued from page* 156.)

ORDER OF PROCESSION OF THE KNIGHTS, &c.

Men at Arms in demi suits of armour and costumes, on horseback.
Musicians in party costumes of silk, richly embroidered—their horses trapped and caparisoned.
Trumpeters, in full costume—the trumpet and banners emblazoned with the arms of the Lord of the Tournament.
Banner-bearers of the Lord of the Tournament.
Two Deputy-Marshals, in costumes emblazoned with the heraldric arms of the Earl of Eglinton, on horses caparisoned, attended by a party of men at arms on foot.
The Eglinton Herald, with his tabard richly embroidered with the arms of the Earl of Eglinton.
Two Pursuivants, in surcoats magnificently emblazoned.

THE JUDGE OF PEACE,

(Lord Saltoun,)

In his robes, and bearing a wand, on a horse richly caparisoned.
Retainers, on foot, in costumes, carrying heavy steel battle-axes.
Officer of the Halberdiers, on horseback, in a suit of demi armour, with a gilt partisan.
Halberdiers, on foot, in liveries of the Lord, carrying their halberds.
Men at Arms, in demi suits of armour.
The Herald of the Tournament, in his tabard, richly emblazoned with heraldric devices.

THE KNIGHT MARSHAL OF THE LISTS,

Groom. (Sir Charles Lamb, Bart.) Groom.

In a suit of black armour richly embossed and gilt, covered by a surcoat, richly emblazoned with the heraldric bearings—his horse richly caparisoned, &c.

Esquire, Viscount Chelsea. Esquire, Major M'Dowal.

Attendants of the Knight Marshal in costumes of his colours, blue, white, and gold.
Halberdiers of the Knight Marshal in liveries of his colours, with their halberds.
Ladies Visitors—Lady Montgomery, Lady Jane Montgomery, and the Hon. Miss Macdonald—on horses caparisoned with blue and white silk, embroidered with gold and silver, each led by a groom in costume of their colours.

THE KING OF THE TOURNAMENT,

Halberdier: (Marquis of Londonderry.) Halberdier.

A magnificent tunic of green velvet, embroidered with gold, covered by a crimson velvet cloak, trimmed with gold and ermine, having a crown covered in with crimson velvet. The harness of his horse of crimson velvet.

Esquire, Colonel Wood, Esquire, H. Irvine, Esq.

Halberdiers in liveries, as before.

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY,

Groom. (Lady Jane Seymour,) Groom.

Dressed in a robe of violet, with the Seymour crest embroidered in silver on blue velvet, the gorget or upper part of the bodice ornamented by a mass of precious stones and gold; a cloak of cerise velvet trimmed with gold and ermine; headdress, a cap, covering part of the neck, barred with gold, each bar being ornamented with a row of pearls, and riding on a horse superbly caparisoned: a draperied canopy borne over her by attendants in costumes, attended by four petit pages in costly costumes.

Ladies Attendants on the Queen in rich costumes.
Esquire, F. Charteris, Esq.

The Jester, in a characteristic party-coloured (blue and yellow) costume, bearing his sceptre, on a mule, caparisoned in blue and yellow cloth, and trapped with bells, &c.
Retainers on foot in liveries of blue and yellow, the colours of the Lord of the Tournament.

The Irvine Archers, in costumes of Lincoln-green, black velvet baldric, roundelle, &c.:—

Claude Alexander, Esq.

Lord Kelburne,	—— Hamilton, Esq.	Captain Montgomerie,
Sir Robert Dallas,	Captain Blaine,	J. Burnett, Esq.
Captain Blair,	A. Cunningham, Esq.	Honourable J. Strangways,
Stuart Hay, Esq.	C. S. Buchanan, Esq.	George Raukin, Esq.
J. Brownlow, Esq.	Sir A. Hamilton, Bart.	

Servitors of the Lord of the Tournament.
Halberdiers of the Lord, in liveries of his colours.

Man at arms, in half-armour. The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms. Man at Arms, in half-armour.

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THE LORD OF THE TOURNAMENT,

Groom. (Earl of Eglinton). Groom

In a suit of richly-damaskined gilt armour, with a skirt of chain mail.

(Charger was caparisoned with satin of blue and gold tissue, having the Noble Earl's crest emblazoned in colours proper.)

The Banner borne by Lord A. Seymour.

Esquire, G. Dundas, Esq. | Esquire, F. Cavendish, Esq. | Esquire, G. McDou.l, Esq.

Retainers of the Lord, as before.

Halberdiers of the Knight of the Griffin, in liveries of his colours.

Man at Arms, in half-armour. | The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms. | Man at Arms, in half-armour.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GRIFFIN,

Groom. (Earl Craven), Groom.

In a suit of engraved Milanese armour, inlaid with gold, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., of scarlet, white, and gold.

Esquire, The Hon. F. Craven, bearing the helmet. | Esquire, The Hon. F. Macdonald, carrying the banner.

Retainers.

Halberdiers of the Knight of the Dragon, in liveries of his colours.

Man at Arms, in half-armour. | The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms. | Man at Arms, in half-armour.

THE KNIGHT OF THE DRAGON,

Groom. (The Marquis of Waterford). Groom.

In a suit of polished steel German armour, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., of blue and white.

Page, Lord John Beresford. | Page, Mark Whyte, Esq.

Esquire, Sir Charles Kent. | The Banner borne by a Man at Arms. | Esquire. L. Ricardo, Esq.

Retainers.

Halberdiers of the Knight of the Black Lion.

Man at Arms, in half-armour. | The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms. | Man at Arms, in half-armour.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK LION,

Groom. (Viscount Alford), Groom.

In a suit of polished steel armour, on a charger; caparisons of blue and white.

Esquire, The Hon. Mr. Cust. | The Banner borne by a Man at Arms. | Esquire, T. O. Gascoigne, Esq.

Retainers.

Halberdiers of the Knight of Gael.

Man at Arms, in half-armour. | The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms. | Men at Arms, in half-armour.

THE KNIGHT OF GAEL,

Groom, (Viscount Glenlyon), Groom.

In a suit of polished steel armour, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., of green, blue, and crimson.

Esquire, Sir David Dundas. | The Banner, borne by a Man at Arms. | Esquire, John Balfour, Esq.

Retainers.

Retainers of the Knight of the Dolphin.

Man at Arms, in half-armour. | The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms. | Man at Arms, in half-armour.

THE KNIGHT OF THE DOLPHIN,

Groom. (Earl of Cassilis), Groom.

In a suit of engraved steel armour, inlaid with gold, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., of scarlet, black, and white.

Esquire. Esquire.

THE KNIGHT OF THE CRANE,

Groom. (Lord Cranstoun). Groom.

In a suit of polished steel armour, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., of red and white.

Esquire. The Banner, borne by a Man at Arms. Esquire.

Retainers of the Knight of the Ram.

The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms.

THE KNIGHT OF THE RAM,

Groom. (The Hon. Capt. Gage), Groom.

In a suit of polished steel armour, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., of blue, white, and crimson.

Esquire, R. Murray, Esq. | The Banner, borne by a Man at Arms. | Esquire, J. Ferguson, Esq.

Halberdiers of the Black Knight.

Man at Arms, a half-armour. | The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms. | Man at Arms, in half-armour.

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THE BLACK KNIGHT,

Groom. (John Campbell, Esq., of Saddell), Groom.

In a suit of black armour, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., of black.

Page, Master J. Fletcher. Page, Master Fletcher.

Esquire, Capt. Blair. The Banner, borne by a Man at Arms. Esquire, Clanronald.

Retainers.

Retainers of the Knight of the Swan.

Men at Arms, in half-armour. The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms. Men at Arms, in half-armour.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN,

Groom. (Hon. Mr. Jerningham), Groom.

In a suit of polished steel armour, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., of crimson and white.

Esquire, Captain Stephenson. The Banner, borne by a Man at Arms. Esquire, Gordon Campbell, Esq.

Retainers of the Knight of the Golden Lion, in liveries of his colours.

Halberdiers, in emblazoned costumes, bearing their halberds.

Man at Arms, in half-armour. The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms. Man at Arms, in half-armour.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN LION,

Groom. (Capt. J. O. Fairlie), Groom.

In a suit of richly gilt and emblazoned armour; caparisons, &c., of blue and crimson.

Page. The Banner, borne by —— Cox, Esq. Page.

Esquire, H. Wilson, Esq. Esquire, Capt. Purvis. Esquire, Capt. Pettatt.

Halberdiers as before.

Retainers, &c.

Retainers of the Knight of the White Rose.

Body Guard of Bowmen, in ancient costume. The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms. Body Guard of Bowmen, in ancient costume.

THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE ROSE,

Groom. (Charles Lamb, Esq.), Groom.

In a suit of polished steel armour, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., of blue and gold lozenge.

Esquire, J. Gordon, Esq. The Banner, borne by a Man at Arms. Esquire, R. Crawfurd, Esq.

Retainers.

THE KNIGHT OF THE STAG'S HEAD,

Groom. (Capt. Beresford), Groom.

In a suit of polished steel armour, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., white and black.

Esquire, Lord Maidstone. The Banner, borne by a Man at Arms. Esquire, —— Lumley, Esq.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BORDER,

Groom. (Sir F. Johnstone), Groom.

In a suit of polished steel armour, on a horse; caparisons, &c., white and gold.

Esquire, Lord Drumlanrig. The Banner, borne by a Man at Arms. Esquire.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING TOWER,

Groom. (Sir F. Hopkins), Groom.

In a suit of polished steel armour, on a charger; caparisons, &c., black and gold.

Esquire. The Banner, borne by a Man at Arms. Esquire.

Retainers of the Knight of the Red Rose.

The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms.

THE KNIGHT OF THE RED ROSE,

Groom. (R. J. Lechmere, Esq.), Groom.

In a suit of fluted German armour, on a barded charger; caparisons, &c., scarlet and white.

Esquire, —— Corry, Esq. The Banner, borne by Corbet Smith, Esq. Esquire, R. Horlock, Esq.

Retainers of the Knight of the Lion's Paw.

The Gonfalon, borne by a Man at Arms.

THE KNIGHT OF THE LION'S PAW,

Groom. (Cecil Boothby, Esq.) Groom.

In a suit of polished steel armour, on a barded horse; caparisons, &c., blue and crimson.

Esquire. The Banner, borne by a Man at Arms. Esquire.

The Knight's Visitors in ancient costumes.

Swordsmen, in characteristic costumes, on foot, each bearing a two-handed sword on his right shoulder.

Bowmen, with their hoods and bows.

The Seneschal of the Castle, in his costume of office, and bearing his wand.

Two Deputy-Marshals, in costumes, on horseback, as before.

Attendants of the Deputy-Marshals.

Chamberlains of the Household, in costumes of office, each bearing his key.

Servitors of the Castle, on foot.

Men at Arms, as before.

The Procession entered the Lists, at three o'clock, amidst a deluging shower.

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The ground outside the palisade was densely crowded by spectators on foot, forming a mass of not less than 80,000 persons, that filled up the spectacle—the gaiety and grandeur of which, though impaired by the rain, and the uncomfort it occasioned, was heightened by the novelty with which it was naturally invested, by the representation, in 1839, of the bygone splendour and sports of the 14th and 15th centuries.

Of the galaxy of attractions pertaining to the chivalric stud, the most exquisite were four beautiful steeds belonging to the Lord of the Tournament, the fine breeding and faultless symmetry of which were set off to great advantage by the richest trappings; while each carried on his head, perched on a proudly arched neck, a plume of ostrich feathers, that might with *eclat* have graced Almack's.

The knights commenced the tilting under every disadvantage, the rain having thrown a damp over the whole proceedings, and the concourse of people having exercised the virtue of patience to a very great extent: indeed, when the heralds sounded the onset, the rain was falling so heavily, that we believe all assembled sympathised with the Lord of the Tournament, knowing that he must have been sacrificing much consideration for the comfort of his guests and himself, in proceeding with the amusements, evidently unwilling to disappoint the multitude by sending them away before witnessing a specimen of the deeds of chivalry. And for this, his lordship deserves the highest credit—his manly bearing, and his determination to gratify the public, so far as that was within the compass of his ability, being observable to all, and frequently eliciting rounds of applause from the spectators as his lordship passed near them.

The tilting commenced between the Hon. Mr. Jerningham, the Knight of the Swan, and Capt. J. O. Fairlie, the Knight of the Golden Lion. The knights here, as in the whole of the tilts, met at full gallop, and all were applauded loudly for their excellent horsemanship and knightly bearing. In the first and second courses they passed without striking. In the third their lances crossed, and no victory was gained.

The rain fortunately abated at intervals, and the second tilt excited great interest, the combatants being the Lord of the Tournament, the Earl of Eglinton, and the Knight of the Dragon, the Marquis of Waterford. Both rode well-trained steeds, that of Lord Eglinton being a noble bay, that of the Marquis a sprightly cream-coloured charger. They met in gallant style. In the first course both lances were shivered, and the shock was heard throughout the whole amphitheatre. In the second, the Marquis of Waterford started before his antagonist, and thus meeting unequally, they raised their lances, and passed without encounter. In the third, the Earl broke his lance upon the Marquis, and retired victor, passing before the grand pavilion, and making obeisance to the Queen of Beauty.

The third was perhaps the most gallant tilt of the day, betwixt Sir P. Hopkins, the Knight of the Burning Tower, and R. J. Lechmere, Esq., the Knight of the Red Rose. In the first course, the former had the advantage. In the second, the shock, from its severity, shook both knights, and the crash reverberated through the lists: and in the third, the gallant baronet broke his lance upon his antagonist, was declared victor, and passing the pavilion, paid his devoirs to the Queen of Beauty.

The fourth tilt was betwixt Lord Glenlyon, the Knight of Gael, and Vicount Alford, the Knight of the Black Lion. This tilt was, we believe, undecided. In the first course the knights did not encounter. In the second, the lances failed to strike, but crossing, broke. And in the third, both were broken, Lord Alford having his plume carried away.

The Knight of the Dolphin, Earl of Cassilis, then entered the lists against the Knight of the Ram, Capt. Gage. In the first course their lances crossed; and in the second and third, the Earl of Cassilis shivered his lance upon his antagonist's armour, and received the courtesies due to the victor from the Queen of Beauty.

As the rain, which had been falling heavily at intervals, threatened now (6 P.M.) to be permanent, the Lord of the Tournament, much to the satisfaction of all, brought the proceedings to a close, by ordering the procession again to form in line. In the meantime, the spectators were very highly interested by a spirited single combat with the broad-sword, or rather "Andrew Ferrara," which was admirably sustained, eliciting loud bursts of applause from all parts of the arena.

The procession being re-marshalled, left the ground, with the immense assemblage of spectators, hundreds of whom, from great distances, said, in our hearing, that notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, they had been delighted far beyond their anticipations, by the grandeur of the spectacle; and that, for the sight of another such magnificent exhibition of chivalry, in favourable weather, they would cheerfully double the "lang Scotch miles" between them and their homes.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29.

This was, or should have been, the second day of the tournament; but the morning was ushered in by storm, and doubt and anxiety pervaded the minds of thousands. Heavy as the rain was, and wild the wind, numerous parties hied them to Eglinton as a charmed spot. Hundreds of visitors, too, who had been unable to attend on the first day, came in from a distance, in spite of wind and weather, and amongst these we noticed numerous deputations from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, &c. At an early hour a rumour got abroad that the work of the tournament would be entirely given up from the badness of the

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weather, and this impression was afterwards officially confirmed by an intimation from Lord Eglinton, to the regret of thousands, though all at the same time felt pain that his lordship was likely to be baulked by the elements in giving a national treat, which the present generation may not witness again. If the strangers could not see the tilting, they resolved to see the tilting ground, and during the forenoon the grounds and lists were covered by some thousands, who feasted their eyes, and expressed the hope that a change of weather might yet allow the tourney to be enacted in proper style. Though all regretted the event, as we have said, no one could affix blame; and the result showed that causes, to which all human intentions and actions sink into abject insignificance, had alone, for a time, clouded the expectations of the mass; for the wish to gratify was prominent in every action of the lord of the tournament. About mid-day the clouds dispersed, and the sun showed his welcome countenance; thousands, who had till then kept their chambers, were invited out, and at two o'clock, the grounds of Eglinton were nearly as much crowded as before. All this was cheering, and, no doubt, his lordship felt that a certain degree of responsibility attached to him in bringing from their homes, near at hand and far away, legions of merchants, tradesmen, shopkeepers, and, indeed, every class of the community, and that it was his duty to gratify them by hook or by crook. The willing mind can compass much, and at once his lordship resolved that the two days' tourney should take place, come what may, and Friday, at one o'clock, was fixed for the completion of the tournament. Active and energetic measures were immediately taken to counteract and nullify the effort of the previous announcement, and the news that Friday would give a tournament, flew with the rapidity of the "fiery cross of other days." Lord Eglinton himself mounted horse, galloped over the principal part of his grounds, and out of them, announcing to every party whom he encountered, whether amounting to two or twenty, that "there will be a tournament to-morrow at one o'clock." The announcement was every where received with gladness; and it is our impression that, within half an hour after the resolution was formed, the news was in the possession of 20,000 people, and numberless persons, who had placed themselves under sailing orders, countermanded their intentions, and resolved to be there to see. The band of the 78th was brought to the lawn before the castle, and played many spirit-stirring airs, while all seemed gladness. Within the castle the excitement was not less. The armour had been early removed to the banquet hall, where the rust which the previous day had attached to it was removed, and all was placed in readiness for another bout. In this room we had an opportunity of inspecting the gear in which the various knights had appeared on the preceding day. From the weight of the detached pieces, the entire suit must have been so heavy, that our wonder grows how the knights were able, not only to support them, but to preserve their agility, and that cool though active exertion which the practice of the lists requires. The armour is no holiday or tinsel fabrication, but, in a true and *bonâ fide* sense, has braced the persons of knights when tournaments were in fashion, and periodically practised by the noble and princely. Some of it is as venerable as the days of Richard the Second, and none is more modern than the time of Queen Elizabeth. All, in fact, that the moderns have done, is patching or repairing the rents which time may have left open; but, on the whole, the various plates and pieces composing the suit were firm and substantial, and showed little marks of decay. It has taken a long time to make the collection which is now at Eglinton Castle, and we have reason to know that, independently of what has been gathered in England, extensive purchases have been made on the continent, at Liege, in Spain, Italy, and elsewhere. As the day brightened, various members of the company in the castle repaired to the ball-room for a lounge or promenade, and it soon became a centre of attraction, from the beautiful forms who, for a space, enlightened it by their presence. Whatever might be the state of the weather, it is not to be supposed that tedium could afflict the company; for, doubtless, there were many present who, like Chauser's Squire—

> 'Could songs make, and well indite,
> Just, and eke dauce, and well pourtray and write;"

and no doubt they lent their powers to enliven within doors, when exercise or enjoyment was for a time denied without. Some animated work, however, went on in the ball-room, and not the least exciting was a series of tilts on foot, made by Prince Louis Napoleon and Mr. Lamb, who were both in armour, and between whom the mimic course was run with much spiritt. At the same time, every exertion was made to banish moisture from the ball-room, in which it had been arranged, that a glittering throng would assemble the same evening, and make up for the intermission of Wednesday.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30.

Streaks of azure far above the rising clouds gave token that the heavy vapours were dispelling before the rays of the advancing sun. By mid-day the vault of heaven never looked more lovely. The orb of day had now bedecked in golden lustre every object in nature, inspiring joy and gladness in the hearts of all around. Now did we look for the bustle and splendour of a tournament, as in the olden time, and we were not disappointed. Irvine was all agog, as if wakened from a drowsy slumber to active and cheerful duty. Innkeepers and hostlers, grooms and waiters, were hurrying—coaches, cabs, and carts, were

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in requisition on all hands—strangers poured into the town, and streamed in hundreds along the level road to Eglinton Castle. From Kilmarnock, Ayr, and the neighbouring towns, came rich merchants and nobles lolling in their carriages. The farmers from Carrick, Kyle, and Cunninghame, and the furthy landlords from villages deserted by the inhabitants, drove forward in carts, their horses decorated with flowers and bushes; while laughing Scottish girls, the muslin-sewers of Kilwinning, Dalry, and the districts adjacent, threaded along barefoot, their shoes and refreshments bundled in their napkins or plaids.

"When jostling forward on the Western road,
Rush'd on the folk, in fitful whirling stream,
So num'rous that th' approaches, long and broad,
One waving field of gowns and coat-tails seem.
The fat man puffing goes, opprest with load
Of cumbrous flesh and corpulence extreme;
The lean man bounds along, and with his toes
Smites on the fat man's heels that slow before him goes."

A sturdy band of cotters and labourers on the estate of Coilsfield, "the Castle o' Montgomery," had arrived, each attired in bonnet and plaid, in the old Scottish fashion, and these walked up to the grounds in order, headed by the gardener; and the miller, dusty as ever miller was seen, brought up the rear. As the tourney at this time was expected, the anxiety to obtain places on the ground was at its highest pitch. The lists presented a scene of dazzling splendour—the grand stand was occupied as before, and the general effect of the lovely faces and gay costumes was so much heightened, as to attract attention from almost every other object. The procession moved nearly in the same order as on the first day. The Queen of Beauty and her guard of lady archers in green velvet dresses, trimmed with ermine, now rode their palfreys. The Queen herself wore a coronet and caul of gold network, richly gilt, over the neck and breast, a crimson robe trimmed with ermine, and richly embroidered gauntlets. Miss M'Donald, lady in waiting on the Queen, wore a rich crimson and black velvet dress, trimmed with ermine, which was much praised. Lady Montgomery was attired in a black velvet dress, richly-trimmed with gold. The Countess of Mexborough wore an eastern costume, which attracted much attention, as did also a very handsome dress worn by Miss Stuart de Rothsay. Among the knights the Marquis of Waterford had the best turn out. In his retainers were Lord Ingestrie, as a Turkish doctor, in a dress of damask Turkish silk, bare heels, and yellow slippers, a cap of gray Tartan—his beard grisley, in keeping with the character. The Pope, or holy friar, an Irish gentleman—one of the best characters present—was in a dress of brown serge, and bore huge keys, cross, beads, bells, a book, and large candle, the instruments of excommunication in the Popish church. The "Pope" was at the head of Lord Waterford's procession, and was followed by a Highland chieftain, Mr. Thomas Price, in a dress of black and white, trimmed with silver. The esquires of the marquis were Lord John Beresford, Sir Charles Kent, Mr. Mark Whyte, Captain Lumley, Captain Lewis Ricardo, Mr. Maidstone, and Mr. J. W. Beresford; and the minstrels were an Irish piper and harper. Sir Charles Lamb wore a lovely dress of an ancient figure. Mr. Gilmour had a beautiful green velvet surcoat, trimmed with sable, long black boots of the old fashion, and a cap of black velvet, a gilt dagger in front, with ivory handle. To describe the dresses particularly would occupy a greater space than we are prepared for; let it suffice to say that all the fancy dresses were of the richest description, and seemed to have suffered little by the inclemency of the weather on Wednesday.

Along the whole line of the route the cheering was most enthusiastic, and Lord Eglinton came in for his full share of these plaudits, which he acknowledged in the most courteous manner.

After due preparation, it was announced that the Knight of the Gael (Lord Glenlyon) and the Knight of the Black Lion (Viscount Alford) agreed to meet in the lists. The contest was a very good one, and eventually declared in favour of the Knight of the Gael, who shivered his lance against his opponent.

The herald then announced that a tilt would take place between the Knight of the Golden Lion, (J. O. Fairlie,) and the Knight of the Griffin, (Earl Craven.) In the first tilt both lances touched, but no serious damage done. In the second tilt the Knight of the Golden Lion touched the lance of his opponent; and in the third tilt the Knight of the Griffin broke his lance near the hilt, and victory was declared in his favour. The tilting of these knights was much applauded, from the coolness and intrepidity of their proceedings.

It was then announced that the Earl of Eglinton would tilt with the Knight of the Red Rose (J. O. Lechmere.)

In the first course they missed. Ditto in the second. In the third course Lord Eglinton broke his lance in capital style, and was rewarded by the applause of the Queen of Beauty and the public.

Succeeding this tilt, the herald moved opposite the seat of the Queen of Beauty, and after repeating "O yes," three times, announced that an unknown knight had challenged the Knight of the Dolphin (Earl of Cassilis). This created considerable excitement, for it was understood that the unknown would be a German prince of fame and fortune; but the challenger did not appear, and the challenge dropped. It was then announced that the unknown knight not being ready, the Black Knight challenged the Knight of the Dragon (Waterford.) In the first, both missed; second, ditto; in the third, the Black Knight splintered his lance, and gained the palm.

In the next tilting, the Knight of the Dolphin (Earl Cassilis,) challenged the Knight of

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the Griffin (Earl Craven). First course both missed; second, ditto; in the third Lord Cassilis hit his opponent, and was declared the winner. No lances were broken.

The Knight of the Ram (the Hon. Captain Gage) then challenged the Knight of the Swan (Hon. F. Jerningham). Three courses were run without a single hit, and it was then officially announced that the match was undecided.

The Knight of the Red Rose (Mr. Lechmere) then entered the lists against the Knight of the Griffin (Earl Craven). Three tilts were run, without, however, the splintering of a lance, and the Griffin was declared the winner.

The last course was between the Knight of the Red Lion (J. O. Fairlie), and the Knight of the Burning Tower (Sir F. Hopkins). In the first tilt they slightly touched; in the second the lance of the Red Knight was shivered. A third bout was tried, which was a miss; and finally the palm was adjudged to J. O. Fairlie, Esq.

During the tilting, of which the above is a summary, the young noblemen and gentlemen were actively engaged in what is called running at the ring, that is, placing a ring suspended by a rope, and allowing all parties to run a tilt at it, for the purpose of removing it, when the steed is at full gallop. The Earl of Eglinton was one of the most successful competitors in this department.

As a termination, the total number of knights re-helmed themselves, and being started from the respective ends of the list, they struck at each other with their swords in passing. Only one or two cuts were given; but in the case of the Marquis of Waterford and Lord Alford, they turned back upon each other, and were plying their weapons in chivalrous style, when they were separated by Sir C. Lamb.

A splendid ball and banquet was held in the evening, and Lord Eglinton announced that the tilting would be carried on with all spirit the following day, should the weather permit. The amusements in the field were not finished till after seven, P.M.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31.

The weather throughout the entire of the day has proved most unpropitious, indeed, so very stormy, that the tilting intended by the noble lord of the tournament was given up. The rain was as heavy, and the wind blew as strong a gale as on the day of the commencement of these chivalrous sports, and the consequence was the complete interruption to all further proceedings, nothing remaining for the guests but the enjoyment of the noble earl's hospitality within the walls of his castle. The partial failure of the late attempt to revive the age of chivalry—caused solely by the bad weather—has not, however, dispirited the champions present; and we hear that other tournaments are spoken of for the ensuing year, amongst them one by the Marquis of Waterford, at Ford Castle, in Northumberland.

We cannot do better than close the account of the Eglinton Tournament, in the words of a spiritedly-written article in the *Morning Herald* of September 3d.

The attempt to revive at the present day the chivalrous pastime of "the tournament," has been derided by the cold "philosophy" of a money-getting, utilitarian age. Yet, let us ask, are the mass of the people happier because the "age of chivalry has past," and, in what was once "merry England," the sordid, heartless, sensual doctrines of utilitarianism have triumphed over sentiment, and nearly extinguished the fine impulses and generous instincts of man's nature?

Chivalry, divorced from the feudal system, of which it was the graceful accompaniment and softening influence, may be thought to be altogether out of place and out of season. What is there in our advanced state of civilization, it may be asked, which can make it desirable to re-introduce its forms and usages—the inventions of ages comparatively illiterate? We answer that, though the feudal system has vanished, the spirit that tempered its despotism—that migitated its ferocity—that, in an age of comparative darkness, restrained the arm of savage violence and led power captive in the silken chains of woman's finest influence, may not be without an object to operate upon, and a field for the exercise of its noblest powers.

If the feudal power was fierce and rude and lawless until chivalry came to subdue its passions beneath the yoke of an artificial refinement, is not the utilitarian age grovelling, mean, and sordid, and does it not require some counteracting influence—some elevating and inspiring sentiment, to redeem its character from the debasing bondage of that material "philosophy" under which the manly virtues, and all those generous energies that exalt and adorn humanity, are fast perishing from the soil of England, where they once flourished in such vigorous luxuriance?

Is not such a condition of society tending rapidly to realise the melancholy prediction of the poet GOLDSMITH, who, with the prophetic eye of genius, foresaw the national degeneracy which the utilitarian system, then only beginning to develop itself, would eventually produce:—

"A time may come when, stripped of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote, for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die."

To those who have no directing power but selfishness, in costs no struggle of intellect to get rid of the generous attachment, or prejudice, or whatever it is, to one's country.

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Their cosmopolitism is but the absence of manly sympathy—but the negation of heart—just as latitudinarianism in religion is not a triumph of charity, but a result of cold indifference.

How can such persons understand the feeling of the bard, when, in the fervour of a patriot's enthusiasm, he exclaims,—

"O, Caledonia! stern and wild!
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood—
Land of my sires—what mortal hand
Shall e'er untie the filial band
That binds me to thy rugged strand?"

Had that bard himself, the learned, graceful, and impassioned POET OF CHIVALRY, lived to see the tournament revived on the soil of his beloved Caledonia, how would he have welcomed, with the fascinating strains of his magnificent genius, the revival of the chivalrous splendours of the "olden time." Then, perhaps, another canto would have been added to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Even in the feebleness of old age such an event would

"Have lighted up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstacy."

To view the "tournament" merely in the light of a manly exercise and pastime, is it not one which deserves the encouragement of those who are admirers of recreations which strengthen, instead of enervating, the human frame, and teach the noble combination of hardihood of spirit and gentleness of character? What can be more masculine, adroit, and graceful, than the action and riding of a well-accomplished knight in the enterprise and evolutions of the tournament? As an exhibition of mere animal dexterity and prowess, it is a most interesting spectacle, but when there is added to all that the indispensable accompaniment of the presiding charm of beauty, and the virtuous influence of woman, all civilised men must admit that the interest of the spectacle is greatly enhanced.

"Whereby they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of the sex is lost."

Is it steeple and hurdle chases, those brutal and barbarous pastimes of mercenary and unmitigated cruelty in which that generous animal, the horse, is inhumanly sacrificed to the cupidity of betting speculators? Scarcely do we ever hear of one of those cruel and senseless exhibitions in which one or more horses have not their backs or necks broken, and not unfrequently, the inhuman riders. This is a pastime, if anything so savage can be called so, which deteriorates both horse and man, and surely if the revival of the exercises—the manly and graceful exercises of the tournament, were to put it out of fashion among the young aristocracy of the country, who are followed in this vice by a crowd of vulgar imitators, it would confer a great benefit on society, or, at least, abate a most disgraceful nuisance.

How different to behold

"Young knights and squires—a gallant train—
Practise their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg—of hand and rein,
Each warlike feat to show.

To pass—to wheel—the croupe to gain,
Mid high curvet, that not in vain
The sword-sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below."

All this is exercise which serves to develop all the strength and all the activity of the human frame. It was the recollection of the personal prowess of the steel-clad knights of old, which caused the great Lord Chatham to make a somewhat disparaging comparison between "the silken barons of the present day, and the iron barons of antiquity."

Lord Eglinton has had the laudable ambition of endeavouring to remove that reproach from the young aristocracy of the present day. How different is the recreation which he, by a most bountiful expenditure of wealth, has endeavoured to make fashionable, from that which destroys the health and ruins the morals of its votaries at the gambling table.

There the success of him upon whom Fortune smiles is not followed by the anguish, destitution, and despair of the vanquished. There no sordid passions take possession of the heart, and burden human nature until it puts on the malignity of the demon. There the ancient patrimony of the infatuated devotee of this miserable vice is not flung away on the cast of a die or the turn of a spotted card. How many noble castles, beauteous parks and woods, and lawns, have been passed in this way, as if by the wand of the enchanter, from the silly inheritor to some practised sharper, which in "the age of chivalry" had displayed, as Lord Eglinton's domains have lately done, the noble array of that panoplied knighthood which was the "cheap defence of nations," and all the circumstances of a splendid hospitality.

The scene of the tournament was graced by the fairest women of Scotland, and among them was the noble mother of the chivalrous host. It is not one of the least recommendations of such a scene that it cannot be considered complete without the presiding attractions of the fair sex. And, surely, in all times and countries there has been no such incentive to deeds of high emprise and honourable estimation as the virtuous influence of woman.

If the "age of chivalry" expired with a "maiden reign," the revival of one of its most manly and beautiful spectacles has been attempted, and we hope with success, in another "maiden reign."

Here we leave the tournament and its hospitalities, hoping that the golden sun which withheld its beams on the late occasion, may shine auspiciously on it at a future day.

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The Mirror

OF

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THE BAPTISMAL FONT,

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, WESTMINSTER.

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THE BAPTISMAL FONT,

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, WESTMINSTER.

THIS beautiful specimen of art is from the chisel of Gribelin Gibbons. It is sculptured in white marble, and is between four and five feet in height; the circumference at the top of the basin is about six feet. The shaft which supports it represents the tree of life, with the serpent twining round it, and offering the fatal apple to Eve, who, together with Adam, are reclining against it: these figures, which are most delicately sculptured, are about eighteen inches in height. On the basin are sculptured three Scriptural subjects, in basso-relievo; viz. St. John baptizing our Saviour, the baptizing of the Eunuch by St. Philip,* and the Ark of Noah, with the dove bearing the olive-branch, the type of peace to mankind. There seems formerly to have been a pipe passing down the shaft from the interior, secured by a plug, in order to carry off the water. This font had formerly a suspended cover,† ornamented with foliage, and surmounted by the figure of an angel, in the act of flying; above which, on the chain which suspended it, were a group of four cherubs.‡

There are a great many fonts in England curious both for their antiquity and their architectural design: they date from the Saxon period to the time when the florid style of Gothic architecture was in vogue, in the reign of Henry VII. They are usually shaped like a cup, with a solid stem, or supported on columns, which are often highly enriched with ornament, sculptured figures, and with colour and gilding. In many instances a flight of steps forms a base, and even the sides of these steps§ are carved with panels, having quatrefoils and rosettes sunk within them. It was usual to shelter the basin of the font with a cover.

There are also others remaining of a pyramidal or spire-like form, richly carved and designed, with a profusion of shafts, buttresses, and tracery piled up to the apex

* In the apostolical age, and some time after, before churches and baptisteries were generally erected, they baptized in any place where they had convenience: for example,—John baptized in Jordan; Philip baptized the eunuch in the Wilderness; and Paul baptized the jailer in his own house. But in after ages baptisteries were built adjoining to the churches; they consisted of a porch, or anti-room, where the persons to be baptized made their confessions of faith, and an inner apartment where the ceremony of baptism was performed. Thus it continued till the sixth century, when the baptisteries began to be taken into the church porch, and afterwards into the church itself. Anciently there was but one baptistery in a city, namely, in the Bishop's church.

† In early times, the font was shut with peculiar care, lest the consecrated-water should be profaned, or stolen for magical purposes.

‡ This cover is said to have been stolen about thirty years ago; but, however that may be, it was subsequently hung up as a kind of sign, at a spirit-shop, in the immediate neighbourhood of the church.—*Brayley's Londiniana*, [1829] vol. ii., 281.

§ In the elaborately-designed porch of East Dereham Church, Norfolk, there is a beautiful hexagon font, the base being formed of two steps.

Porchester church has a very ancient font, of a circular form, like the ancient Roman puteal, or circular stone-mouth of the well in the antrium of a Roman house; it is decorated with intersecting arches on columns, with a frieze of foliage, and figures above. Lincoln Cathedral, and the South Church in Hayling Island, Hampshire, are examples of the square form of font on five columns; one being placed in the centre, of much larger dimensions than the four columns which are at the angles. The font of Blythborough Church, in Suffolk, still shows some traces of colouring and gilding; and that of Lowestoff Church, in Norfolk, has some fine remains of sculptured figures, representing kings and queens. The font at Loddor, in Norfolk, is remarkable for its elegance and richness of decoration. In Winchester Cathedral there is one of the most ancient and curious fonts in the kingdom.

There is also a most curious and highly ancient font, much resembling that in the cathedral of Winchester, in the southern chapel of St. Michael's Church, Southampton. It consists of a block of black marble, three feet four inches square, and one foot six inches deep, supported in its centre by a cylinder of the same material, ornamented with horizontal rings, so as much to resemble a barrel, and at each angle by a plain pillar of white stone, of one foot six inches high, and about six inches in diameter. The whole stands on another marble block, out of which are cut bases for the small columns, consisting of a flat ring on a large round cushion. These rest on a plain square plinth, of about three inches high. A plain leaf falls from the bases of the columns, on each angle of the plinth. The top stone is excavated into an hemispherical basin, two feet six inches in diameter, round which runs a scroll of foliage, of very rude execution, but not bad design; and the angles are filled with an imitation of the ancient ornament now generally called the honey-suckle. A deep groove runs round the edge of the basin, to receive the cover; and the irons which locked it down yet remain. The sides of the block, of which three only are now visible, as the font stands against the wall, are each divided into three circular compartments, with a sort of winged monster in each, something like a gryphon; except one, which has an angel in a long robe of linen, covered with a shorter tunic. His hands are folded on his heart, and round his head is the nimbus, or glory. Behind his shoulders, are two wings, which reach to his feet. These sides are one foot one inch and a half deep; and the remaining four inches and a half of the thickness of the block, slope away to the central cylinder, in a sort of fluting or broad leaves, now much defaced. The workmanship of the whole is in the rudest style of Saxon sculpture.‖

‖ A Walk through Southampton, by Sir H. E. Englefield, Bart.

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NUTMEGS FOR NIGHTINGALES!

BY DICK D'RICH.

BARTLEMY FAIR.

Don't you remember the third of September?
Fun's Saturnalia, Bartlemy Fair!
Punch's holiday, O, what a jolly day!
When we fiddled and danced at the Bear.

Romping reeling it, toe-and-heeling it,
Ham-and-vealing it! toddy and purl—
Have you forgot that I paid the shot?
I have not! my adorable girl.

With ranters and roisters we push'd thro' the cloisters,
Had plenty of oysters, of porter a pot;
I treated my Hebe with brandy, (*not* B.B.!)*
And sausages smoking, and gingerbread hot.

She whisper'd, "How nice is fried bacon in slices,
With eggs."—What a crisis! Love egg'd me on—
My darling, says I, I wish I may die,
If we dont have a fry to-night at the Swan!

How we giggled when Pantaloon wriggled,
And led a jig with Columbine down:
How we roar'd when Harlequin's sword
Conjured Mother Goose into the Clown!

I toddled my Ruth to Richardson's booth,
That Nigger, ods 'trigger! Othello, the Black,
He smother'd his crony, the fair Desdemony,
As she lay fast asleep in her bed on her back.

Rigging's rife again, Fun's come to life again,
Punch and his wife again, frolicksome pair,
Footing it, crikey! like Cupid and Psyche,
Summon each rum 'un to Bartlemy Fair.

Trumpets blowing, round-a-bouts going,
Toby the Theban, intelligent pig!
His compliments sends, inviting his friends,
To meet the Bonassus to-night at a jig.

In childhood oft I've bubbles blown,
And watch'd them, dancing with delight
In the sun's rays, which on them shone,
Emitting colours—rich and bright;
Then as their hues more brightly gleam'd,
They grew effulgent orbs of light,
So brilliant, that Sol hath beam'd
And broke their forms, as if in spite.

E'en so, hope's ray more flitting still,
Its bubbles youthful hearts will court;
With future joys their promise fill,
Then break them, too, in idle sport:
Expanded by this treach'rous sun,
The heart its playful dream will take,
And many a fondly trusting one
Hath hope's bright gleam shone on—to break!

AILEC.

THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

There is many a forgotten holy edifice and ancient domicile yet remaining in primitive tranquillity, which the rapid progress of modern invention will shortly draw forth into notice. The power of steam has already enabled the topographer, like another Aladdin, to drop at once into the midst of distant, and comparatively unknown places; and to an excursion on the Southampton railroad, is the reader indebted for the following description of one of them. I pass over the beauties of Winchester, its Cathedral College, and neighbouring hospital of St. Cross, all teeming with interest to the antiquarian rambler, and commence my humble sketch by stating, that, after having visited the ancient town of Romsey, and examined its magnificent and stately church, I shaped my course by the left bank of the beautiful river Test, and ascended the woods crowning that portion of the uplands which surround the delightful valley through which it runs. My walk was highly interesting; the trout, as they sported in the well-stocked river, reminded me of that father of anglers, who sleeps in the neighbouring cathedral, and I turned from the recollection of old Izaak Walton, and the Contemplative Man's Recreation, to gaze upon the long, narrow, early English windows of the venerable abbey which stands in the valley beneath. It was, indeed, a scene fit for a painter's eye; a scene in which Gaspar Poussin himself might blamelessly have dipped his pencil; there was a monastic stillness around, which was soothing and delightful; and, when the diversity of hill and dale no longer met my view, it was pleasant to wander on, "by hedge-row, elm, or hillock green," and to mark each venerable oak, and ancient vestigia, which announced the presence of "Standbridge House," to which my footsteps had been directed. The path lay through a back lane, with a pond on the left hand, and ever and anon might be seen amid the intervening foliage, the light blue smoke curling up from its grotesque chimneys into the expanse of heaven. On arriving at the house, I found that it had originally consisted of a centre and wings; the latter projecting very little from the main body of the building; one of them has been destroyed, and there now remains a massive stone front, having five antique and curiously ornamented gables, amid whose decorations the fleur de lis predominates. The windows are massive, and plainly speak the date of their erection, being in what antiquaries denominate the Elizabethan style, which was adopted in the reign of that virgin queen. The entrance is by a curious porch, having seats on each side, and I "tirled upon the pin" for that admission which had been granted to many, who, for ages, have been silent and at rest. In the interior, on the left, is a large, ancient apartment, now in much confusion, and evidently deserted; but the sylvan insignia of the "antlered monarch of the waste," thrown negligently on a shelf, the curious and ample hearth, together with the well-known, though indescribable, appearance, ever the attribute of the abodes of the olden time, seemed almost to re-people the room in which I stood with the ancient forms of its former inhabitants, in all the pride of buff coat, steel cuirass, helmet, and golden spur. The kitchen is most interesting to an antiquary, being the oldest portion of a mansion which local tradition asserts to have been the abode of the Saxon King Ethelwolf, but no part of the house now existing can be assigned to a higher antiquity than the time of Richard II. The kitchen was evidently in former times the chapel; this

* B. B. is the classical abbreviation for *British* Brandy.

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fact, its perpendicular windows and richly ornamented roof fully demonstrate. The latter is very remarkable, being composed of wood divided into compartments of a decorated character, and having at the intersections of its divisions, curious carvings of angels, flowers, and fleur-de-lis. From the contemplation of long passages and antiquated chambers, I passed round the exterior of the house, and, having admired its complete concealment amid doddered oaks, and lofty branching elms, whose tops were populously inhabited by those hereditary antiquaries the rooks, wheeling and sailing among their nests, with all the delight their free-born nature gives them, and by their noisy clamour arousing, in the minds of their auditors, those meditations which ever accompany

> "The arched walk of twilight groves,
> And shadows brown that sylvan loves,
> Of pine and monumental oak."

I accepted the kind and hospitable proffer of mine host, and adjourned with him to a parlour possessing the same quiet and antique attributes of the other portions of the building. Here I met a merry group, and the hearty laugh and jocund song again floated round walls which had often re-echoed the merry fits of former days; and Sir Walter Raleigh himself might have been frightened had he seen the smoke from the Carribean weed, as we lighted our cigars by the brands blazing on the ancient andirons in the fire-place, and quaffed copious draughts of "spicy nut-brown ale." In that happy hour no care intruded, no anxiety was permitted to interfere with the social converse and happy indifference which filled each interval, until

> "The glowing embers through the room,
> Taught light to counterfeit a gloom,"

and the approaching darkness warned me that the time of my departure was at hand. I rose, and took a reluctant farewell, and, as I passed the front court of the house, I almost imagined the very peacock participated in the hospitable nature of his master; for, as he stood on one leg, one might have fancied that he extended his claw in token of good feeling and amity, had not its subsequent connection with his pole assured me, that, however my heart might have been warmed, his beat on in its usual and undisturbed course. C. S.

ANECDOTES OF THE INSANE.*

It was said of St. Denis, that he kissed his own head. A madman maintained that this was possible; for he had done it himself. Another madman inquired how he did it; and whether he kissed it with his heel;—and then he laughed at him. From that moment, the man never spoke of it again. Another is said to have believed himself to be the Holy Ghost. He had a neighbour in the mad-house who *also* believed himself to be the Holy Ghost; and they were brought together. The one inquired,—"Can there be two Holy Ghosts?"—The other replied,—"there cannot! I must be wrong!"—He never called himself the Holy Ghost from that day. There was a man who fancied himself dead, and implored to be buried. He abstained from food,—as a dead man ought to do; and was laid out,—as dead men are. He was conveyed towards the church;—not enclosed in a coffin, but carried in a bed. His friends took care that some merry fellows should meet the funeral, at a certain part of the road. They asked who it was that was going to be buried; and the men who carried him replied, that it was a very bad fellow;—that the world had happily got rid of him. This so provoked the man, that he sate upright; and became so savage, that he jumped down to thrash them all. He was then taken home; sate down; ate a good dinner; and recovered from that moment. There was another instance of a man who fancied himself dead, and would not eat; and there was a fear that he would die of starvation. The following stratagem was adopted. Some people dressed themselves in shrouds, like corpses; and went into his room, which had been previously darkened. These people carried food with them, and ate of it well;—saying that they were dead, and that the dead always ate well; and as the patient wished to do everything that became a gentleman that was dead, he thought he would eat too. It is said that he then fell asleep; and that when he awoke, his fancy was gone. Another madman would eat; but he would not be *seen* eating. He had food given him, with a request that he would feed the cat with it. He was extremely hungry, and eat it very readily; but afterwards declared that he had given it to the cat, who swallowed it all down at once!

The most complete and hopeless kind of mental derangement, is *idiocy;* which means such a deficiency of intellect, as to disqualify the person for the common offices of life.

Both "idiocy" and "insanity" are comprehended under the term,—"unsoundness of mind." Generally speaking, a *madman* has a *wrong* opinion or feeling; but an *idiot* may be said to have *none*. The *madman* is *wrong;* but the *idiot* is *defective*. According to our law (as expounded by Burn,) an individual is not an idiot if he can count twenty, tell his age, know his parents, or answer common questions. The deficiency does not relate to the external senses; for idiots can often hear, see, taste, feel, and smell, just as well as other people. Neither does it relate to the faculties by which a person judges of music, colours, distance, size, or number; and recollects words, &c.; for an idiot may understand music, to a certain extent; may distinguish colours very well; and also size, distance, and number. Many idiots, however, *are* defective in these particulars; and those belonging to

* Continued from "the *Mirror;*" vol. xxxiii, p 183; No. 941; March 23, 1839.

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the worst class know nothing at all;—they can merely eat, drink, and slumber. Some idiots take a great delight in music. Though it is not likely they can ever become great musicians, they understand it; and some of them sing very well. Some will sketch very well; and others have an excellent memory for words; so that they can remember long passages. Dr. Spurzheim saw, at Hamburgh, a young man with a very low forehead. He recollected names, numbers, and historical facts, much better than many acute men; but he was utterly wanting in sagacity, penetration, and the powers of comparison. The doctor likewise saw, at a poor-house, a boy who excelled in the *memory of words;* but who, in *judgment*, was an idiot. He repeated whole passages from the bible;—simply from having heard them read. He also saw an idiotic child, who sang several airs; and who, if others began to sing, accompanied them in harmony. Many clever persons cannot tell "God save the Queen," from "Rule Britannia;" or distinguish red from green; or keep their own accounts; so that deficiency in these respects does not constitute an idiot.

It will be perceived, then, that there is every degree of deficient intellect;—from the person who merely eats, drinks, sleeps, and grunts, up to him who is merely *imbecile* or *soft*. The latter character has been well described by Shakspere, in his "Twelfth Night," and "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek says,—"Methinks, sometimes, I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man, has; but I am a great eater of beef; and I believe that does harm to my wit. I would I had bestowed that time on the tongues, that I have on fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!"* An equally sagacious individual, in the character of Slender, says,—"Though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass. I'll ne'er be drunk again whilst I live, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God; and not with drunken knaves."† Some idiots are very prone to imitation. There was one in the workhouse at Clapham, who had all the imitative disposition of a monkey. He would observe the proceedings of the surgeon; and, when the latter was gone, he would feel the pulses of the patients; and tie up their arms with a piece of tape, in order to bleed them. A torpid brain has sometimes been excited to action by some external circumstance. Thus, a case is recorded of a boy, whose talents were very inferior till a tile fell on his head; when he began to show great intellect; and Dr. Mason Good knew a lad, who was cured of his idiocy by a fall from the first-floor into the street.

* "Twelfth Night, or What you Will," Act v., Scene 3.

† "Merry Wives of Windsor;" Act i., Scene 1.

This, and the preceding papers on this subject,‡ have been compiled from Dr. Rogers's edition of the Lectures on Medicine delivered by Dr. Elliotson, in University College, London.§ This work excites much interest, and has obtained an extensive circulation, among the medical profession. One of the chief organs of that profession, "The London Medical Gazette," has passed a very favourable opinion on its "judicious views, philosophical deductions, and sound methods of treatment. Almost every page," it goes on to observe, "teems with valuable information. The details connected with insanity, and some other topics, are so illustrated and enlivened by curious facts from the writings of poets, historians, and philosophers, as to render them highly interesting and entertaining;—apart from the important practical matter with which they are interwoven. Much praise is due to the editor, for the exemplary manner in which he has acquitted himself. He has not overloaded the text with superfluous notes; but has appended just so much as was necessary for the purpose of illustration, and to fill up some hiatus. He has also considerably improved the language;—heretofore marred by the inaccuracies and omissions of reporters."

‡ See "the *Mirror*;" vol. xxxiii, pp. 69, 114, and 182; Nos. 934, 937, and 941; February 2, and 23, and March 23, 1839.

§ See "the *Mirror*;" vol. xxxiii., p. 182; No. 941; March 23, 1839.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Owen Feltham says:—As in the first institution of nature, it was enacted, and yet continues, that everything should bring forth fruit after his kind; so I find it in the propagation of virtue and vice. The Romans, for the friendship and riches of Attalus, bestowed on him the kingdom of Pergamus; and he, to express his gratitude, having no children of his own, left the city of Rome his heir; returning their gift, advantaged with his immense wealth. The virtues of Terentius, and his being one of the Roman senate, made so deep an impression in Scipio's manly heart, that, when the Carthaginians came to sue for peace and a league, he would not hear them, until they brought him forth discharged out of his imprisonment, whom he placed on the throne with himself, and then dismissed his arms; and, this again so prevailed with Terentius, that when Scipio had his triumph, Terentius, though a senator, put himself into Scipio's livery, and, as his freed man, waited on his pompous chariot. In the second Punic war, when Capua was besieged by Fulvius, two country-women would needs be kind to Rome; one daily made her offering for the safety of the army, and the other supplied the captive soldiers with food, and other necessaries; which, at the sackage of the place, the senate of Rome requited, with restoring them their goods and liberty, and

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granting them what else they desired. He teaches me to be good, that does me good; he prompts me to enlarge my heart to him, that first enlarges his own to me. He that sows iniquity, must look to reap it. How fatally and evidently was the massacre at Paris, scourged in those that were held for the chief actors and contrivers of it. Charles IX. died before he was twenty-five years of age; Anjou, the succeeding king, was assassinated in the same room the massacre was plotted in; Guise was murdered by the king's appointment; the queen, consumed with grief; and with succeeding civil war, both Paris and the nation torn. There is in vices, not only a natural production of evil in general, but also a proportion of parts and dimensions. Bagoas, a Persian nobleman, having poisoned Artaxerxes and Arsamnes, was detected by Darius, and enforced to drink poison himself. Pope Alexander VI., having designed the poisoning of his friend, Cardinal Adrian, by his cup-bearer's mistake of the bottle, he cozened the cardinal of his draught. Treason and falsehood is often paid in its own peculiar kind. Tarpeia, that betrayed her father for what the soldiers of Tatius wore on their arms, instead of the bracelets she expected, was paid with their shields thrown on her, until they pressed her to death; Charles IV. of Germany, to requite the falsehood of three captains, whom he hired to persuade Philip of Austria from giving him battle, paid them in counterfeit money, assuring them, that counterfeit money was good enough for their counterfeit services; certainly, in vain they expect good, that would have it arise out of evil, or, by indirect courses, be enabled to attain the reward of just and virtuous actions.

W. G. C.

Biography.

LIFE OF FLORIAN.

(*Concluded from page* 166.)

VERY shortly after this incident, Florian obtained a company of cavalry in one of Penthievre's regiments, which his family, who wished to see him attached to some one in power, prevailed on him to accept, although he himself would have preferred a more active life.

He was thus obliged to fix himself at Paris; and this tranquil life, for which he had such a dislike, did not contribute a little in making him a literary character. His *penchant* for the belles lettres was principally determined by the encouragement which Voltaire did not fail to give him; and his love for Spanish literature made him conceive the project of restoring the pictures of the age of chivalry, and even the delights of the pastoral age.

The habit of study which he had thus acquired, had become, in fact, necessary for him. He never passed a day without composing something, and very often wrote from morning till night. In the midst of a work he would occasionally occupy himself with that which he intended to commence next.

Few authors have entered the French Academy so young as he; he being only 33 when he was nominated to that place. Unlike many authors, he did not consider this as an useless privilege; and if premature death had not stopped him in his career, he had still in his mind many literary projects for some years.

Among these projects was that of writing the lives of men illustrious in modern history, and to compare them, one with the other, after the model of Plutarch. In order to begin this work, he waited that his imagination might be a little cooled. This, said he, shall be the employment of my old age.

Florian, although he would, doubtless, have had brilliant success, was very rarely found in society. He loved composition, and was only happy when at home. He had taken a little apartment at the Hotel de Toulouse, which he rendered agreeable by arranging every thing according to his taste. To his library was annexed a museum, supplied with a multitude of birds, the care of which gave him amusement.

It was thus that he passed the most precious portion of life, in composing those charming works, and in practising all the social virtues. He always practised in his actions that sensibility which is so visible in his writings. Never did the unfortunate implore his aid in vain. Although he possessed but a very limited fortune, he found means to cater for himself the character of a benevolent man. When his own means did not suffice, he had recourse to his prince; and when his bookseller brought him a large sum in gold, he never failed to set a portion apart to send to his friend, the Abbot of St. Eustache, to be distributed among the poor.

Florian had began an ancient history when the French Revolution commenced its ravages in France. Everything seemed to unite to screen him from persecution. Without fortune—without ambition; only occupied in his literary works—desirous only of happiness, and seeking for it solely in solitude, who would suppose that the amiable, the virtuous Florian, would have had cause to dread men, who had erected altars to innocence and liberty? But Florian had been noble, and was good, virtuous, and estimable; and such titles as these were too sure to incur the hatred of the revolutionists. He was arrested, and thrown into the prison du Pont Libne, in the midst of persons whose cries and groans touched his feeling heart, and rendered his own situation a thousand times more miserable still.

Through the efforts of his friends he recovered his liberty on the 9 Thermidor. But, whether that the bad air, or the unwholesome diet, had altered his health, or whether the horrid scenes he had been witness to had so

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forcibly seized on his imagination, Florian had lost his gaiety and cheerfulness. He continued to drag on a miserable existence, and slowly progressed towards death; until, overwhelmed with sorrows, he died at Licaux, where he had retired, on the thirteenth of September, 1794, at the age of 39.

Florian, as we have before observed, delighted in Spanish literature; he therefore wished to make a trial of translating an author of that nation. After hesitating some time, he chose Cervantes. Galatea was his favourite. He made many alterations in it, adding some scenes, and the last stanza nearly entire; and he intended to have finished the poem that Cervantes had left incomplete.

The success of Galatea tempted Florian to employ himself again in that kind of composition. In 1788 he published Estella, and obtained from it much greater success than he had expected. These two pastorals, the prittiest that we have in French, have undergone a translation into many languages, and are read with pleasure even by those who have the least taste for that kind of reading.

Florian was a great admirer of the dramatic art. He wrote some small pieces, which are delicious; and there is not, perhaps, a work more adapted for placing into the hands of young persons studying our language. Pleasant reading; of a style at once pure, simple, and elegant; and, throughout, breathing the purest morality. In fact, his little theatre merits to be, not only the companion of the young, but also the manual of the man of taste.

Try your hand at fables, said Penthievre one day to Florian. He followed this advice, and made fables; but this was only about three or four years before his death. In this kind of writing Florian was only inferior to the inimitable La Fontaine.

In 1791, he published Gonzalve de Cordove, an interesting poem. The Historical Summary of the Moons, which precede it, is truly excellent, and makes us regret that premature death should have prevented him from writing history, as he had intended.

His original works present, in every respect, a character particularly natural, and full of sentiment. The best of his productions is considered by some to be that entitled "Claudine."

He was just finishing his translation of Don Quixote when death put an end to his labours, and deprived both the literary world and his friends of his talents. The translation, although it is the best we have in French, is a new proof of the difficulty which always exists in translating into a foreign language the writings of men of a truly original genius.

At his death he left many works, such as the commencement of an Ancient History for Youth, but which has not yet been published; a poem, William Tell, which he composed in great part while in prison; and, above all, Ephraim, which he considered as his *chef d'œuvre*, and at which he was working when arrested. This poem, according to M. Boissy d'Anglas, is redolent of the tenderest brotherly regard, and jealous feelings of the passion of love in all its force and vigour.

He also wrote many other works, among which we may mention Numa Pompilius, which first appeared in 1786, but did not immediately obtain that eminence which its intrinsic excellence has since procured it.

The success of Telemachus, not greater than it deserved, had rendered the imitation of that kind of composition at all times difficult and dangerous. Florian appears to have feared the comparison, and seeks to propitiate the critic in a manner that does credit both to his understanding and to his heart, when he makes the goddess say to Numa, book ii. p. 3.:—"Sith I do not expect thee to become her favourite (of Minerva), like as was the pen of Ulysses. No, my dear Numa! no mortal ought to flatter himself to approach the excellence of the divine Telemachus; he is Minerva's *chef d'œuvre;* and she will not, of course, depreciate her own performance. But still, happy is he who shall proceed, although at a distance, in his footsteps! Happy shall he be, to whom the goddess shall vouchsafe her regards, and who shall occupy the second place in her estimation!"

In general, Florian's poetry has more of grace than energy. His romances, especially, have both sweetness and facility; but when he rises to the sublime, he is often wanting in vivacity and force of expression.

His prose has the same character as his poetry; and if his works do not so powerfully affect the understanding, they have, at least, a sweet effect on the heart. After reading the delightful pages of a Pascal or a Bossuet, the mind has need of repose; as, after surveying the height of a mountain, or the immensity of a precipice, for some time, the eye seeks to repose itself on the plain.

After reading Florian, on the contrary, one only feels the desire of again reading it in the same manner; as it is delightful to see frequently from a lofty hill the setting sun diffusing its last rays on a fertile and pleasant country, the retreat of innocence and peace. The character of Florian was much more adapted for inspiring love, than for exciting admiration; and his works, in every respect, resemble his character. G. M. W.

ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

GOETHE.

THIS great man was sickly in his infancy, and, as a natural consequence, youth-melancholy ensued. His sensibility was exceedingly great; perhaps there never was a man who possessed it to a greater degree: he could "hang a thought on every thorn." He was

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much given to a credence in omens, and in his "Memoirs," has given one of the instances in which the greatest impression was made on his mind. It appears that in the middle of the Rhine, a pavilion had been erected on an islet, to receive Marie-Antoinette and her suite, on the occasion of her marriage. "I was," says Goethe, "admitted into it. On my entrance, I was struck with the subject depicted on the tapestry with which the principal part of the pavilion was hung, in which were seen Jason, Creusa, and Medea, that is to say, a representation of one of the most fatal unions commemorated in history. On the left of the throne the bride, surrounded by friends and distracted attendants, was struggling with a painful death; Jason, on the other side, was starting back, struck with horror at the sight of his murdered children, and the Fury was soaring into the air, her chariot drawn by dragons." This omen was accomplished in every point.

Dr. Granville, who, on his return from St. Petersburgh, paid a visit to the veteran of literature, thus describes his reception and impressions at p. 674, vol. ii.: "He advanced towards me with the countenance of one who does not seem to go through the ceremony of a first greeting 'a contre-cœur.' His person was erect, and denoted not the advance of age. His open and well arched eyebrows which give effect to the undimmed lustre of the most brilliant eye I ever beheld; his fresh look and mild expression of countenance at once captivated my whole attention; and when he extended his friendly hand to welcome me to his dwelling, I stood absorbed in contemplation of the first literary character of the age. The sound of his voice bespeaks peculiar affability—in his conversation he is ready rather than fluent; following rather than leading; unaffected, yet gentlemanly; earnest, yet entertaining."

Goethe, it appears from a work just published in Germany, and written by one who was intimate with him, never would allow the windows of his study or of his bed-room to be opened; however foul the air, he took a special delight in breathing it. It was only in his absence, and at no small risk of incurring his displeasure, that those around him, from motives of affection, took upon themselves to air his apartments. He was altogether insensible to nauseous smells; that of rotten apples, however, excepted; and for this smell, strange to say, Schiller had a singular predilection. It happened once, that Goethe, intending to pay a visit to the great poet, called at his house, but found him from home. Resolved to await his return, Goethe sat himself down in his study, and took up a book—presently, however, he felt a strange sort of giddiness, which momently increased, and compelled him, at length, to leave the room. Schiller's servant for a long time endeavoured to discover what could possibly have produced this extraordinary effect upon the nerves of Goethe, and at last found secreted in a drawer, some twenty apples, in various stages of decomposition. Schiller thus preserved them in order to perfume his wardrobe.

Whether Goethe were at home or abroad, he invariably hastened to snuff the candles in his immediate neighbourhood, for this was an operation no one was ever found to perform to his fancy. He has even been known to leave a numerous and select society, with no small degree of ill-humour, because the servants had not snuffed the candles with, what he considered to be, the proper skill and elegance.

Goethe never could bear that any one should inquire after the state of his health, and whenever such an inquiry was made, he dexterously managed to start another topic of conversation. He loved life, but he cherished health still more; and yet he feared not the prospect of death. "The only things I now dread," said he, the last year of his existence, "are diseases and a painful death. God of his mercy grant me a mild death, and that as early as possible; this is now all I desire."

And the good man's prayer was heard; for the hour of his dissolution was almost imperceptible. About the middle of March, 1832, he caught a rather violent cold, which rapidly brought on a catarrh; on the 21st of the same month, he appeared to be in excellent spirits, and had not the slightest presentiment of his approaching end; he even explained to his daughter some political point, and asked for "Salvandy's Sixteen Months." His eyes were, however, too weak to read, and seeing himself compelled to give it up, he leant back in his chair, saying, "Well, let us do at least as the Mandarines do;" he then fell into a gentle slumber. Next day, he conversed with considerable cheerfulness, till the evening, when he almost entirely lost his speech. At ten o'clock he was affectionately holding within his own his beloved daughter's hand, at times looking at her with his already half-closed eyes, with an expression of the deepest tenderness. His daughter held his head in her arms, till, without the slightest appearance of pain or convulsion, he ceased to breathe.

He died in his 82d year. At the age of 51, he married his housekeeper, by whom he had a family.

BONNYCASTLE.

Leigh Hunt, in his "Life," describes Bonnycastle as a good fellow, tall, gaunt, long-headed, with large features, and spectacles, and a deep internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it. He further says, that "he goggled over his plate like a horse," that "his laugh was equine," and that "he showed his teeth upwards at the side."

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Examples of Public Imposture and Credulity.

THE HOUSE OF THE COCK-LANE GHOST.

" Doubtless, the pleasure is as great
In being cheated, as to cheat."

HOWEVER seemingly-inexplicable this distich may appear, if we take the trouble to examine the numberless cheats that have been practised in our metropolis, and the intense eagerness with which the most improbable and even impossible projects have been listened to, and enthusiastically embraced as orthodox, it does certainly then seem that the above sentence, by that brilliant wit—Samuel Butler—is true; and *ergo*, the pleasure of cheating, and being cheated, are synonymous.

Few of the marvels, for which London is pre-eminent, ever created among the credulous and incredulous, a greater sensation than the vile imposture of the far-famed Cock-Lane Ghost*—nay, not even the wonders of the wonderful Mary Tofts, the rabbit-breeder; or the affair of the girl Canning, and Squires the gipsy; the imposition of Ann Moore, the faster; nor the eventful prognostications of Brothers, or Johanna Southcott, exceeded it, for the time, in intensity of feeling in the public mind.

* The farce of the Drummer, or the Haunted House, was written in burlesque of this *redoubted* spirit.

Our narrative will be as brief as possible, the object of introducing the subject to the notice of our readers, being principally to give a correct view of the house where the cheat was concocted and practised (and which may probably soon be removed,) than to tire them with a lengthened detail of a wicked and knavish plot, and which was believed by thousands of people, at the time, to be the workings of a *real Ghost!!*

In the year 1759, Mr. Parsons, the officiating clerk of St. Sepulchre's, had a lady and gentleman who lodged at his house in Cock-Lane; after residing there a few weeks, the gentleman was called to the country, and a daughter of Parsons' was taken by the lady, Miss Fanny, to bed with her; but who complained one morning to the family of having been greatly disturbed by violent noises. The noises continuing, several persons were invited to enter the chamber, and witness the truth of the assertion, among them being many of the greatest veracity and respectability. The gentleman, a Mr. Kent, arriving in town, removed to the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, where the lady soon after died.

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The noise discontinued at Parsons' house from the time of their leaving it till the beginning of January, 1762, and then it again began with redoubled fury. The girl, upon certain knockings and scratchings, which seemed to proceed from under her bedstead, was thrown into violent fits and agitations; and an attendant woman, and Parsons, the father of the girl, put questions to the ghost; and they also dictated that an affirmative was one knock; a negative, two; and when it was displeased, the scratch was very hard; and these knockings which disturbed Miss Fanny before her death, were now supposed to be her spirit. In the course of conversation with the ghost, it said, that Miss Fanny was killed by poison put in purl three hours before her death.

After this, many persons believing there was a deceit in the business, had the girl removed to a distance from Cock-lane, notwithstanding two of the assistants, besides Parsons and his daughter, positively declared that they saw the spectre really appear, in the luminous figure of a woman.

Accordingly, applications were made to the Lord Mayor, for his concurrence, in having the child removed from its father's to the house of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, in order (as it said) to detect the imposture, *if any*. Gentlemen of established character, both clergy and laity, were present at this examination, at Mr. Aldrich's, on the 1st of February. About ten o'clock at night the girl was put to bed by several ladies. The spirit had before promised by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where the body of Miss Fanny was deposited, and give a positive proof of her being present there, by a knock upon the coffin. While the gentlemen were debating as to whether they would go there that night, they were summoned into the bedchamber, where strange knocks and scratches had been heard; when the girl declared that she felt the spirit exactly like a mouse upon her back. When being desired to hold both her arms out of bed, no noise whatever was heard. The company then went into the vault, among whom was the said Mr. Kent, who was accused of poisoning Miss Fanny; and who solemnly implored the ghost to divulge the whole of the affair. But, "alas! poor ghost!" it was mute: "not a sound was heard," nor a token given. The event of this night convinced many the affair was all a hoax, but still there were very many who *assisted* the poor family of Mr. Parsons, in their troubles, and who demanded farther proof.

Sunday, the seventh of February, the girl was removed to the house of a gentleman in the Strand, and put to bed by two ladies, but no noise was heard that night, or the succeeding morning. On the Monday night, she was put into another bed, when the noise began, about seven o'clock in the morning. Many other proofs were given of the great powers of the ghost, until the Sunday following, when it was ascertained that the girl had contrived to get into the kitchen, and concealed a board about six inches long, and four broad, under her stays; and having got into bed, said she would bring the spirit of Fanny at six o'clock the next morning, which she accordingly did, by knocking and scratching on this board. She was searched by two girls, and the board found in the bed.

The deception being discovered, this artful girl made a full confession; whereupon, on the tenth of July, 1762, five persons were tried before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench, for a conspiracy against the reputation and life of William Kent, and, after a trial of twelve hours, were found guilty. Accordingly, some were fined; Elizabeth, the wife of Parsons, was imprisoned one year; Mary Frazer, six months; and Richard Parsons was set in the pillory three times in one month: first, at the end of Cock-lane; secondly, at the Royal Exchange; and thirdly, at Charing Cross:—and there we leave him.

THE EVILS OF WEALTH.

"I MIGHT make a volume," says Mr. Valpy,* "in citing passages from Pagan writers, all tending to the confirmation of the Scripture assertion; but a few must suffice. Lycurgus considered the use of gold and silver as the groundwork of all crime, and forbade the possession of them on pain of death. Sallust calls money the most pernicious evil. Isocrates observes, that wealth is the minister of vice rather than of virtue, as it affords facilities to indolence, and invites the young to pleasures. Juvenal remarks, that the love of money increases in the same proportion as the possession of it. Ovid calls riches the incentive to evils. Propertius calls money 'the cruel food for the vices of men.' Such a love for possessing money, says Pliny, has invaded men, that they seem rather to be possessed by it than to possess it. So much so, that Cicero declares, that the world particularly admires the man who is not affected by money, and considers such a person as having gone through the ordeal of fire. The same writer observes, that "what the Pythian oracle declared, that no other cause but avarice should destroy Sparta, it seemed to have predicted not only to the Lacedemonians, but to all other opulent nations." But a writer, already cited, represents so forcibly the effects of wealth on his countrymen, that I must bring his words before the reader:—"When Carthage was destroyed, then fortune began to exert her malice, and throw everything into confusion. Ease and riches, the grand objects of the pursuit of

* The Course of Nature urged on Principles of Analogy, in Vindication of Particular Texts of Scripture, from Sceptical Objections.

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others, ruined those who had undergone toils and dangers. First, a love of money possessed their minds, then a passion for power, and these were the seeds of all the evils that followed. For avarice rooted out faith, probity, and every worthy principle; and in their stead, substituted insolence, inhumanity, and a mercenary spirit. Ambition obliged many to belie with their tongues, the sentiments of their hearts, and to value friendship and enmity only as they conduced to interest. These corruptions at first grew by degrees, and were sometimes checked by correction. At last, the infection spreading like a plague, the state was entirely changed, and the government, from being the most righteous and equitable, became cruel and insupportable.' And again, 'When riches began to be held in esteem, virtue languished, and poverty was deemed a reproach. And thus, luxury, avarice, and pride, all springing from riches, enslaved the Roman youth: they wantoned in rapine and prodigality, trampled on modesty, friendship, and continence, and threw off all consideration and restraint.' But if we would wish to see more at large what wealth affected at Rome, let us survey the manners and characters of the rich, as portrayed by the graphic poetry of Juvenal, and observe how it converted the city into an abode of every abominable crime —into a very pandemonium.

Manners and Customs.

CELTIC ORIGINS.—THE DRUIDS.*

WHENCE came the Druids? This is a question that has been frequently put of late years, and the answer has generally been—the east. This is, as regards the sense of the mere word *east*, quite true; though when the particular part of this quarter of the earth is asked for, a variety of opinions become manifest: Persia, India, and Ceylon, are respectively stated to be the original seat of Druidism; and the asserters of these several opinions as to the native land of the Druids, in some instances, differ widely as to the nature of its principles. It has been identified with Buddhism! as if there could be any connexion between the end and aim of the religion of Buddha, which was "nigban," or annihilation, and the "felicity in heaven" of Druidism. Druidism was not Buddhism. Moore† declares that the Druidic system did not exist in Britain; because Julius Cæsar did not encounter any Druids during his temporary visits to this island; and because there is proof of the existence of persons with this name in Ireland, up to the time of the conversion of the Irish to Christianity. Cæsar's not meeting with any Druids is no evidence of their non-existence in this island. In the first place, Cæsar's visits were very brief; and, in the next place, the Druidic was essentially a pacific institution: it was the duty of its members to avoid scenes of contention, as they were men of peace; and the presence of a Druid in a place of conflict, when the opposing parties acknowledged the Druidic authority, was ever sufficient to produce a pacification between the contending bodies. The singularity, if any, would, therefore, be in Cæsar's meeting with any Druids: he could only have encountered them as captives, and this their principles kept them from. Mr. Moore also endeavours to make his readers believe, that the Gaulish evidence as to the instruction of their Druids in Britain, is entirely a mistake of this island for Ireland; as if they did not know any distinction between the two islands; when Cæsar himself, on the same Gallic evidence, expressly describes Mr. Moore's "Sacred Island." In this case it is clear that the Gauls knew of Ireland as a distinct island from Britain; and Mr. Moore must allow that they knew best themselves as to which of the islands they received their instruction in.

Notwithstanding Mr. Moore's theory, there is good ground for the belief that Druidism was the earliest religion of Europe and the British Isles. But if we examine those records, the Triads, which are too often thought unworthy of notice, we shall find that Druidism maintained its original purity only in Britain. For the institutional Triads inform us, that the Irish were one of the three nations which corrupted Druidism, "mixing with it heterogenous principles." This is sufficiently borne out by the evidences we still possess of the nature of Druidism, and its pacific principles, unsupported by the information collected by Julius Cæsar: this evidence proves that there was a great difference between the religion of Celtic Britain and that of Ireland, according to Irish writers. The nature of this difference is apparent in the fact of the existence of the "Field of Slaughter," and the worship of the Phœnician "Beel-Saman," in the sacred island, and their non-existence in Britain. The British Druids did not compel children to pass through the fire to the Moloch Coom-Cruach, or any other idol; for they know nothing of idolatry and its debasing effects. But the British Druids are charged with human sacrifice to their gods; this cannot be true, for they acknowledged but one deity, *Duw-Tad*, (God the Father,) the Dis-pater and Tutates of Cæsar, and the Roman writers. This charge seems to have arisen out of the following ancient law—"There are three ways in which correction by the loss of life may be inflicted; decapitation, hanging, and *burning*;‡ and the king, or lord of the territory, shall determine which of these shall be inflicted."

As we have the impartial testimony of the Gauls as to the existence and purity of British Druidism, we may reasonably be allowed to

* See pages 324, 391, of Mirror, vol. 29; and 101, vol. 30.

† History of Ireland, vol. 1, in Cabinet Cyclopædia.

‡ For authority for this punishment, see Leviticus xx, and xxi, and Joshua vii.

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search for its origin among the remains of the institution that have been preserved. In the Triads, the origin of the Druidic institution is ascribed to *Hu Gadarn*, (Hu the Mighty,) who is also recorded as the leader of the nation of the *Cymry*, from the *Gwlad yr haf*, (Summer country,) into Britain: and it is further recorded, that it was solely the desire of peace that caused this emigration. The character of this event, thus given, is worthy of remark connected with the pacific character of Druidism, according to Cæsar and the Triads. The time of the origin and passage of Druidism, into the west of Europe and Britain, it is impossible to ascertain; though it must have been at a very early period, as the Gauls, who were of the same race, considered the aborigines of Britain as *indigenæ*. This proves that the passage of the *Cymry* into this island must have happened long before the settlement of their kindred in Gaul. *Hu Gadarn* was known among the Gauls by the name of *Hesus*, according to Roman authorities; as the first part of the name of *Hesus* is the exact pronunciation of *Hu*; it is most probable that the termination is a Latin addition: the fore-mentioned authorities inform us, that *Hesus* was the Mars of the Gauls; if this was the case, it is an evidence of the corruption of Druidism in Gaul, for Hu Gadarn was the personification of Druidic principles. The statement of the passage of Druidism, from the eastern to the western parts of Europe, is supported by the existence of these monuments of a by-gone age, known as Druidical altars and tombs, in various parts of the Continent, as well as in Britain, and among the Caucasian mountains: Mr. Moore asserts that the existence of these monuments is no proof that Druidism ever existed in the countries in which they are found. A personage mentioned in the Tryads by the name of *Tydain Tod Awen*, (Tydain, Father of Poetry,) seems to connect Druidism with the early mythology of Greece; as the title of Father of Poetry is nearly identical with the Grecian deity, Apollo; under whom were the Muses, one of whose names were *Aonides;* this word and *Awen** are evidently related. Apollo is also stated to have retired to the land of the Hyperboreans, or Celts, when he was exiled from heaven †; and to have, afterwards, paid them periodical visits from Delphi. To account for this, it should be recollected that the popular form of Druidism was helio-arkite, and there is every reason for believing that the first colonists of Greece and Britain belonged to the Celtic division of the human family, which appears to have been settled antecedent to history, and known to the Greeks by the names of Hyperboreans‡ and *Cimmerioi*, or Cimmerians, in the Crimea, and the parts adjacent. The Crimea is claimed by the *Cymry* as their original residence, (*Gwlad yr Haf.*) The connection of the names *Cimmerioi* and *Cymry* must be apparent to every one. Were the Druidical monuments in the Caucasus erected by them in their passage north, from the centre whence the human race diverged? This is highly probable, for the principles of Druidism connect it with the religion of the patriarchs.

Sion Gryg.

* The proper sense of this word is inspiration.

† Apollonius Rhodius; who calls them "the sacred Hyperboreans."

‡ Herodotus, in Melpomene, bears witness to the connection between the Hyperboreans and the Grecian mythology; he describes their transmission of sacrificial offerings to Delos. Diodorus Siculus speaks of a circular temple of the Hyperboreans in an island opposite Gaul; this is supposed by many to have been Stonehenge, but Mr. Moore will not allow this application, and claims it for Ireland.

ROYAL RESIDENCES.

It is curious to trace the variety of Royal residences (exclusively of what may be termed the great or national palaces) which the partiality of different sovereigns for particular spots, occasioned to be erected in former times; and the neighbourhoods of which, like Brighton in the present day, once derived a temporary eclat from that circumstance, but are now scarcely known. An account of some of these, principally in the vicinity of London, follows; they, however, probably include a small part, as more palaces are ascribed to King John alone, than what we have noticed. A list, with an account of the whole, could it be collected, would by no means form an unentertaining work.

Havering Bower, in Essex.—Nearly one of the first of these, was an ancient retreat of our Saxon kings; particularly of that simple saint, Edward the Confessor, who took great delight in it as being woody, solitary, and fit for devotion. "It so abounded," says the legend, "with warbling nightingales, that they disturbed him in his devotions. He therefore earnestly prayed for their absence; since which time never nightingale was heard to sing in the park, but many without the pales, as in other places." It was named Bower, from some fine bower, or shady walk, like Rosamond's Bower, at Woodstock. Here the Confessor is reported to have built a palace, or perhaps improved one; it was of freestone, and leaded. Some parts of the walls are still standing. Beside this palace there was another called Pergo, which seems to have been always a jointure-house of a queen consort. Here died Joan, queen of Henry IV. It was certainly one of the royal seats in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for during her progress into Suffolk and Norfolk in 1570, she resided here some days. It was subsequently the seat of the late Lord Archer, and was pulled down in 1770.

Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, was formerly famous for its magnificent palace, built by King Henry I., who joined to it a very large park, enclosed with a wall, which, according to John Rosse, was the first park in England.

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Queen Elizabeth, before she was confined to the Tower, was kept prisoner here by her sister Mary. Rosamond's Bower, near this, was built by Henry II., and exhibited some remains until of late years.

The term "King John's Palace," has been applied to so many old buildings, that if at all correct, he must have had more residences than any other English sovereign. Few of the places, however, so ascribed, bear any decisive evidences of being even of his age. Near the metropolis may be mentioned, among others, Bermondsey Abbey and Holywell Priory, Shoreditch; at both of which there are public-houses, which have his head for signs. Besides, there have been mentioned, as the sites of palaces of this king, Old Ford, Tottenham-court-road, and various other neighbourhoods.

KING'S LANGLEY, Herts, was a favourite spot with Henry III. who built a royal palace there, some ruins of which are still to be seen. King Richard II. and his Queen, kept a Christmas at this palace, and were buried in the adjoining monastery, though afterwards removed to Westminster, by Henry V. Here was also born and buried, Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, son of Edward III. The palace, park, and manor, were given by James I. to Henry, Prince of Wales, and at his death to his brother Charles, who, after he came to the throne, granted them to Sir Charles Morrison. The Earl of Essex is now lord of the manor.

ELTHAM was a celebrated retreat of our ancient monarchs. It was early in possession of the crown, but having been fraudulently obtained by Anthony Bec, Bishop of Durham, he beautified the capital mansion, and left it to Eleanor, the queen of Edward I. Edward II. frequently resided here; and here his queen was delivered of a son, who had the name of John of Eltham. Possibly from this circumstance it is improperly called "King John's Palace;" unless it should have obtained that appellation from the sumptuous entertainment given here by Edward III. to the captive King John of France. Henry VII. built the front of this palace toward the moat, but it was neglected after Greenwich became the favourite country residence of his successors. Our princes often celebrated their festivals at Eltham with great pomp. One of the last of these feasts was held here at Whitsuntide, 1515, when Henry VIII. created Sir Edward Stanley Baron Monteagle for his services at Flodden Field. Part of the stately hall which was the scene of these feasts, is still in tolerable preservation, and is used as a barn. Queen Elizabeth, who was born at Greenwich, was frequently carried thence to Eltham, when an infant, for the benefit of the air, and this palace she visited in a summer excursion round the country in 1559. Considerable remains of this celebrated palace, besides those of the great hall, still exist,

Richard II. before he came to the crown, resided at the palace of KENSINGTON, built by his father, Edward the Black Prince. In 1396, his young queen, Isabel, was conveyed, amid a prodigious concourse of people, from Kensington to the Tower. Henry V. was here when the clergy complained to him of Sir John Oldcastle. At what time it was demolished is not known.

RICHMOND PALACE was the favourite retreat of Henry VII. Here Edward III. died of grief for the loss of his heroic son Edward the Black Prince; and here also died Anne of Bohemia, Queen of Richard II., who is said to have first taught the English ladies the use of the side-saddle, before which time they rode astride. Richard was so afflicted at her death, that he deserted and defaced the palace; but it was repaired and beautified by Henry V., who founded three religious houses near it. It was destroyed, in 1497, by fire, when it was magnificently rebuilt by Henry VII. who named it Richmond, from having himself borne the title of Earl of Richmond before he came to the throne. The exterior of this grand pile, as finished by him, may be judged of from the Antiquarian Society's print, and two or three other representations: and a very curious account of it may be found in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, and likewise in Nichols's *Royal Progresses*. Besides this structure, Henry repaired and enlarged the Manor-house of Working, in Surrey, which had been the inheritance and residence of his mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who died there. Fine brick foundations, and the shell of a guard-room, are still remaining, of this royal palace. This monarch also rebuilt Baynard's Castle, London, and made it an occasional residence.

GREENWICH PALACE, called *Placentia*, was one of the most favourite country residences of Henry VIII., as also of his daughter, Queen Elizabeth. This palace, which was first erected by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, stood on the site of the present Greenwich Hospital. It was enlarged by Henry VII., and completed by Henry VIII.; but being afterwards suffered to run to decay, was pulled down by Charles II., who began a magnificent edifice, and lived to see the first wing finished. He also enlarged and walled the Park. The part of the palace now remaining is converted into a residence for the ranger. Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were both born here; and here also Edward VI. died. It appears, from prints of it near their time, to have been a very grand and extensive pile.

NONSUCH was another retreat of this monarch which well merits description. This was situated in Surrey, near Epsom, and obtained its name from its unparalleled beauty. Hentzner, speaking of this palace, says, "It was chosen for his pleasure and retirement, and built with an excess of magnificence. One would imagine every thing that architecture can perform to have been employed in this one work; there are every where so many statues that seem to breathe, so many mira-

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cles of consummate art, that it may well claim its name of Nonsuch." He speaks with equal admiration of the gardens. King Charles II. gave this fine structure to the Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled it down, and sold the materials. This prince had palaces also at Dartford, Eastham, Greenfield-house, Hanworth, Hunsdon; and at London, (besides the established palace of Westminster,) those of St. James's, Whitehall, and Bridewell.

The palaces and country seats of Elizabeth were extremely numerous. The following were some of the principal:—viz. Enfield, Hatfield, Barn Elms, Beddington, Loughton, Mary-la-bonne, Islington, Newington, &c.; a description of all of which would be too long for insertion here. We shall only notice two or three.

ENFIELD.—The lodge or palace at this place was a brick building, erected by Sir Thomas Lovel, in the reign of Henry VII., and bought of him by Henry VIII., as a nursery for the royal children. Edward VI. went from hence to the Tower, on his accession to the throne, in 1547. And in 1557, the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) was escorted from Hatfield to Enfield-place, by a retinue of twelve ladies in white satin, on ambling palfreys, and twelve yeomen in green, all on horseback, that her grace might hunt the hart.

HATFIELD, from which she went on this occasion, was a palace at which she resided several years before she came to the throne. William, second son of Edward III. was named William of Hatfield, from being born here. James I. exchanged this palace for Theobalds, with the Earl of Salisbury.

The ancient mansion at Barn Elms, called "Queen Elizabeth's Dairy," was another of this princess's occasional residences, as was Beddington, Loughton, near Epping; the "Lodge," at Islington, the Grove at Newington, and nearer town the royal palace of Mary-la-bonne. In Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, it is recorded that "on the 3d of February, 1600, the ambassadors from the Emperor of Russia, and other Muscovites, rode through the city of London to Mary-la-bonne park, and there hunted at their pleasure, and shortly after returned homeward." What a contrast to the present state of this parish, now entirely covered with magnificent streets and squares, which form a part of the metropolis!

THEOBALDS, in Herts, was the delight of James I., who exchanged, as just observed, Hatfield for it with the Earl of Salisbury. Its gardens and pleasure-grounds are described to have been in the style of those at Nonsuch. It was granted away by Charles II., and is now private property. King James died at this palace, and the room in which he expired was in existence until 1765, when that and the other remains of the palace were totally destroyed.

Of our other monarchs, it will be sufficient to mention that Charles I. had a residence at Oatlands, and a second, it is supposed, at Hackney. Charles II. at Winchester, besides Ham House, afterwards the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale; and William and Mary at Kensington, still a royal palace, and where the former breathed his last. George II. seems to have been much attached to Hampton Court, and the partiality of George III. for Windsor, as well as of George IV. for Brighton, and of her present Majesty for Buckingham Palace, are well known.

NAPOLEON'S CORONATION.

DOMESTIC DISSENSIONS.

NAPOLEON, it is well known, was of a highly irritable temper, and ill brooked any opposition to his orders. Bourienne informs us that, at times, he was worked up to such a pitch, that he often ran the risk of overturning the chair on which he sat, so violent was the action with which he threw himself against the back. Other authors have related numerous anecdotes of the suddenness of his fits of passion, some even going so far as to aver, that the Emperor raised his hand against the Pope. Few, however, have recorded the dissensions which, on the day of his coronation, are said to have reigned among the immediate members of his family. The author of "The Secret History of St. Cloud" tell us, that the principal part of that day was spent by Josephine in tears in her library; for, according to the military rules by which the whole household was regulated, she had incurred the displeasure of her husband. "When, on the 28th of March, 1804, the senate had determined on offering Bonaparte the imperial dignity, he immediately gave his wife full powers to form the household of persons who, from their birth and principles, might be worthy, and could be trusted, to encompass the imperial couple. She consulted Madame Rémusat, who, in her turn, consulted her friend de Ségur, who, in his turn, consulted his *bonne amie*, Madame de Montbrune. This lady determined that, if Bonaparte and his wife felt desirous to be waited upon by persons above them in ancestry and honour, they should pay liberally for such sacrifices. The old nobility started objections she was not prepared to encounter, and time passed away till the 18th of May; when the senate, having proclaimed Napoleon Emperor of the French, not a chamberlain was ready to attend him, nor a maid of honour to attend on his wife. In the morning of the 20th of May, Napoleon asked Josephine who were the persons of each sex she had engaged, as necessary and unavoidable decorations of any emperor and empress. She referred him to Mad. Rémusat, who, though but half-dressed, was obliged to appear before him. This lady avowed, that his grand master of the ceremonies, de Ségur, had been entrusted by her with the whole arrangement, but that she feared he had not been able to complete the whole of the imperial court. Rapp, the aide-de-camp, was then

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dispatched after de Segur, who, as usual, presented himself, smiling and cringing. * * * "The advice was followed by Napoleon (of having his staff, and that of Murat, the governor of Paris, to attend him. De Segur was permitted to retire; but when Mad. Rémusat made a courtesy to leave the room, she was stopped by the terrible *aux arrêts* of Napoleon, and left under the care and responsibility of Lebrun, who saw her safe to the door of her room, where he placed two grenadiers. Napoleon then went out, ordering his wife, at her peril, to be ready, and brilliantly dressed, for the drawing-room. Dreading the consequences of her husband's wrath, Josephine was not only punctual, but so elegantly and tastefully decorated with jewels and ornaments, that all acknowledged her taste and dignity. She thought that, even in the regards of Napoleon, she read a tacit approbation. When all the troublesome bustle of the morning was gone through, and when senators, legislators, tribunes, and prefects, had complimented her as the model of female perfection, on a signal from her husband, she accompanied him in silence through six different apartments before he came to her library, when he surlily ordered her to enter and wait his further commands. 'What have I done, sire, to deserve such treatment?' exclaimed Josephine, trembling. 'If,' answered her husband, 'your friend, Madame Rémusat, has made a fool of you, this is to teach you that you shall not make a fool of me. Have patience, madam! you have plenty of books to divert you, but you must remain where you are until I am inclined to release you.' So saying, Napoleon locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"It was near two in the afternoon when she was shut up: remembering the recent flattery of her courtiers, and comparing it with the unfeeling treatment of her husband, she found herself the more unfortunate, as the expressions of the former were regarded by her as praise due to her merit, while the unkindness of the latter was unavailingly resented as the undeserved oppression of a despot. Business, or perhaps malice, made Napoleon forget to send her any dinner; and when, at 8 o'clock, his brothers and sisters, according to invitation, came to take tea, he said, coldly, 'Apropos, I forgot, my wife has not dined yet; she is busy, I believe, in her philosophical meditations in her study. Madame Louis Bonaparte, her daughter, flew immediately towards her study, and her mother could scarcely for her tears inform her, that she was a prisoner, and that her husband was her jailer. 'Oh, sire,' said Madame Louis, returning, even this remarkable day is a day of mourning for my poor mother.' 'She deserves worse!' replied Napoleon, 'but for your sake she shall be released; here is the key, let her out.'*

"On the same day, Madame Mère was alive to all the respect and deference she considered due to her, being the mother of him whose head was about to be encircled with the imperial diadem. She gave a gentleman, one of her household, orders to observe how many arm-chairs, stools, and chairs, had been placed for the imperial family, and to make his report to her, unobserved, as soon as she entered. This gentleman executed his orders punctually, and informed her that there were but two arm-chairs, one chair, and so many stools. 'Ah! I thought as much!' cried Madame Mère, red with rage; 'the chair is for me, but they have reckoned without their hostess.' Walking quickly up to the ill-omened chair, she asked the chamberlain on duty, with lips quivering with passion, 'Where was her seat?' He motioned with a deep bow to the chair. The queens had already seated themselves on the stools. To snatch hold of the chair, throw it on the unfortunate chamberlain's feet, who nearly screamed with pain, and to rush into the closet where Napoleon and Josephine were waiting, was the affair of a moment to the exasperated mother. The most indecent scene followed, during which the empress-mother declared in the most vehement terms, that if an arm-chair was not immediately given her she would leave the '*salle*,' after explaining aloud the reason for her conduct. Napoleon, though furiously exasperated, was obliged to put a good face upon the matter, and got out of the scrape by throwing the whole blame on poor Count Segur;" and, "says the narrator of this extraordinary scene, "de Segur was presently seen, himself carrying an arm-chair for the (for once) victorious mother."†

At the marriage of Marie Louise the very same incident was repeated, only that the humbled and intimidated mother no longer had courage to urge the point. H. M.

* Secret History of St. Cloud, Vol. i., pp. 71, &c.

† Tour of a German Prince, Vol. iv. p. 282.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

An occurrence of the most thrilling interest, lately took place at Niagara Falls, attended with imminent peril to the lives of two individuals, but resulting in a most happy and providential deliverance. The new bridge to Iris island is planted in a frightful rapid, where the current is from 20 to 30 miles an hour, and is only about 100 to 150 yards above the brow of the great precipice or perpendicular fall. A carpenter, by the name of Chapin, was engaged with others in covering the bridge, and while at work upon a staging, about 100 feet from Iris island, accidentally lost his footing, and was precipitated into the rapids, and in the twinkling of an eye swept away toward the great cataract. Speedy and inevitable destruction seemed to await him: but fortunately he was uninjured by the fall, and even in this most hopeless condition retained perfect self-possession. Turning his eye toward the only point of hope above the

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fearful precipice, he succeeded, by great dexterity in swimming, in effecting a landing upon a little island some 20 feet in width and length, the outermost of a group of little cedar islands, situated some 30 or 40 yards above the Falls, and about equidistant from Goat Island and the American shore. There he stood for an hour, looking calmly and beseechingly back upon the numerous spectators who lined the bridge and shores, but with whom he could hold no conversation on account of the distance and the roar of the rapids. There is a man in the village of the Falls, by the name of Robinson, of extraordinary muscular power, great intrepidity, and withal, an admirable boatman, and he was probably the only one that could have been found within 50 miles, who generously volunteered his services, to attempt reaching the island in a boat, and bring Chapin off. A light boat of two oars, similar in construction to the Whitehall race-boats, was soon procured, and he embarked. He proceeded with great deliberation and consummate skill, darting his little boat across the rapid channels, and at the intervening eddies, holding up to survey his situation and recruit his strength for the next trial. In a few minutes he neared the island, but a rapid channel still intervened, sweeping close to the island, and rendering the attempt to land very difficult. He paused for a moment, and then, with all his strength, darted across and sprang from his boat—his foot slipped, and he fell backward into the rapid current. With the spectators it was a moment of thrilling interest and breathless silence; his boat seemed inevitably lost, and himself in fearful jeopardy. Retaining, however, his grasp on the boat, he sprang in, and again seizing his oars, brought up under the lee of the little island. All again felt a momentary relief, but still the great labour and hazard of the enterprise remained to be overcome. A cool head and a strong arm only could effect it. Robinson proved equal to the task. Taking his companion on board, in the same careful and deliberate manner, though at infinitely greater hazard and labour, they effected a safe landing on Goat Island. There the spectators assembled to give them a cordial greeting. A scene of great excitement ensued; the boat was drawn up the bank, and it was moved and carried by acclamation, that a collection be taken upon the spot for Chapin and his deliverer Robinson. After the collection, Robinson and Chapin took their seats in the boat, and were carried in triumph on the shoulders of their neighbours to the village. The interest of the whole scene was heightened by the presence of Chapin's wife and children, who stood on the shore watching with unavailing horror and agony what seemed his inevitable fate.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, Aug. 1839.

The Gatherer.

Organs were first introduced into divine service, A. D. 751.

The proprietor of "The Eccaleobion," has just added some live fish to his collection, "which," he says, not only appear to articulate sounds, but to perform pieces of music in the most correct and harmonious manner."—What next?

The recent case of Miss Moyes, who threw herself from the top of the Monument on Wednesday, the 11th instant, is the fourth instance on record of this kind of suicide. The first was that of a weaver, in 1750; the second, John Craddock, a baker, in 1788; and the third, Lyon Levy, a diamond merchant, January 17th, 1810.

What a charming sight is a large tree in blossom, and after that, when loaded with fruit, enough perhaps to make a hogshead of cyder or perry! A scene of beauty, hopes, and profit, and all! It may be on less than two feet diameter of ground. And above all, what matter of contemplation does it afford, when we let our thoughts descend to a single kernel of an apple or pear? And again, how heightened, on the beholding so great a bulk raised and preserved, by Omnipotent Power, from so small a body.—*Ellis's Practical Farmer.*

Tiles were first used in the year 1246.

Gentleman.—The word "gentleman" is evidently no mark of wealth or station. "You are no gentleman," said a waiter in a tavern to a person who gave him threepence. Threepence more would have constituted the gentleman in the eyes of the waiter, and this threepence may have been withheld through poverty. "What sort of a person," said an individual to his landlady, "is that who occupies your back parlour?" "He is a tailor by trade," said she; "but very much the gentleman." This meant that he paid his five shillings a week regularly. Thus it seems that the word is not confined by any regard to the station or trade of the individual. There is no doubt that we have all a vague conception of something when we hear of a man being a gentleman. If a man eat too heartily, he is not a gentleman; and if another have nothing to eat, he also is not a gentleman.

In the Museum at Oxford, there is a man's skull with five horns on it; also two horns taken from a man's forehead; and a horn five inches and a half long, taken from the head of Mrs. Davis, of Cheshire.

Treatment of Erysipelas by Raw Cotton.—Dr. F. Robertson, of Augusta, Georgia, reports in the July number of the *Southern Medical and Surgical Journal*, two cases of erysipelas successfully treated by the external application of raw cotton.

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The Mirror

OF

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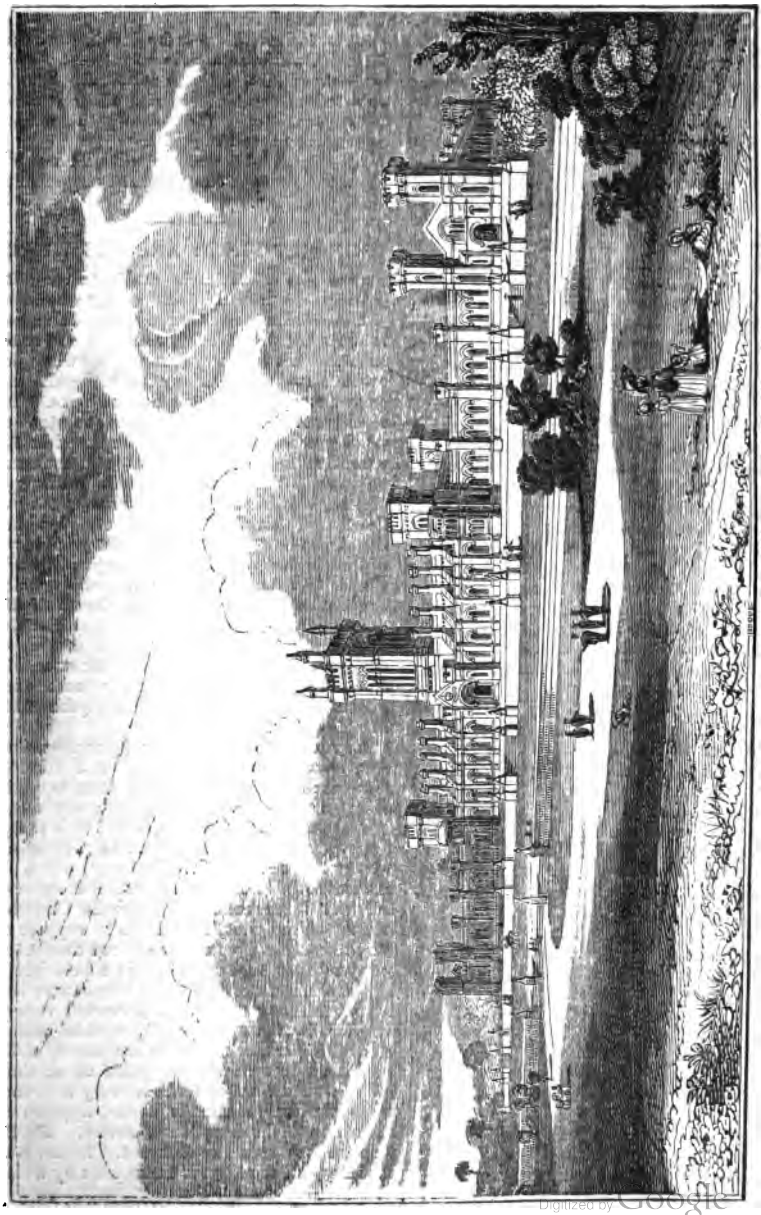

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BATH.

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QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BATH.

THIS noble edifice, now in the course of erection on Claverton Down, a lofty and commanding eminence, will overlook the city of Bath, of which it will become a prominent feature, and be seen from all parts: a better or more eligible site could not possibly have been chosen, whether for the display of the building itself, or for the health of its future occupiers.

The ground on which the building is to be reared, together with the gardens, pleasure-grounds, botanical gardens, &c., comprises an area of fifteen acres, part of which is to be laid out in ornamental walks, &c.; the effect of these, and the surrounding scenery, (which is very beautiful and extensive,) is to be heightened by a handsome fountain.

The grand terrace in front of the building is eight hundred feet in length by sixty in width, and is intended for the carriage approach; besides which, there is to be a smaller terrace, twenty feet in width, on which the building will be elevated: this is to serve as a promenade for the use of the students and subscribers.

The extent of the building is six hundred feet long, (being equal to one side of the area of Lincoln's-inn-fields, London,) varying from forty to forty-five feet in width. It is of a uniform design in the Saxon style, having a grand principal entrance in the centre, consisting of a noble archway, richly ornamented, and surmounted by the appropriate armorial bearings of the College, and leading under the lofty tower (which is one hundred and thirty feet in height) to the chapel, extending to eighty feet behind the front: the wings on each side are terminated by embattled towers, which give a noble and impressive effect to the character of the building.

The interior arrangements are in strict conformity with the exterior, in regard to economy, general utility, and adaptation of construction displayed throughout, consisting of a lecture-theatre, fifty feet by sixty, capable of holding six hundred persons; a museum, one hundred feet by forty, and a library of the same dimensions. The students' apartments are arranged on each side of the long corridors; there are also apartments for the use of the professors, warden, and others connected with the establishment. The rooms are so arranged on the ground-floor, that a view may be obtained from the principal lecture-room through the great hall, saloons, vestibule, and corridors, to the extent of upwards of five hundred feet, to be illumined by a rich stained-glass window at the termination. The height of the building varies from thirty-five to fifty feet, some portions of which are three stories high; the floors being concealed by the transverse mullions of the windows.

This extensive structure is proceeding under the superintendence of the architect, Mr. James Wilson, of Bath, whose design has been presented to the Queen by Lord John Russell, which her Majesty has graciously approved of, and condescendingly accepted.

The object of this institution is to afford a superior literary and scientific education at a moderate rate, in conformity to the Christian principles of our National Church Establishment, and auxiliary to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

It is estimated that the building will cost 30,000*l.*, which sum is to be raised by shares of 100*l.* each, and which is calculated to accommodate two hundred and fifteen students, with capabilities of extending the number, should it be found requisite.

This splendid structure will add much to the attractions of the favoured city of Bath. *Esto perpetua.*

RUNJEET SINGH AND HIS WIVES.

AMONG the remarkable incidents connected with the death of Runjeet Singh,* which took place towards the latter end of last June, none is more worthy of being recorded and noted, than the fact of four princesses, his wives, and seven slave girls, having been permitted to burn themselves on his funeral pyre. The sacrifice of his slaves is, indeed, an atrocious cruelty, enacted, apparently, for no other purpose than that of adding dignity to the funeral pageant. Which of us, when reading in Southey's wild poem, the *Curse of Kehama*, the description of Arvalan's funeral, the burning of his two queens, and of the whole train of female slaves, could have imagined that he would live to behold the incredible fiction realized to the death, at the obsequies of a prince in close alliance with Great Britain! Yet so true is it, that the poetic description of Arvalan's imaginary funeral, becomes, with a very trifling adaptation, the most exact historical record of the real obsequies of the late monarch of Lahore.

Even as regards the four princesses, Gudden, Baant-Allee, Rajkover, and Hindeer, there are circumstances which seem to render their sacrifice inexcusable. We are aware that suttee, in the abstract, is not that altogether black and unredeemable barbarism, wholly founded in a cruel jealousy, which the refined feelings and more softened views of life and death entertained by the Christian nations of the west, lead them to suppose it. On the contrary, we are convinced that suttee was an institute originating in a principle of the most heroic devotion in a heroic age; that it was to one sex, under a perverted view of human duty, what the equally suicidal custom of duelling is at this day to the other, under a similar perversion—the guardian of their honour. This, at least, from every reference to the custom in Hindoo books, appears to have been the conception of suttee. But its practice has been far different. Divest it of publicity, of the religious enthusiasm by which

* For his Portrait and Memoir, see Mirror, No. 947.

it is artfully sustained, of the odour of sanctity with which the admirarion of the multitude surrounds it as with a cloud of incense—of the gorgeous pageantry that attends it—of the physical intoxication by narcotics, which, to our own knowledge, is frequently applied to support, stimulate, or stupify the lagging victim—take away all these, and how few out of one thousand suttees would ever take place! For all practical purposes, therefore, and in the present most unheroic age, all such sacrifices must be held as so many murders—to the commission and abetment of which the rich property distributed as gifts by the departing heroine, and the absorption of that maintenance which must otherwise be allotted to her, are, unfortunately, but too powerful incitements.—*Bombay Times; 27th of last July.*

THE MOURNER'S HOPE!

THERE is a home for the weary head,
There is a balsam to heal its smart—
In Heaven!
There is a refuge for grief and pain,
Where the mourner shall never weep again—
In Heaven!
There is a hope for the outcast one,
A solace for misery's wretched son—
In Heaven!
There is a world where no foot hath trod—
The throne of the high and the mighty God!
'Tis there that the sorrowing soul finds rest,
Midst the Holy, the Beauteous, and the Blest—
In Heaven!

J. M. BLONDEVILLE.

LEGENDS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

THE FAMILY FEUD: A TRAGICAL HISTORY.

DURING the gallant, but ineffectual attempts of the celebrated Duke of Montrose to re-establish the "right divine of kings to govern wrong," in favour of his royal master, he was materially assisted by a detachment of Irish, under the command of Alexander M'Donald, (afterwards knighted by Montrose, in virtue of the powers conferred upon him by the exiled king,) a native of Iona, and a man of great strength and courage.

The very first act of hostility committed by this band of marauders, on landing on the western coast of Scotland, was to take and partly burn the Castle of Mingarry, then the property of Sir Donald Campbell, a partizan of Montrose's great rival, the Duke of Argyll.

The success of this enterprise had been partly owing to the temporary absence of Sir Donald, and partly to the treachery of his neighbour M'Lean, of Ardgower, who had given the enemy information of the defenceless state of the castle.

On Sir Donald's return, after the Irish had advanced into the interior, in order to join the main body of the royalists, he set fire to their "birlings," or long open boats, which had been left under a small guard in Loch Spinart, and afterwards laid waste the lands of M'Lean, against whom he vowed the most deadly vengeance.

M'Lean, although much less powerful than his neighbour, was not to be attacked with impunity. He neglected no opportunity of harassing his enemy, and cutting off his followers in detail, as occasion offered.

This system of petty warfare was carried on with various success for some years after the brave but unfortunate Montrose had suffered an ignominious death on the scaffold, a martyr to a bad cause, (for it must never be forgotten that his sword was drawn against his country struggling for freedom,) and his lieutenant-general, Sir Alexander M'Donald, the immediate cause of this feud, had been obliged to seek safety in flight.

It may here be mentioned, for the enlightenment of the present pacific generation, that a feud in those days among the people referred to, was carried on for perhaps half a century, and much upon the same principle as the modern games of "chess," "cricket," "knock-em-down," &c., the points of the game being the heads won or lost by the respective parties engaged in this *manly* recreation.

Whenever each party could count the same number of heads, there was probably a cessation for a considerable time; but the moment an odd head happened to be struck off, at it they went again with their *claymores* to set all even. In this tame age, petty highland chieftains are restrained by law from indulging in this exciting amusement, the game being, in civilized countries, entirely monopolized by crowned heads.

It was, at last, the fate of Sir Donald's father to be taken off to keep up the equilibrium of the game, having been shot from the small island of Tirifoor, while passing in an open boat. Suspicion naturally fell upon M'Lean; and as by this time something like order had begun to be established among those lawless chieftains, Sir Donald determined, if possible, to compass the destruction of his emeny, by bringing him to trial. And, when it is considered that the law, such as it was, would be administered in this case by the chief of his clan, the Duke of Argyll, who was hereditary chief justice of the county, it must be admitted this was (to continue the allegory) no bad *move* on the part of Sir Donald, knowing what very slender evidence would lead to conviction under the circumstances.

But Sir Donald, although a man proverbial for shrewd cunning, failed for a long time to fix the slightest trace of guilt on M'Lean, until, learning he was from home, he one day paid a friendly visit to his wife, a pretty but foolish woman, in hopes of seeing or hearing something which might criminate his enemy.

When Sir Donald introduced himself, M'Lean's wife was employed in spinning flax for household use. For, in those days, the hum of the spinning-wheel and the distaff was to be heard in halls which now echo the *cadenze* of some fashionable song; and in which the

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harsh tones of the once favourite bagpipes have been superseded by the trill of the Italian *bravura*; and the home-spun plaid and the graceful *snood* have been exchanged for silks and satins, whose wearers lounge listlessly on gilded couches, or perhaps execute some brilliant passage from the last new opera, surrounded by all the luxuries of the south. In short, the people and the country have fairly emerged from barbarism, and that with a rapidity truly wonderful. In the course of less than a century, a wild and almost inaccessible country has been intersected in all directions by roads and canals, through which flows freely and rapidly the tide of commerce and consequent civilization. Mud cabins have been abandoned for comfortable houses, built of stone and lime; rich pastures, on which grazed only the deer and the roe, furnish the markets of the south with choice beef and mutton; and the people, taken by the hand by their civilized neighbours, have learnt their language, adopted their customs, and imitated their commercial enterprise.

The natural consequence of all this is, the loss of their distinctive character, or *caste*, a loss, it is true, which involves the sacrifice of some noble virtues peculiar to rude nations; but mixed up in all cases with vices to such an extent, that the loss cannot but be considered a great gain, not only to themselves, but to their neighbours of the plains, whom they laid under frequent contributions to supply their wants.

In the management of the distaff, which it is here unnecessary to describe minutely, the flax was invariably wrapt in a piece of paper, from which it spun out more freely than from any other substance. Sir Donald, keenly alive to every thing which could possibly further the object of his visit, happened to glance at the paper used by Mrs. M'Lean on the present occasion, and his cunning grey eye sparkled with the anticipated pleasure of revenge, as he comprehended its importance to his cause. But he was too well versed in the art of deception to allow his feelings to betray him; he, therefore, after paying a few compliments to the beauty of his unsuspecting dupe, begged the paper of her in a careless manner, assigning some trifling reason for the request.

The lady, glad of an opportunity to oblige one who seemed to appreciate her charms, and not being blessed with such a knowledge of reading and writing as enabled her to discover the value of the paper, readily granted the desired favour. Sir Donald then, with apparent negligence, thrust the paper into his pocket, and, as soon as he could do so without exciting suspicion, took his leave.

The document of which Sir Donald had acquired possession, as already described, was one of great importance, being a letter clearly implicating M'Lean in the murder of his father.

Before Sir Donald could concert measures for the apprehension of M'Lean, he returned home, and having been informed by his wife of what had passed in his absence, saw at once that his ruin was inevitable if he could not save himself by flight. He, therefore, immediately disguised himself as a mendicant, and passed over into Ireland, in those days the common asylum of such highlanders as could no longer defend themselves against their more powerful enemies.

Although the prey had eluded his grasp on this occasion, Sir Donald was not a man to be thwarted in his pursuit of vengeance by trifling obstacles. He renewed his visit to M'Lean's wife, and, by working on her vanity, he, under a promise of marrying her in the event of her husband being brought to the scaffold, induced her to disclose his place of retreat. He immediately set off for Ireland, and after enduring much toil and trouble in pursuit of his victim, succeeded at last in bringing him back a prisoner to Scotland, and lodging him in the jail of Inverary.

The fate of the unfortunate M'Lean was such as might have been expected. He was condemned to suffer death, and, as he was judged in the spirit of revenge, and not of justice, his relentless enemies, Indian-like, appear to have taxed their inventive powers to discover the most cruel and barbarous method of carrying his sentence into execution.

Within half a mile of the castle of Inverary, is a remarkably steep hill, called Dunquaich. It is not rugged, or composed of rocks, precipices, and ravines, like most of its neighbours; but presents a smooth surface, covered with greensward, from the base to the very summit. At the foot of this hill runs a small river, or rather mountain stream, which waters the valley, and which, in the course of ages, has hollowed out for itself a frightful chasm, through which it dashes in white foam over ledges of broken rocks.

The manner of M'Lean's death was novel as it was cruel. He was adjudged to be hurled down this second Tarpeian rock, encased in a strong cask closely studded with iron spikes, which penetrated a few inches into the interior of it.

As the mangled body of M'Lean came rolling down the hill with frightful velocity, and disappeared in the abyss underneath, where it was dashed to atoms, his implacable enemy, surrounded on the occasion by his friends and followers, expressed a fiendish satisfaction, in having, as he imagined, extinguished this feud by the blood of his enemy, the latter having left no children to inherit the family hatred.

The weak and unnatural wife of the ill-fated M'Lean claimed from Sir Donald, in due time, the fulfilment of the promise he had made of "marrying her." This he professed his willingness to perform, saying, that as he had been brought up to the church, he would "marry her," if she could find any man foolish enough to have her. When the wretched woman upbraided him with his perfidy, his only answer was a demoniac laugh of exulta-

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tion at the success of his own schemes, and the folly of his miserable dupe.

Stung with remorse for her unnatural conduct, and rendered desperate by the contempt with which Sir Donald treated her, she snatched a dagger from his belt, and, before he was aware of her purpose, plunged it into his heart.

Hurrying from the Castle of Mingarry, the scene of this tragedy, before Sir Donald's attendants were aware of what had taken place, she rushed towards the extremity of the promontory on which it stands, and which terminates in a perpendicular rock or cliff of several hundred feet in height. As she reached within a few yards of the extreme point of the rock, some of Sir Donald's people were so close upon her as to lay hold of the plaid scarf always worn by highland ladies of those days, and fastened in front by a circular silver brooch. The brooch, strained beyond its power, gave way and left the fluttering garment in the hands of the pursuers, while its unfortunate owner, with one wild scream of despair, dashed from the fearful precipice, into the foaming waves underneath.

This tragical affair gave the rock the name of the "Lady's Leap," which it still retains. Thus ended this deadly feud, by the total extinction of the two families engaged in it.

Often did the fishermen afterwards assert that they saw a female form standing with outstretched arms, on the edge of the "Lady's Leap," as, in the still silence of the night, they cast their nets along its base. Such, however, is no longer the case, for, whether it is that the lady, grown more particular, thinks it improper to be abroad at night, or that the fishermen of the present generation, less imaginative than their forefathers, are too well versed in the science of optics to mistake the outstretched wings of a sea-mew for a lady's arms, it is difficult to say; but the rock now presents no object to the most searching eye, save the dark outline of the ruinons Castle of Mingarry, a monument of the barbarous ages to which the foregoing story relates. *M.*

A SLEEPY HEARER.

The pulpit and the temple were not always exempt from the ludicrous. Though few men could sleep under Mr. Isaac, yet in one instance a man, who had been sleeping some time unobserved, rendered himself rather conspicuous by giving an uncommon yawn, before he was aware of the place where he was. Mr. Isaac, looking towards him, and with something like affected pity, said, "I am sorry I have disturbed you,"—giving a notion of an obtrusion upon the sick, whose chamber and repose it was improper to disturb. The effect, he remarked afterwards, upon his own mind, was such, that he never before had such a struggle with himself, to prevent bursting into a fit of laughter. His own address—the unexpected sound—the wildness, surprise, and confusion of the man, in staring round the chapel, before and after he was fully awake to his situation, were almost too much for him. —*Memoirs of the Rev. Daniel Isaac.*

TURKISH HAREM.

I was extremely anxious (says Dr. Oppenheim,) to judge from experience of the beauty of the Circassian and Georgian women, who are sold in their earliest youth, and sent into every part of the Sultan's dominions, either to perform some menial office, or become the favourite of their master. I was also desirous to see the interior arrangement and management of a harem. I had soon an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. The favourite wife of the Kiaja-Bey, Governor of Adrianople, having been sick for two or three days, the Pasha, who placed implicit confidence in me, informed him that I could most certainly effect a cure if permitted to see her. The Kiaja-Bey, to whom I was not personally known, sent to request me to accompany his harem-kiaja, a black eunuch, to his harem, which lay at more than a quarter of a league from his house. We proceeded to a low door, which being opened on our knocking, admitted us into a garden, where I found an airy pavilion, the coolness of which was preserved by a magnificent fountain and cascades. In this delightful spot, I was served with coffee and a pipe, while my arrival was announced. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, I was conducted through the garden to the second door, where I was received by a veiled woman, the superintendent, or portress to the harem, who took me through a garden into a building appropriated exclusively to the use of the women; where a number of slaves and children, white and black, crowded round me with eager curiosity, or peeped from behind the curtains. At last the sick chamber was opened to me; it was a neat little apartment, with red furniture, and closed curtains: the fair patient was lying on cushions arranged on the carpeted floor, close to an ottoman, and covered from head to foot with a white cloth, in such a manner as to leave the beholder in actual doubt of her presence. Having seated myself on the ottoman near the head of the couch, the attendants were dismissed, leaving only the interpreter, the two children of the sick lady, and an old nurse. The patient answered all questions through the veil, without hesitation or prudery. When I expressed a desire to feel her pulse, two pretty white hands were protruded from under the covering; and when I asked to see her tongue, the patient slightly raised her veil, yet in such a manner as to allow me to obtain a glance of the features of a most lovely brunette, that could scarcely have attained her twentieth year. She directly after shrunk back under the drapery, and requested that I would now leave the room, and address any further questions to the nurse, who was well acquainted

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with her state. I was then conducted by the nurse into the *selamlick*,* where I was again treated with coffee and a pipe. W. G. C.

A RAMBLE THROUGH SHERWOOD.

WHOEVER loves to explore the many interesting localities in the land, and knows the luxury of thought to which such places give rise, as are endeared by historic associations, or as having been the scene of those highly-wrought human passions and feelings, which form the poetry of life, let such seek the storied region of Sherwood Forest, and its neighbourhood. There, whether reclining beneath some giant oak of five hundred summers, or rambling through the woods of Thorsby, Newstead, or Clumber, ample food for thought and reflection may be found. This part of woody Nottinghamshire has been visited and described by Mr. Washington Irving, with the graphic power so peculiar to that charming writer; presumptuous it may be, to follow in this track, after the light he has cast over it, but too much can hardly be said in recommendation of this romantic region, to the tourist. The most considerable remains of the forest, about ten miles from the old town of Mansfield, extend in length more than a mile, and after travelling along a road bordering wild heaths, you are at once ushered into the "dim old sounding wilderness," where the heroes in Lincoln-green twanged the bow in sylvan shade, under the empire of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, six hundred years ago. Far and wide do the venerable oaks of Sherwood spread their branches, and round their thick and gnarled trunks, an impenetrable growth of underwood is spreading. A winding path leads through this relic of other times, and far on either side, extend dense masses of shade and leaf, where scarce a ray of the flitting sun-beam can penetrate. To render the scene complete, up started a fat deer from his lair amongst the brushwood.

"The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted sought his woods and wilderness again."

In this veritable remnant of the bold outlaw's resort, with its o'erarching roof of leaves, and solitary echoes, the green monarchs of the scene remain a wonder and a show; no more does the freebooter's horn call together the wild dwellers in these solitudes, or his rapid step brush the dew away beneath these branches; other times and manners have sprung up around them, and with each revolving year they put forth leaves little noticed or regarded, and proudly spread their sheltering arms over far other visitants. This part, called Birkland, is the property of Lord Manvers, and near to it is his pleasant seat of Thorsby, surrounded by a park, where the deer in thick clusters congregate on the velvet lawn, or bound through the thicket. The gardens, with fountains glittering amongst the trees, are shaded by a long avenue of laurels, where is an urn to the memory of Nelson. About four miles from the pretty town of Worksop, is the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, a perfect specimen of refined adornment and princely elegance.

Sweet Clumber! sacred be thy leafy shades,
Thy stately woods, and green retiring glades,
Thy sparkling founts, thy flowers of every hue,
Thy willows drooping o'er the waters blue.
Thy terraced gardens, where enchantment seems,
To realize romantic fancy's dreams;
Where taste refined, and polished art proclaim,
Clinton's fair home, and grace his patriot name.

The gardens are adorned with stone balustrades and terraces, leading down to the edge of a lake bordered with wood; and on these, at short distances, are urns, statues, and birds; and amongst the flowers, the glittering waters of a jet d'eau, give an air of refreshing coolness. A spacious marble fountain is in preparation, which will still further aid the appearance which this enchanting scene presents, of some favoured spot beneath a kindlier sky. The house is rich in pictures of interest. Sigismunda, weeping over the bleeding heart of her husband, by an Italian artist; the mute expression of unutterable woe, for ever there. In the grand drawing-room are splendid portraits of George the Second, and the fair Queen Caroline. A fine painting of the "baptism in Jordan," where, in the face of the kneeling baptist, wonder and adoring faith are admirably expressed. In another room, is a noble full-length portrait of Lord Strafford,* for whose cruel and unjust execution in 1640, his royal master could never forgive himself. The face has an earnest pleading look, as if making a last appeal to his judges. Here may be seen the "laughter-loving king," with his jetty hair, and reckless expression of countenance; and opposite, the stern designing aspect of the Protector, with the smooth locks, and unadorned garb of the puritan. There are besides many family portraits; a marble bust of the present duke adorns the entrance hall.

The library is of great extent, having a gallery running round it, the floor resembling black and white marble pavement. Altogether, this beautiful residence combines, in an eminent degree, magnificence, with that humble word comfort, and order, which strikingly reigns throughout.

Welbeck Abbey, the noble mansion of the Duke of Portland, situate some six miles from Clumber, well repays the fatigue of threading the tangled mazes of woodland which lead to it; surrounded by ancestral groves, and green alleys, "from busy towns remote," and so perfect in solitary beauty, that Shakspeare's wood of Ardenne comes involuntarily to fancy's eye; it was easy to picture there the exiled duke, exclaiming,—

"Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?"

Or hear the melancholy Jaques carol his song,

"Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

* The antechamber of the master.

* By Vandyke.

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A lofty stone archway conducts through spacious court-yards to the magnificent front of the Abbey—imposing in its aspect, and every way worthy to be the abode of an English nobleman. Over the grand entrance, is the date 1749. Within, spacious saloons, winding passages, and pictured galleries, full of portraits without number, greet you. The library is a place of great interest and beauty, and must, from its style, be of an older date; the monastic roof, with the dim light from gothic windows, assists the idea of its antiquity. In a somewhat deserted room, amongst other portraits of the great of other years, is the beautiful Queen of Scots, taken two years before her execution,—pale and grief-worn, but lovely still, the figure well portraying the peerless grace ascribed to the ill-starred Mary. This likeness was painted when she was in the custody of George, Earl of Shrewsbury, and his second wife, the renowned "Bess of Harelurck," whose likeness may be found in a dimly-lighted gallery in another part of the Abbey; and in its cold unfeeling lineaments, well expresses the character given of her—selfish and imperious. This lady, selected by Elizabeth to have the safe keeping of the royal captive, "after burying four husbands, from all of whom," says the chronicler, "she strove to enrich herself," lived to the age of 91, and lies entombed in the Church of All Saints, Derby. To return to Welbeck, "the bright star of the west," as the maiden queen was called, may be seen in an old picture representing her in the palace garden, surrounded by courtiers, and attired in the high ruff, stiff brocade, and unsightly head-dress of the day—a contrast indeed to her lovely rival. Leading from the gallery, is a noble full-length portrait of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, looking as if the sun of his prosperity had not begun to decline towards the neglect which clouded over his day, before his departure. "In the worst inn's worst room," at Kirby Moorside, "Peter in prison awoke by the angel," is a picture on which no one can look without emotion; the figures of the sleeping jailors, contrasted with the etherial visitant, the light from whose presence gleams on the dungeon floor, with the amazement of the awakened prisoner, are all expressed with wonderful power. Endless are the portraits of those whose high and titled names are all that remain to tell that such have been. Stately dames in the costume of a former day, and warriors whose victories fame repeats no longer. Yet is there a luxury in their contemplation, and a moral in their silent forms, and speaking eyes, which whispers to the heart of the vanity of all things earthly. But farewell to Welbeck, with its stately woods, gardens, and waterfalls—beautiful amongst the "stately homes of England."

"The deer across their green-sward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound,
Of some rejoicing stream."

ANNE R—.

(*To be continued.*)

ORIGIN OF THE ORDER OF JESUITS.

AT the present period, when the papal hierarchy is making strenuous efforts to regain her lost power, and to become once more great amongst the nations, some account of that remarkable body of men, whose busy, intriguing, and, we may add, mischievous influence, has been exerted, in a greater or less degree, in all parts of the world, may not be considered as unnecessary.

The Order of the Jesuits was instituted in the year 1540, and it originated (not as might have been expected) in the profound policy of its founder, but in his fanatical zeal and restless desire of fame. Ignatio Loyola was a wild adventurer, whose enthusiasm had incited him to engage in schemes as visionary as any recorded in the Romish legends of the Saints. This spirit prompted him to become the founder of a religious order; and, with the view of rendering his design more successful, he asserted, that the plan which he had devised, of its constitution and laws, was suggested by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. Notwithstanding this high pretension, his design was at first decidedly opposed by those persons from whom he expected the warmest support. The Pope, for whose sanction he had immediately applied, referred him to a committee of cardinals, who gave it as their opinion that such an establishment would be unnecessary, as well as dangerous; and in consequence of this the Pope refused his consent. The scruples of his holiness were, however, subsequently removed by a proposal from Loyola, that, in addition to the three vows of poverty, chastity, and monastic obedience, which were common to all the orders, a fourth should be taken by the Jesuits, of obedience to the Pope, and that they should bind themselves, as his servants, to go wherever he appointed them to labour.

At a period when so many of the European nations had revolted from the authority of the Holy See, the acquisition of a body of men, so devoted to its interests, was an object of the highest importance, and the Pope confirmed the Institution of the Jesuits by his Bull, granting ample privileges to the society, and appointing Loyola as the first general of the Order. The Pope's discernment in this proceeding was fully justified by the result. At the time when the formation of the society was first projected, the number of its members consisted of only ten persons; but, in the course of fifty-eight years, it increased to ten thousand five hundred and eighty-one individuals, all zealous adherents of the papal see.

The constitution and laws of the society were perfected by Loynez and Aquaviva, two generals who succeeded Loyola, and who were greatly superior to him in the art of governing. They constructed that system of profound and artful policy which distinguishes the Order; whilst the fanaticism, mingled with its regulations, must be imputed to Loyola, its

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founder. The peculiarities of character in the Order of the Jesuits, contributed to render them more influential than any other religious body; for, whilst the object of all other monastic orders was to separate the members of them from the affairs of the world, and to enjoin upon them extraordinary acts of mortification and piety, the intention of this society was to train its adherents for active service. They were taught to consider themselves as soldiers of the cross, and, at the same time, to mingle in all the affairs of human life.

They thus exercised a twofold influence on the destinies of mankind. That they might have sufficient leisure for these complicated duties, they were exempted from those rigorous austerities which constituted the principal part of the duties of other monks. They were required to insinuate themselves into the confidence of men of rank and influence, in order that they might thus be made the unconscious instruments of their own subjugation to the papal power. As the object of the Jesuits differed so essentially from that of all other societies, so also did their form of government. The other religious orders were considered as voluntary associations, and the executive power was vested in the persons placed at the head of the societies; but Loyola had, from his military profession, imbibed ideas of implicit obedience, and the government of his new Order was purely monarchical. A general was chosen for life by the deputies from the several provinces, and was invested with supreme and independent power. Every candidate for admission into the society was obliged to confess, not only his sins and defects, but also to discover his inclinations and passions. This confession was to be renewed every six months, a strict scrutiny being, in the mean time, exercised over his language and actions. To gain a more perfect knowledge of the character of each individual, a long noviciate was required, before he was admitted to take the final vows and become a professed member. In order that the general, who was the soul that animated the whole society, might obtain an intimate knowledge of its complicated machinery, minute details of the character and abilities of each person were frequently drawn up and registered for his inspection. He was thus enabled to take a comprehensive survey of the conduct of the societies in every part of the world in which they might be stationed. He could judge of the qualifications and talents of each member, and appoint him to the service best adapted to his genius. From the first institution of their Order, the Jesuits considered the education of youth as their peculiar province; and, by this means, they obtained an almost unlimited sway over the human mind when in its most ductile state. The philosophic mind will at once conceive the unbounded power and influence which this master-stroke of policy would insure to their society; and we find that, before the expiration of the sixteenth century, they had the chief direction of the education of youth in every Catholic country in Europe. They had also become the confessors of almost all its monarchs, and were the spiritual guides of every person of distinguished rank and power.

As the possession of wealth has, in all ages, been the grand secret of acquiring influence, the Jesuits were not slow in availing themselves of this engine of power. Their vow of poverty was artfully eluded, under the pretext that the success of their missions, which the observance of that vow would greatly retard, was a paramount consideration, to which all inferior ones might lawfully give place.

Acting upon this principle, they obtained a special license from the court of Rome to trade with the nations whom they were labouring to convert. In consequence of this, a lucrative commerce was speedily opened, both in the East and West Indies. They also obtained possession of a large and fertile province of South America, and reigned as sovereigns over an immense number of inhabitants.

It has been before observed, that the grand principle which influenced the minds and conduct of the Jesuits was, ardent attachment to their Order; to this, all other principles were subservient; and this serves as a key to the genius of their policy. In order to accomplish their designs, and acquire an ascendancy over the minds of the great, they scrupled not to propagate a system of pliant morality, which accommodated itself to the passions of mankind, and tolerated their vices. To these means of extending their influence might be added, their zealous patronage of those doctrines which exalt ecclesiastical power on the ruins of civil government: and, unhappily for the interests of mankind, their designs were but too successful. They considered it as their peculiar function to combat the opinions, and check the progress, of the Protestants; and they might justly be deemed responsible for most of the calamitous effects arising from such ill-directed zeal.

Whilst the Jesuits were thus exerting so baneful an influence over the best interests of mankind, truth obliges us to state, that there were some redeeming advantages which the very genius of their policy tended to confer. In order that the minds of the young might be trained to skilful argument and diplomatic cunning, it was necessary that they should be carefully instructed in every branch of polite literature. Thus, whilst the furtherance of their own views was the ultimate object of their zeal, in this respect they conferred, indirectly, an immense benefit on science and literature. They also distinguished themselves in the new world by the humanity they exercised towards the unfortunate victims of European cupidity. In Paraguay, this humanity was more particularly exerted; and its wretched inhabitants were instructed and civilized by their unwearied efforts. The beneficial tendency of the institutions they formed in that

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country was soon apparent, in the improvement and happiness of the people; and, by them, the Jesuits were respected and beloved almost to adoration. It may appear to be invidious to cast a shade upon so beautiful a picture. Yet, over all these humane exertions the genius of their policy still hovered unseen, and pervaded every movement of their minds. The aim they had constantly in view was to establish an independent empire in Paraguay, subject to the society alone; and which, from the superiority of its constitution, could not fail to extend its dominion over the whole of the southern continent of America.

The historical details of this attempt are too extended to be inserted in this slight sketch of the Jesuits, but they contain masterstrokes of their peculiar policy, which are unequalled in the annals of any other body of men.

In concluding this brief notice of an Order whose influence has been so universally feared and experienced, it should be remarked, that, in order to form a correct estimate of their exertions, even when they were really beneficial to society, we must apply the moral touchstone, and inquire into the motives which actuated their whole proceedings. In answer to this question the most candid mind must be compelled to acknowledge, that a selfish and worldly policy was the governing principle of their exertions. Unbounded attachment to their Order, and zeal in the propagation of its tenets, led them to aspire to complete dominion over the minds of mankind. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to study the general laws and principles on which human conduct was founded, and to avail themselves of its weaknesses and vices to further their own views; the same zeal, judiciously exercised in promoting the true interests of religion, in inculcating upon their followers a singleness of heart towards God, and disinterested benevolence to man, would have rendered the Jesuits the most distinguished benefactors of their species that the world had ever produced.

INFLUENCE OF THE SEASONS.

The influence of Spring upon us is as delightful as it is wonderful, for it differs from all other seasons in regenerative joy and gladness; in Summer our satisfaction is of a more matured nature, for then we have reached the acme of perfection. Autumn is perhaps delightful, but its pleasurable features are similar to those with which we look upon a beloved friend with whom we are about to part, perhaps for ever; for who shall tell what winter may bring forth! Winter, whose icy grasp benumbs the genial features of the year. Winter, during whose dread reign we tremble and grow pale, when we hear the Storm King ride forth upon the blast. C. S.

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

From the Reports of the Charity Commissioners.

CONINGSBY'S HOSPITAL, HEREFORD.

By indenture enrolled in the Court of Chancery, bearing date the 1st of July, 1617, and made between Sir Thomas Coningsby, of Hampton Court, in the county of Hereford, knight, of the one part; and Symon Savery, of Bodenham, in the same county, clerk; and Charles Adams, of Bodenham, aforesaid, gentleman, of the other part. After reciting the statute 29 Elizabeth, whereby persons seised of an estate in fee simple, were empowered to establish hospitals, and to incorporate them by such names as they should appoint, it was witnessed, that the said Sir Thomas Coningsby, in thankfulness to God for his defence and protection, as well in travels by sea and land, as also against malice and practice at home, and with a Christian hope for his blessing on his posterity, then depending on the last of six sons, by his wife Phillipa, daughter of Sir Willian Fitzwilliam; and being seised in fee of houses and lands, and of the following parcels of commandry, that were the inheritance of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem,—did ordain, constitute, and appoint, that the quadrangle, or square building of stone, consisting of twelve dwellings, a chapel and hall, and to other rooms intended for a pantry, and one great room over them, and the soil whereon they stood, and that court inclosed within it, bounded on the west by the High Street, without Widemarsh-gate, and on all other parts by the lands of the said Sir Thomas Coningsby, some time the possession of the prior of St. John of Jerusalem, near the city of Hereford, should be and remain a hospital for ever, to be called Coningsby's Company of Old Servitors, in the suburbs of the city of Hereford, to consist of a chaplain, and eleven poor old servitors, that had been soldiers, mariners, or serving men, for ever; the chaplain to be a graduate in the University of Oxford; six of the said number of eleven servitors to be old soldiers of three years' service, at least, in the wars, if so many be thought fit and eligible, in the counties of Hereford, Worcester, and Salop; and if not, then the number to be supplied by mariners of the same counties, of three years tried employment at sea; and the other five to old serving men of seven years' service in one family, and destitute of better maintenance; whereof, one of the servitors being a soldier, should be the head and governor, and called the corporal of Coningsby's Company of Old Servitors; and the chaplain should be assistant to such head or chief; the chaplain and each of the eleven servitors to have a lodging with three rooms, two above and one below, in the said hospital, and there reside during their lives, behaving according to the ordinances prescribed, under the hand and seal of the said Sir Thomas Coningsby; the corporal to have the lodging adjoining to the hall; the chaplain the lodging adjoining to the chapel; and the rest in order

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according to their antiquity. And the said Sir Thomas Coningsby thereby nominated the first chaplain, corporal, and old servitors, and he incorporated them according to the power given him by the statute aforesaid, and ordered that the common seal should be a 'coney in a bunch of feathers in a coronet,' and be kept in a chest, of which the chaplain was to keep one key, and the corporal the other.

And the corporal and chaplain, and the whole of each servitors, should have out of the rents of the lands to be assigned for that purpose for every week, two loaves of bread, weighing four pounds each, to be delivered in the hall of the hospital, the one on the Monday morning, the other on the Thursday morning, and two full ale quarts of beer every day, one quart at 11 o'clock, and the other quart at 6 o'clock; such beer to be made of barley malt, after the rate of three bushels to the hogshead, from All Saints-tide till Easter, and after the rate of two bushels to the hogshead, from Easter to All Saints-tide; and every one of the said corporation within seven days after Michaelmas Day, should have two cheeses of the best Shropshire cheese, or as good as the best was then accounted, each chesse to weigh forty pounds, and also three gallons of good wholesome butter, such cheese and butter to be provided yearly at Kingsland Fair, or some other fair, fit for that purpose; and also should have yearly before the feast of St. Michael, one hundred fagots, of one yard in length, and thirty inches in compass, for fuel and firing. And the said Sir Thomas Coningsby, for himself, his heirs, and assigns, did covenant that there should be for ever kept upon some good ground not far from the hospital, a stock of kine, whereby such of the said hospital as should want milk for their diet should have two quarts for a penny in the summer, and three pints for a penny in the winter, so as none of them should buy more than one quart in one day. And he appointed that yearly on the festivals of Christmas, Candlemas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and All Saints, and on every Sunday throughout the year, the corporal, chaplain, and company, should have a dinner and supper in the common hall out of the common stock, viz.—at dinner, a piece of roast beef, and at supper, mutton and broth, made in a competent manner, with bread and beer, over and above their weekly allowance, and a fire in the hall upon the festivals and Sundays from All Saints-tide till the first day in Lent; and for their further maintenance, the corporal and chaplain should each of them have 3*s.* 4*d.* paid to them weekly, and every other old servitor 2*s.* 6*d.*, such payments to be made on Monday mornings in the common hall after prayers.

And touching the apparel of the corporal and company, the said Sir Thomas Coningsby ordained, that each should have at his first admittance, a fustian suit, of ginger colour, of a soldier-like fashion, seemly laced, a hat with a band of white, a soldier-like jerkin, with half-sleeves, and a square shirt down half the thigh, with a moncado, or Spanish cap, a soldier-like sword, with a belt, to wear as he goeth abroad, a cloak of red cloth, lined with red baize, and reaching to the knee, and a seemly gown to be worn, of red cloth, reaching down to the ancle, lined likewise with red baize, to be worn in the hospital and in the city of Hereford, and the said cloak to be worn in further walks or journeys. And that afterwards yearly on the eve of the feast of Pentecost, there should be the like suit of fustian every year for ever, of the same fashion that the first were delivered to each of them upon the said feast of Pentecost; every second year, the like hat and jerkin, and every third year, on the feast of All Saints, the like gown and cloak delivered to each of them.

And the said Sir Thomas Coningsby did further ordain, that whensoever the company should go to the Cathedral Church, or to any other public place in the city of Hereford, the chaplain and corporal should go together before the rest of the company, the chaplain with his bible, and the rest by two and two, as the corporal and chaplain should associate them; the corporal and company wearing their swords, if the law would permit, and wearing also their apparel and gowns aforesaid.

And he also ordained, that none should be elected into the hospital but such as were of good name and honest behaviour, and had served three years, at the least, in the wars, in camp, royal garrison, or charge military, in the service of the kings or queens of England, or their friends or allies, or in other camps or charge military not against the English crown. And such of the said mariners as should be chosen into the company, should be such as had had three years' employment at sea, and had never been touched with note of piracy; the serving men to be of good and honest behaviour, having served in one house or family for the space of seven years; and if any of the company should haunt ale-houses, or be a common drunkard, quarreller, and babbler, or live incontinently, or be proved to beg or cozen, or commit any other notorious crime, not capital, and be thereof justly detected before the Mayor of Hereford, or any other justice of the peace, such offender should be admonished in the common hall for his first offence, be deprived of his maintenance of diet for one month for the second, and expelled for the third.

And he further ordained, that the corporal and chaplain should have the receipt and collection of the rents, and of all corn and provisions given for the maintenance of the company, and out of the same should pay themselves; and the rest of the allowances appointed as aforesaid, the overplus of money or provisions, to be put up as a common stock, the money in the chest, and the provisions in the store-house, to be appointed out of the new buildings; provided that if the corporal or the chaplain should wilfully keep back to his pri-

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vate use 5*s.* worth of the duties and allowances of the said company, he should, *ipso facto*, lose his place, upon such offence being made known and proved, either by the confession of the party, or the testimony of two competent witnesses, to the said Sir Thomas Coningsby, or his heirs, or the owners of Hampton Court. He also ordained, that the corporal or chaplain should account before him, or his heirs, or the owners aforesaid, once a year, for all such sums of money as had been received, such account to be entered in a book for that purpose in times convenient for entering the same.

And finally, he reserved to himself full power and authority to remove the corporal or chaplain, or any of the company, during his life, and to alter any of the laws and ordinances then made, or thereafter to be made, and to make new laws and ordinances for the government of the hospital, and for receiving, paying, and accounting of, and for the rents and provisions, such laws and ordinances to be entered in a register, and to be observed and kept, provided they should not be contrary to the laws of the realm; the same to be fairly engrossed on parchment, and to remain in some eminent place of the hall, to the end that all the company might know what they were to do and observe.

(*To be continued.*)

New Books.

The History and Antiquities of the Parish of Hammersmith. By Thomas Faulkner. 8vo. Nichols and Son.

[It gives us great pleasure in being enabled to call the attention of our readers to the above highly valuable and truly-entertaining work. It is written in the pure style of Topography—not half filled with imaginative theories, strung together merely to make a story, but full of sound information, the result of diligent research after *the truth*, in order that the pages might be safely quoted; thus rendering it a valuable work of reference, as well as of pleasing history—*Utile et Dulce*. The work is interspersed with biographical notices of eminent persons who have been born or resided in the above important parish, during the three preceding centuries; and is also illustrated with many engravings. Whilst dilating on the horticulture of the parish, Mr. Faulkner gives us the following information:—]

The love of gardening seems almost innate to man, in all stages of his existence, in all climates; and whatever occupations engage his attention and time, man is everywhere a gardener. If gardening be the enjoyment of youth, and the relaxation from toil in middle life, it is surely, of all imaginable occupations, the most suitable to our declining years. It requires precisely enough of mind and body to keep them both in health, sufficient to stimulate, not to fatigue and exhaust. Every day affords some new anticipation, and evolves, with the opening blossom, some new beauty. There is something in the operations of a garden, which sheds such a serenity and composure over the mind, that he who is vexed with the cares of life will lay down his burden for a happy hour, while he prunes his vines, or shades his tulips, or thins his shrubbery. It is beautifully said by Lord Bacon, "that a garden is the purest of all human pleasures." It may be useful to inquire from whence all our shrubs, fruits, flowers, and vegetables have been obtained. It is a remarkable fact, that we have scarcely any esculent vegetable, which this country can call its own, otherwise than by adoption; our beer and our bread are from fruits indigenous to other soils. Wheat and rye came from Siberia. It is not known whence barley and oats first came, but they are not natives of England. We derive rice from Ethiopia, buck wheat from Asia, the cauliflower from Cyprus, kidney beans from the East Indies, asparagus from Asia, garlick from the east, tobacco from America, horseradish from China, lentils from France, parsley from Egypt, fennel from the Canary Islands. Sir Anthony Ashley first planted cabbages in this country, from Holland. To Sir Walter Raleigh we are indebted for that most useful root, the potatoe,* which he brought from the mountains of Quito, in South America. The use of artificial grass was familiar to the farmers, both of Italy and the Provinces, particularly that which is in such high estimation with us, the lucerne, which derives its name and origin from Media. Gibbon remarks, that the foreign extraction of many of the flowers and esculent herbs and fruits which grow in European gardens, is betrayed even by their names. The apple was a native of Italy: and when the Romans had tasted the rich flavour of the apricot, the peach, the pomegranite, the citron, and the orange, they contented themselves with applying to all those new fruits the common denomination of apple, discriminating them from each other by the additional epithet of their country. The fig-trees planted by Cardinal Pole, in the reign of Henry VIII., are still standing at Lambeth. The mulberry is a native of Persia, and is said to have been introduced in 1576. The almond was introduced in 1570, and came from the east. The chesnut is a native of the south of Europe. The walnut came from Persia, but the time of its introduction is unknown. The apricot came from America, about 1566. The plum is a native of Asia, and was imported into Europe by the crusaders; and damascene takes its name from the city of Damascus. Thomas Lord Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VIII., enriched our fruit gardens with three different sorts of plums. In the reign of Elizabeth, Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury, transplanted here the tamarisk tree. Oranges were brought here by one of the Carew family. The peach is a native of Persia. The

* See Diction. D'Hist. Nat. art. Batattee. tom. ii. p. 74.

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nectarine was first introduced about 1562. Cherries are said to have come originally from Cerasus, a city of Pontus, from whence Lucullus first brought them into Italy, and they were introduced into Britain about the year 53. It appears that they were sold commonly in the streets, in the time of Lydgate, who mentions them in his poem called "*Lickpenny.*"

"Hot peropde one began to crye
Strawberrys rype an cherrys in the ryse."

Filberts were so named from Chilperic, King of France. The quince, called cydonia, from Cydon, was cultivated in this country in Gerard's time.

As with fruits, so with flowers, the jessamine comes from the East Indies; the tulip from Cappadocia; the daffodil from Italy; the elder tree from Persia; the tube-rose from the warmer provinces of North America, as well as from Java and Ceylon; the pink and carnation came from Italy; and it may be suspected that many of the wild flowers which now adorn our hedges, though neutralized, are not natives, but have been disseminated through the means of birds, from cultivated spots. The crab, the slow, the blackberry, the acorn, the beachmast, and the hazel nut, may be also said to comprehend the meagre and crude variety of vegetable food, which alone our native woods can boast. From whatever climates these productions may have come originally, we have now abundance of both fruits and flowers inured to our climate, and reconciled to our soil. Exotics from the north and south, from the equatorial to the polar regions, from the furthermost east and west, do homage to our care and skill in horticulture; they now propagate their several species among us, giving beauty to our fields, fragrance to our gardens, and sustenance to ourselves.

We have in agriculture and in horticulture, the assistance of that fair hand-maid, nature, who, indeed, demands no price for her favours, but only that assiduous courtship which excludes any rival from participating in her genial influence; at her shrine labour must be our constant attendant; she demands employment for the child of indigence, and will not fail to reward the employer with the horn of plenty. Manufacturers frequently cannot support their own population, but on the contrary, have a tendency to shorten greatly the duration of human life. It is, therefore, to agriculture's healthy sons that we must look for a supply, to make up the loss experienced in manufactories, in great cities, in commerce, and above all, in war. Agriculture alone is the certain and ultimate resource of the state. From hence only is to be derived health, wealth, and strength.*

[The above work is so redolent of pleasurable matter, that we shall again refer to it, and enrich our pages with some of its treasures.]

* See Fosbroke's Encyclop. of Antiq. 2 vols. 4to. passim.

Journal of a Residence in England, &c. Originally written in Persian, by H. R. N. Najaf Koolee Meerza, &c. 1839. Printed for private circulation only.

[THE above amusing *melange* forms the journal kept by the Persian Princes, who were in this country three years ago. We cannot do better than give a few of the piquant tit bits with which it abounds. We are assured the *veritable* descriptions will be a treat to our readers, and convince them that *travellers see strange things!*

The Zoological Gardens furnish a great treat to our royal tourist; and the inmates of which he thus describes:—]

"There is also one of the wonderful amphibious animals of a curious form. It is as large as a horse. It was brought from the interior of Africa. It is a very beautiful creature. When it stands and walks, it very much resembles mankind. All kinds of baboons, of wonderful sizes and forms; they act like human beings. Bears, white, red, green, yellow, and indeed of all colours. Also a kind of monkey, which is of all the animals most like the human figure, the size of a mule, with an extraordinary long tail. These monkeys act like human beings, and laugh wonderfully, and play at chess with men, and some of those that visit the gardens play with them. To-day a Jew happened to be at this place, and went to play a game with the monkey. The monkey beat, and began to laugh loudly, all the people standing round him. The Jew felt exceedingly ashamed, and was obliged to leave immediately. The most wonderful animals of all were a pair of creatures larger than an elephant, and higher than a camel; their necks are *fourteen feet long*, their legs are handsome, their tails are like that of an Arab horse of a red colour, and with white spots on the face. They were brought from Africa, and their flesh is said to be excellent. They go as fast as a gazelle. All the world, from England, Scotland, and Ireland, come to see them. * * * * * *

"*There are also more than thirty thousand kinds of birds;* in truth, we do not know how even to write their names; to describe their colours is impossible. *Some elephant birds, just like an elephant, but without a proboscis. Their wings are about fifteen yards long.* There are some others, which were brought from Abyssinia, of an extraordinary form. There are in the garden about forty kinds of peacocks, white like the snow, with beaks like rubies, and eyes like emeralds; such peacocks we never saw before. There are also twenty-five sorts of nightingales, and parrots, and goldfinches, and fifty kinds of fowls; cocks from all parts of the world: their beautiful colours cannot be described. * * * * * *

"Verily a visit to a place like this brings to the mind the power of the Omnipotent. The eyes are dazzled, the mind is surprised, the heart is agitated, and curiosity takes its utmost fill. *All this gives a most excellent oppor-*

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tunity to the lover, to lead his favourite by the hand, to show her this and that curiosity. Besides all the above, you will see beautiful moonlike ladies, led by the hand, to gaze at these wonderful spectacles, and repose under the delightful shade of the beautiful trees. In truth, unless the eye should see, the mind cannot form an idea of this place."

Balloons.—"On our way to this mansion we observed some domes (balloons) flying to heaven, and men in them; this is as great a miracle as any."

Of *Charitable Institutions*, it says:—"In charity, and supporting the poor and orphans, they are exceedingly liberal; so much so, that *they give ten per cent. per annum of their income to institutions of charity.* On account of the dear prices of living, there may be, out of the 27,000,000 of population, 7,000,000 poor; but *not a single person begs in the streets, nor in any part of the kingdom;* in fact, if there should be any one begging, he would be taken up immediately, and punished for it, as it is against the law; because, in every quarter, there is a house built on purpose for charity, where the poor are accommodated."

Schools.—"Perhaps, out of this 27,000,000 of population, *there is not a single soul who does not know how to read and write*, not even the dumb, deaf, or blind. They do not give credit for fine hand-writing; they say, writing is good enough if it can be read, and they do not spend the time simply in learning a beautiful hand. They have several thousand colleges and schools, for instructing in every class of learning, on which they have spent millions of money. All this for education and wisdom. Verily, such a magnificent kingdom and high nation is not, in these times, in any other part of the world, nor has such an one been, even in ancient times, mentioned in the histories."

Englishmen and their dogs.—"Their carts and carriages strike the observer very much. They have also instructed their large dogs even to draw carriages quickly. They are fond of dogs, and take pains to teach them to become useful; *they make them so serviceable, that sometimes they are sent on business.* For instance, *if a man wants something from a shop that is known to his dog, he will write a note to the shopkeeper, asking for what he may want, then he puts the note into a basket, and hangs it on the dog's neck, and gives him a sign. The dog will carry the message immediately, and return to the satisfaction of his master.* Many other curious things are done by their dogs, not important to be mentioned. They do not keep any useless animal; all that they keep must be of use. If any should be of no use, they will dismiss them."

London Doors.—"Their doors are beautifully worked, and many have gold knockers of a hundred tomâns' value."

London Clocks.—"When a person has an engagement or an appointment at such an hour, either on business, a dinner-party, or whatever it may be, the person always puts into his mind the fear of not being in time; therefore, he is always on the alert to be at the exact moment. For this purpose they have, on the outsides of all their churches, at the four sides, fine clocks, which strike every hour, exact to a second, and the striking of the clocks may be heard four miles distant. The clocks that are thus fixed on the walls of the churches and other edifices in London may be more than 500,000!!"

[For our extracts, we are indebted to these excellent contemporaries, the *Literary Gazette* and *Athenæum.*]

By-gone Places of Public Amusement.

HOCKLEY-IN-THE-HOLE,

CLERKENWELL.

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS of a nation principally form and establish that *peculiar character* which the rest of mankind agree in annexing to their general ideas concerning them. Look around you in this extraordinary country, and contemplate the various amusements, present and by-gone, and then say, whether or not the disposition of its inhabitants, at various periods of its history, may not be collected from them?

Consonant with these our opinions, we here lay before the readers a second paper on Public Amusements; differing in its avocations from the first, given in No. 963. In the third, we shall convey our friends into the company of the most accomplished of society.

Hockley-in-the-Hole was resorted to not only by the lower populace, but by noblemen, and occasionally even by the resident ambassadors; it was situate between the end of Mutton-lane, near Clerkenwell-green, easterly, and the fields, westerly. Its site is now occupied by Backhill, and Ray-street.

This pandemonium was evidently established late in the seventeenth, or early in the eighteenth century, as appears by the following copy of an advertisement, being the earliest one in our possession:—

"At His Majesty's *Bear-garden in Hockley-in-the-Hole. A tryal of skill to be performed to-morrow, being the 10th instant.* [July, 1700.] *at three in the afternoon, between John Bowler, of the City of Norwich, and Champion of Norfolk, master of the noble science of defence; and Will of the West, from the city of Salisbury, master of the said science of defence.*"

It was the custom, generally, when there was to be any entertainment, to advertise the circumstance, by parading the streets in fancy dresses, with swords drawn, colours flying, drums beating, and a few officials, whose business it was to disperse bills of the performance; but the grand jury of Middlesex having presented the garden and its musical processions as public nuisances, we find, by a

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hand-bill, [1701,] that "Wrestling was exhibited *without beat of drum*, and the prizes were gloves at two shillings and sixpence per pair."

In September, 1709, Christopher Preston, keeper of this garden, was attacked by one of his bears, who not only killed, but almost devoured him before his friends were aware of the fact. After his exit, the garden was kept by his wife, Madam Preston.

Steele, in the Spectator, [No. 436, July 21, 1712,] thus makes mention of the bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole :—

"Being a person of insatiable curiosity, I could not forbear going, on Wednesday last, to a place of no small renown for the gallantry of the lower order of Britons, namely, to the bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole ; where (as a whitish-brown paper, put into my hands in the street, informed me,*) there was to be a trial of skill to be exhibited between two masters of the noble science of defence, at two of the clock precisely. I was not a little charmed with the solemnity of the challenge, which ran thus :

"*I, James Miller, sergeant, (lately come from the frontiers of Portugal,) master of the noble science of defence, hearing, in most places where I have been, of the great fame of Timothy Buck, of London, master of the said science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise at the several weapons following viz.*

Back sword,	*Single falchion,*
Sword and dagger,	*Case of falchions,*
Sword and buckler,	*Quarter-staff.*

"If the generous ardour in James Miller to dispute the reputation of Timothy Buck had something resembling the old heroes of romance, Timothy Buck returned answer in the same paper with the like spirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and seemed to condescend to fight James Miller, not in regard to Miller himself, but in that, as the fame went about, he had fought Parkes of Coventry. The acceptance of the combat ran in these words :

"*I, Timothy Buck, of Clare-Market master of the noble science of defence, hearing he did fight Mr. Parkes, of Coventry, will not fail (God willing,) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring a clear stage and no favour.*"

Vivat Regina.

"James Miller came on first, preceded by two disabled drummers, to show, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him. Miller had a blue riband tied round the sword-arm ; which ornament I conceive to be the remain of that custom of wearing a mistress's favour on such occasions of old. Miller is a man of six feet eight inches height, of a kind, but bold aspect, well fashioned, and ready of his limbs ; and such a readiness as spoke his ease in them was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

"The expectation of the spectators was now almost at its height, and the crowd pressing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area, or pit, to the galleries. This dispute between desert and property brought many to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats by turns, for the space of ten minutes, till Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly, giving up their disputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious gentleman near me said, *I could, methinks, be Miller's second, but I had rather have Buck for mine.* Miller had an audacious look, that took the eye ; Buck, a perfect composure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air till the instant of engaging; at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red riband. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly ; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still, and as much engaged, as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and *shaking hands, as removing all malice*, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it ; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with an heart full of resolution, Buck, with a watchful untroubled countenance ; Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs ; but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck by a large cut on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting ; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller, and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded into mere patience and caution? The next was a warm eager onset, which ended in a decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during the second strife, covered her face ; and, for my part, I

* The generality of readers are not probably aware of the interesting nature, nay importance, of these 'whitish-brown papers,'—these fleeting and neglected memorials of stirring events. We contemplate only the bright side of the picture of life, whilst we read the vivid descriptions of the higher circles of society, penned by the florid and partial historian ; and by spurning the humble, unbought, unvarnished, unwarped, chronicles, preclude ourselves from attaining that information, for which, in the bulky *tome*, we may look in vain. It is in these isolated memorandums, printed at the *time* of the transactions recorded, that minute incidents are detailed ; they are then but little heeded : and in a few years become invaluable, not only for the information they impart, but also on account of their extreme rarity, they being preserved, unfortunately, but by very few persons—as the scanty collections in the British Museum, and in the Pepysian and Bodleian libraries, fully testify.

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could not keep my thoughts from being mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstance that moment, hearing the clash of swords, and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage. The surly second of Miller declared at this time that he would that day fortnight fight Mr. Buck at the same weapons, declaring himself the master of the renowned Gorman; but Buck denied him the honour of that courageous disciple, and asserting that he himself had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

"There is something in nature very unaccountable on such occasions, when we see the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters. Is it cruelty that administers this sort of delight? Or is it a pleasure which is taken in the exercise of pity? It was, methought, pretty remarkable, that the business of the day being a trial of skill, the popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the side of Buck. Is it that people's passions have their rise in self-love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the courage they had,) liable to the fate of Miller, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like Buck?"

Dawks' News-letter, of April 2, 1713, has the following article:

"*Yesterday, a trial of skill was fought at the Bear-garden, between Henry Clements, and Parkes of Coventry, where there was good sport* hacking and hewing. *It is thought they got* 50*l. a-piece, the French ambassador being there, and giving* them money very liberally. *Soon after, three bouts "at threshing flail," were announced; and a flourish of "no cut—no bout."*

In order that the reader may form some further idea of the *refined* amusements at this garden, we give a copy of an advertisement and of a hand-bill, of their respective periods.

The *Weekly Journal* [9th June, 1716,] announces the following recreations:

"*At the* BEAR GARDEN, *Hockley-in-the-Hole*, At the request of several persons of quality, *on Monday, the* 11*th of this instant of June, is one of the largest and most mischievous Bears that ever was seen in England, to be Baited to Death; with other variety of Bull-baiting and Bear-baiting:—as also a Wild Bull to be turned loose in the Game Place, with fire-works all over him. To begin exactly at three o'clock in the afternoon, because the sport continues long.*"

"AT HIS MAJESTY'S BEAR GARDEN, *Hockley-in-the-Hole, Monday*, 14*th September*, 1730, A MAD BULL *to be dress'd up with fire works, and turned loose in the Game Place. Likewise* A DOG *to be dress'd up with fire-works over him, and turn'd loose with the bull amongst the men in the Ground. Also a Bear to be turn'd loose at the same time; and a Cat to be ty'd to the Bull's tail.*"

Note.—The Doors will be open'd at Four, and the sport begin at Five exactly, because the Diversion will last long, and the Days grow short.

Gay alludes to this place, in the Beggar's Opera, particularly in Act i., Scene 6, where Mrs. Peachum addressing Filch, says,—"You should go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, and Marybone, to learn valour. These are the schools that have bred so many brave men."

William Wells, who was for some time an assistant at Hockley-in-the-Hole, (probably after the slaughter of Master Preston,) established a bear-garden in Marybone: he died in 1721. Dan Singleton composed the following ludicrous epitaph on the occasion:

"Shed, O ye combatants, a flood of tears;
Howl, all ye dogs; roar, all ye bulls and bears!
Ye butchers, weep! for ye, no doubt, are grievers,
And sound his loss with marrow-bones and cleavers.
Wells is no more! Yet death has been so kind,
That he hath left the bulls and bears behind."

One of the newspapers of the day says:—"By the decease of Mr. Wells, the original Bear-garden in Hockley-in-the Hole is now likely to be thronged, especially since all the old-gamesters are resolved to bait every Monday and Thursday; and the gladiators have promised frequently to try their skill there; the brutes to box, and the furmity and hasty-pudding eaters, to cobble down their hot guttage at Madam Preston's, and at no other place."

This celebrated bear-garden fell into neglect, owing to the greater attractions at the Boarded House, (better known as Figg's Amphitheatre,) in Oxford Road [1728]; and it was soon afterwards abolished. Z.

A SHAMELESS HORSE.

AN old pot-seller of Matlock, tells a tale of a lazy horse he once had, that refused, although urged by every devisable means, to draw a moderate load. At length he took him out of the shafts, tied him behind, and commenced drawing himself, *to try to shame him*, when the brute, though possessed of sufficient idleness, being in nowise deficient of sagacity, jumped into the cart, intending to ride, and in so doing made strange work with the crockery-ware. The old fellow sold him soon afterwards to a brother tradesman, and warrented him *never to run away with a cart load of pots.—Derbyshire Courier.*

ANCIENT FORM OF GRANTS.

The following is a Charter of King Edward the Confessor:—

"Ich Edward Koning,
Have yeoven of my forest the keeping
Of the Hundred of Chelmar and Dauncing
To Randolph Pepperking, and to his kindling
With harte and hinde, doe and bokke,
Wild foule with his flocke
Partrich, fesaunte hen, and feasaunte cock;
With green and wilde stob and stokk,
To kepen and to yeomen by all her might
Both by day and eke by night,
And hounds for to holde:
Four greyhoundes and six raches
For hare and fox, and wilde cattes,
And, therefore, ich made him my booke,
Witteness the bishop Wolston,
And booke ylered many on
And Swenyne of Essex our brother,
And teken him many other,
And our Steward Howelin
That besought me for him."

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The Gatherer.

Minuteness of the works of Creation.—The following account of the minute shells common during the eocene period (the earliest period of the tertiary strata) is very curious:—"These little creatures appear to have been very numerous during this period; for, in the formations of the Paris basin, which correspond to the London clay, a kind of rock or stone occurs, called milliolite limestone, which is used in building, and which is almost entirely composed of millions of shells no larger than a small grain of sand. Yet these are by no means the most minute creatures whose remains have been discovered. A peculiar kind of stone is found in Tuscany, in an ounce of which 10,400 microscopic chambered shells have been found. Of these species a thousand would nearly weigh a grain, and even these are large compared with the infusoria which Professor Ehrenberg has lately discovered."—*Miss Zornlin's Recreations in Geology.*

The most interesting object in the crypts of St. Denis, and which comes upon the moral feeling with a force increased, rather than diminished by the incongruities which surround it, is the door of the vault prepared by Napoleon for himself. It is inscribed:

Ici reposent
Les Depouilles mortelles
de
* * * * * * *

This inscription still remains, as well as the massive brazen gates, with their triple locks, which were designed to close the tomb. These rich portals are not suspended on hinges, but rest against a wall of solid masonry, over which the above inscription is seen. It now contains the bodies of Louis XVIII., and the Duke de Berri, and is completely bricked up.

H. M.

The Dark Side of Matrimony.—Lately, a slave in the West Indies, who had been married to another slave by one of the missionaries, at the end of three weeks, brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her again. The clergyman asked what was the matter with her? "Why, massa, she no good. The book says, she obey me. She no wash my clothes. She no do what I want her to do." The Minister.—"But the book says, you were to take her for better or for worse." "Yes, massa, but she all worse, and no better. She hab too much worse, and no good at all."

The number of horses slaughtered at Paris is frightful; and it is not without reason that metropolis has been facetiously styled, "the hell of horses." The slaughter averages 11,000 per annum, or about 30 a day.

Baked meats were the usual food of our ancestors. Thus Chaucer says of his Frankelein, (the modern country squire,)

"Without bake-meats never was his house."

There was a place in Tooley-street, Southwark, called the Three Ovens, erected by the Bishop of Winchester, for the poor to have their victuals baked gratuitously: it was under the management of the principals of the adjoining Priory of Lewes.

It is astonishing to read the gross flatteries we meet in every church-yard. Cannot the sight even of *death* deter the relatives from lying!—*Observ. by E. W.*

Wooden Shoes, which are now esteemed the marks of indigence, were worn by the greatest princes of Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries.

It was Edward the Confessor who first took on him to cure the evil by the touch, in the year 1058.

Holborn was a highway of great publicity in the reigns of Henry II. and John; and was first built on in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance, is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more.—*Bishop Hall.*

Surnames are supposed not to have been in use till the reign of Edward the Confessor.

In the Museum of Stockholm, is preserved the piece of artillery, with which the eccentric Christina, Queen of Sweden, was wont to fire at—what *do you* imagine!—Ghosts!—No; and as most likely you would not find it out in a hundred guesses, I will tell you; why, FLEAS!

H. M.

A statue is shortly to be erected at Versailles to the memory of the benevolent Abbé de l'Epée.

At a recent examination at one of our public offices, relative to a watch, and its price, an auctioneer's clerk stated, that the competition was great, on account of the property having belonged to *a murdered man!*

The way to cure our prejudice is this,—that every man should let alone those he complains of in others, and examine his own.—*Locke.*

Imitation of Style.—"Charles," said John Kemble, in an after-dinner conversation, to Matthews, "there is one peculiarity of mine which you have never caught hold of."—"Eh! eh!" exclaimed the mimic, "what's that?—what's that?"—"I always," replied the tragedian, in his usual solemn manner, "take snuff with the left hand; the right hand, from its being constantly applied to all ignoble purposes, is unworthy of such a high office."

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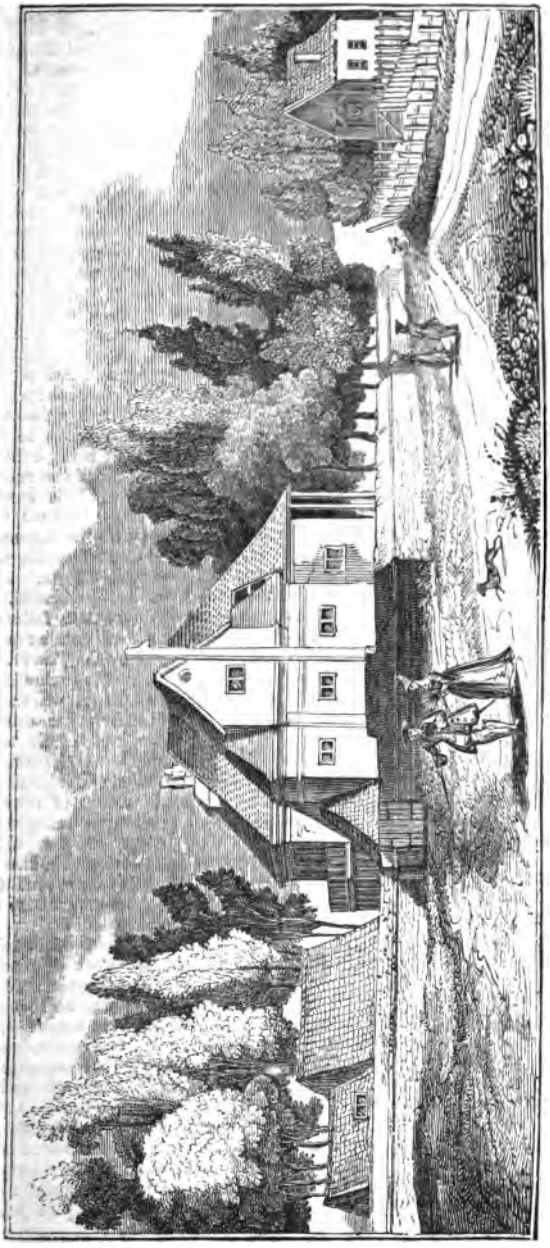
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

71. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1839. PRICE 2d.



OLD SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE,
MDCCXXX.

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OLD SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE,

MDCCXXX.

SADLER'S WELLS Theatre derived that appellation from a well of mineral water, of a ferruginous nature, which belonged, in the olden time, to the monks of the priory of St. John of Jerusalem, and was possibly, for any thing that is on record to the contrary, in use from the time of Henry I. or Stephen. The monks attended at this well, and, in dispensing it medicinally, the poor deluded recipients were induced to attribute its restorative qualities to the efficacy of the monastic intercession to the Virgin, the Godhead, and all Saints, till the fiat of the bluff repeller of papal supremacy in England, Henry VIII., in 1538, dissolved the priory and its revenues; when the well, to which superstitious uses were ascribed, was covered over: and as no water was in any way known to be derivable from it, time, which obliterates all things, annulled, even in the memory of man, all cognizance or remembrance of it for nearly a century and a half.

The dissolute manners prevalent in the reign of Charles II., gave encouragement to a variety of music-houses in and about the metropolis, but none of them attained the popularity or celebrity of that erected on the north side of the New River Head, on the site of the present theatre, by a person named Sadler; who, being made surveyor of the highways, and having good gravel in his own ground, the garden attached to the music-house, employed two men to dig there, and in digging, the pickaxe struck upon a broad flat stone, which being raised, was found to have been supported by four oaken posts, and under it a large well, encircled by stone, arched over, and curiously sculptured. Sadler, impelled by its singularity, conceived it had some medicinal quality, and as such, had been used in former times: his conjecture was confirmed on reference to a physician. He at first sold the water in bottles, then in roundlets, till at last Dr. Morton advised his patients to drink the water as a restorative; and its salubrity induced Sadler's Well to be visited, in 1684, by from five to six hundred persons every morning.

The discovery of the well by Sadler's men, appears to have been early in 1683, but how long he retained it, is not known. Evelyn, in his Diary, June 11, 1686, mentions his having gone on that day to the New Spa Well, near Middleton's receptacle of water, at the New River; and James Frazer, who had been physician to Charles II., in a letter to Sir Robert Southwell, dated London, Aug. 16, 1687, says, "This place is become so empty of people by reason of the resort to Tunbridge and the Bath, that even Islington itself, notwithstanding the advantages it has of drinking waters, is become very solitary, and, for ought I see, is to continue soe till Michælmas." The fashion of the day appears to have turned the current against the practice of drinking the water, till June, 1697, when was advertised—Sadler's excellent steel waters at Islington having been obstructed for some years past, the well was to be opened again on the Monday following, being the 21st inst. Sadler was doubtless then dead, and the well only advertised in his name, on the faith of its recent celebrity. The London Gazette of the date last mentioned intimates—Sadler's excellent steel waters at Islington having been obstructed for some years past, are opened this morning, and will be continued all the season.

In 1699, the music-house, which was a wooden building, hence the term 'boarded house,' was in the occupancy of a person named Miles. An 'ingurgitating monster,' on May 23 in that year, here attacked and eat a live cock, before a number of spectators, who thronged to be admitted at so much per head. Dawks' *Protestant Mercury*, of May the 24th, records the exhibition of that feat in these words:—"On Tuesday last, a fellow at Sadler's Wells, near Islington, after he had dined heartily on a buttock of beef, for the lucre of five guineas, eat a live cock, feathers, guts, and all, with only a plate of oil and vinegar for sauce, and half a pint of brandy to wash it down; and afterwards proffered to lay a wager of five guineas more, that he could eat the same again in two hours' time. This is attested by many credible people, who were eye-witnesses of the same." An advertisement, of July 22, is extant, which intimates—"The man who eat the live cock at Islington, proposes to eat another, with the feathers, bones, and garbage, at Stand-up-Dick's, Newington-Butts. Twopence admission." This he performed. And Dawks' paper, of January 24th following, states, this ruffian eat a live cat, at a music-house in St. Katherine's by the Tower.

Ned Ward, in his periodical paper, called *The Weekly Comedy*, which began in May, this year, describes the company frequenting this place, not much to its advantage in the colouring, at the same time with a fidelity not to be doubted as to the outline—"an abundance of inns of court beaux and lady bumsitters, mingled with an innumerable swarm of the blue-frock order, flocked into Miles's music-house." Ned Ward, in his *Walk to Islington*, printed in 1699, also describes the entertainments, and the persons of the performers.

The advertisements of October, 1700, mention "the proprietors of Sadler's last found mineral wells at Islington, &c.;" so that Sadler, it is evident, was no longer a person concerned. It has been asserted, after the death of Sadler, Francis Forcer, musician, and the composer of many songs, in Playford and Carr's *Theatre of Music*, published in 1685-86, and 87, became the occupier of the wells and music-house; the circumstance of Miles' name appearing at the same time, has created some doubt as to the consistency of the fact; but the word 'proprietors' may possibly embrace the co-partnership of Miles and Forcer,

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the latter, probably, the director of the music, and Miles having the arrangement for disposing of such 'good cheer, as cheese-cakes, custards, bottled ale, and cider.' Their being proprietors, commenced possibly on the re-opening, in June 1697.

In June, 1711, *The Inquisitor*, a periodical paper, speaks of Sadler's Wells as 'a nursery of debauchery.' A lawyer of the Temple, named French, on August the 14th, 1712, in a quarrel about some women, killed a naval lieutenant, named Waite; and in the pamphlet that incident occasioned, it is mentioned—"This famous place, called Sadler's Wells, otherwise Miles's Music-house, is so well known to most people in town, that I need not describe it—it is a daily meeting, or rendezvous, of people who go thither to divert themselves; and though 'tis in many very innocent, and in the people of the house, only getting an honest livelihood, yet the method of so doing is apt to draw many unaccountable and disorderly persons to frequent it, under the colour of diverting themselves."

Miles, who by beautifying and improving added greatly to the popularity of the Music-house, was succeeded by Francis Forcer, the son of the musician, who, notwithstanding he had been educated at Oxford, entered of Gray's Inn, and had practised for a short time as a pleader, found this pursuit more congenial to his mind. He first introduced the diversions of rope-dancing and tumbling, and continued the improvements till the time of his death, in April, 1743; when, as directed by his will, the lease of the house he lived in, called or known by the name of Sadler's Wells, with the scenery and furniture thereunto belonging, were sold to discharge his specialty and other debts.

On the attraction ceasing to draw company to drink the water, the well appears to have been again covered in, and amid the improvements hidden from view; but, about forty or fifty years since, the old well was again accidentally discovered, in the space between the stage-door and the New River: it is said to be encircled with stone, and a descent of several steps. There is at present, adds Malcolm, a well under the stage, sunk for the purpose of concentrating the waters of the spring, which is always full, and very clear: the wall of the sides seem to show a congelation of the iron that impregnates it.

The view of Sadler's Wells Theatre is from a volume, entitled "Divers Views of noted Places near London, 1731," of which Gough, the continuator of Camden, knew of no other copy than that possessed, in his time, by Dr. Ducarel. After the death of Forcer, Rosoman purchased the theatre; and in October, 1764, the old building shown in our view was pulled down, and a new one, the present edifice, as Malcolm states, "was erected and tiled in, in seven weeks, at an expense of 4,225*l*."

B.

OLD PARR,

THE ENGLISH METHUSELAH.

PLUTARCH tells us, that, at an important period of history a lugubrious voice was heard by mariners at sea, saying, "great Pan is dead!" Were it not for fear of falling into the error which rhetoricians designate as the Bathos, a similarly startling and melancholy utterance might perhaps be feigned to have been heard on Severn's wave, with but little variation of words, when it announced the death of Old Parr. The intelligence would no doubt kindle at the time a feeling of considerable surprise in the mind of every one who heard it, that he who had existed already so long beyond the limits of nature, should be at last cut off: for some few, perchance, had actually began to imagine that, as the mortal machine had gone on performing its evolutions so long, it had at length become possessed of the principle of perpetual motion, and would therefore so go on for ever: but the sudden announcement, "Old Parr is dead!" would at once dispel their imaginative thesis, and compel them to remember, that "pulvis et umbra sumus."

Old Parr, indeed, existed to an age truly astonishing. Not one century alone—though that is a far length beyond the estimation of the Hebrew King, who deemed threescore years and ten the span of man's life, but one century and itself half over again—yes, one hundred and fifty-two years did this wonderful man not merely live and move, but actually have his being. The king whose opinion on this point has just been cited, further tells us, that "though men be so strong as to come to fourscore years, yet is their life but weakness and vanity. To this veracious rule, however, Parr was an exception: though he almost doubled the "fourscore years," yet he lived to enjoy partial strength and happy health, even to his last day. Curiosity, therefore, cannot help being on the stretch to know by what means this centenarian extended his days, making them so long in the land; what were his occupations, what were his habits, and what his diet?

We have heard of one, and he too a poet, who, though he passed the highest encomiums on early rising, even with more earnestness than did colloquial Erasmus, yet was accustomed to repose himself on "silken bed" so late, that one morning, it is told, as a splendid instance of his early habits, he was seen eating so soon as eleven of the clock in the forenoon a wondering peach from off the tree.

But a different man to him was Parr. In his matutinal risings he turned out of his chamber as quickly as Phœbus himself; and no Persian sun-worshipper was more constant in keeping up the practice. In his hours of retirement to rest, he was equally guided by strict rule, and no man ever more scrupulously observed the brief proverb, "early to bed, and early to rise," than did he—a proverb of which it might be said, that if not made by him,

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was certainly made for him. John Taylor, the water-poet, his contemporary, tells us this, in quaint decasyllabic line,

Good wholesome labour was his exercise,
Down with the lamb, and with the lark to rise.

It might be thought by some, that his attaining to this great age, might have been attributable to the eternal state of quiescence and immovable rest in which he passed his life; but no such thing; such was not the case, he was as laborious and active as ever was Chaldee shepherd or Roman bubulcus. Taylor says,

In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
And to his team he whistled time away.

In his low, humble, little cottage, he needed no "village clock to click behind the door." German invention might have kept the idea of its horological mechanism fast shut up for him: like the Pariah in the beautiful tale of the Indian Cottage, the sun was his horologe, and a more magnificent one could no man have for his apartment; the shadows of the trees and mountains struck, as it were, the hours for him, and the birds of summer sweetly sang them.

The cock his night clock, and till day was done,
His watch and chief sun-dial was the sun.

The Egyptians, we are told, abjured onions as regarded edible purposes, and along with those, garlic, for unto them they were gods. Not so Old Parr; he looked upon it as the loveliest sight in Christendom to behold the goodly strings of those flavourous bulbs strung up to his roof, waiting winter consumption; and with these he considered a slice of fine cheese a most wholesome and handsome concomitant. In this respect the old man was a zealous disciple of the Pythagorean philosopher, and that, too, we suppose, without any scholastic knowledge thereof, for, continues Taylor:—

He was of old Pythagoras' opinion,
That green cheese was most wholesome with an onion.

His diet appears, through the whole period of his life, to have been bordering rather on the coarse and crude; luxury he knew only by name, unless, indeed, it was the luxury of good digestion, healthy spirits, wholesome rest, and blessed action. For all these, indeed, so unchangeable and regular were they, he might have diurnally and nocturnally chanted "Jubilate, O be joyful." Humble bread was his chief staff of life; and his dietary drinks were, for the most part, the simplest and least susceptible of adulteration,

Coarse meslin bread, and for his daily swig,
Milk, buttermilk, and water, whey and whig.

Sometimes at jocund moments, according to Taylor, he would indulge in a glass or two of sprightly metheglin; or, when made happy by fortunate events, he quaffed a stout cup of good nappy ale. Not averse either was he in his ancient days to visit rural spots and rural sports; no gloomy ascetic was that reverend old man, with a forehead wrinkled by frowns, or a voice harsh with moroseness; no second Simon Stylites, growing greyer and gloomier on a solitary rock of the desert; but no, with cheerfulness befitting his years, with gaiety that seemed to decorate the old man, as the rosy liana embellishes the withering trunk of the decaying forest-pine, he mixed in all the gentle merriments of his time, and entered with pleasure into their genial and innocent cheer; and even sipt sprightly

Cider or perry, when he did repair,
T'a Whitsun-ale wake, wedding, or a fair.

Yet, except in family meeting, and neighbourly companies, he had but little leisure to spend; he rarely was seen at the ale-house, and never then with its usually boisterous crew, who drank huff-cap all by oceans, and were nigh to cracking the ale-room roof with their vociferous chantings. The old man was too gentle and quiet for such places as these; at merry Yule time, however, he spent some time at his good landlord's, who felt honoured by the presence of so venerable a man in age, and so punctual a tenant in payment.

———in Christmas time he was a guest,
At his good landlord's house among the rest.

It cannot be supposed, however, that his frame of body, though so usually sound, should be totally exempt from the natural afflictions of men, but that illness should sometimes indispose him, yet it was always so seemingly mild in its attack, that Taylor says:—

His physic was good butter, which the soil
Of Salop yields, more sweet than Candy oil.

This, indeed, must be acknowledged to be a very strange sort of remedy, a catholicon for which one may search through the folio leaves of the whole London Pharmacopeia in vain—without finding such a thing marked as notable for any efficacy or potency of healing. A good basin of oatmeal or groat-gruel, would, we should have thought, when sugared to his liking, have suited his palate, and healed any little internal ailment much better; but butter! what a curious piece of doctorship. He had also another diminutive recipe in case of illness or indisposition, for, according to Taylor,

Garlic he esteemed above the rate
Of Venice treacle, or best Mithridate.

So he went on, according to our authority, even to the half of his second century; in good constitutional strength, being himself the best specimen of health that Hygeia goddess of that faculty could ever adduce of her sway *inter mortales*.

He entertained no gout, no ache he felt
The air was good and temp'rate where he dwelt.

True—no section of the earth, no patch of the broad globe, has a spot more salubrious than that on which he sojourned during the many days of his pilgrimage below—Shropshire, beautiful Shropshire! thy fields are green as any pastures on earth; thy gardens blush oftentimes with the brilliancy of western parts; and thy river, thy lily-strewn Sabrina, thy ever sweet flowing Severn, seems still to retain and to realise the blessing which the divine Milton has poured out upon thy crystal waters.

W. A.

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MOORISH MARRIAGES AT ALGIERS.

When a young man intends to marry, either in obedience to the wishes of his father, or out of personal regard, he prevails on one of his female relatives to visit the lady destined for him, and to obtain every possible information relative to her good and bad qualities. If the report he receives is satisfactory, he has an interview with her father, to whom he makes formal proposals of marriage. At this meeting, which consists of the young man, the lady's father, and a friend who is intended to act as witness, the nature and amount of the dowry is agreed upon; which generally consists of jewels, wool, furniture, and a sum of money. After this, the young man delivers to the lady's father a ring, or some other token of value, as a present for his future wife. The projected union having thus been agreed upon by mutual consent, the friends of the two families assemble at the mosque, where there are two *adouls*,* who have been summoned for the purpose. The father of the lady then says to the *adouls*, "I consent to give my daughter;" to which the young man replies, "I accept her." The mutual consent of the parties being thus established, the stipulations of the contract are proclaimed; and should the necessary deposit not have been made, the witness now calls for it, after which the *adouls* pronounce a long discourse, in the form of an exhortation. The young man, as soon as possible after leaving the mosque, sends to his bride some articles of dress, consisting of robes, rich stuffs, and embroidered shoes; to which are added henna, and various articles of food. The young lady, likewise, with equal solicitude, prepares the elements of a repast, to which the friends and relations of each party are to be invited. The plates and dishes in which the viands have been conveyed, are returned to her, but in place of the delicacies of the table they contain silks, muslins, and embroideries. The two guardians having determined the period, and the place where the marriage is to be celebrated, should it be decided that the young man is to be allowed to share the residence of his wife's family, he is informed of the day on which he will be admitted to participate in the festivities intended to signalize it. At an early hour, the whole of the female friends and relatives of the two contracting parties having assembled, they retire to the court-yard, which has been converted into a ball-room, where the professional dancers entertain the guests, in performing a number of lively pantomimes; these are succeeded by numerous songs, sometimes plaintive, at other times gay, but always of a uniform cadence, and of a grave and monotonous character, during which refreshments are handed about with Oriental profusion. The bride, who is richly attired, remains seated among the women, until her husband is introduced to her. In the evening, the bridegroom enters the nuptial chamber, where he finds his wife's witness, with whom he converses for some time; the bride is then conducted to the room; preceded by musicians, who halt at the threshold. When she enters, the husband rises, and goes to receive her; at the same time placing his foot on hers; he then invites her to sit down by his side; after which, one of the female musicians, or the handmaid who arrays the lady's hair, enters the room, and advancing to the bride, pours into the hollow of her hand, a small quantity of orange-flower water; this the bride offers to her husband to drink, but at the moment his lips approach the proffered draught, she withdraws her hand, the husband then plays the same trick to his wife. These formalities being concluded, some ladies, mysteriously veiled, who are invited for the purpose, proceed to disrobe the bride, and conduct her to the nuptial couch, which has previously been prepared with the utmost elegance: all then retire except the newly married pair; but the dancing and singing, accompanied with the sound of gongs and tambourines, continue until morning. W. G. C.

* Counsellors of the Cadi.

Manners and Customs.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE MISSIONARY WILLIAMS.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to peruse a work of deeper interest than this. Its main object is to record the triumphs of that religion which for many centuries has blessed our native land; and which good men have been stirred up to disseminate and send abroad in our day into heathen countries, with a zeal worthy of some of the best days of primitive Christianity. But the work is interspersed with descriptions and illustrated with incidents which vary its character, and give it an interest in its way as a book of adventure and enterprise, which supports and relieves the main narrative, and the great question of the labours of the pious men engaged in the mission of mercy.

Mr. Williams seems a man admirably adapted for his laborious vocation: simple, firm, energetic,—endowed with a large share of sound common sense, full of confidence in the blessing which sooner or later descends upon the legitimate and divinely appointed institutions of Christianity, he goes forward in his work in a manner which seems to look down upon difficulties and obstacles as mere incentives to renewed energy, and tokens of certain and more extensive success.

The missions to the South Sea Islands demonstrably prove the invaluable influence of religion in exciting a people not only to attain a spiritual, but likewise subordinate to it, a temporal and social elevation. The missionary enterprise is incomparably the most effective machinery that has ever been brought to operate upon the civil and the commercial as well as the moral interests of mankind. Touching upon this subject, Mr. Williams, in his work, alludes to the advantages which

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commerce has derived from the labours of these enterprising and devoted men, in the cluster of islands in which the peculiar scene of his labours has been cast.

"The adventurous Magellan fell at the Ladrone Islands; Captain Cook was barbarously murdered at the Sandwich group; the ship *Venus* was taken at Tahiti; M. de Langle and his companions were killed at the Samoas; the *Port au Prince* was seized at Lefuga; and the crew of the *Boyd* was massacred at New Zealand. And now at all these islands, with the exception of the Ladrones, there are Missionary stations, whither numbers of vessels direct their course annually, the crews of which look forward with delight to the hour when the anchor shall be dropped in the tranquil lagoons, and they find a generous welcome and a temporary home. That outrages do still occur where there are no Missionaries, Captain Beechy's account of his intercourse with the inhabitants of Easter and Gambier Islands, and the massacre of the entire crew of the *Oldham*, at Wallace's Island, with other similar events of more recent occurrence, plainly demonstrate; whilst the fact, that, in those islands, or ports, where Missionaries are settled, such acts of violence have been prevented, is established by evidence equally decisive."

In a miscellany of this kind it is not to be supposed that we can enter into a consideration of the labour in the sacred cause in which these devoted men are engaged. We refer our readers to the work itself, which we believe will take a place on the shelves of every library beside the works of Anson and Cook themselves. We have no hesitation in characterizing it as a most wonderful book; and the fiction of Robinson Crusoe passes away before the realities recorded by Missionary Williams. We do not wonder at the effects it has produced; inducing many Christians to subscribe money sufficient to purchase and fit out a ship to assist this indefatigable and enterprising man in his labours. The Duke of Devonshire subscribed to it a large sum; the family of the Earl of Fitzwilliam gave three hundred pounds; and the Bishop of Chester, alluding to the splendid folios of theology, and religious adventure, and instruction, with which his library was stored, said, at a public meeting, "he knew not whether he would not willingly put away at least half the folios he possessed, rather than part with one volume which had recently been published by the Missionary Williams."

We have instituted a comparison of the labours of this extraordinary man with that of a fictitious character, so well known as almost to take a place in the niches assigned to *real* worthies of by-gone days,—we mean, our old friend, *Crusoe*. Let the following chapter, which we take the liberty of extracting, declare whether the comparison is an exaggerated one;—so strikingly illustrative of the motto Mr. Williams goes upon. "There are two little words in our language which I always admired," he says, "*try* and *trust*. You know not what you can or cannot effect until you *try*; and if you make your trials in the exercise of *trust* in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will vanish as you approach them, and facilities will be afforded which you have never anticipated."

"The next circumstance of importance which occurred while at Rarotonga, was Mrs. Williams's illness. My mind had for some time before this been contemplating the extension of our labours to the Navigators Islands and the New Hebrides; and, as far back as 1824, I wrote to the Directors of the Missionary Society upon the subject. As the Gospel was now established at the Hervey Islands, I began more seriously to think of taking a voyage to those distant groups; and, prior to my leaving Raiatea, I communicated my wishes to Mrs. Williams; who, on learning that the islands I proposed to visit were from 1,800 to 2,000 miles distant, and that I should be absent about six months, exclaimed, "How can you suppose that I can give my consent to such a strange proposition? You will be eighteen hundred miles away, six months absent, and among the most savage people we are acquainted with; and if you should loose your life in the attempt, I shall be left a widow with my fatherless children, twenty thousand miles from my friends and my home." Finding her so decidedly opposed to the undertaking, I did not mention it again, although my mind was still fixed upon the object. A few months after this she was laid upon a bed of affliction; her illness came on so rapidly and severely, that in a few hours she was in a state of insensibility, and we greatly feared that it would terminate fatally: the prospect was truly distressing. Bereavements at all times inflict a deep and painful wound, and leave a fearful chasm in the domestic circle; but to have had the partner of my days, the mother of my babes, taken away with a stroke, in an insulated situation, remote from the kind and soothing attentions of friendship, and the endearments of home, would have left me cheerless and disconsolate.

"God, however, was pleased to hear our cries; and, after a week or ten days, she was partially restored to health. On entering her chamber one afternoon, addressing me in affectionate terms, Mrs. Williams said, that she had been endeavouring to discover the design of God in sending this sudden and heavy affliction; and her thoughts turned to the opposition by which she had induced me to relinquish, for a time, my voyage to the Navigators Islands; and, fearing that, if she any longer withheld her consent, God, perhaps, might remove her altogether, she continued—"From this time your desire has my full concurrence; and when you go I shall follow you every day with my prayers, that God may preserve you from danger, crown

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your attempt with success, and bring you back in safety." I was rather surprised at the circumstance, not having mentioned my wish for months; however, I looked upon it as the first indication of Providence favourable to my design, and began immediately to devise the means by which I might carry it into execution. After some deliberation, I determined to attempt to build a vessel; and, although I knew little of ship-building, and had scarcely any tools to work with, I succeeded, in about three months, in completing a vessel, between seventy and eighty tons burden, with no other assistance than that which the natives could render, who were wholly unacquainted with any mechanical art. I thought, at first, of getting the keel only at Rarotonga, and completing the vessel at Raiatea; but, as the king, chiefs, and people urged me to build it at their island, promising me at the same time every assistance in their power, I yielded to their wishes. As many friends have expressed a desire to know the means by which this great work was effected, I shall be rather more minute in detailing them than I should otherwise have been.

"My first step was to make a pair of smith's bellows; for it is well known that little can be done towards the building of a ship without a forge. We had but four goats on the island, and one of these was giving a little milk, which was too valuable to be dispensed with; so that three only were killed; and with their skins, as a substitute for leather, I succeeded, after three or four days' labour, in making a pair of smith's bellows. These, however, did not answer very well; indeed, I found bellows-making to be a more difficult task than I had imagined, for I could not get the upper box to fill properly; in addition to which my bellows drew in the fire. I examined publications upon mechanic arts, dictionaries, and encyclopædias, but not one book in our possession gave directions sufficiently explicit for the construction of so common an article; and it appears to me a general deficiency in all the works I have seen on the useful arts, that they do not supply such simple imstructions and explanations as would direct to the accomplishment of an important and useful object by means less complex than the machinery of civilized countries. When, for example, we were anxious to make sugar, and, for this purpose carefully read the article on sugar-boiling, in the most popular Encyclopædia in our possession, not having the apparatus therein described, we derived no practical benefit from it. If, in addition to a thorough and scientific description of the most perfect methods, there were appended plain and simple directions for manufacturing the article without the expensive machinery in common use, it would certainly be of immense service to persons situated as we, and emigrants to new colonies, have been. These remarks are applicable to soap-boiling, salt-making, paper-manufacturing, and a variety of other processes of a similar nature.

"Missionaries, and others leaving the country, when in search of information upon various important subjects, generally fail in their object, by seeking it where everything is effected by complex machinery, and all the improvements of the present age are found in perfection. It was so with us. We were taken to places of the above description; we gazed, we wondered, and were delighted, but obtained no practical information; for few imagine that there is any other way of effecting an object than that which they see. All persons going to uncivilized countries, especially Missionaries, should seek that knowledge which may be easily applied, as they have to do everything themselves, and in situations where they cannot obtain the means in general use elsewhere. It may, by some, be thought unwise to go back a hundred years, and employ the tedious processes then in use, rather than embrace the facilities which the experience of succeeding ages has afforded. But such an opinion, although specious, is unsound. Let the circumstances of the Missionary, and the state of the people to whom he goes, be taken into the account, and it must be at once obvious, that the simplicity of the means used two or three hundred years ago would better suit both his condition and theirs than the more complex improvements of modern times."

(To be continued.)

A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God of this favour'd land
Still let thy bounteous hand
With blessings smile.
Let no rude blast annoy,
Crown us with peace and joy,
Still all our wants supply,
God guard our isle.

O'er Britain's flow'ry plain,
Where calm contentment reigns
Let justice beam!
With honour crown the brave,
Frustrate the plotting knave,
Crush the mean dastard slave,
God bless our Queen.

In thee we trust, Oh Lord!
Shield from the foeman's sword
Our virgin Queen!
Send her prosperity,
Health and tranquillity,
Crown all with unity,
God save the Queen!

J. M. BLONDEVILLE.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

BOCCACIO was thirty-five years old when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccacio, who are dying of ennui and regret that they are not educated to a taste for literature, supposing that they are too old.

When the heart is offered at the altar, a fire from heaven sometimes comes and consumes it, in token that it is accepted.

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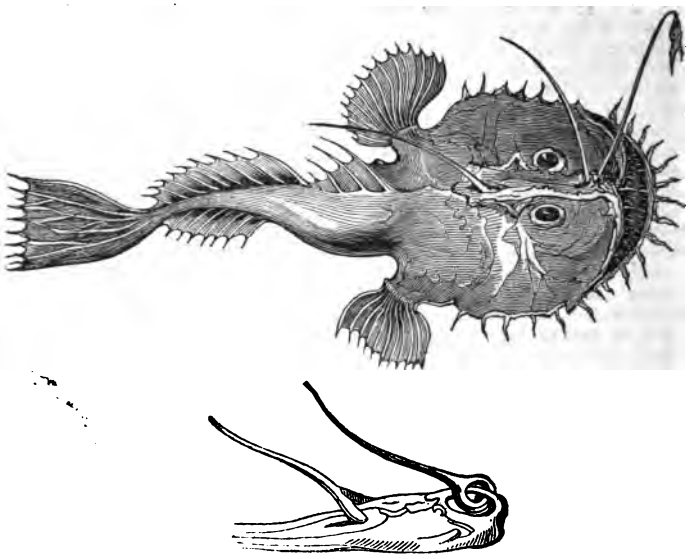

THE ANGLER-FISH.

Lophius piscatorius. Linn.
——— *Europæus.* Shaw.

The form of this fish has acquired for it from an early period the name also of frog-fish, from its resembling the tadpole state of that reptile. The name of angler-fish is far preferable, however, as it is descriptive of a habit of the animal, to which we shall presently allude.

The angler fish is not uncommon in all the European seas. In England it has been taken on the coasts of Cornwall, Devonshire, Norfolk, and Yorkshire. In Scotland, in the Forth, and among the northern islands; in Ireland, on the coasts of Londonderry, Antrim, Dublin, Waterford, and Cork; and some authors say it is common on the shores of the Baltic and Norway.

It has been known to measure five feet in length, but its most usual size is about three feet. Mr. Yarrell, whose admirable work, entitled a *History of British Fishes*, will be an everlasting testimony of his scientific merits, gives the following characters of this fish. "The head is wide, depressed; the mouth nearly as wide as the head; lower jaw the longest, bearded or fringed all round the edge; both jaws armed with numerous teeth of different lengths, conical, sharp, and curving inwards; teeth also on the palatine bones and tongue; three elongated, unconnected filaments on the upper part of the head, two near the upper lip, one at the nape, all three situated in a depression on the middle line; eyes large, irides brown, pupil black; pectoral fins broad, and rounded at the edge, wide at the base; branchial pouches in part supported by the six, branchiostegous rays. Body narrow, compared with the breadth of the head, and tapering gradually to the tail; vent about the middle of the body; the whole fish covered with a loose skin. Colour of the whole upper surface of the body uniform brown, fin membranes darker; under surface of the body, ventral, and pectoral fins, white; tail dark brown, almost black." Montagu says, that "within the teeth, on the lower jaw, is a loose skin of a brown colour, like the back of the fish, forming a sort of bag, which probably assists in preventing the escape of its smaller prey. The sexes are distinctly marked by external appendages, as in some species of ray."

"In its appetite," says Mr. Yarrell, "this fish is most voracious; and as it is not a rapid swimmer, possessing but little power in its pectoral fins, it is supposed to be obliged to have recourse to art, in order to satisfy its appetite. Upon the head, as will be seen in the figure, are two slender, elongated appendages, the first of them broad, and flattened towards the end, and having at this dilated part a shining, silvery appearance. These elongated filaments are curiously articulated at the base with the upper surface of the head.* They have great freedom of motion in any direction, the first filament more especially, produced by numerous muscles, amounting, according to M. Bailly, to twenty-two. The first elongated appendage is articulated by a process resembling two links of a chain, by which universal motion is obtained; the second is more limited in its action, and appears, except as far as flexibility may assist it, to be only ca-

* See the second figure.

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pable of being brought forward or backward. These elongated shafts are formed of bone, covered by the common skin; and, as the soft parts are abundantly supplied with nerves, they may also serve the angler as delicate organs of touch. The uses to which they are applied are singular. While couching close to the ground, the fish, by the action of its ventral and pectoral fins, stirs up the sand or mud. Hidden by the obscurity thus produced, it elevates these appendages, moves them in various directions by way of attraction as a bait, and the small fishes, approaching either to examine or to seize them, immediately become its prey. Numerous are the writers who have borne their testimony to this habit, and some have extolled it as raising the intellectual character of this fish beyond that of most of its class. Half the animal world seem destined to destroy each other—some by open violence, others by stratagem; and this design in the angler, though singular, is not more wonderful than that of spiders, who spin and repair their widely-spread nets to catch other insects, upon which they subsist."

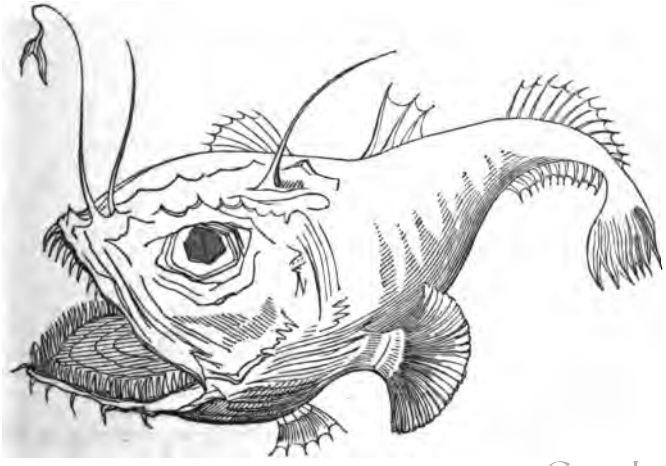
"It makes but little difference," says Mr. Couch, "what its prey is, either in respect of size or quality. A fisherman had hooked a codfish, and, while drawing it up, he felt a heavier weight attach itself to his line; this proved to be an angler of large size, which he compelled to quit its hold by a heavy blow on its head, leaving its prey still attached to the hook. In another instance, an angler seized a conger eel that had taken the hook; but after the latter had been engulphed in the enormous jaws, and perhaps stomach, it struggled through the gill-aperture of the angler, and in that situation both were drawn up together. I have been told of its swallowing the large ball of cork employed as a buoy to a bulter, or deep-sea line; and the fact this implies of its mounting to the surface, is further confirmed by the evidence of sailors and fishermen, who have seen it floating, and taken it with a line at mid-water. These fishes sometimes abound, and a fisherman who informed me of the circumstance, found seven of them at one time on the deck of a trawl-boat: on expressing his surprise at the number, he was told that it was not uncommon to take a dozen at once."

Montagu says, that "when this fish is taken in a net, its captivity does not destroy its rapacious appetite, but it generally devours some of its fellow-prisoners, which have been taken from the stomach alive, especially flounders, It is not so much sought after for its own flesh. as for the fish generally to be found in its stomach: thus, though the fishermen reject the fish itself, they do not reject those that the fish has collected. * * * When a male, three feet five inches long, was suspended by the head, the contents of its stomach were readily seen, and I perceived several cuttle-fish."

We have laid the preceding history of the angler-fish before our readers, preparatory to our informing them of the recent capture of a specimen in the river Thames, and of which occurrence a very exaggerated and absurd account appeared in a certain weekly newspaper. The specimen referred to was discovered in shallow water, at Greenhithe, near Gravesend, by some boatmen, who assailed it with handspikes and other weapons, and after some difficulty succeeded in destroying it. The length of it is about four feet six inches, and at the largest part about two feet four inches in girth. It has been stuffed and preserved by its owner, the landlord of the Rose and Crown, Bromley, near Bow, by whom it was readily submitted to our inspection. We believe it is the first specimen ever caught in the Thames.

The following is a side view of the fish in outline.

J. H. F.



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The Public Journals.

[The number of the *Foreign Monthly Review* for this month, contains many very clever translations of works of the greatest interest, especially the one entitled *Les Filles publiques de Paris, et la Police qui les regit*, in which are most appalling statements of female depravity and seduction; but we must, for the present, confine ourselves to the following particulars, extracted from a valuable paper relative to the

Deaf and Dumb:—]

The deaf and dumb are met with in all countries, but especially in mountainous districts; they are no where more numerous than in Sardinia, in the Black Forest, in Savoy, and in Switzerland. In Saxony, 1 out of every 1486 inhabitants is deaf and dumb; in Prussia, 1 out of 1401; in Brunswick, one out of 2026; in Weimar, 1 out of 715; in Austria, 1 out of 1290, (the average proportion throughout Germany); in Italy, 1 out of 1301; in Holland, 1 out of 2204; in Denmark, 1 out of 1943; in France, Spain, Portugal, Hungary, Poland, Russia in Europe, Sweden and Norway, and Great Britain, 1 out of 1301, (which is the average for all Europe); but in Switzerland, the most mountainous country in Europe, the proportion is 1 in 275 of the population, that is to say, eight times more than in Holland, the flattest country in Europe. In the United States, the proportion is 1 in 2085. In the town of Calcutta, it is 1 in 1284, (which, to judge by all the data at present in existence, is about the average proportion for the entire earth.) The number and extent of asylums for the deaf and dumb vary extremely in different countries. In Saxony, about 71 deaf and dumb persons out of every 100 are educated in institutions especially adapted for their reception; in Prussia, about 35 in 100; in Weimar, about 10 per cent.; in Germany, generally, 26 per cent.; in Italy, 12 per cent.; in Holland and Denmark, all; in France, 24 per cent.; in Spain, 1 per cent.; in Portugal, 2 per cent.; in Hungary, 3 per cent.; in Poland, 9 per cent.; in Russia in Europe, 1 per cent.; in Sweden and Norway, 6 per cent.; in Great Britain, 32 per cent.; in Switzerland, 6 per cent.; in Europe, generally, 10 per cent.; in the United States, 53 per cent.; in Calcutta, 13 per cent.; in the world, generally, 5 per cent.*

There are more deaf and dumb of the male than of the female sex, although in the entire population females everywhere preponderate. In Saxony, the proportion of males to females thus affected is as 100 to 74; in Sardinia, it is as 100 to 69. As a general rule, there will be four deaf and dumb males to three deaf and dumb females.

* These are, of course, only approximative calculations.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE, NO. XX,

Contains an ably written article on Lord Normanby's Administration, and one on the State and Prospects of Spain. It has also Political Studies of the Foreign Statesmen of the Day, No. 1. Mons. Thiers. A good Review of the Norwich Musical Festival, will also be found here; and a Treatise on the Practicability of Civilizing Aboriginal Populations; Review of New Books, &c.

New Books.

Maxims, Morals, and Golden Rules. Madden and Co.

This is one of those truly valuable collections of aphorisms which tend so effectually to correct and improve the morals—making us better, happier, and wiser. It is just such a book that ought to be in the hands of every young person, for it would prove to them an invaluable companion and friend through life.

Observations, &c. By E. W. *2d. edition.* W. J. Cleaver.

The author of this pleasing and unpretending work, gives evidence of his knowledge of the nobility and failings of the human mind, in all its multifarious struggles: many of the sentences are full of the most pleasing imagery, told in language of pure wisdom: the pen that could write this little work, is capable of producing many larger ones, that would not fail of meeting with universal approbation, and prove of the greatest service to society.

Cure of Club-Foot, Bent Knee, Wry-neck, Spinal, and other Deformities. By Gustav Krauss, M. D. Churchill.

In this little *brochure*, Dr. Krauss dedicates himself to the study of Orthopædia (the science of curing the deformities of the human body). The remedy proposed for deformities, is the division of the tendons. This tract is written in a plain and comprehensive style; it is illustrated by many wood-cuts, proving the cures performed in deformed feet by dividing the *tendo Achilles*. To those who are so unhappily afflicted, we refer them to the above Treatise. Dr. J. Little has written on the Distortions of the Club-Foot, which he also proposes to cure by the division of the *tendo Achilles*. Dr. Krauss intends to establish a public institution for the gratuitous reception and treatment of the deformed poor. This is, indeed, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and, we feel assured, need only be honestly and promptly set about, to gain powerful support; as we believe there are no charitable receptacles in England for persons so afflicted.

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ON THE DEATH OF THE SPEAKING CANARY BIRD.

Thou wert surely more than bird,
Little golden-winged Canary!
That of late I sweetly heard,
Speaking like a tiny fairy.

Aye, a fairy sure thou wert,
Who, a gilded plume and feather
(Just to give thy spirit mirth,)
Did'st assume, then hasten'd hither.

For thy silver bits of speech—
For thy tunes and tones delicious—
Ladies left their harps and lutes,
Thee to hear and see, ambitious!

So, for many a day and week,
Thou didst most perplex and worry
Thinking men, who heard thee speak
Speech, correct enough for Murray.

Thus thy little fairy-sprite,
Did delight to play and chatter,
While the puzzled wits of men
Scarce could comprehend the matter.

But, at last, of that same sport
All a-weary grew thy spirit,
And again it sighed and pined
Fairy regions to revisit.

Therefore 'twas thou threw'st aside
Guise assumed and shape Canary,
And, clad in elfin pride,
Sought again the realms of fairy.

W. ARCHER.

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

From the Reports of the Charity Commissioners.

CONINGSBY'S HOSPITAL, HEREFORD.

(*Concluded from page* 211.)

If Sir Thomas Coningsby had carried into full effect the intentions expressed in this deed, the endowment of his hospital would at the present day have produced a splendid income; but instead of settling lands to the use of the charity, he ultimately bequeathed a rent-charge of 200*l.*, issuing out of his estates in the counties of Hereford and Leicester, which sum he probably calculated would cover all the expenses of provisions, clothing, and stipends. In his will, which is of earlier date than the deed, (viz. 10th August, 1616,) he refers to his intended hospital in the following terms:—

"There is one thing I have at heart, yea, little less than any of the proceeding bequests or gifts, which I pray, entreat, beseech, desire, require, yea, command; and this is, the endowment of the Decameron or Camerado of old soldiers, and serving men of desert:—the seat in the suburbs of the city of Hereford being now almost perfected, I intend the endowment of ten old soldiers and serving men, with convenient pensions, and other allowances, to the value of twenty marks by the year; to every one with a decanus contuberii, or cavetzo and camerado, and a chaplain, whose allowance and commodity shall make it up 200*l.* by the year; the which to perform maturely and legally according to the conceived form in my own mind, God of his mercy give me the grace."

The deed is dated the 1st of July, 1617, and under date of the 29th of September following, a codicil was added to the founder's will, by which he gave and bequeathed for and towards the sustentation and maintenance of the hospital, an annual rent of 200*l.* to be paid yearly, for ever, out of his fee-simple lands in Leominster, Lawton, Stockton, Morton in the Marsh, Risbury, and Newton, in the county of Hereford; and out of the manor and rectory of Treessington; and the rectory and tithes of Dalby Chalcumb, in Leicestershire; and he thereby required his son, Fitzwilliam Coningsby, to see all his bequests effectually performed, and to prepare and finish the houses, hall, chapel, and gardens of the said hospital, and the new buildings over against them, according to his intention.

By a second codicil, to provide for his camerado of old soldiers and serving men, he conjured his son to perform it to the utmost of the law; and to enable him the better so to do, gave him all his lands in Leicestershire, amounting to 210*l.* per annum, with the advowson of the vicarage therewith, well worth 80*l.* a year, which might be, without simony, turned to annual profit for so pious a use; and the rest of his entailed land, which was worth 100*l.* a year, and might be made much better on condition that they should be provided for, at least, to the utmost that the law would admit; and he required that he should settle the vicarage of Bodenham, with its appurtenances, to be given to the chaplain; and lastly, that the soldiers and servitors should be suited from top to toe with red cloth and fustian, &c., as mentioned in the deed.

The will was proved in the Prerogative Court, on the 18th of March, 1625.

The hospital buildings were finished, and consist of a chapel and hall, with dwelling houses for the corporal and men. The original building still exists, and forms one of the antiquarian curiosities of the city of Hereford. The ruins of the ancient monastery which is mentioned in the deed, form the boundary of the hospital gardens, and the hospital itself probably occupies the site of the old gateway, and porter's lodge. The present owner of Hampton Court, the former residence of the Coningsby family, is Richard Arkwright, Esq., of Willersley Castle, in Derbyshire, who purchased the estate from the Earl of Essex, subject to the annual rent-charge of 200*l.*, which constitutes the sole endowment of the hospital. By reference to the accounts of Mr. Tanner, who was steward to Lord Essex, it appears that the expense of repairs was usually defrayed by his lordship.

Certain rules and ordinances were directed to be kept and observed by the chaplain, corporal, and servitors of Coningsby's Hospital, on the 10th day of December, 1716, by the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Coningsby, commander of the said hospital. They were as follows:—

1. That these rules and ordinances be fairly engrossed and written on parchment, and put into a frame, and kept constantly hung up in

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the chapel belonging to the said hospital, and that they be entered into a paper book to be kept for that purpose in a chest in the said chapel, and that the present chaplain, corporal, and servitors subscribe their names to the said rules in the said book.

2. That every future chaplain, corporal, and servitor, hereafter to be admitted into the said hospital, shall at the time of his admission read or hear read unto him these rules and orders, and shall live and be conformable as well to these rules and orders as to any other ancient statutes belonging to the said hospital.

3. That no one of the said servitors, &c., shall at any time or times hereafter depart or absent himself from the said hospital above the space of three days, at any one time, without the special licence and consent of the commander or corporal of the said hospital, upon the penalty of forfeiting for the first offence, one week's pay; for the second, a full month's pay; and for the third, upon the penalty of being expelled the hospital.

4. That each servitor shall constantly upon every Lord's day, in his proper habit and cloak, go along with the corporal to the Minster, or Cathedral Church, and attend morning service and sermon each day celebrated, and sit in the proper seat there appointed and belonging to the corporal and servitors; and also constantly attend divine service performed in the chapel of the said hospital.

5. That every servitor shall, on the first Sunday in the twelve days of Christmas, and on Whitsunday, every year, receive in the chapel of the said hospital, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, upon forfeiture of six months' pay, unless such reasonable excuse shall be made as shall be certified by the corporal.

6. That every chaplain, &c., do constantly and personally attend, or find a proper clergyman, to read the prayers and administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as herein directed, viz:—to read the prayers upon every Sunday in the afternoon; and upon every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday mornings, weekly; and yearly to administer the sacrament in the said chapel, on the first Sunday in the twelve days of Christmas; and on Whitsunday; and the said chaplain or minister shall, upon his entrance into the service of the said cure, sign and subscribe these orders, &c.

7. That every servitor shall constantly keep the court or yard belonging to the hospital, weeded, and free from grass; and the chaplain, corporal, and servitors, shall keep the windows of their respective rooms and apartments well and sufficiently glazed, upon the penalty of the forfeiture of 2*s.*, &c.

8. That the corporal do, upon every Monday morning, immediately after divine service, in the said chapel, in the presence of the minister or chaplain, pay unto each of the residing servitors, who shall be in the hospital on the Saturday night next before, and go to the Cathedral Church, and attend the chapel belonging to the said hospital, on each Sunday as aforesaid, and to none other, the weekly sum of 4*s.* 10*d.*, in full satisfaction for each week's pay, in money, and for each servitor's weekly allowance for bread and beer; and that the said corporal shall also pay upon every Monday after Michaelmas day, yearly, to each servitor, the sum of 9*s.* for their respective provision for cheese and fuel for each ensuing winter.

9. If any of the residing servitors shall be duly convicted before the said corporal, of swearing, cursing, or being drunk, shall forfeit out of his week's pay, for every oath, 1*s.*, and for every time being drunk, 2*s.* 6*d.*

10. If any of the servitors, notwithstanding such penalties, shall persevere in the practice of such unchristian vices, then immediately from and after the third conviction, he shall be, *ipso facto*, expelled the said hospital.

11. That all and every the convictions and penalties before mentioned, shall be duly entered by the corporal, and be converted into a public stock for the relief of any of the said servitors when they shall happen to be sick.

These statutes are not very strictly observed, although there is no evidence that they have been superseded by others of more recent date. In fact, the diminished value of money has reduced the hospital to the condition of a slenderly endowed almshouse, instead of continuing it in its original state as a comfortable residence, in which repose and a bountiful provision were reserved for aged men who had served their country abroad, or had been faithful to their masters at home.

The vicar of Bodenham holds the office of chaplain, with a salary of 20*l.* per annum, the carate reads prayers in the chapel of the hospital three times a week, and on Sundays the men attend morning service at the cathedral.

In the year 1819, Henry Gough was appointed corporal, by Mr. Arkwright. His salary is the same as the chaplain's, and his duties are those of superintendant of the hospital; he pays the men, distributes the cloathing, preserves order, and conducts his company to church; he served for twenty-nine years in the Herefordshire militia, and was on duty during twenty-one years in various places in England and Ireland.

Of the ten poor men, four are old soldiers of the line, and one has served many years as a marine; the rest are decayed serving men, whose age has rendered them unfit for their respective situations. Each man receives 13*l.* per annum, by monthly payments, together with clothing, which is supplied as follows:—in each of the two successive years, a coat, waistcoat, and small clothes; and in the third year, a hat and cloak. The waistcoat is made of fustian, and the other clothes of scarlet cloth. The Spanish caps, the swords, and belts, and the soldierly fashion of the dress, with seemly lacing, have totally disappeared.

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The several payments on account of the charity, are as follows:—

The Chaplain's stipend - - - - - -	20
The Corporal's ditto - - - - - -	20
The Men, at 13*l.* each - - - -	130
Balance expended in clothing - - -	30
Total Expenditure	£200

The only document in the possession of the corporal, is a copy of the deed of foundation, and of the will and codicils. P. Q.

SONG.

O, WHERE are the spirits of old,
And the pride of the warrior's brow?
And the high-beating hearts of the bold—
O where may we seek for them now?
Rouse—rouse from your dwellings of stone,
Ye chiefs of the list and the plain,
O think of the days that are gone—
To the lance and the buckler again!

Ye have slumbered, and well—for 'twere shame
Ye should live, with the rust on your shield,
Without shivering the falchion for fame,
Or breaking a lance in the field;
But the hour of awaking is here!
The lance is again in its rest,
And are meeting in knightly career
The steeds of the boldest and best.

Hark! hark to the clashing of arms!
And the high-bounding war-horse's neigh!
List! list to the trumpet's alarms,
Oh haste ye to join the affray!
Rouse, rouse from your dwellings of stone,
Ye chiefs of the list and the plain,
O think of the days that are gone!—
To the shield and the buckler again!

E. M.

Biography.

SIR THOMAS MASTERMAN HARDY, BART., G.C.B., &c. &c. &c.

THIS gallant and regretted officer, whose name and valorous deeds are so identified with the triumphs of the invincible Nelson, was born on the 5th of April, 1769.

He commenced his glorious career at a very early period of his life, and served for some time as master's mate in the Hebe frigate. He was appointed, in the year 1797, as lieutenant of La Minerve frigate, and fully established his character, as a brave sailor, by his intrepid conduct in the road of Santa Cruz, when a French brig of war having been discovered lying close to the town, he was entrusted with the command of the boats to proceed into the bay and cut her out; and, being ably supported by Lieut. (afterwards Rear-admiral) Gage, and the boats' crew, nobly carried the enemy. In this affair Lieutenant Hardy was wounded. He was immediately advanced for his intrepidity to the rank of commander, and appointed to La Mutine, the ship he had thus nobly captured.

Captain Hardy accompanied Nelson in the pursuit of the French fleet which had sailed from Toulon and proceeded to Egypt, and shared in the perils and glories of the ever-memorable Battle of the Nile. Immediately afterwards he was made post into the Vanguard, seventy-four, bearing the flag of Nelson. Shortly after this period, Nelson having shifted his flag into the Foudroyant, of eighty guns, Captain Hardy accompanied him, and continued to command that ship until October 12, 1799.

We next find the above gallant officer serving as flag-captain to Lord Nelson in the Namur, San Josef, and St. George, and shared with his heroic leader in the celebrated battle of Copenhagen.

In 1801, Lord Nelson being obliged to return to England on account of ill health, Captain Hardy accompanied him; but was not allowed much repose, for he was almost immediately appointed to the Isis, of fifty guns. He was next commissioned to the Amphion, of thirty-two guns, carrying out Lord R. Fitzgerald as ambassador to Portugal.

In 1803, on Lord Nelson being appointed commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet, his lordship sailed to take the command in the Victory, of one hundred guns, accompanied by Captain Hardy, in the Amphion, and who rejoined the Victory at the end of July, 1803.

It was on the 19th of January, 1805, that Lord Nelson received the intelligence of the departure of the French fleet from Toulon, which port had been watched ever since 1803; but after proceeding to Egypt, and other directions, in fruitless pursuit of it, he returned to Portsmouth.

Captain Hardy again embarked with Lord Nelson at Portsmouth, on the 14th of September, 1805, and arrived shortly after off Cadiz. Little occurred worthy of notice until the 21st of October, when the British fleet fell in with the combined French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar. On this glorious and ever-memorable day, when "God gave us victory, but Nelson died," Captain Hardy, as captain of Lord Nelson's flag-ship, the Victory, took a most conspicuous part in the triumphs of the day. It is not our intention to give a history of that splendid battle. It was Capt. Hardy who endeavoured to persuade Nelson not to appear on deck in his full naval uniform; and when the hero received the fatal shot, he fell into Captain Hardy's arms; and on hearing the triumphant shout of victory, he inquired what number of the enemy had struck, and being answered "twenty one," he feebly ejaculated, "Kiss me, Hardy!" and expired. A correct representation of this painfully interesting scene, with a faithful likeness of the devoted Hardy leaning over his lamented commander, occupies a conspicuous position in the Painted Hall of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich.

After the above memorable battle, Captain Hardy repaired to England with the revered body of his friend, which was landed at Greenwich on December 24, 1805; and on the 7th of January following it was buried with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral: Captain Hardy attended the funeral, and bore the banner of emblems before the relations of the deceased.

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In February following he was created a baronet of Great Britain, and shortly after appointed to the Triumph, of seventy-four guns; and, in 1812, Sir Thomas Hardy obtained the command of the Ramillies, and proceeded to reinforce the fleet on the coast of North America.

Sir Thomas Hardy was nominated a K.C.B. in 1815, and in 1831 was honoured with the title of G.C.B., and was entitled to wear a distinguished medal for the Battle of Trafalgar; was also a chief of the division in the Portuguese navy, and a vice-admiral of the Blue in the English service.

Sir Thomas was the second son of Joshua Hardy, Esq., of Portisham, in the county of Dorset, by Ann, daughter of Thomas Masterman, Esq., of Kingston, in the same county. He married, on the 7th of November, 1807, Anne Louisa, daughter of Admiral Berkeley, by whom he had three daughters.

Previous to Admiral Hardy's appointment as Governor of Greenwich Hospital, to which he was appointed April 1834, he was one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

On the Friday preceding the day on which he died [September 20, 1839], he was seen in apparent good health, walking in the hospital grounds. On the evening of the same day he became indisposed, and was attended by Sir Richard Dobson, the surgeon of the hospital, and Drs. Gladstone and Darville; his complaint was constipation of the bowels; and he continued to get worse until Thursday afternoon, when he had an interview with Lady Hardy and his two daughters, and expressed to them in the most firm and heroic manner his conviction he must die on the morrow, which actually took place. At the time of his death, it is said, that all the members of his family, and his medical attendants, were at his bedside. Thus ended the glorious career of the unflinching friend of the immortal Nelson!

A cast from the face of this gallant officer was taken by Mr. Behnes, preparatory to modelling a bust for a statue. Mr. Behnes, in taking the cast, discovered a miniature of Lord Nelson suspended from the neck of Sir Thomas, which he always wore on his breast. This miniature was presented to him by the great naval hero himself. Sir Thomas Hardy expressed his wish that the miniature be placed in his coffin and interred with his remains.

On Saturday, the 28th ult., the remains of this gallant officer were consigned to their last home, in the mausoleum of the cemetery of the hospital of which he was governor. The funeral was in some respects a public one, and would have been conducted with much more show, had not Sir Thomas Hardy himself strictly enjoined his executors to use no ostentation or display whatever in his obsequies. The coffin was extremely plain, of oak, covered with black, cloth and studded with gilt nails; it had no armorial bearings or heraldic escutcheon; and a simple inscription, stating the age and rank of the deceased. It is the 92d coffin that has been placed in the mausoleum, and now rests immediately above the coffin of Sir R. Keats.

COINCIDENCES, PREDICTIONS, AND OMENS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

In the paper I wrote some months ago, on Coincidences, &c., I pretty generally confined myself to instances of an historical character; peculiarities of a different nature having occurred to me, I proceed to note them down, occasionally venturing to offer a few remarks.

However little we may be disposed to attach any importance to dreams, and however reluctant we may be to acknowledge that they have at times disturbed our peace, or, in some instances, raised our expectations, yet dreams *are* on record, which, with regard to the circumstances immediately following, have been in the mind, irresistibly connected with the creations of fancy. When Lord Bacon, as he himself records, dreamt in Paris, that he saw "his father's house in the country plastered all over with black mortar, his feelings were then highly wrought upon, the emotions under which he laboured were of a very apprehensive kind, and he made no doubt that the next intelligence from England would apprize him of the demise of his father. His apprehensions, the sequel proved to be well grounded; for his father actually died the same night in which he had his remarkable dream. Arlotta, the mother of William the Conqueror, whilst big with him, dreamt that her bowels were extended and dilated all over England and Normandy. The time when the Almighty was pleased to signify his intentions to the children of men, was unfortunately gone by, or the dream might thus be accounted for; but we are no longer justified in attributing such disclosures to God, they must be looked upon as the mere work of coincidence. Baker, in his "Chronicles," tells us that James IV. of Scotland was warned by two persons to beware of Flodden-Field; "I am sent unto thee, O King," said an old man, "to give thee warning, that thou proceed not in the war thou art about, for if thou dost it will be thy ruin!" and his queen repeatedly related to him the dreams that had haunted her sleep. "They are mere dreams," said the King—he went to battle, and fell in the midst of his nobles.

Morrison, in his "Itinerary," has the following passage: "Whilst I lived at Prague," he says, "and one night had sat up very late, drinking at a feast, early in the morning the sunbeams glancing on my face as I lay in my bed, I dreamt that a shadow passing by told me that my father was dead; at which, awaking all in a sweat, and affected with my dream, rose and wrote the day and hour, and all circumstances thereof, in a paper book, which book, with many other things, I

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put into a barrel, and sent it from Prague to Stode, thence to be conveyed to England. And now being at Nuremberg, a merchant of noble family, well acquainted with me and my family, arrived there and told me that my father died some months past. When I returned to England four years after, I would not open the barrel in which I had put the paper-book, till I had called my sisters and some other friends to be witnesses; when myself and they were astonished to see my written dream answer the very day of my father's death." In another part he has the following passage, too: "I may lawfully swear that in my youth I had the like dream of my mother's death, when my brother Henry lying with me, early in the morning I dreamed that my mother passed by with a sad countenance, and told me 'that she could not come within my commencement,' (I being within five months of entrance to master of arts, and she having promised at that time to come to Cambridge.) When I related this dream to my brother, both of us awaking in a sweat, he protested to me that he had dreamed the very same, and when we had not the least knowledge of our mother's sickness .... yet the next carrier brought us the news of our mother's death." This may seem rather *outré*, but out of respect for Morrison, I extract the passages; he is, generally speaking, a pretty safe authority. Such striking instances as these one is apt to look upon as partaking of something more than mere coincidence, and so one must acknowledge they do. Simpson, in his "History of the Church," says, that Pope Innocent IV. dreamed that Robert Grosthead, Bishop of Lincoln, came to him, and with his staff struck him on the side, saying, in Latin: "Rise, wretch, and come to judgment!" Within a few days after this summons his Holiness breathed his last.

The dream alluded to by Moore, in his "Life of Byron," is very remarkable, perhaps more so than any other I could produce, to illustrate this paper; it is, however, too long for extract, and may readily be found on referring to the third volume of the Life. Galen, having an inflammation about the diaphragm, was admonished in his sleep, that "if he purposed to be freed from it, he should forthwith open that vein, which was most apparent betwixt the thumb and the forefinger, and take a quantity of blood from thence. He did as he was advised, and was presently restored to his former health."

To this kind of coincidence, of which I might adduce numerous other cases, succeeds those events which have been observed to follow either unearthly sounds, extraordinary noises, or the accidental removal or displacement of some picture or some important piece of furniture, &c. These events, from having been known to follow in such close approximation any of the circumstances above alluded to, have always been held in some degree of awe and mystery. In my opinion, the most striking occurrence of the kind, (at least that I am acquainted with,) happened to Sir Walter Scott, at the time Abbotsford was in the course of erection. Mr. Bullock was then employed by him to fit the castle up with all proper appurtenances, when, during this gentleman's absence in London, the extraordinary circumstance I refer to took place. In a letter written to Mr. Terry, in the year 1818, Scott says: "The night before last, we were awaked by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the same noise recurred; Mrs. S., as you know, is rather *timbersome*, so up got I, with Beardy's broad-sword under my arm,

"So bolt upright
And ready to fight."

But nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance." Now, strangely enough, on the morning that Mr. Terry received this letter, he was breakfasting with Mr. Erskine, (afterwards Lord Kinneder,) and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of Mr. Bullock, which, on comparing dates, must have happened on the same night, and as nearly as could possibly be ascertained, at the same hour, the disturbance occurred at Abbotsford. One might be induced to say, that some drunken workmen, or other disorderly persons, were on the premises; but this method of accounting for the coincidence will at once be exploded on reading the following passage from another letter written by Scott to the same gentleman: "Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbance at Abbotsford, with the melancholy event that followed? I protest to you that the noise resembled half-a-dozen men hard at work pulling up boards and furniture, and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time."

Archbishop Laud, not long before the disastrous circumstances happened which hastened his tragical end, on entering his study one day, found his picture at full length on the floor, the string which held it fastened to the wall having snapped. The sight of this struck the prelate with such an awing sense of the probability of his fate, that from that moment he never enjoyed a moment's peace. It moreover brought back to his mind a disaster that had occurred to one of his boats on the very day of his translation to the see of Canterbury, which sank with his coaches and horses into the Thames.

The Duke of Buckingham was visited by a phenomenon of a similar kind—he found his picture in the Council-chamber fallen out of its frame. This accident, in that age of omens, was looked upon with a considerable degree of awe. When Mungo Park took his leave of Scott, prior to his second and fatal expe-

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dition to Africa, his horse stumbled on crossing a ditch which separated the moor from the road: "I am afraid," said Scott, "this is a bad omen." Park answered, smiling, "Omens follow them who look to them," and striking spurs into his horse, galloped off. Scott never saw him again. How often has not an occurrence of this nature fallen under our own observation!

The Gatherer.

A New Railroad.—A French paper, the *Siecle*, asserts, that a new railroad, *without the use of steam*, and *suspended in the air*, is at present in agitation in Paris; and that M. Touboulac, the inventor of this new locomotive machine, which he calls "Veloposte," has had an audience of his Majesty. It was expected that a public experiment would shortly take place.

Early Rising.—Some people have an idea that early rising is better than late rising. It is a false idea altogether. Early rising puts a colour in the cheek, to be sure, elasticity in the step. But what of that? It makes you strong, beautiful, and rosy cheeked; and gives you many a long year to live. But for all that, early rising is decidedly vulgar, merely mechanical—and only suited to the common people, who have to earn their meals before they eat them. We like to see people lie abed till ten o'clock at least—especially the women. We admire a woman who sleeps till ten, and then gets up with a pale face and feverish pulse—it looks so *genteel*.—*American Paper.*

Saving Banks in France.—It is a remarkable circumstance, that of the workmen, the painters, locksmiths, jewellers, tailors, peruquiers, and butchers, are those who put the most in the savings-bank, while the men employed by the wine and liqueur merchants invest the least. Such is the wonderful progress made by these establishments, which were hardly known 25 years ago, and which are now estimated at nearly 1,000,000,000 of deposits in the 1,200 savings-banks founded in Europe.

The Mary-le-bone vestrymen have at length decided on a further extension of the wood-pavement, from Charles-street to Wells-street.

Blowing up the Wreck of the Royal George, at Spithead.—Colonel Pasley has at length succeeded in firing off one of his enormous sub-marine mines of gunpowder against the wreck of the Royal George, off Spithead. At two o'clock, on Monday, Sept. 23d., a cylinder, containing 2,320lb of powder, was carefully lowered to the bottom, where it was placed alongside the most compact portion of the wreck. When everything was ready, the vessel in which the voltaic battery was placed, was drawn off to the distance of 500 feet, which is the length of the connecting wires, and instantaneously on the circuit being completed, the explosion took place. At first, the surface of the sea, before perfectly smooth, was violently agitated by a tremulous motion, which threw it into small irregular waves, a few inches only in height. This lasted for three or four seconds, when a huge dome of water made its appearance, of a conical or rather bee-hive shape. At first, it appeared to rise slowly, but rapidly increased in height and size till it reached the altitude of twenty-eight to thirty feet, in a tolerably compact mass. It then fell, and produced a series of rings, which spread in all directions.

M. Michaud, the celebrated author of the *History of the Crusades*, and of various other literary and political compositions of merit, died at Passy, on the 30th ult. in the 72nd year of his age.

The Old Oak Plank.—In the north-east corner of the corn market, in this city, there is an old house, over the entrance of which *was* (alas! that we should be compelled to use the past tense) an inscription, cut on an oak plank, "Love God [W. B. 1577. R. D.] Honor the Kinge." The house thus described was used as the quarters of the second Charles, previous to that fatal battle which old Noll called "his crowning victory." This fact communicated an adventitious interest to the house, which was one of the "lions" of Worcester; and amidst all the mutations which time or taste brought over the fabric, the inscription we have quoted was sacredly preserved. Each successive historian of Worcester had something to say about the house and the legend, and the aid of Sylvanus Urban himself was called in about half a century ago to illustrate its history. Alas! for the mutability of human things! Some modern Vandal has laid his sacrilegious hands on the hortatory plank, and borne it off. The front of the classic dwelling is now deformed by the representation of a *Red Cow*, accompanied by an intimation that "Milk and Creme is sould hear."—*Worcester Journal.*

In Holne Church-Yard, near Ashburton, is the following, on the keeper of Holne Chace:—

Here lies poor old *Ned*,
On his last mattrass bed—
During life he was honest and free;
He well knew the Chace,
But has now run his race,
And his name it was *Collins* d'ye see!

In the same yard, and erected in 1823, is:—

Pray! stop a foot and stay an eye:
As you am now, so once was wee;
As wee am now, so you must be,
Prepare for God, and follow wee.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 972.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1839. [PRICE 2*d*.

Wellingtoniana.—N°. IV.

TOMB OF MAJOR STABLES, AT WATERLOO.

TOMB OF MAJOR ARTHUR ROWLEY.

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WELLINGTONIANA.—No. IV.

The above sketches of the tombs of two of the heroes who fell at Waterloo, and who were buried near the scene of action, continues the series illustrated in former numbers of the *Mirror*. One of them stands in the little yard of a cottage as you leave the village, and pass along on the left side of the long street thereof, *en route* for the field. The other stands near the same spot, but is not visible, except to the inquirer.

It is a singular fact connected with this memorable battle, that its great chief had a singular anticipation of the spot where he was to complete the measure of his military renown. After the series of movements by which Napoleon's power was broken, and he was compelled to take refuge in Elba, Lord Wellington returned to England, where he was raised to the most elevated rank, and to the highest situations which his sovereign and his country could bestow on him.

The appointment of ambassador to the court of France, however, caused him to leave England again in the month of August. He took his way through the Low Countries; and a letter to Earl Bathurst (in Col. Gurwood's Volume, xii., p. 123), accompanied by a memorandum "on the defence of the frontiers of the Netherlands," indicates one of the motives for his having taken that route. In this very able memorandum, one of the points adverted to, as being of especial military importance to the defence of Brabant, is "the entrance of the *forêt de Soignies* by the high road which leads to Brussels, from Binch, Charleroi, and Namur," the very place where the fate of Bonaparte was finally determined in the Battle of Waterloo.

In reading the despatches of the Duke, and observing the plan of his operations sketched out in anticipation, and following up the details of his movements, we seldom find the least departure from his original intentions.

The universal tribute which all ranks and classes now crowd to pay to the illustrious Chief, notwithstanding political differences, and at a time when political animosities are so bitter, forms a striking contrast to the declining years of the great chiefs of ancient days, who usually experienced the mutable tenure of popular applause. The benefits which Wellington has conferred on Britain and Europe are solid and lasting. And, notwithstansing his great merit, there has ever been a noble and beautiful simplicity connected with his character, showing that duty, and not ambition,—the public good, and not personal aggrandizement, has been the mainspring of his actions. This is the solid foundation on which his reputation is based. He stands, like the Ionic column, without an impress on his character but that of solid usefulness and lasting worth. The following, from the pen of a recent writer, gives an admirable summary of the contending elements he had to master and direct:—"A constant recollection of these circumstances, and of the peculiar and very difficult task which was committed to his charge, is necessary in forming a correct estimate of the Duke of Wellington's military achievements. The brilliancy of his course is well known; an unbroken series of triumphs from Vimiera to Toulouse; the entire expulsion of the French from the Peninsula; the planting of the British standard in the heart of France; the successive defeats of those veteran marshals who had so long conquered every country in Europe; the overthrow of Waterloo; the hurling of Napoleon from his throne; and the termination, in one day, of military empire, founded on twenty years of conquest. But these results, great and imperishable as they are, convey no adequate idea, either of the difficulties with which Wellington had to contend, or of the merit due to his transcendant exertions. With an army seldom superior in number to a single corps of the French marshals; with troops dispirited by recent disaster, and wholly unaided by practical experience; without any compulsory law to recruit his ranks, or any strong national passion for war to supply its wants, he was called on to combat successively vast armies, composed, in great part, of veteran soldiers, perpetually filled by the terrible powers of the conscription, headed by chiefs who, risen from the ranks, and practically acquainted with the duties of war in all its grades, had fought their way from the grenadier's musket to the marshal's baton, and were followed by men who, trained in the same school, were animated by the same ambition. Still more: he was the general of a nation in which the chivalrous and mercantile qualities are strongly blended together, which, justly proud of its historic glory, is unreasonably jealous of its military expenditure—which, covetous beyond measure of its warlike renown, is ruinously impatient of pacific preparation—which starves its establishment when danger is over, and yet frets at defeat when its terrors are present—which dreams in war of Cressy and Agincourt, and ruminates in peace on economic reduction. He combated, at the head of an alliance formed of heterogeneous states, composed of discordant materials, in which ancient animosities and religious divisions were imperfectly suppressed by recent fervour or present danger; in which corruption often paralyzed the arm of patriotism, and jealousy withheld the resources of power. He acted under the direction of a ministry which, albeit zealous and active, was alike inexperienced in hostility, and unskilled in combinations; in the presence of an opposition, which, powerful in eloquence, supported by faction, was prejudiced against the war, and indefatigable to arrest it."

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The Public Journals.

[Nos. XII. and XIII. of the *Heads of the People*, complete the first part; they contain six characters, depictured with truth, saving the Printers' Devil, which is anything but the personage it is intended to portray. As a set off to the appalling effigy of The Hangman, we have a delightful representation of "The Farmer's Daughter," wherein is displayed more real loveliness and beauty than is to be found in all the Hampton Court Beauties: such innocent primitive archness! and such prodigality of angelic sweetness of disposition! it is a real portrait of a real English lass—purely British; that man must be made of curious clay, indeed, who could not fall in love with such a woman; for there is in her countenance—

"All that we believe of heaven!"

The following is Mr. W. Howitt's graphic description:—]

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

THERE'S a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm-houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of sheep, or of curds, you may be suddenly shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamt of till the mischief was done. In towns, and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the rich and the titled fair, you are on your guard; you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breast-plates, and pass through the most deadly onslaught of beauty—safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature, crosses a glade, leaps a stile; you start, you stand,—lost in wonder and astonished admiration; you take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of the nymphs and dryads to earth, when up comes John Tomkins, and says, "It's only the Farmer's Daughter!" What! have farmers such daughters now-a-days! Yes. I tell you they have such daughters—those farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is but another name for a very tindery heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country; with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney-corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton—of joining him in the pensive pleasures of a pipe, and brown jug of October; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife; of the parson and his family, of his sermons and his tenth pig—over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or lapt in the delicious luxuries of custards and whipt creams: in walks a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and with a curtsey and a smile, of most winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the Farmer's Daughter! A lively creature of eighteen. Fair as the lily, fresh as May-dew, rosy as the rose itself; graceful as the peacock perchod on the pales there by the window; sweet as a posy of violets and "clove-gillivers;" modest as early morning, and amiable as your own imagination of *Desdemona*, or *Gertrude of Wyoming*. You are lost! It's all over with you. I would n't give an empty filbert, or a frog-bitten strawberry, for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation; and fancying farm-houses only nice old-fashioned places of old-fashioned contentment.

Ay, many a one has found, to his sorrow, what trusting himself amongst barrel-churns and rows of bee-hives has cost him. His resolutions of bachelor independence have been whirled round and round, and resolved themselves into melting butter; he has been stung by the queen-bee, in the eye, and has felt all over pangs and twinges, as if the whole swarm had got into his bosom. Then has come a desperate liking to that part of the country; the taking that neat cottage just out of the village, with its honeysuckle porch, and willow harbour by the brook; the sauntering down the foot-path that leads past the farm of a summer's evening, with a book of poetry in the hand; the seat on the stile at the bottom of the wood; the sudden looking up—"How sweet that farm-house *does* look! What fine old trees those *are* about it! And that dear little window in the old gable, with its open casement and its diamond panes. And, oh! surely! yes—that *is* Anne herself, and I think she is looking this way!"

Then follow the sweetest walks down by the mill; the sweetest moonlight leaps over the sunk fence at the bottom of the garden; the most heavenly wanderings along that old quince walk—such vows! such poetry of passion! such hopes and promises of felicity; and then the old farmer looks over the hedge, and says, "Who's there!" There, this is a pretty go! Off goes Anne like the spirit of a young lamplighter up the garden, through the house, up the stairs at three strides, and there she is, locked and bolted in that dear little chamber, with the little diamond window in the old gable. She has sunk into a chair (it is a very soft one, cushioned comfortably all round, seat, back, and elbows,) and very wet is that white cambric handkerchief which she holds to her eyes.

But where is Captain Jenkinson! Oh! he's there!—and he's too bold and too true a lover to fly or sneak. There they stand, face to face, in the moonlight, the tall, slim Captain Jenkinson, and the tall, stout Farmer Field, with his huge striped waistcoat, ready to burst with hurry and indignation, and his great stick in his hand. "What, is that you, captain! My eye! What! was that you a talking to our Anne!" "Yes, friend Field, it *is* I; it is the captain that was talking to your adorable Anne; and here I am, ready to marry her with your consent, for never shall woman be my wife but your charming Anne!"

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How that great elephant of a farmer stands lifting up his face, and laughing in the moonlight! How that "fair round *corporation* with good capon lined" (good Shakspeare, pardon our verbal variation in this quotation in courtesy to the delicacy of modern phrases) —how those herculean limbs do shake with laughter! But, now, as the tears stream down his face, he squeezes the youth's hand, and says, "Who could have thought it, captain—eh! Ha! ha! Well, we're all young and foolish once in our lives—but come! no more on't—it won't do, captain, it won't do!"

"Won't do! won't do! why should n't it do, farmer, why should n't it do?" "Why, becos it won't, and that's why—a captain and old Farmer Field's lass—ha! ha! What will Lady Jenkinson say—eh? What'ull that half-a-dozen of old guardians say—eh! The Honourable Captain Jenkinson, and the daughter of old Farmer Field! What'ull they say —eh! Say I'm a cunning old codger; say I've trapped you, belike. No, no—they shan't say so, not a man-jack of 'em. Not one of the breed, seed, and generation of 'em, shall say old Farmer Field palmed his daughter on a gentleman for his houses and his lands. No, Anne's a tight lass, and John Wright will come at the right time; and when you'r married to my lady Fitz-somebody, and Anne's got the right man, come down, captain, and kill us a pheasant, and set up your horses and your dogs here, and we'll have a regular merry do, and another good laugh at our youthful follies!"

But all won't do. The captain vows he'll shoot all the old guardians of a row, and tell his mother to shoot him if they make any opposition; and the very same night he sticks a note on the top of his fishing-rod, and taps with it at Anne's little window, with the diamond panes, in the old gable; and Anne, jumping from the easy chair, looks out, seizes the paper, clasps her hands, casts down a most affectionate, but inconsolable look, and sighs an eternal adieu!—then flying to read the note, finds the captain vowing that "she may cheer up, all *shall* go right, or that he will manfully drown himself in the mill-dam.

Now, there is a pretty situation of affairs! and all that through incautiously wandering into the country, of a summer's evening, and getting into one of these old-fashioned farm-houses. It would serve them all right to leave them in their trouble. It might act as a warning to others, and place the dangers of the country in their genuine light. But the captain would be almost certain to drown himself, he is so desperate (and then there must be a coroner's inquest, and we might, at a very inconvenient moment, be called up to serve upon it) we will for this once let things pass—all *shall* be right. The guardians relent, because they can't help themselves. Lady Jenkinson bounces a good bit, but like all bodies of a considerable specific gravity, she comes down again. The adorable Anne is not drowned in her own pocket-handkerchief, though she has been very near it; and "The Times" announces, that the Honourable Charles Jenkinson, of the Light Dragoons, was married on the 7th instant, to Anne Louisa, the only daughter of Burley Field, Esq., of Sycamore Grange, Salop.

Merciful as we have been to this young and handsome couple, we think we have not failed to indicate dangers of no trivial description, that haunt the bush in England, though there be no lions; dangers out of which others may not probably so easily come; for, without a joke, the Farmer's Daughter in the bloom of beauty, is not to be carelessly approached. She can sing like a Syren, and is as dangerous as Circe in her enchanted island.

It is not to be inferred, however, that all farmer's daughters are like Anne Field. Plentifully as Providence has scattered beauty and good sense through our farms and granges, both these and other good things are given with a difference. There are such things amongst farmers' daughters as ranks, fortunes, educations, dispositions, abilities, and tastes, in as much variety as any lover of variety can desire.—There are farmers of all sorts, from the duke to the man of twenty acres; and, of course, there are farmers' daughters of as many degrees. There is a large class of gentlemen-farmers—men of estates and large capitals, who farm their two or three thousand acres, like some of the great corn-farmers of Northumberland; live in noble large houses, and keep their carriage and livery servants. Of course, the daughters of these, and such as these, are educated just the same, and have all the same habits and manners as any other young ladies. It is neither Cobbett, nor any other contemner of boarding-schools, and such "scimmy-dish things," that will persuade these damsels to leave the carriage for the tax-cart, the piano for the spinning-wheel, nor the fashionable novel for the cook's oracle. They will "stand by their order" as stoutly as Lord Grey himself.

Yet, if any body wishes to see the buxom, but housewifely, Farmer's Daughter, that is not afraid "to do a hand's-char," that can scour a pail, make a cheese, churn your butter—fresh as the day and golden as the crowflower on the lea; can make the house look so clean and cheery that the very cat purs on the hearth, and the goldfinch sings at the door-cheek the more blithley for it; can throw up a hay-cock, or go to market, as well as her grandmother did! why, there are plenty of such lasses yet, spite of all crinkum-crancums and fine-figuredness of modern fashion. Have n't you seen such, north and south? Have n't you met them on siugle horses, or on pillions, on market-days, in Devon and in Cornwall? Have n't you danced with them on Christmas-eves in Derbyshire or Durham?

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New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS.*

"I knew him well, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy. * * * * * Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

[In the *Mirror*, vol. xxxiii. we noticed the two first volumes of the life of this truly amiable man; and we now turn to vols. III. and IV. which commence in 1818, with the close of the first season of the "At Homes," and ending with his lamented death in 1835. The work is written in the form of annals, each year being separately treated. A great proportion consists, like the two former volumes, of letters, connected by Mrs. Mathews's narrative. From among many good things we mark for citation the following letter—]

"*To James Smith, Esq.*

"Philadelphia, Feb. 23d, 1823.

"My dear Smith,—I imagine by this time you begin to be a little impatient, and perhaps anxious to hear from me, though I must suppose you have made every allowance for my apparent neglect. You have doubtless heard of the calamitous circumstances under which I landed in this country; and you will readily believe that it was a most unpropitious time to extract any thing like fun or humour from the natives, even had they possessed as much as the Irish. America was, at the time of my arrival, a huge hospital, and conversation a mere medical report. My 'commercial speculations' have been completely deranged, and though not destroyed, very materially injured. It was not till the frost set in that I could discover even a smile on any of the naturally saturnine, grave visages of the natives. You may suppose that I was not much disposed to mirth myself, or to draw it from others, during such a visitation. This has naturally tended to delay me in those observations which I should otherwise have immediately commenced, on the habits and peculiarities of the Americans. At the same time it is my belief, that had I arrived after a successful war, and during rejoicings for peace, instead of days of mourning and sickness, I should not have discovered much more of merriment of character, humour, or any one ingredient of which I was in search, and which is now, in fact, the chief motive of my longer stay in the country. It will require all your ingenuity, all your fancy (and more than ever I possessed,) to find real materials in this country for a humourous entertainment. There is such a universal sameness of manner and character, so uniform a style of walking and looking, of dressing and thinking, that I really think I knew as much of them in October as I know of them now in February. The real, unadulterated natives, are only one remove from the Quakers: they never joke themselves, and they cannot see it in others. They would stare at you as a white wonder; and be perfectly amazed how any man under a hundred years of age could possibly have collected so many good jokes, for they would be utterly incredulous that a man could utter his own wit. As they have never seen such people, they are not obliged to believe that they exist. If I excelled in narrative, and were a lecturer, allowed to be occasionally grave, I could find infinite variety of materials to dwell upon, and rather amusing too; but as I feel perfect conviction that I am never amusing without I assume the manner of another, I know not how to suggest matter for comic effects out of mere observations. I should be very much inclined to remove many prejudices that exist between the two countries, and most anxious to do justice to the upper orders of people. They are well-informed, polite, hospitable, unaffected. I can truly say that I have never experienced more attentions in my own country. I do not believe, at least I cannot discover, that they differ at all from the polished people of the same rank in England. They do not certainly approach to the ease and finish of our upper ranks. I should feel equally disposed to scourge, to flagellate, to score to the back-bone, all the middling and lower orders. They are as infinitely beneath the notions that Europeans entertain of them, as their superiors are above them. Not merely sullen and cold, but studiously rude. This I have no hesitation in saying. The stage-driver says, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' to the ostler: but to a question from a person who has a clean neck-cloth, he instantly draws up, and, in the most repulsive manner, answers, 'No,' 'Ay,' or 'Very well.' The upper orders are literally slaves to the lower. The poorest people in the country will submit to exist in the most miserable manner, with their families, rather than any one of them should be degraded by servitude. The consequence is, that all the menial situations are filled by negroes (niggers,) and Irish and Scotch. This constitutes the great difficulty in picking up anecdote, character, or any thing that would be called peculiarity, in Ireland or Scotland; even in dialect, the same disappointment follows the attempt. All that is attributed by foreigners to the English appears to belong to the Americans, but with exaggerations—reserve, coldness, monotony, &c. The gravity of the upper orders, which is by no means displeasing, becomes perfect unkindness (to make use of no stronger expression) in the middling orders; for though I have used the term lower, I hardly know who they are, where they are, or how they exist. They appear to me to be too proud even to be seen. Not one American have I yet seen waiting at table, or in any situation where he might run the risk of being called servant. This is commonplace to you, I am aware, but I mean to assure you that the tourists have not exaggerated it; they are all within the mark. You will from this

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perceive what difficulty I have to discover character or peculiarities. If I enter into conversation with a coachman, he is Irish; if a fellow brings me a note, he is Scotch. If I call a porter, he is a negro. I can't come at the American without I go to porter-houses, and that I cannot condescend to do. There are no phrases, no intonations, and no instances of bad pronunciation, false grammar, or incorrect English, that I cannot trace to be of English origin. Yorkshire, Somersetshire, and, above all, London, have supplied them most copiously. Here arises another difficulty. The impression would be, that there is no novelty in this—this has been done before—these are English characters. A week in Ireland would supply more drollery than twelve months here. Then again, all persons are dressed alike; nobody well-dressed, no one shabby. The judge, the barrister, the shopkeeper, the president, the member of Congress, the mechanic, the servant, without the slightest variation. Even in the courts of justice there is no distinction of ranks. The judge in the shabby blue coat and striped waistcoat, that the tipstaff wears. Now, I feel perfectly satisfied that my audience would yawn at this description of the people, even if it could boast of the recommendation of novelty. The Yankee is a term given by all the inhabitants of the other parts of the United States to those of the east exclusively. The larger cities boast of superiority in every respect, and speak of the Rhode Islander, and the Massachusetts-man, exactly as the English speak of all Americans, and have a contempt for a Yankee. I have just come from Boston in the latter state, and certainly I have discovered more of character there than in the cities of New York, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, where the language, generally, is better spoken than in London, or any part of England. I quite agree with you in your remarks, that a journal is necessary on a tour, but I doubt its use in America. 'The court of justice' is dulness itself. The Quakers' meeting would be a better subject, if the Quakers talked as much as the counsellors; and this again would be Westminster Hall on an uninteresting day, without wigs. The 'travellers' I have acted upon. But there is no 'travellers' room' at an inn. All travellers of every description are shown into the same room, and silence reigns amidst the smoke of cigars. The only notions I have had (droll to say) is a coach scene, '*à la diligence.*' Some of the summer dresses would be new to the English. Negro women dressed like Quakers—very common here. A very fat negro, with whom I met, driving a stage-coach (which are almost as peculiar as the French,) and urging his horses by different tunes on a fiddle, while he ingeniously fastened the reins round his neck. This would give an opportunity for the only costume which differs from that of our own country, the summer dress. With respect to songs, I really fear that I shall hardly be able to suggest subjects. The only striking subject for a patter-song is the inordinate love of title; a remarkable instance of the weakness and inconsistency of these *simple* republicans. Though the honour of knighthood bestowed on their president, even if he were a Washington, would rouse the country into a civil war, they are more ridiculously ostentatious of the petty titles that are recognised than any people under the sun. There is not any regular military establishment; a militia is kept up by occasional drillings, &c.; and, in case of war, this is their only effective force. The officers, therefore, are composed of all ranks of persons; and whether they have actually served or not, whether retired or in present exercise, they tenaciously exact their titles. On every road, even at the meanest pothouse, it is common to call out, 'Major, bring me a glass of toddy!' 'Captain Obis, three cigars, and change for a dollar!' 'Why are we so long changing horses, colonel?' This was addressed to our coachman—A fact! 'Why, Achilles is gone to get one of the horses shod, but the major is a good hand, he 'll soon clap four shoes on.'—'Othello, run to Captain Smith's for a pound of cheese.' I heard at New York—'Colonel Hunter, your bread is by no means so good as that you baked at the beginning of the year.'—'Sheriff, your health.'—'Judge, a glass of wine.'—'Counsellor, allow me to send you some beef.' They are chiefly remarkable for accenting the wrong syllable, in engine, genuine, enquiry. Located is in general use; *approbated, ultimated*, &c. 'Admire,' is to have an inclination to do any thing, as, 'I should *admire* to skate to-day.' 'Ugly' means *ill-tempered;*—'It is a pity such a pretty woman should be so *ugly.*' If they speak of a 'plain woman' they say she is *awful.* 'Clever' is *good-natured;* as 'He's a *clever* fellow, but a damned fool.' 'Considerable,' in the general sense, but as an adverb; as, 'He is *considerable* rich.' 'Guess' is always used in cases where no doubt exists:—'I *guess* I have a headache.' 'Servants' are called *helps.* 'Slick' is *nice.* 'A *slick* potatoe.' 'He did it *slickee*' (cleverly); and, '*slick* right away.' 'My wife died *slick* right away;' that is, she went off pleasantly, but suddenly. 'That is a little too damned bad;' 'a little grain of water.' '*Progress,*' used as a verb; as, 'I guess our western States *progress* very fast;' *i. e.* improve. '*Admirable*' is generally said. The particle *to* is very generally used (not by learned persons) after a verb; as 'I guess it 's a fine day. Will you take a walk?'—'I should admire *to,*' or, 'I have no occasion *to.*' 'When were you *to* Boston?' 'Have you been out in the rain?'—'Yes, but I had not ought *to.*' The following dialogue was furnished me by an ear-witness, who knew my desire to collect:—'Any thing new to-day, Mr. B.?'—'I guess I have not heard any thing.' 'How 's your lady?'—'Nicely. She *progresses* fast under Doctor A. She comes on slick, and grows quite fleshy,' How 's Miss Sabrina?'—'She 's quite *good* (well).—She 's a *foine girl.*' 'I

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think she is, though she's rather awful.' —'I never saw her ugly in my life; and if she had but a pretty face, she 'd be *com*plete! Real!' 'Have you taken her to the theayter yet?'—'I hadn't ought *to*.' 'Why?'—'I guess I can't afford it.' 'Is not Mathews a favour*ite* of yours?'—'Not by no manner of means. I wish he 'd take himself off.' 'I reckon he 'll take us off when he 's at home in his own country again.'—'He won't dare to. We would not suffer that there.' 'He 's a smart fellow' (applied to any talent); 'but I like a steady actor, as gives us time to admire him, and find out his beauties.'

"They use the word *raised* for *born*; or erecting a building:—'Where were you *raised*?'—'In Virginia.'—'I guess you have considerable hogs and niggers?'—'Yes, we have plenty of them black cattle.'—'Will you come and take a little grain of brandy or whiskey?'—I should admire to, for I'm considerable thirsty; but I must first go and speak to the *gentleman* as looks after my nags.'—'Where does your horse keep?'—'At Colonel Crupper's livery stables.'—'I guess the Colonel has pretty damned bad help?'—'The ostler as tends the stable is a spry likely lad?'—'Yes, he's spry and well-looking, but pretty ugly.' —'I don't mind his ugliness. If he showed me any of it, I'd make him clear out pretty damned quick.'—'You'll find me at Sampson's grog-shop, I guess. You won't be long?'—'I'm coming right back. Tell Sampson to put a little grain of bitters in my brandy.

"The strongest *character* is the *Landlord* of an inn. He is the most independent person in America. You *must* be impressed with the idea that he confers a favour upon *you*, or it is in vain to expect any accommodation. He can't be caricatured; I won't spare him an inch. He is, too, the most insolent rascal I ever encountered; he is the double-distilled of those qualities I described as appertaining to the middling orders. Here I can *personate* to advantage. It will be my main stay, my sheet-anchor. I have already three or four distinct specimens of the same species. The effect will depend more on manner than matter. *Par exemple.* If you arrive at the inn, the regular system of inattention and freezing indifference is instantly apparent. No one appears. You enter the house, and search about for a landlord or waiter. Probably you pass the former, but fearing he may be the Judge or the Governor of the state, you are afraid to address him. You find a *nigger*—no mistaking *him*. 'Where's your master?' (A black look) '*Dat* Missa Rivers.'

"The following little dialogue took place with me. I respectfully solicited a room for myself and friend (an Englishman, who, like myself, was aware of the manners and customs, and *hoped* to be annoyed, for the sake of others 'At home.') Can we have a private room?'—'*I guess you can, if there isn't nobody in it.*'—'*Mathews.* 'Can we have some dinner?'—*Landlord.* 'Dinner! why, we've dined these two hours! It's four o'clock!' (All ranks dine at a *table d'hôte*). *Mathews.* 'Still, we have had no dinner: perhaps, sir, you would oblige us?'—*Landlord.* 'I suspect, rather, we've something left as we had for our dinner. But you should have come sooner if you wanted to dine; this is no time for dinner, after everybody's done. It puts one's *helps* out of the way.'—*Mathews.* 'Well, sir, the help will be paid for his trouble; therefore try your best for us.' A Hottentot Adonis appeared, with his sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, (thermometer 90°,) an effluvia arising from his ebony skin, that he ingeniously overpowered by one of greater power from a leg of lamb. *Mathews.* 'Any port-wine?'—'Yes, massa, berry good a wine.'—*Mathews.* 'Bring a bottle.' A bottle of mulled *Day and Martin* was brought.—'Any ice?'—'Not to day, massa; none in Elizabeth Town; a can't get a any *Sudday*' (Sunday.) At this moment enters mine host, who takes a chair, and sits down with his hat on, and a cigar in his mouth, and inquires who we are —where we are going, &c. '*Colonel Gympentike* and *Major Fooxle*, going to Bristol.' *Mathews.* 'Your wine is very hot.' *Landlord.* 'Why, I don't know for that; it *keeps* in the bar.'—*Mathews.* 'Have you no cellar?' —*Landlord.* 'I suppose I have, but not for *that*. It's always in the bar right an end.'—*Mathews.* 'It's rather thick; have you had it long?'—*Landlord.* 'Three weeks and a bit. I fetched it in my chay myself from Philadelphee, a little while back.'

"At four in the morning a messenger arrived in the mail, who inquired for me, having a letter for me from a friend, advising me to fly, as the fever, he knew, was in Elizabeth Town. Mine host *guessed* I was the man, and entered my room with a candle. *Landlord.* 'A letter for you, I reckon.'—*Mathews.* 'Did the messenger tell you to give it me in the middle of the night?'—*Landlord.* 'I guess he did not. It was my own contrivance.'—*Mathews.* 'It is an odd hour to wake a man.'—*Landlord.* 'I guess I did the right thing, and that there is always propriety. Whatever you perform fulfil *that* right away.' I was so tickled that I said:—'You're a pleasant man, how's your wife?'—*Landlord.* 'Why, she's tolerable well, but *pretty poor*' (very thin).—*Mathews.*—'Well, I shall not get up until eight or nine, therefore adieu! thou lovely youth. I must still think it was very extraordinary to disturb me.'—*Landlord.* 'Ah, I don't mind remarks when I fulfils propriety. I'm an honest man, and I presumes I have done the right thing, and then remarks is equal. I am a *docile* man in church and state.'—*Exit with candle.*

"Another instance, lately in my journey from Boston to New York; nearly the same dialogue; but a different-looking being; a dear little punchy fellow, with a hat as large

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as a tea-board, and *such* a tail! He was just going to bed; and when we asked for supper, he said, 'Why, we have supped these three hours; what made you come to-night?' But this interview requires personation, and is one of the few instances of originality.

"I shall be rich in black fun. I have studied their broken English carefully. It is pronounced the real thing, even by the Yankees. It is a pity that I dare not touch upon a preacher. I know its danger, but perhaps the absurdity might give a *colour* to it —a *black* Methodist! I have a specimen from life, which is relished highly in private. A *leetle* bit you shall have. By the by, they call the *nigger* meetings '*Black Brimstone Churches.*' 'My wordy bredren, it a no use to come to de meetum-house to ear de most hellygunt orashions if a no put a de cent into de plate: de spiritable man cannot get a on widout de temporalities; twelve 'postles must hab de candle to burn. You dress a self up in de fine blue a cot, and a bandalore breechum, and tink a look like a gemman, bnt no more like a gemman dan put a finger in a de fire, and take him out again, widout you put a de money in a de plate. He lend a to de poor, lend to de Law (Lord,) if you like a de secoority drop a de cents in to de box. My sister in a de gallery too dress em up wid de poke a de bonnet, and de furbelow-tippet, and look in de glass and say, 'Pretty Miss Phyllis, how bell I look!' but no pretty in de eye of de Law (Lord) widout a drop a cent in de plate. My friend and bredren, in my endeavour to save you, I come across de bay in de stim a boat. I never was more shock dan when I see de race a-horse a rubbin down. No fear o' de Law afore dere eye on de Sabbat a day, ben I was tinking of de great enjawment my friend at a Baltimore was to have dis night, dey rub a down de horse for de use of de debbil. Twix you and I, no see what de white folk make so much fun of us, for when dey act so foolish demselve, dey tink dey know ebery ting, and dat we poor brack people know noting at all amose (almost.) Den shew dem how much more dollars you can put in de plate dan de white meetum-houses. But, am sorry to say, some of you put three cent in a plate, and take out a quarter a dollar. What de say ven you go to hebben? Dey ask you what you do wid de twenty-two cent you take out of de plate when you put in the tree cent? what you go do den?' I have several specimens of these black gentry that I can bring into play, and particularly scraps of songs, and malaprops, such as Mahometan below Cæsar (thermometer below zero), &c.

"'*Song.*

Oh! love is like the pepper corn;
It make me act so cute.
It make de bosoms feel so warm,
And eye shine like new boot!
I meet Miss Phillis tudder day
In berry pensive mood;
She almost cry her eyes away
For Pomp's ingratitude.

'O lubby brushing maid,' said I,
'What makes look so sad?'
'Ah! Scip,' de brooteous virgin cry,
'I feel most debblish bad!
For Pomp he stole my heart away,
Me taught him berry good
But he no lub me now he say!
Chah! what ingratitude!'

I can no more; but you shall hear again shortly from yours, most truly,

C. Mathews.

Manners and Customs.

ADVENTURES OF THE MISSIONARY WILLIAMS.

(*Continued from page* 223.)

On our arrival at Raiates, I took my old English bellows to pieces; not, as the tale goes, to look for the wind, but to ascertain the reason why mine did not blow as well as others. I had not proceeded far when the mystery was explained, and I stood amazed at my own ignorance; for, instead of making the pipe communicate only with the upper chamber, I had inserted it into the under as well, by which the wind escaped, and the flame was drawn in. To complete my perplexities, the rats, which, at Rarotonga, were like one of the plagues of Egypt, as if by general consent, congregated during the night in immense numbers, and devoured every particle of the goats'-skins; and on entering the workshop in the morning, I was mortified by the discovery that nothing remained of my unfortunate bellows but the bare boards. This was really vexatious, for I had no material to supply the loss. Still bent upon the accomplishment of my object, and while anxiously considering the best means "to raise the wind," for that was essential to my success, it struck me that, as a pump threw water, a machine constructed upon the same principle must of necessity throw wind. I therefore made a box about eighteen or twenty inches square, and four feet high; put a valve at the bottom, and fitted in a damper, similar to the piston in the cylinder of a steam-engine. This we loaded with stones to force it down with velocity, and attached to it a long lever, by which it was again raised. Before placing it near the fire we tried it, and were delighted with our success; but, on bringing it in contact with that devouring element, its deficiencies were soon developed. In the first place, we found that there was too great an interval between the blasts; and, secondly, that, like its predecessor, it sucked in the fire so fast, that in a few minutes it was in a blaze. We soon extinguished the flames, and remedied the evil by making a valve at the back of the pipe communicating with the fire, which

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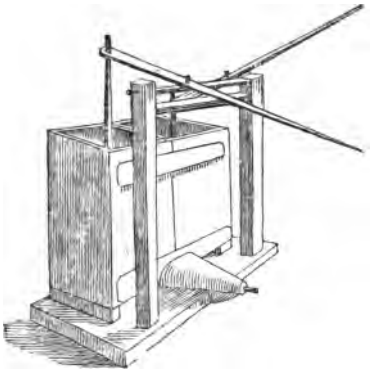

opened to let out the wind, and shut when the machine was filling. To overcome the other inconvenience, we concluded, that if one box would give us one blast, two would double it; and we therefore made another of the same dimensions, and worked them alternately; thus keeping up a continual blast, or, rather, a succession of blasts. Eight or ten men were required to work them; but labour was cheap, and the natives were delighted with the employment. With this contrivance we did all our iron work, using a perforated stone for a fire-iron, an anvil of the same material, and a pair of carpenter's pincers for our tongs. As a substitute for coals, we made charcoal from the cocoa-nut, *tamanu*, and other trees. The first iron the natives saw worked excited their astonishment exceedingly, especially the welding of two pieces together. Old and young, men and women, chieftain and peasant, hastened to behold the wonder; and when they saw the ease with which heated iron could be wrought they exclaimed, "Why did not we think of heating the hard stuff also, instead of beating it with stones? What a reign of dark hearts Satan's is!" Nothing, however, in the ship excited more interest than the pumps; even the king was so much delighted, that he frequently had his favourite stool carried on board, and entertained himself for hours in pumping out the bilge-water. As we had no saw, we split the trees in half with wedges; and then the natives adzed them down with small hatchets, which they tied to a crooked piece of wood as a handle, and used as a substitute for the adze. When we wanted a bent or twisted plank, having no apparatus for steaming it, we bent a piece of bamboo to the shape required, sent into the woods for a crooked tree, and by splitting this in half obtained two planks suited to our purpose. Having but little iron, we bored large auger-holes through the timbers, and also through the outer and inner plank of the vessel, and drove in wooden pins, termed trenails, by which the whole fabric was held firmly together. As a substitute for oakum, we used what little cocoa-nut husk we could obtain, and supplied the deficiency with dried banana stumps, native cloth, or other substances which would answer the purpose. For ropes we obtained the bark of the *hibiscus*, constructed a rope-machine, and prepared excellent cordage from that article. For sails we used the mats on which the natives sleep, and quilted them that they might be strong enough to resist the wind. After making a turning-lathe, we found that the *aito*, or iron-wood, answered remarkably well for the sheaves of blocks. By these means the whole was completed in fifteen weeks; when we launched a vessel, about sixty feet in length, and eighteen feet in breadth, and called her "The Messenger of Peace," which she has proved to be on many occasions. The hanging of the rudder occasioned me some difficulty; for, having no iron sufficiently large for pintles, we made them from a piece of a pickaxe, a cooper's adze, and a large hoe. They answered exceedingly well; but, being doubtful of this, I prepared a substitute for a rudder, in case any part of it should give way.

The Messenger of Peace.

Thinking it prudent to try our vessel before we ventured to Tahiti, which was seven or eight hundred miles from us, I determined on a visit to our interesting station at Aitutaki, which was only about 170 miles distant. As the king, Makea, had never seen any other island, he determined to accompany me. Raising our wooden and stone anchors, and hoisting our mat sails, I took my compass and quadrant, and put to sea, accompanied only by natives. We had not proceeded above six miles from the shore when, in shifting the sails, the natives not observing what was said to them, and not being acquainted with maritime usages, let the foresail go, and, as the wind was very strong, it broke our foremast. Providentially, however, about twelve or fifteen feet above the deck was left standing; and, having cleared the wreck, and hoisted a part of our sail on the broken mast, we turned back, and were thankful to find that we should reach the land, although several miles to leeward of the harbour. We filled a cask with stones, which, in addition to our wooden anchor, we hoped might hold the vessel outside the reef; and if not, I resolved on the desperate alternative of running upon it, by which the vessel, in all probability, would have been dashed to pieces;

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but this was preferable to being driven from the island with a scanty supply of provisions, and the ship in a crippled state, in a track where there was not an island within a thousand miles. Happily we had a number of natives on board, and, by making them all work, we succeeded by sunset, contrary to expectation, in reaching the harbour in safety. We got a new mast, repaired our damages and, in a few days, sailed again. Having a strong and favourable wind, we reached Aitutaki on Sabbath morning, in time to conduct the services of the day.

After remaining eight or ten days, with much interest to ourselves, and, we hope, advantage to the people, we returned to Rarotonga with a most singular cargo, principally consisting of pigs, cocoa-nuts, and cats; the king having obtained about seventy of the first, and a number of the last. Notwithstanding the singularity of our importation, it was peculiarly valuable to the inhabitants of Rarotonga; for, prior to this, they had no other than a breed of small native pigs, of which there were but few, as they were particularly tender and difficult to rear; and the cats were so valuable that one was quite a treasure, as the rats were astonishingly numerous; so much so, indeed, that we never sat down to a meal without having two or more persons to keep them off the table. When kneeling at family prayer they would run over us in all directions; and we found much difficulty in keeping them out of our beds. One morning, on hearing the servant scream, while making the bed, we ran into the room, and found that four of these intruders, in search of a snug place, had crept under my pillow; they paid, however, for their temerity with their lives. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, experienced equal inconvenience from these troublesome and disgusting little animals. Some of the trunks were covered with skin, on which the rats commenced very effectual operations, as they had done before upon my unfortunate bellows; and Mrs. Pitman having one night neglected to put her shoes in a place of safety, sought for them the following morning in vain: for these nocturnal ramblers, being in search of a supper, had devoured them; and a pair of shoes in the South Seas is no contemptible loss. This, however, was a serious affair for their fraternity; for our friends complained to the authorities of the station, who forthwith issued a decree of extermination against the whole race of rats; and, after school, man, woman, and child, armed themselves with a suitable weapon, and commenced their direful operations. Baskets were made of the cocoa-nut leaves, about five or six feet in length, in which to deposit the bodies of the slain, and in about an hour, no less than thirty of these were filled. But, notwithstanding this destruction, there did not appear the slightest diminution, from which it will be perceived that cats were not the least valuable animal that could be taken to the island. These, however, did not destroy so many rats as the pigs, which were exceedingly voracious, and did much towards ridding the island of the intolerable nuisance. Besides hogs and cats, Makea and those who accompanied him obtained a considerable quantity of native cloth and mats, which are highly esteemed, and of considerable worth at Rarotonga. Another valuable portion of our cargo was a large supply of cocoa-nuts; for, a short time before our first visit, a very disastrous war had taken place, in which the king and his party were beaten, and driven for a time to take refuge in a natural fortress in the mountains. The victors then cut down and destroyed all the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, so that on the north, west, and south sides of the island, which were conquered by the inhabitants of the east, not an old cocoa-nut tree was to be seen. This supply, under these circumstances, was consequently of great value for seed. The king made a distribution of his treasures among his chiefs and friends: all were therefore delighted with the voyage.

Having never been to sea before, Makea had many wonders to tell. One of his expressions was, "Never again will I call those men warriors who fight on the shore; the English only, who battle with the winds and waves of the ocean, are worthy of that name." On our voyage to Aitutaki we had a strong wind and a heavy sea, and during the night the waves gave the vessel many severe blows, at which his majesty was much alarmed, and asked me very seriously if she would not be knocked to pieces; and, on being assured that there was no danger, he was for a time satisfied, but not so fully as to allow me to be for one moment out of his sight. The weather being very boisterous, I was under the necessity of frequently going on deck during the night: but on every such occasion the king followed me, and appeared to feel safe only at my side. As the wind was unfavourable, and we were three days and three nights in returning to Rarotonga, on the second evening the king began to get anxious and restless, fearing that we had missed the island, and were sailing "*i te tareva kaua*," or into wide gaping space. And when on the third evening the sun had retired beneath the horizon, and no land was descried, Makea became exceedingly distressed, almost despairing of again beholding his beloved isle. I endeavoured to console him, by requesting him to go to sleep till the moon should rise, when I promised that he should see the land. He replied by a very significant question, *ka moe ia e tama?* "Can I sleep, friend?" and determined to remain on deck until the time I mentioned, when, to his inexpressible joy, Rarotonga was in sight. His varied and singular expressions evinced the delightful emotions which the sight of the island kindled in his breast. Nothing appeared to excite so much astonishment as the accuracy with which we

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could tell the time when land would be seen. His inquiries were unceasing, how it was possible we could speak with so much precision about that which we could not see.

On entering the harbour we were struck with the appearance of our house; for, as the ship had been built just in front of it, much rubbish had been collected, the fence surrounding the front garden was broken down, and the bananas and shrubs destroyed. This was the state of things when we left the island, but now not only was the fence repaired, and the garden well cultivated, but the dark red mountain plantain, and golden banana, fully ripe, were smiling a welcome to us through the splendid leaves which surrounded the trunks that bore them. It appears that Mrs. Williams had intimated to the females who attended her for instruction, that it would afford her pleasure to have the pathway and garden put in order by the time of my arrival. They were delighted with the suggestion, and answered, "We will not leave a chip against which, on his return, he shall strike his feet." The following morning they commenced making the pathways. For this purpose they placed large flat stones for curb edging, and filled the intervals with *kirikiri*, or small broken pieces of branching coral thrown up by the sea; and strewed black pebbles amongst them, which, being intermingled with the white coral, gave to the broad pathway a neat and lively appearance. They then planted the sides with full-grown ti* trees, interspersed with the gigantic taro, or *kape*.† By their request their husbands undertook to repair the fence round the house, while they ornamented the enclosure with banana and plantain trees, bearing fruit which would be ripe about the time of our expected return; and the kind people appeared amply rewarded, by observing the pleasure which their work afforded us.

Arts and Sciences.

NEWLY-INVENTED MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

Decidedly one of the most ingenious musical instruments for years presented to the public, has been lately invented by Mr. Jenkinson, the organist of Lurgan church. The principle, though not altogether novel, is improved upon in a manner quite unique. It consists of a large violin body, without neck or finger-board, placed horizontally on a frame, having a greater number of strings than the violoncello, which are acted on by a bow, at the one end, and a key-board, as in the pianoforte, answering to the left hand of the violin player. The entire of the strings are at once under the movement of the bow; and, to avoid the discordant effect which must ensue when a piano tone is required, any string is made removable at pleasure from the touch of the bow, by the simple contrivance of a few treddles, wrought with the foot, and connected with a damper in the inside of the instrument. One great beauty of the invention is, that by the judicious disposition of the stops, each one produces the full chord of any key in which the performer thinks proper to play. The tone is most powerful; and, from the vast variety of notes capable of being produced, it forms one of the best orchestral instruments which we have seen. The writer heard it accompanying a grand piano, and the tone of the latter in some instances was wholly drowned by the strength of Mr. Jenkinson's instrument.—*Belfast News Letter.*

* Dracæna terminalis. † Caladium odoratum.

LIGHT OBTAINED FROM HUSKS OF GRAPES.

An interesting experiment was lately made at Bordeaux, in the presence of the mayor, on the husks of grapes, when pressed, and the lees of the wine, in order to show their use for the purpose of lighting. A pound of the dried husks put into a red-hot retort gave in seven minutes 200 litres of carbureted hydrogen gas, free from smell, and which burnt with an intense light, and free from smoke. A second experiment with the dried lees was equally satisfactory.

FINE ARTS IN IRELAND.

It is a lamentable fact, that Ireland cannot boast of a solitary patron of the arts, properly so called. A collection of pictures by modern masters is unknown here, not so with our neighbours. The proud boast of an Englishman now a days is, that he possesses works of men of genius of his own country while they live: and he is happy to see the genius of Old England rival that of Greece or Rome in the happiest efforts of their skill; he lives to see it, and is happy in rewarding it. Many private gentlemen in England possess collections of the works of modern British artists not surpassed by the paintings of any age or country in the world. We should rejoice to find Irish gentlemen with the same enterprising spirit; but it is remarkable, that while Englishmen and Scotchmen laud and assist their countrymen, we find Irishmen unjustly traduce and avoid each other. We hope shortly to see this ridiculous and ungenerous habit abolished, that it may not become a proverb to the everlasting disgrace of the people. In Ireland there is one feature in the conduct of certain gentlemen respecting works of art which requires especial notice. Many hundreds of old pictures, to our certain knowledge, are sold annually by auction in Dublin, at the same time that many talented artists are languishing for want of employment, and even for their daily bread. The pictures which are sold in this way belong to the black invisible genius of Holland, &c., and are purchased with avidity by the *savants* of Ireland.—*Polytechnic Journal*

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ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.

Among the numerous experiments on atmospheric electricity, which were made soon after Dr. Franklin's discovery, that of M. de Romas, assessor of the Presidial of Nerac, produced the most splendid results. M de Romas made use of a kite seven feet five inches high, and three feet at the widest part, having above eighteen square feet of surface: the string was wrapped with copper wire. At one o'clock on the 7th of June, 1753, it thundered in the west; and, at half-past two, M. de Romas had raised his kite with a cord seven hundred and eighty feet long, inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, nearly; so that the elevation of the kite was about five hundred and fifty feet. A ribbon of silk, about three and a half feet long, which was tied to the lower end of the cord, was brought under cover of a pent-house, and fastened to a heavy stone: near the junction of the cord and ribbon there was suspended a tin tube, one foot long, and an inch in diameter, from which the sparks were to be drawn. There was also a discharging-rod, with a glass handle, twelve inches long, and provided with a brass chain of sufficient length to touch the ground when sparks were drawn from the tube. By means of the discharging-rod, M. de Romas, at first, obtained sparks as large as those produced by a good globe; and several of his assistants drew sparks with keys, and with the naked finger. These experiments continued for about twenty-two minutes, when the electricity disappeared; the little black clouds from which it was procured having passed from the zenith of the kite. In about seven minutes the electricity re-appeared; at first it was very feeble, but gradually increased: and sparks were drawn by the fingers, canes, and swords of the spectators. M. de Romas now touched the tube with his knuckle, and received a severe shock, greater than he had ever experienced from the Leyden vial charged by the best globes: seven or eight of the bystanders, having joined hands, received shocks which struck the feet of the fifth person. The storm now approached, and increased in violence, but not a drop of rain had fallen; although, in the zenith of the kite, and about sixty degrees around it, there were black clouds, which indicated a great increase of electricity. M. de Romas therefore determined on receiving the sparks only by the discharge; and, in this manner, drew several sparks more than two inches long, and of proportionate thickness; but, in a short time, the electricity became so strong, that, instead of sparks, sheets of fire, three inches long, and three lines in diameter, flashed to the distance of more than a foot from the tube. M. de Romas, at this time, when about three feet from the cord, having felt a sensation as if a spider's web was upon his face, advised his assistants to keep at a greater distance, and himself retired about two feet; and when about five feet from the cord, on again feeling the same sensation, he retired still further. M. de Romas then stopped to observe what was taking place in the clouds above the kite: there was no lightning, scarcely any thunder, and not any rain; the wind was west, and so strong, that the kite rose about a hundred feet higher than at first. But on looking towards the tin tube, which was about three feet from the ground, he perceived three straws, of about a foot long, standing erect upon the ground, and dancing in a ring beneath the tube: this phenomenon lasted for about fifteen minutes, after which some drops of rain fell, and he again felt the spider web sensation, and heard a rustling noise, like the sound of a small forge bellows. This was considered a warning of a new increase of electricity, and he cautioned his assistants to retire to a greater distance; soon after which commenced one of the grandest scenes in these magnificent experiments,—the longest straw being attracted by the tube, an explosion followed, which some compared to the noise of a petard, others to the sound of a large earthen jar dashed upon a pavement: the fire which accompanied this explosion had the form of a spindle eight inches long, and four or five lines in diameter. The straw which had caused the explosion followed with great rapidity the string of the kite, alternately attracted and repelled, every attraction being accompanied by sheets of fire, and continual explosions. During this part of the experiments there was a strong smell of sulphur, and around the string there appeared a a cylinder of permanent light, three or four inches in diameter; which, it was supposed, had the experiment been made at night, would have appeared to be four or five feet in diameter. Shortly after this the wind shifted to the east, and the rain fell abundantly, followed by some hail, so that they were unable to keep the kite up any longer.

M. de Romas, on the 16th of August, 1757, having again raised his kite with a cord above a thousand feet in length, obtained results even more astonishing than the preceding. The following account of this experiment is extracted from a letter, addressed by M. de Romas to the Abbé Nollet:—"Imagine to yourself sheets of fire, nine or ten inches in length, and one inch in diameter, with a noise like the report of a pistol: in less than an hour I had certainly thirty flashes of these dimensions, without counting a thousand others of seven feet and under." W. G. C.

TO A FRIEND WITH A FORGET-ME-NOT.

Oh! take this little blue-ey'd flow'r,
And hang it in the garden bow'r,
'Twill whisper thee at evening hour—
Forget me not!

When this sweet token thou shalt see,
Oh, wilt thou heave one sigh for me,
And think 'tis Julia whispers thee—
Forget me not!

J. M. Blondeville.

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KING ALFRED'S SCHOLASTIC ATTAINMENTS, AND HIS LOVE OF LITERATURE.

*(Extracted from Mr. Wright's Essay on the Literature and Learning under the Anglo-Saxons.**

Our chief authority for the private character of King Alfred is the historian Asser, his contemporary and friend, a monk of Bangor, in Wales. Asser's testimony is, as might be expected, extremely valuable and interesting; but he indulges too much in trifles, often expressing great astonishment at things which were by means extraordinary, and making discoveries of what was not new; and he frequently judges of the monarch of the West Saxons as though he were speaking of one of his fellow monks. In those days, the first quality of a king was not necessarily the being able to read and write. Alfred appears, from his infancy, to have received a princely education. He was carefully instructed in, and habituated to, hunting and other royal exercises, and from an early age he was made to *commit to memory* the national poetry, to which he was never tired of listening. It was his love for this class of literature, and the temptation of a handsomely written manuscript offered to him by his mother, that encouraged the royal child to overcome the difficulty of learning to read. This he did not attempt until his twelfth year; and Asser, probably with little justice, attributes this supposed tardiness to his parents' negligence.

In Alfred's time the study of the Latin language had fallen so much into neglect, that even the priests could scarcely translate the church service, which they were in the constant habit of reading. The king himself regretted that he had not learnt Latin until a late period of life; but his sorrow was greater for the general ignorance of his countrymen than for his own backwardness. He then, as he tells us in his preface to the Pastorale, looked back with regret to the flourishing state of learning in England at an earlier period, "and how they came hither from abroad to seek wisdom and doctrine in this land, whereas we must now get it from without, if we will have it at all." He tells us, that when he ascended the throne there were few persons south of the Humber who could translate from Latin into English, and he did not believe that they were much better provided on the other side of that river. "I also called to mind," says the royal writer, "how I saw, before it was all spoiled and burnt, that the churches throughout the whole English nation stood filled with treasures and with books, and also with a great multitude of God's servants, yet they reaped very little of the fruit of those books, because they could understand nothing of them, since they were not written in their own native tongue. He then proceeds to express his wonder that the great scholars who had formerly lived in this island had not translated the Latin books into English; but he attributes this to the little expectation which they could ever have harboured, that good scholarship would decline so much, that they should no longer be understood in the originals.

Alfred was ambitious of remedying both these evils, of supplying his country at the same time with scholars and with translations. With a view to the first of these objects, he invited learned men from abroad, and among the rest Grimbald, whom he made abbot of Winchester, and John of Corvei, whom he in like manner placed over the new monastery of Athelney. Among the scholars patronized by Alfred, we must also reckon the erudite but free-spoken John Scotus, famous for his knowledge of Greek, and for his severity and sourness of manners, by which, according to the story which was afterwards prevalent, he at last so provoked his scholars, that they fell upon him with their writing instruments and stabbed him to death. Alfred himself led the way in translating the Latin books into Anglo-Saxon. Among the works which we owe to his pen, the most important are translations of the Pastorale of Gregory, destined more particularly for the use of his clergy,—of the treatise of Boethius *de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, one of the most popular Latin books in the middle ages, and which was often translated into almost every language of Europe,—And of the Ancient History of Orosius, and the English Church History of Bede. Other translations were made by his order, as that of the Dialogues of Gregory, by Werfred, bishop of Worcester; and, no doubt, many others were eager to follow so illustrious an example.

We must not, however, let ourselves be led, by the greatness of his exertions, to estimate Alfred's own learning at too high a rate. In "grammar," his skill was never very profound, because he had not been instructed in it in his youth; and the work of Boethius had to undergo a singular process before the royal translator commenced his operations. Sighelm, bishop of Shirburn, one of Alfred's chosen friends, was employed to turn the original text of Boethius "into plainer words,"—"a necessary labour in those days," says William of Malmsbury, "although at present (in the 12th century) it seems somewhat ridiculous." And, in a similar manner, before he undertook the translation of the Pastorale, he had it explained to him—the task was perhaps executed sometimes by one, sometimes by another—by Archbishop Plegmund, by Bishop Asser, and by his "mass-priests," Grimbald and John. But Alfred's mind was great and comprehensive; and we need not examine his scholarship in detail in order to justify or to enhance his reputation. His translations are well written; and whatever may have been the extent of his knowledge of the Latin language, they exhibit a general acquaintance with the subject superior to that of the age in which he lived.

* The reader will find this pleasing Essay referred to in No. 965 of the *Mirror*.

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ABDUL ORRINDEC.

That fickle minister of Allah, whom the Franks call fortune, and picture as a blindfold goddess, seemed resolved in heaping her favours on Abdul Orrindec, to show that her hand is not always unsteady nor her eye blinded. He was one of those instances which she delights sometimes to set before the sons of men, to convince them that inconstancy is no necessary part of her nature—that she can pour forth unmingled sweets, and crown with an unfading garland. Or, perhaps, she had consigned Abdul's earthly lot to the ministration of those tender houris who are now attending him in the seventh heaven, and who had fallen in love with him before he left this world for his native seat.

Be this as it may—his lot was well seen to. He was a fortunate and a happy youth. Son of the prime vizier of our greatest sultan—a wise though indulgent father—he saw smiling around him all the luxuries which wealth and influence could procure. As he bounded through his spacious palace or fairy gardens on the banks of the Tigris, moving every limb with the agility of an antelope—his neck curving more proudly than the desert serpent's, his eyes sparkling above his cheeks like two stars above the redness of the northern dawn, enchanted the fair girls who had forgotten their native vales in his delicious grottos; and he saw, through the scented foliage, the glance of their beckoning arms.

He had a frame at once healthy and delicate. His pure blood, exquisitely sensitive to every delight, sported like quicksilver through his veins.

And Abdul failed not to partake of all the good which Allah had spread around him. The nimble courser, the dancing boat, the cooling sherbet, and the rich red wine; the maiden's bower, and the fresh zephyrs laden with music and perfume floating through it—he joyed in all.

But Abdul's soul was large. His eighteenth summer had not flown over him when he was found often alone. No: Hafiz was with him,—he conversed with the sweet bards of the days that are gone. His boat often lay still, midway on the broad, calm, sunset-flushed bosom of the Tigris, and their strains were in his ear. A new power woke within him; and he sighed with joy when he found that it could conjure up richer scenes that any within the blue mountains of Badgad's horizon. He imagined.

And in his palace he gazed often and long on a marble head, such as the Franks have about their stairways and halls. It was one which his father had seized at the sack of Antioch—a head of the great Greek dervise, Plato. And Abdul gazed upon it till Haidee and gentle Lilua grew jealous of its broad, still forehead. And ere long the books of the Greeks were in Abdul's palace, and in his choicest shades, and in his boat; and a Greek captive taught him to read them. Abdul thought.

His days were now days of labour. Pleasure was no longer his business. His thoughts were with things afar, and with things past, and with things to come. One evening, as he was gazing from his window upon a noble palm—"Three years ago," he exclaimed; "how was I happier than thou art? I luxuriated in my health, and vigour, and comeliness, living on outward influences; and so dost thou. But now"—His eye glanced to heaven, first with pride, and then with gratitude.

He had sounded all the joys of sense; but thought and knowledge spread before him an ocean, which he might sail for ever, and discover neither bottom nor shore.

He saw the merry together in their merriment, and the thinker alone in his thoughtfulness; and he sighed not, but smiled as he reflected that he now found that happiness in himself, which he was once obliged to seek in companions. He loved his present pleasure the better that it was his own—that its spring was unknown and untasted by those about him.

He did not envy the gay their smiling and laughing; for he knew from experience that these were the tokens of mere bodily exhilaration. "When I smiled and laughed like the best of you, it was my body, I remember, that rejoiced; but now that my spirit is taking its pleasures, look into that, if you can, and you shall see it smile."

Thus thought Abdul. Would he have thought and felt, and been all this, had he grown up in labour and restriction? Or would he not, when he grew old and rich, have looked murmuringly upon his body, as not having afforded him all the enjoyment it could produce? Disgusted with that application of which he knew only the drudgery, and allured by that gaiety and boisterous mirth of which he knew not the shallowness, might he not have resolved to make amends for a youth void of pleasure, by becoming that most loathsome of living things, a sensual and profligate old man?

How little knowest thou, O mortal, of thine own good! It may be well for thee, even to have been born a prince.

INFLUENCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Great men are those who have felt much, lived much; who in a few years, have lived many lives. The tallest pines grow only in the regions of storms. Athens, the city of tumult, was the mother of a thousand great men; Sparta, the city of order, boasted but one Lycurgus; and Lycurgus was born before his laws. Thus, we see that great men most frequently appear in the midst of popular agitations: Homer, in the midst of the heroic ages of Greece; Virgil, under the triumvirate; Ossian, on the wreck of his country, and her gods; Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, in the midst

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of the reviving convulsions of Italy; Corneille and Racine, in the age of the Frondo; and Milton, chaunting the first rebellion at the foot of the bloody scaffold of Whitehall. And if we examine the individual destiny of these great men, we shall find them harassed by an agitated and miserable life. Camoens cleaves the waves, his poems in his hand. D'Ercilla writes his verses on the skins of beasts, in the forests of Mexico. Those of them, whom bodily suffering does not divert from suffering of mind, lead a stormy life, devoured by an irritability of disposition, which renders them a burden to themselves, and to those who surround them. Happy they who do not die before their time, consumed by the ardour of their own genius, like Pascal; by grief, like Molière and Racine—or victims to the terrors of their own imagination, like the miserable Tasso!

PRECAUTIONS IN PURCHASING A HORSE.

(*From Astley's scarce Treatise on the Management of the Horse.*)

Approach the stable very quietly, and by no means disturb the horse, that you may find out his imperfections; suffer no one to go near him until you have thoroughly observed his position while standing quietly in the stable: horses with tender feet, or otherwise lame, generally favour themselves in the part affected while in this state.

Being thoroughly satisfied with his appearance, order him out: but suffer no whip or spur to be applied to him, as correction, if he be a little lame or tender footed, will make him forget it for a moment. Let him be taken to a convenient place, between light and dark, that you may thoroughly examine his eyes; for all eyes in the sun appear much better than they rarely are, and it requires much skill to discover their degree of goodness.

Two things are to be particularly considered in the eye: first, the crystal; secondly, the bottom or ground of the eye.

Let your observations be rather oblique: if the eye appear good, not sunk in the head, and the sight free from spots, they are favourable signs; for if you expect to be carried safe, the eyes as well as the legs should be strictly attended to.

His age is known by his teeth: horses for the road or field should not be under five years old; though, in fact, the country dealers, by cutting the gums, make them appear older than they really are; a practice which ought to be entirely abolished.

I have observed horses at eight and nine years old, with a black speck in their teeth, much resembling the true mark, but then it was not hollow; for, at that age, the lower teeth are all even, when the upper are absolutely not so until the horse is twelve years old, (cribbiters excepted); at thirteen, the horses' upper and lower teeth appear nearly all even: at fourteen, the teeth overhang, and get long: if any gentleman should dispute the fact, let him carefully examine horses at various ages, and he will find the above to be indisputable assertions.

View his withers, back, and croup; observe that his fore legs be not inclined to bend forward, and that he have no scars on the knees, or six inches below or above; the hair on the above place should lie equally sleek as on any part of the body; if otherwise, you may expect he has tumbled down; then, at all events, reject him.

The next point that comes under consideration, is, the walk, the trot, and gallop, in perfect *cadence* (being natural paces.) If any pavement is near, let him be mounted and ridden on it; even then suffer him not to be spurred, whipped, nor otherwise ill-treated. Observe that the walk be bold, that he be neither cut nor interfere before nor behind; scars on the inside of the legs, denote a horse not going well on them; but I must frankly confess, that the farrier is as often to blame as the horse.

His trot should be free, steady, and performed with great agility, two legs up in the air, and two down on the ground: if he appear sound in the trot, and please you in his different actions, order him to gallop.—Horses, gallopping straight forward, may lead with the right or left leg before; but then the hind leg of the same side must immediately follow, otherwise they gallop disunited; a certain sign of not being properly instructed.—Horses, broken by able masters, commonly gallop with their right leg foremost, especially when turning a corner to the right hand; and if they turn to the left, will immediately change and take the left leg.

Being satisfied with the walk, trot, and gallop, and that the horse is sound and temperate in all his actions, as also thoroughly obedient to the bridle hand, I pronounce him valuable; for I have found by experience, that a horse well broken makes a man a tolerable good horseman, and nothing, that I know of, contributes so much to the attaining this desirable end, as the prudent and steady action of the rider.

The Gatherer.

Implicit Belief of Children.—Children dispute not, they believe as they are taught; the whole soul of a child is pure simplicity.—*Martin Luther.*

Extraordinary Tide.—On Saturday night between eleven and twelve o'clock, at the turn of the tide, the sea rolled in with a tremendous force at Weymouth, and was attended by a roaring noise like thunder. The cause of this phenomenon has not been ascertained.

A cube of gold, of little more than five inches on each side, contains the value of 10,000*l.* sterling.

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The Royal Cheese, manufactured by the inhabitants of West Pennard as a present to the Queen, is of a regular octagon, thirty-seven inches in diameter, giving a circumference of nine feet three inches, and twenty-two feet in height; the produce of seven hundred and thirty-seven cows; and computed, upon the lowest calculation, to weigh upwards of ten hundred weight. It is surmounted by the royal arms, encircled in a wreath of oak and laurel leaves, of beautiful Spanish mahogany.—*Sherborne Journal.*

"An Irishman at the house of a friend of mine, the author of 'The Spy,' and 'The Pioneers,' discovered a part of the wood-work of a chimney-piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed up to his master and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him; a large kettle of boiling water was on the fire. 'Well, why don't you put out the fire?'—'I can't surr.' 'Why, you fool! pour the water upon it.'—'Sure, it's hot water, surr.'—Fact!"—*Mathews' Memoir.*

Before the reformation, there were no poor-rates; the charitable doles given at the religious houses, and the church ale in every parish did the business. In every parish there was a church house, to which belonged spits, pots, &c., for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. Mr. A. Wood assures me, (says Aubrey,) there were few or no almshouses before the time of Henry the Eighth. That at Oxon, opposite Christchurch, was one of the most ancient in England.

American Advertisement.—The following singular paragraph appeared lately in a New York paper: "Charles Kean—Charles Kean, quit the stage for a couple of months, or you will ruin your health. During the last week you have been playing against Death;—try it no more.

"*Despatch is the life and soul of business.*"—The Great Western arrived at Bristol on the 5th instant, in twelve days and thirteen hours: the express announcing the arrival reached the Paddington station in forty-eight minutes from Twyford (thirty-two miles!)

First practical Discovery of Steam.—In the year 1605, Florence Rivault, a gentleman of the bedchamber to Henri the Fourth, and the preceptor of Louis the Thirteenth, discovered that an iron ball, or bomb, with very thick walls, and filled with water, exploded sooner or later when thrown into the fire, if *its mouth were closed*, or, in other words, if you prevented the free escape of the steam as it was generated. The power of steam was here demonstrated by a precise proof, which, to a certain point, was susceptible of numerical appreciation, whilst at the same time it revealed itself as a dreadful means of destruction.

Brother Jonathan outdone.—"The English government," says the *Presse*, "a few years ago, left to three criminals condemned to death, the choice of dying on the gallows, or adopting the following conditions:—The first was to take tea, the second coffee, and the third chocolate, and to live as long as they could, but were to eat nothing with either; these conditions were eagerly accepted. The last, who took chocolate, died in eight months; he who took coffee, lived two years, and the tea-drinker survived three years. The man who took chocolate died in a state of complete decomposition, and so much eaten by worms, that, during his life, his limbs separated one by one from his body. The man who drank coffee was so disfigured after his death, that one would have said that the fire of heaven had burnt his entrails and calcined him from head to foot. The tea-drinker became so thin and almost diaphanous, that it was perfectly easy, with a candle in one's hand, to read a newspaper through his body by the intervals which separated the ribs!"—*Galignani's Messenger.*

The steam power employed in Birmingham is, at the present time, 3,436 horses' power, of which 2,155 horses' power is employed in the metal trades of the town. The number of steam-engines is 240, of which 65 are high pressure, and the remainder condensing engines. In the first thirty-five years after the introduction of steam power, only 42 engines were set to work; in the next fifteen years, 78 were erected; and in the last eight years, 120 have been established. The consumption of coal is estimated at 240 tons per day, and the number of persons employed, at 5,200 males, and 1,762 females.

In Daunt's-square, Cork, is the domicile of that ingenious citizen, renowned in lathering metres,

"One ROBERT OLDEN,
Inventor sole of H'Eukeriogeneion,
Soother of beards."

The Camden Society have in preparation a "Collection of Political Songs, in Latin, Anglo-Norman, and English, written in this country, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries," to be edited by Mr. Wright; an "Account of the Origin of the Bishopric of Somerset, and a Collection of Ecclesiastical Charters," to be edited by the Rev. Joseph Hunter; the "Chronicle of Josseline de Brakelond," to be edited by Mr. J. Gage Rokewoode; and a reprint of Kempe's "Nine Days' Wonder," which is a narration of his adventures in dancing a Morris, in the year 1600, from London to Norwich—a work of which only a single copy is known to be in existence, and that is in the Bodleian library, at Oxford.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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DR. ARNOTT'S STOVE,

IN THE LONG ROOM OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

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DR. ARNOTT'S STOVE,

IN THE LONG ROOM OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, LONDON.

In consequence of numerous complaints by the persons engaged in business in the Custom-House, of indisposition supposed to arise from the impurity of the air caused by the then mode of warming the Long Room, Government referred the investigation of the matter to Dr. Ure, who having reported that the complaints were well founded, and correctly attributed to the heating and ventilation, it was resolved to try the effect of a stove on Dr. Arnott's principle, on a large scale, in the centre of the room; and, in pursuance of this determination, the elegant apparatus herewith represented has been constructed, under the superintendence of the inventor, by Messrs. Branch and Co., after a design furnished by the architect to the building.

The stove itself is of a circular form, upwards of 7 feet in height, and about 5 feet in diameter. It stands on a pedestal nearly 2 feet high, and is surmounted by a canopy 12 feet in diameter, made of copper, with brass ornaments. The stove is of iron, with bronze embellishments. The tube to which the canopy is attached, and by which it appears to be suspended from the ceiling, is the chimney.

THE TULIP AND THE ROSE.

A TULIP and a fair moss-rose,
Within my garden grew,
And both so bright, I knew not which
With partial eyes to view:
The tulip, like the world's gay charms,
In rich attire was drest,
The rose was clad in humblest garb
And gentle loveliness.

But death came like a wintry blast,
The tulip droop'd its head,
Its gay attractions all were lost,
Its short-liv'd charms were dead.
The balmy fragrance of the rose
Outliv'd its maiden bloom,
And shed a soft delicious breath
Around its humble tomb.

The fairest forms, alas! decay,
And *beauty* soon is past,
But *virtue*, like the rose's scent,
Eternally shall last.

J. M. BLONDEVILLE.

STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

FOR ever! no—it cannot be!
My heart, though taught that we must sever,
Will bleed afresh to hear from thee,
Those thrilling words,—we part for ever!

No—let us cherish to the last
These hopes that time hath often blighted;
Our lives, till these fond dreams are past,
Will not be wholly disunited.

Perhaps it may be wise at first,
To meet those evils we foretell;
But though my thoughts forebode the worst,
My lips can only breathe—farewell!

L.*

Winchester.

* We regret the other favour of our fair friend cannot be inserted; it being, in reality, what Sheridan calls, the "*puff oblique.*"

THE BISHOP'S BREECHES.

BISHOP BONIFACE looked at the clock, jumped up hastily, and cried to his servant, "Here, Joseph, come and help me dress! it is high time I was ready."

Joseph hurried off to the wardrobe, and brought out the good bishop's pontificials, and articles of dress, among which was a pair of black silk breeches. We earnestly request our readers not to shake their heads at the name of this essential article of dress. They play an important part in this tale of ours, but with all proper delicacy. We will only remark, that it seems to us very suspicious, that the name of this innocent piece of clothing is, now-a-days, never mentioned in polite society: to the pure all things are pure.

As the bishop was putting them on, he noticed that they were torn, or, more properly, ripped open. "Give me another pair," said he, "and take these to *Agath*, and leave word to have them mended, neatly."

Agath was the right reverend prelate's tailor. But Joseph had just come from the country, so that he did not know the respectable artist, and had never even heard his name. He knew, however, that, not far from the bishop's palace, was a convent, known by the name of the Sisterhood of St. Agatha. This, it occurred to him, must be the meaning of *Agath*, and, being a simple-minded soul, he easily made up his mind that the bishop must be in the habit of having all the needful repairs of his garments done by his spiritual daughters. So he wrapped the breeches up in a napkin, went to the cloister, and asked for the abbess.

The venerable dame, as soon as she learned that one of the bishop's serving men was waiting with a message to her, supposed that some important communication was to be made respecting the affairs of the convent; so she hurried to the parlour, and ordered the messenger to be sent for. He entered the room, made a clumsy bow, and begun, "The Lord Bishop greets you well, and sends you here a patient he wants you to cure:" so saying, he opened his bundle, laid the breeches in the hands of the abbess, which she had just raised to heaven, in astonishment, and hurried off. In horror and disgust, she threw the pantaloons (to use the genteelest word we can) on a chair, and said to herself, "What shameful, unheard of audacity; Our bishop must be mad, or else he must be like St. Augustine, who says, in chapter thirty-one of his confessions, that though drunkenness is far from me, yet has intoxication sometimes overtaken thy servant." Then she began to reflect what was to be done in this critical emergency. In her first despair she was almost tempted to seize on the offending article with the tongs, and let it be consumed by fire; but she moderated her fury, and finally decided to call a grand council of the virgin sisterhood.

The great bell of the convent brought toge-

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ther all its inmates. They formed a curious anxious circle round the abbess, who had covered over the *corpus delicti* with a cloak. "Bishop Boniface, my dear sisters," so she began, "has offered us a gross insult, in sending to us, with a request to repair certain injuries it is alleged to have suffered, a piece of clothing, the very name of which a modest nun will not allow to pass her lips, much less take the article itself in her hand." With these awful words, she removed the cloak that covered the monster. The nuns uttered a shriek of horror and fled.

The abbess, however, called them back, assured them—to allay their fears—that the objectionable black silks had been again covered up. They returned dutifully, but held their fingers before their eyes the whole time. The question was submitted to the female conventicle, what was to be done in this ticklish business. The opinion of a large majority was decided, that though it would never do to make an enemy of the bishop, still nothing should tempt them to take hold of the unmentionable monster. After a long discussion, the abbess conceived the idea of giving the job to a novice, named Antonia, whose year of probation was not half out, and, consequently, being less sacred than her sisters, might be perhaps induced to perform so worldly an office.

Antonia was the daughter of a rich farmer, a tenant of the bishop's, who had sent her to the convent because she was bent on marrying the son of a poor neighbour. The young lady had not yet lost her love for the world, and sighed sorely to get back to it. When the abbess brought her down, and stated the work she was wanted to do, she conceived a faint hope that it might be of some advantage to her; so she unhesitatingly agreed to do it. The nuns laughed, and whispered each other, as Antonia, as coolly as possible, took the breeches under her arm, and retired to her cell. The repairs, which had produced such a commotion in the convent, were very slight, and might have been done in five minutes. But Antonia was thinking of other things than sewing. As soon as she had finished, she pulled out a concealed inkstand, and began to write a letter to her Frederick, the presence of the breeches acting like that of a familiar spirit, to keep away all intruders. Just as she was at the end of her epistle, the heavy tread of the old abbess was heard along the corridor, coming nearer and nearer. If she should be caught writing a love-letter! Antonia hardly knew, in her confusion, what to do with her *billet-doux*, so she slipped it into one of the pockets of the breeches, took them on her lap again, and began to sew, zealously.

The abbess asked, as she came in, "Are you ready, child?" "Not quite yet, gracious lady," was the answer. "How, you lazy one!" said the lady abbess, and clapped her huge spectacles on her nose to examine the work. "The torn place is repaired, is not that all!" "There —there are some buttons loose besides, madam." "We have no call to fasten them on. Nothing is gained by excessive zeal." So saying, she snatched the breeches away from the damsel's lap, and hid them under her cloak. Antonia, anxious to recover her letter, insisted on carrying them for the abbess, and was so zealous in her politeness as almost to use force; but it was in vain, the abbess prevailed.

The next day happened to be the bishop's birthday, on which he gave a grand entertainment, to which all the prelates and nobles round about were invited. The cups went round fast and full, for his reverence loved to see his guests merry, and merry enough they were, when our old acquaintance, Joseph, the shrewd servant, came in, bringing a neat little basket of flowers, which he said had been left with the porter, as a birthday present, by some person or persons unknown.

The bishop smiled as he looked at the delicate texture of the basket, and said, "I wish I was as sure of a cardinal's hat as I am that this is a convent present. You see, gentlemen, I am in the good graces of the venerable sisters. There is some pretty present below the flowers, I'll engage." He turned out the flowers, and soon came to a solid body, pinned up in silver paper. He showed it round the table in triumph, and challenged his guests to guess its contents. Each one prophecied something prettier than his neighbour, till the bishop opened the paper, and out came—his old breeches! The roars of laughter with which his prize was welcomed, confused him so much that he could not, at first, find or seek an explanation. But, a few questions to Joseph made all clear, and a second chorus of laughter arose, in which the right reverend joined as heartily as any one.

The bishop dressed himself early next day, meaning to go to the convent, and explain the unlucky mistake which his servant's stupidity had occasioned. He determined to put on the eventful pair of breeches in question, by way of compliment to the ladies who had repaired them. As he was putting his purse into one of the pockets, he felt a folded paper, "O the wicked sisters!" thought he at first—they have been sending me a tailor's bill. When he opened the letter, however, he read as follows:

DEAR FRED.—Rejoice, rejoice! I have found out a way to do a service to the bishop; in a small way enough, indeed. What do you think? I have turned tailoress to his holiness, and begun my duties by mending a pair of black silk breeches yesterday. See him if you can, and tell him how much he is indebted to me, without knowing it. Tell him the only pay his tailoress will take is her discharge from this——

Here the manuscript ended abruptly. The good bishop laughed once again at the merry boldness of his tailoress, and resolved to pay her for her labour in the way she desired. After making his excuses to the abbess, he sent for Antonia, who confessed, at once, the au-

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thorship of the letter, and moreover, the small vocation she felt for a monastic life. The bishop, we have said, was a kind man, as well as a merry: he used his influence with Antonia's parents so successfully, that, in a little time, she had left the convent, and married Frederick; and, to this day, she maintains that the best day's work she ever did in her life was mending the *bishop's breeches.—New York Mirror.*

APOLOGUE.

THE VINE AND THE OAK.

An ivy vine which reared its head among the trees of the forest, said unto an oak near which it grew, "Bend thy trunk, most noble oak, and grant to me thy support." "You may rely on my support," answered the oak, "and on my strength to bear you up; and, though I am too large and solid to bend, yet, if you will but, my pretty vine, put your arms around me, I will manfully support and cherish you, even should you have an ambition to climb as high as the clouds; and, while you grow among my branches, you will ornament my rough trunk with your green leaves and shining scarlet berries, which will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, arrayed in all his plumes. We were intended to grow together, that, by our union, the weak might be made strong, and the strong be enabled to render aid to the weak." "But I should feel happy," said the vine, "to grow independently; cannot you twine around me, that I may grow up straight, and not be dependent upon you." "It is impossible," answered the oak, "for nature did not so design it; and were you to attempt to grow to any height alone, you would discover that the winds and rain, or your own weight, would bring you to the ground; neither would it be proper for you to run your arms among the trees of the forest; for the trees would begin to say, this is not my vine, it is a stranger—get thee gone, I will not cherish thee. By this time thou wouldst be so entangled among the different branches, that thou couldst not get back to the oak; and no one would then admire or pity thee." "Oh, let me escape," said the vine, "from such a destiny," and, twining herself around the oak, they grew and flourished together.

CATACOMBS OF EGYPT.

Aaron Hill, during his residence in Egypt, went, accompanied by two gentlemen, to visit some of the catacombs, and was conducted by one of the natives of the country as a guide. On arriving at the spot, they, without taking any notice of some men who were sauntering about the place, descended by ropes into the vault; but no sooner were they let down, than they were presented with a spectacle that struck them with horror. Two gentlemen, apparently starved to death, lay before them; one of these unhappy victims had a tablet in his hand, on which was written in very pathetic language, the story of their lamentable fate. It appeared that they were brothers of rank and family in Venice, and having, in the course of their travels, intrusted themselves with one of the natives, for the purpose of visiting the catacombs, the guide had left them to perish. The danger to which Mr. Hill and his friends were exposed, instantly alarmed them; and they had scarcely read the tale, when, on looking up, they beheld the man who had accompanied them, assisted by two others, whom they had seen near the spot, closing the entrance into the vault. They were now reduced to the utmost distress; but they were determined to make a desperate effort to rescue themselves, if possible, from so appalling a situation. Having drawn their swords, and commenced groping about in the dark, they were startled at the groans of some one, seemingly in thy agonies of death; they listened to the dismal sound; and, at length, by the light from the top of the catacomb, they discovered a man just murdered, and a little beyond, they beheld the assassins flying with the utmost precipitation. They immediately pursued them, but although not able to overtake them, they fortunately reached the opening through which the assassins escaped out of the cavern, before they had time to roll the stone on the top of it. W. G. C.

ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

MRS. MONTAGUE AND MRS. CHAPONE.

Wraxall, in his "Historical Memoirs," vol. i., p. 142, says, that "Mrs. Montague, in 1776, verged towards her 60th year; but her person, which was thin, spare, and in good preservation, gave her an appearance of less antiquity. From the infirmities often attendant on advanced life, she was almost wholly exempt. All the lines of her countenance spoke intelligence, and her eyes were accommodated to her countenance, the features of which had in them something satirical and severe, rather than inviting or amiable.—There was nothing feminine about her, and though her opinions were generally just, as well as delivered in a manner to give them weight, yet the organ which conveyed them was not soft or harmonious."

Mrs. Chapone, he says elsewhere, under one of the most repulsive exteriors that any woman ever possessed, concealed many superior attainments, and extensive knowledge.

SUWARROW.

This extraordinary man was possessed of perhaps one of the most eccentric characters ever heard of. Like his master, Paul, he must,

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to use a common saying, have been somewhat disturbed in the upper story. What man, for instance, in his right senses, would awaken his army in the following manner: get on horseback in his shirt, sans bridle, sans saddle, sans everything; and walk his horse about, crowing like a cock! What man, endowed with a spark of reason, would go hopping about the streets of St. Petersburgh, on one foot, throwing apples at boys to make them scramble and fight, at the same time crying out:—"I am Suwarrow! I am the great Suwarrow!" And yet this man was the conqueror of the Turks, and of the Poles, and, as his ferocious eye would immediately bespeak, this man, too, was the butcher of the unfortunate inhabitants of Praga. *Aussi* says, he deserved the description given of him as having the body of an ape, and the soul of a bull-dog. His mouth was horrid, literally foaming.

Referring to a highly interesting work, the "Secret History of the Court of St. Petersburgh," we find that Suwarrow was in the habit of retiring to rest at six o'clock in the evening, and of rising at two in the morning, when he took a cold bath, or had some pails of water thrown over him. He dined at eight; and his dinner, like his breakfast, consisted of the coarsest soldier's fare, and brandy; to invite a man to such a repast, would make him shudder. It appears, further, that, in the middle of his meal, one of his aides-de-camp would sometimes come up to him, and forbid him to eat more. "And by whose orders am I forbidden?" Suwarrow would ask. "By the orders of Marshal Suwarrow himself," was the reply. The marshal would then rise and say, "he must be obeyed." In the same manner, he often caused himself to take a walk in his own name.

AIKIN.

Clavering, in his Autobiography, makes the following mention of the doctor:—"As to old John Aikin, with his great bottle nose, he was a sensible, literary labourer, but deficient in vigour and fire. He was dull in conversation, so was his sister, Mrs. Barbauld, with her little dissenting parson for a husband, whom she could put in her pocket, but she was a good poetess, and an excellent prose writer.

DRYDEN.

There are some facts connected with the burial of Dryden, which, I believe, are not generally known. Dr. Johnson makes mention of them in his "Lives of the Poets." It appears that Dryden died in the month of May, 1701, and that, as soon as the news reached Dr. Sprat, who was then Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of Westminster, he sent word to Lady Elizabeth Howard, who was the poet's widow, that he would make her a present of the ground and the abbey fees, altogether amounting to about 50*l*. Lord Halifax, too, sent word, that if Lady Elizabeth and her son, Mr. Charles Dryden, were willing, he would bury the poet with a gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards advance 500*l*. towards a monument in the abbey. To this, the lady and her son acquiesced. Accordingly, on the Saturday following the corpse was put into a velvet hearse, and eighteen mourning carriages, filled with company, attended. They were just on the point of starting, when," says Johnson's authority, "the Lord Jeffreys, son of the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, with some of his rakish companions, coming by, asked whose funeral it was, and being told Mr. Dryden's, he said, 'what! shall Dryden, the greatest honour and ornament of the nation, be buried after this private manner? No, gentlemen, let all that loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight, and join with me in gaining my lady's consent to let me have the honour of his interment, which shall be after another manner than this, and I will bestow 1000*l*. on a monument for him in the abbey.' The gentlemen in the coaches, not knowing of the Bishop of Rochester's favour, readily came out of the coaches, and attended Lord Jeffreys up to the lady's bedside, who was then sick; he repeated the purport of what he had before said; but she absolutely refusing, he fell on his knees, vowing never to rise, till his request was granted.

The rest of the company, by his desire, kneeled also, and the lady, being under a sudden surprise, fainted away. As soon as she recovered her speech, she cried, 'no, no.' 'Enough,' replied he, 'gentlemen, the lady is very good, she says, 'go, go.'' She repeated her former words with all her strength, but in vain, for her feeble voice was lost in their acclamations of joy, and the Lord Jeffreys ordered the hearsmen to carry the corpse to Mr. Russel's, an undertaker, and leave it there till he should send orders for the embalmment; which, he said, should be after the royal manner. His directions were obeyed, the company dispersed, and Lady Elizabeth and her son remained inconsolable. The next day, Mr. C. Dryden waited on the Bishop and Lord Halifax to excuse his mother and himself, but neither would hear of any plea, especially the latter, who had the abbey lighted, the ground opened, the choir attending, an anthem ready set, and himself waiting for some time, without any corpse to bury. The undertaker, after three days of expectance of orders for embalmment, without any, waited on the Lord Jeffreys, who, pretending ignorance of the matter, turned it off with an ill-natured jest. Upon this, the undertaker waited upon the Lady Elizabeth and her son, and threatened to bring the corpse home, and set it before the door. They desired a day's respite, which was granted. Mr. C. Dryden wrote a handsome letter to the Lord Jeffreys, who returned it with this cool answer. 'That he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it.' He then addressed the Bishop of Rochester and the Lord Halifax, who both absolutely refused to do any thing in it. In this distress, Dr. Garth sent for the corpse to the College

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of Physicians, who proposed a funeral by subscription, to which himself set a most noble example. At last, a day, about three weeks after the death of Mr. Dryden, was appointed for the interment. Dr. Garth pronounced a fine oration at the college over the corpse, which was attended to the abbey by a numerous train of coaches."

Dr. Johnson adds this note:—"This story I had intended to omit, as it appears with no great evidence; but, having been since informed that there is in the register of the College of Physicians, an order, relating to Dryden's funeral, I can doubt its truth no longer."

JUDGE JEFFREYS.

This infamous monster, (I do not consider the appellation to be a whit too harsh) was of a daring aspect, he cared for no man, no man's eye could make his cower. Possessed, as he was, of great volubility of words, clear and quick at discovering the weak side of his opponent, he took a special delight in venting all his bull-dog ferocity upon him. His father, who claimed descent from Tudor Trevor, Earl of Hereford, was of a different cast from his notorious son. He appears to have been a homely, frugal person, much respected, and altogether void of the ambition which raised his son to the chancellorship. To judge from the manner in which he received him, on the occasion of one of his visits, with all the display of pomp he was so fond of exhibiting to the eyes of the awe-stricken multitude, he must have been startled out of all forbearance, for he spared neither reproof nor disdain. The sober father lived to be an old man, without being a chancellor—the chancellor was never an old man, the father outlived the son.

Many differ as to the mode of the judge's death; some aver he died in consequence of his intemperate habits; others, that he died of grief, but the general opinion would seem to indicate, that the anxiety that harassed the latter part of his life, brought on a severe fit of the stone, his old complaint.

In 1810, during some repairs at St. Mary's Aldermanbury, his coffin was exposed to view for some time, and the public could look upon the box which contained the remains of the hated magistrate, without fear.

MR. FOSTER'S AVIARY, STOKE NEWINGTON.

Mr. William Pen Foster, surgeon, of Church Street, Stoke Newington, possesses a very interesting collection of tame birds, which he has kindly offered to show to any of our scientific readers who will call upon him. We have visited him, and been much pleased to see so many birds, seventy or more, living in apparent health and happiness, and free from all fear. They are kept in an aviary (about twenty one feet in length, nine in width, and twelve in height), which stands in the open air, and adjoins the back parlour window, which forms the entrance to it. To render them more at home and reconciled to their situation, they have grassy banks, gravelly paths, living shrubs, dead stumps of trees, pieces of bark, bits of rock-work, a stream, a little pool, and a fountain, placed within their territory. They have plenty of fresh air, as two sides of the aviary as well as the top are formed of netting, the meshes of which permit not merely the air, but the refreshing showers and insects to enter. While we were present, a goldfinch made his way out through one of the meshes, yet he did not attempt to escape, but, after hopping a bit round the outside, he showed every anxiety to return and join his tame companions. All the birds have the free use of their wings, yet they never attempt to elope from the premises, even when the window and parlour doors are left open.

The several species at present in the aviary, are the blackbird, the thrush, the skylark, the woodlark, the titlark, the goldfinch, the chaffinch, the bulfinch, the greenfinch, the bramble-finch, or brambling, the siskin, the redstart, the redpole, the linnet, the robin, the nightingale, the canary, and the great tit, or ox-eye. All of them will come readily to feed from the hand of either their master or mistress. A nightingale, which was procured from the nest, and brought up by the hand, is so exceedingly tame, that he will hop upon the finger of any person, and remain perched upon it, while he is carried about the room, or even the garden, to catch the flies upon the walls or the windows. One nightingale began to sing here in the commencement of December, but did not utter his full note till about the middle of April; and Mr. Foster informs us, that a wild nightingale was heard singing, by Mr. William Allen, at Linfield, in Surrey, in the beginning of last February. To this we may add, that Mr. Edward Newman says, he has frequently seen the nightingale in the neighbourhood of Godalming, in Surrey, in October, and once in November, and that he heard one singing there, clearly and distinctly, although not very loud, on December 12, 1823 or 1824. Cowper, the poet, has written some verses to a nightingale, which he heard singing on New Year's Day, in 1792.

One of the most unusual circumstances which have occurred in this aviary, is the breeding of the skylark. Dr. Bechstein says, that skylarks will pair in confinement, but that he could never succeed in making them sit. One of his neighbours, notwithstanding the greatest care, succeeded no better, though he had a hen which laid from twenty to twenty-five eggs annually. A pair of skylarks which Mr. Foster has had about six years, made a a nest, and reared their young last year, and also in the present year. The parents fed them on bread, egg, spiders, and small maggots. Only one of last year's brood is alive. A cock greenfinch and a hen canary, paired, built a nest in a little fir-tree, and brought up their offspring. The goldfinches also breed here.

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A pair of foreign birds, called cut-throat sparrows, *(Loxia fasciata,)* are now engaged in building a nest, with straw and feathers, behind some rock-work, on the floor of a large cage which is kept in the parlour. These facts alone would be sufficient to show that much amusement and instruction may be derived from animals, when we render them fearless of us by treating them with kindness. Altogether, Mr. Foster's aviary is a delightful sight, and we wish that those who keep birds, and profess to be fond of them, would follow his example, and abolish the barbarous practice of imprisoning their little songsters in narrow cages. J. H. F.

New Books.

Presence of Mind, and Pride. Two Tales, by Phœbe Blyth. Harvey and Darton.

These Tales form one of those valuable series of books which tend so much to subdue the bad passions, improve the morals, and elevate the mind of youth. The Tale of Pride ought to be read, and studied, by all boys. It is impossible to speak too highly of works that aim to make the juvenile part of society wiser, better, and happier.

Autobiography of Thomas Platter. Wértheim.

This is an entertaining Robinson Crusoish piece of autobiography. Our hero seems to have been a man of versatile talent—"at all things ever, and at nothing long"—for he was, firstly, a goatherd; then a travelling-scholar, and began to study; commences rope-maker, and a Hebrew professor; becomes armour-bearer, and then schoolmaster: he next engages in the wars at Zurich; obtains a Greek professorship; turns printer; becomes professor again—and dies! The incidents naturally attendant on such singular changes in life are told with great simplicity, and apparent truth: they are pregnant with most amusing anecdotes. This little memoir cannot fail of ensuring plenty of readers, from the varied nature of the interesting contents. It is embellished with a portrait and other illustrations, from German engravings. Platter seems to have been a good man, and therefore we recommend his adventures to the notice of our young friends.

Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian. By Mrs. Mathews. Bentley.

[We resume our excerpta from this truly entertaining work. There is a freshness and reality about their pages, and him whom we admired on the stage, is as amusing in private, as he was before in public. If the writing of Mrs. Mathews be not a finished picture, it is at least a most pleasing sketch.]

Mathews' Theatrical Properties.

"Mr. Copeland, of the Dover Theatre, saw in my list of properties, four oranges and two eggs, and said to Trotter, 'What! does he do tricks with them? I never heard that before. Why, I saw no conjuring mentioned in the bills' (!) Oranges and the yolk of eggs were the only refreshment he resorted to during his performances, or when he found his voice impaired by exertion."

Mathews' little pet, "Fop."

"Fop ran yesterday thirty-two miles: he put several flocks of geese to the rout, as usual." This little animal (one of the smallest of the terrier race) had journeyed with Mr. Mathews two years before, and ran with the post-horses thirty and forty miles a day. The peasantry of Ireland hallooed after it with wonder, calling, and perhaps believing it a rat: nay, at Limerick, a poor fellow one day, on the borders of the town, exciting the particular commiseration of my husband, (who being, as usual, without money in his pocket, desired the man to call at his lodging next day,) cried out, 'Sure, sirr, I'll not forget, and don't I know it's the jintleman who has a rat always runnin' after his carriage?'"

Mathews at Dublin.

"I have been 'werry much applauded for what I have done;' and I have strutted through the streets like a first-rate fighting cock, and felt inclined to snap my fingers at all I met."

The Mayor of Kilkenny and his Deputy.

"Mr. Mathews, on his arrival at Kilkenny, issued bills for his performance, but through inadvertency, no application was made for the Mayor's permission. In the course of the forenoon, while Mr. Mathews was lounging in the library of the parade, the city constable rushed in, fury sparkling in his eyes, and, with a roll of paper in his hand—'Is a M–M–M–Mr. Mathews here?' said he—for the room was full of gentlemen, several of whom, through the maniac appearance of the constable, retired to the end of the room; but Mr Mathews instantly announced himself. Upon this, the constable unfolded his roll, which was one of Mr. Mathews's bills, "How daredst you, sirr, put forth them bills without the Mayor's permission? Hese worship is mad, and you must come along with me to the office directly." Mr. Mathews, perhaps, remembering that a dog's obeyed in office," went to the Mayor's office. On his return, he ordered a few more bills to be printed, with the head, 'By permission of the Worshipful John Kirchela, Esq. Mayor,' observing, 'the mayor was very polite, and, as you said, behaved like a gentleman; but his deputy, that ruffianly-looking fellow—I declare I thought I was arrested for high treason.' The report had, indeed, already spread through the town that he was arrested, and that there would be no performance that night."

Mathews and the Apothecary.

"Mathews believed, and really with great

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reason, that medicine had no power over his constitution, and this rendered him very sceptical of the 'healing art.' He, however, allowed a friend one day to introduce to him his own favourite apothecary, to cure a heartburn, to which he was subject. The apothecary affirmed that he could relieve him speedily, and it was agreed that some 'little thing' should be made. In about half an hour, a packet—some pills and half a dozen draughts—was delivered, which were duly swallowed. On the morrow the apothecary called, inquired anxiously as to relief, &c., but was told there was no alteration in symptoms or sensations. He appeared naturally surprized, looked again at his patient's tongue, felt his pulse, put on a cheerful and confident air, said he should that day alter the particulars of his draughts, &c.; but to his amazement, the calm and apparently obedient listener, his *patient*, informed him that he never took a second prescription where the first failed. Remonstrance followed surprize, but it was useless, and the doctor left the house wonderfully chagrined. We were told soon after that this person was the most inveterate bill-maker that ever existed, and never let off any victim under some pounds worth of attendance."

Mathews' Gains.

"Norwich-week gave me 130*l.* Bravo! above the 'right reading.'"—"Doncaster, last night, produced me 60*l.* and an excellent audience."—"This week, (notwithstanding two wet nights at Leeds, which did me considerable damage, for it poured exactly at playtime,) I have cleared my 100*l.* Bravo!"—"Little Halifax, all the pit turned into boxes, 60*l.*"—"My two nights here (Newcastle) have produced me 157*l.*, making, since last Saturday, 237*l.*! Beyond the 'right reading' again."—"The liberal, indeed, the *splendid* patronage I have received," &c. &c.

His own Notion of his Profession.

"I do not study with an unworthy view to outrage private feelings, by holding up personal defects to ridicule; but with the more useful, and, at the same time, less offensive object of showing, how easily peculiarities become disagreeable if suffered to grow into habits; and how frequently habits, if so indulged in, may become ridiculous. Such, with all humility, I consider to be the fair game of what is attempted to be *degraded* by the name of mimicry. It is *that* in the *physical* world, which *satire* is in the moral; and if the work of a *satirist* of *manners* be not degraded by the appellation of a lampoon, I know not why the exhibition of an *imitator* of *manner* should be classed with the mere grimaces of a buffoon."

Madame Blanchard at Paris.

"Madame Blanchard ascended from Tivoli in a balloon the night before last; it was illuminated, and she carried fireworks with her. Soon after rising she entered a cloud, and was lost to sight for several seconds. On re-appearing she let off some fireworks, and shortly after I perceived a stream of fire issuing from the lower part of the balloon. In an instant it was in flames; and she fell, with terrible rapidity, from a great height—still in her car—struck with a frightful crush on the roof of a house just opposite my window, and thence rebounded into the street. It is said that she held with such force to the framework of her car, that several of her arteries had snapt through the effort. She was buried yesterday. I cannot get rid of the recollection," &c.—Letter of Mr. Poole to Mr. Mathews.

Mathews at Mess.

"I dined on Thursday at the Barracks, at York, on the invitation of Captain Chatterton, and was not asked to sing! The officers had dressed up a monkey in the full dress of the regiment; and he was brought in after dinner and placed upon the table, and drank a glass of wine, bowing all round. I laughed myself nearly into fits. You may easily imagine the odd effect, with the complete dress, (which cost three guineas.) When the tail was hid, it was a miniature officer. An Irishman present said, 'Colonel Ross brings him upon the table every day, and if you don't immediately give him something to eat, he will throw *it* at you.' The Colonel's servant, a real Dermot, seeing the sun shining powerfully in my face, said, 'Sirr, if you plaise, does the sun disoblige you? If it does, I'll be after putting him out of the room.'"

French Monument Jumpers.

"The only remarkable change that has occurred in Paris (1819) is, that the gay people have taken it into their heads to jump out of garret windows; and that, where the houses are several stories high, is no joke. Two instances of this kind lately occurred on the same day, and within a few paces of each other. They were both women, and one of them went with her infant tied round her waist. Another woman has, within the last week, performed the same experiment, which, though death to the others, has merely cost her both legs, which were immediately cut off."

Presents to propitiate Puffs.

"Amongst the extraordinary effects of the popularity of my husband's 'At Home,' were the applications made under every kind of pretext, letters being sent to him from all sorts of professions and trades about town. One man offered him snuff for himself and friends if he would only mention the name and shop of the manufacturer. Another promised him a perpetual polish for his boots upon the same terms. He was solicited to mention every sort of exhibition, and to puff all the new quack medicines. The wines sent for him to taste, though said to be of the 'finest quality,' nevertheless required 'a bush,' expected to be hung out nightly at his 'house of entertainment' for 'value received.' Patent filters; wigs and

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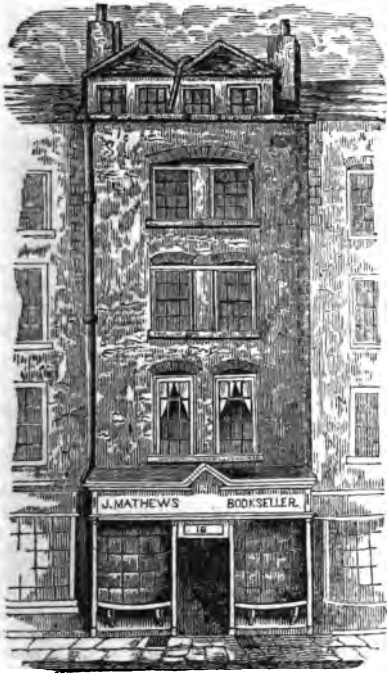
waistcoats; boots and boothooks; 'ventilating hats' and bosom friends, all *gratis!* And an advertising dentist one day presented himself, offering to teeth our whole family, if Mr. Mathews would draw his metallic teeth into notice. In fact, he was so inundated with presents and petitions, that our cottage sometimes looked like a bazaar: and I had frequently occasion to exercise my ingenuity in contriving how and to whom I might convey generally useless articles forced upon our acceptance. In fact, we eventually paid for them by purchases or presents, of and to the parties from whom they came, in order to smooth down their disappointments at my husband's declining to comply with the requests with which they were accompanied.

(To be continued.)

BIRTH-PLACE OF MATHEWS.

THIS hero of the sock and buskin was born in the house of his father, No. 18, Strand, two doors east of Hungerford Street. It was taken down a few years since on account of the necessary alterations attendant on the erection of the New Hungerford Market. It was for many years the favoured resort of eminent dissenting ministers, such as the late learned Dr. Adam Clarke, the Rev. Rowland Hill, &c., &c. On the death of Mr. Mathews, the business came into the hands of Mr. Leigh, his son-in-law.



M. DAGUERRE'S PROCESS OF ENGRAVING.

THE process of M. Daguerre is no longer a secret;—conjecture is set at rest by the whole matter having been divulged. From the time we first heard of the effects of photography, and of the Daguerrotype, which were thought to be one and the same thing, though they are decidedly dissimilar, we have lost no opportunity to acquaint ourselves with whatever might transpire respecting these extraordinary engravings,—engravings, not executed under the management of artists, but of chemical experimentalists. The over-eagerness of many of our contemporaries to lay something new about it before their readers, has led to many hearsay errors having been published; and we, therefore, are not sorry that we determined to wait until a better light had been thrown upon the subject. That time has come, and we now fulfil our deferred intention.

To procure an engraving by M. Daguerre's process, a thin plate of copper, one side of which has been plated with silver, must be carefully washed with a solution of nitric acid to cleanse its surface, and to remove any particles of copper which may intervene between the thin coating of silver. The plate must next be exposed, in a well-closed box, to the vapour of iodine, a small quantity of which is placed at the bottom of the box, but separated from the plate by a thin gauze, to cause the vapour to spread, or diffuse itself equally. The room must be darkened meanwhile, and the plate must be surrounded with a small metallic frame, to prevent the vapour of iodine from condensing in larger quantities round the margin than in the centre. In about twenty minutes, when the plate has acquired a yellow colour, it must be withdrawn from the vapour. The plate must now be placed inside the camera obscura, at a focus previously ascertained, and carefully preserved from the faintest action of light; for, if exposed to it for only the tenth of a second, it would become affected by it. As soon as the camera, containing the plate, is steadily placed on a proper station for receiving the picture required, the light is admitted through the focal lens, and the plate soon receives an impression of the objects comprising the scene. When the plate is removed from the camera the impression is hardly perceptible, but it becomes distinct enough when it has been submitted to the vapour of mercury, at a temperature of sixty degrees Reaumur, contained in a small vessel at the bottom of a box used for this purpose alone. The plate must next be plunged into a solution of hydro-sulphite of soda, which acts most strongly on the parts which have not been changed by the rays of light. Lastly, to prevent the impression from undergoing any further change when exposed to the light, it must be washed in distilled water. The impression obtained is so superficial, and so little solid, that a very slight friction destroys it;

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hence, it is advisable to frame the plate under glass.

Plates of copper plated with silver receive better impressions than do plates of pure silver.

The impressions are most faithful, and exquisitely delicate. M. Daguerre lately exhibited, at the Chamber of Deputies, some views of streets in Paris, and of a group of busts in the collection of the Louvre; and the minuteness of detail displayed in these views, especially in those of the streets, excited the wonder of every beholder. In one, representing the Pont Marie, all the minutest indentations and divisions of the ground, or the buildings; the goods lying on the wharf; even the small stones under the water at the edge of the stream, and the different degrees of transparency given to the water, were all shown with the most incredible accuracy. The use of a magnifyng glass revealed an infinity of other details quite undistinguishable by the naked eye, and more particularly in the foliage of trees.

At the present moment this process of engraving is being exhibited and explained by Mr. Cooper, at the *Polytechnic Institution*, in Regent Street, and by M. de St. Croix, at the *Adelaide Gallery*, West Strand, at two o'clock: the charge for admission to the former being *two* shillings, (though, according to the advertisements, it is only one,) and to the latter one shilling. We paid a visit to the former at the appointed time, and were, in common with many others, greatly disappointed in our expectation of seeing the several processes, and their progressive changes, upon the plate. The plates were so soon hid from sight after being withdrawn from the boxes, and, when exhibited for a minute or two, were only shown to those who chanced to be opposite to the lecturer, that, although we sat on the foremost form, we saw hardly any thing more than the boxes. A little locomotion on the part of the lecturer would easily have obviated all this. The oral account of the proceedings comprised so many processes, and so many minutiæ, that no one, without actually seeing the particular results, could remember what he had heard, unless gifted with a most excellent memory. How much better it would be, at both institutions, to furnish the audience with a little bill of the play, explaining the different acts and scenes, and by reference to such a bill any interlude of dumb-show would be rendered intelligible. However, after the several processes had been performed, a plate was at last ready, and was then placed in the camera obscura, which was removed from the room and placed on a platform outside the window. The focal glass was directed towards the church in Langham Place, and some of the neighbouring houses. In about half an hour the camera obscura was brought back into the room, and the plate, on being taken out, was found to have a faint picture of the scene upon it, and which became more distinct after it had been submitted to the final processes above described. The appearance of the plate was now most beautiful, exhibiting the most perfectly clear and accurate view of every object that had been reflected upon it. Another plate, representing a studio or gallery, containing various busts, was equally admirable. By substituting the powerful light of the oxy-hydrogen microscope, Mr. Cooper succeeded in representing an insect, the water-scorpion, upon another prepared plate. The fidelity and beauty of the engravings were surprising.

Biography.

MEMOIR OF SPOHR.

THIS pre-eminent musician was born at Brunswick, and educated in the *Hofcapell*; he was, at twenty years old, established at Gotha, as Kapell-meister; afterwards, he had the same situation at Vienna, in the *Theater an der Wien*, where Beethoven became his most intimate acquaintance; he then travelled in Italy, and to England, and since that time has been established at Cassel. At this last place, his duties are numerous and arduous, and leave of absence for a sufficient time to make effective journeys, is with difficulty obtained. He possesses an absorbing, but quiet enthusiasm for music, and a perfect indifference to professional gains. This is the reason why he has ceased to give concerts, and to play the violin publicly when he travels. He has, to use his own language, given up *practising* the violin; what he now possesses of execution, is merely the remains of his early acquirement: when he has composed any thing, he plays to show how it should go, and that is now the principal use of the instrument. When reminded of the fortune made by Hummel through solo playing, he said, he was a different man: Hummel was known to be fond of money. He speaks most handsomely of the rising talent of composition in Germany, and did not omit to notice with applause the pleasing things composed by Sterndale Bennett. He is a man ready to do justice to every branch of composition, perfectly liberal in his estimate of artists, and with a lively sympathy for all sorts of excellence.

His figure, which is cast in a great mould, is redeemed from clumsiness by a native dignity of bearing, wholly free from affectation or assumption. His large face, when you get near it, is really very handsome, reminding the beholder of one of the old gods in the Elgin marbles, or Keats's "Hyperion." His eyes are small, and rather deep set; high cheek bones, with the cheeks the reverse of full; a nose perfectly well formed; and a mouth, that at the corners reveals traces of the emotion experienced in a rather arduous professional life, gives the principal character to a countenance whose expression, on the whole, is that of entire calmness and benignity. His manner is perfectly simple, frank, and affectionate.

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This brief notice is from a truly pleasing paper, in the last number of the *Monthly Chronicle*, entitled, "The Musician in Norwich," in which a masterly review is taken of the late Norwich Musical Festival, at St. Andrews' Hall: all lovers of music, which, we trust our readers are, will experience a great treat in perusing that account.

The author says, speaking of Spohr making his appearance at the rehearsal of the above festival, "I wish you could have heard the thundering peal of applause—the perfect storm with which all the musicians, the universal band, down to the choir boys—hailed Spohr. The reception given him must have sunk deeply into the heart of that great and good man; and it actually drew tears from the eyes of Madame Spohr. * * * * His first solo exhibited a tone, less remarkable for extraordinary volume and power, than for sweetness. In that respect he is like Paganini. The sweetness of his tone is wonderful—you hear not the slightest scratch or scrape, such as the best fiddles now and then commit—all is *oiled*. His portamento is like that of a great singer; it is delightful to hear him swell and diminish a long note. He puts a soul into phrases of melody rarely heard; but his style is simple and large, and his ornaments are rare. His bowing has none of the piquancy of that of the modern French school, but it is various, and brings out the passages with effect. His shake is rather slow. The surprising purity of his intonation in arpeggios, passages of difficult modulation and enharmonic changes, was highly appreciated."

WHIMSICAL SKETCH OF HENRY VIII.

He was born in 1491, and began to reign in 1509. He raised his favourites, the instruments of his crimes, from the very depth of obscurity to the pinnacle of grandeur, and after setting them up as tyrants, put them to death as slaves. He was pre-eminent in religion; first quarrelling with Luther, whose doctrines he thought too republican, he became Defender of the Catholic Faith; and then quarrelling with the Pope, who stood in the way of his murders, he was twice excommunicated. He made creeds and articles, and made it treason not to swear to them; and he burned his opponents with slow fire. He burned an histerical girl, the Maid of Kent, for her opinions. He disputed with a foolish schoolmaster on the real presence, and burned him to convince him. He beheaded Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, for not swearing that his own children were bastards. He robbed the churches, and gave the revenue of a convent to an old woman, for a pudding. He burned a lovely young woman (Anne Ascue) for *jabbering* of the real presence.

He was in love, as in religion, delicate and tender. He first married his sister-in-law, and because her children died, divorced her; married her maid of honour, and made parliament and clergy declare he had done well. He beheaded the maid of honour for letting her handkerchief fall at a tilting, and two or three gentlemen with her, to keep her company; threw her body into an old arrow-case, and buried it therein, and the very next day married a third wife, and his parliament and clergy made it *treason* not to say it was well.

He next proposed to Francis I. to bring two princesses to Guise, and a number of other pretty French ladies, that he might choose a fourth wife among them. The French king was too gallant to bring ladies to market like cattle, so he fell in love with the picture of a Dutch lady, and married her without seeing her. When she came, he found she spoke Dutch, and did not dance well. He swore she was no maid, called her a Flanders mare, and turned her loose; and as he had destroyed Cardinal Wolsey, when he was tired of his former wife, so he beheaded Cromwell when he was surfeited with this one.

He married a fifth wife, with whom he was so delighted, that he had forms of thanksgiving composed by the Bishops, and read in the churches, and then condemned her, her grandmother, her uncles, aunts, cousins, and about a dozen in all, to be put to death. Having done all this, and much more, he died of a *rotten leg*, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and the fifty-sixth of his life—a royal bloodhound, and a very memorable brute.

Manners and Customs.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE MISSIONARY WILLIAMS.

(*Concluded from page* 243.)

[We extract from Mr. Williams' book some passages illustrative of the character of the Islanders of the Pacific, amongst whom his Missionary labours lay.]

Intellectual Capacity of the Natives.

It is a remarkable fact, that almost every race thinks itself the wisest. While, in the pride of mental superiority, civilized nations look upon barbarous tribes as almost destitute of intellect, these cherish the same sentiments towards them; and even Britons have not been exempted from degrading representations. So far back as the time of Cicero, we find evidence of the low estimate in which *we* have been held. In one of his epistles to his friend Atticus, the Roman orator recommends him not to obtain his slaves from Britain, because "they are so stupid, and utterly incapable of being taught, that they are unfit to form a part of the household of Atticus." At the present day, the Chinese do not form a much higher opinion of our capacities; and even with the South Sea Islanders, it is common to say, when they see a person exceedingly awkward, "How stupid you are; perhaps you are an Englishman."

Their wit and humour.

The following incident will furnish an ex-

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ample of their *wit* and *humour*. A few years ago, a venerable and esteemed brother missionary came to England, and, being rather bald, some kind friends provided him with a wig. Upon his return to the islands, the chiefs and others went on board to welcome him; and, after the usual salutations, one of them said to the missionary, "You were bald when you left, and now you have a beautiful head of hair; what amazing people the English are; how did they make your hair grow again?"—"You simple people," replied the missionary, "how does everything grow? is it not by sowing seed?" They immediately shouted, "Oh, these English people! they sow seed upon a bald man's head to make the hair grow!" One shrewd fellow inquired whether he had brought any of the seed with him? The good missionary carried on the joke for a short time, and then raised his wig The revelation of his "original head," of course, drew forth a roar of laughter, which was greatly increased when one of the natives shouted to some of his countrymen who were near, "Here, see Mr. ——, he has come from England with his head thatched; he has come from England with his head thatched!"

Illustration of their Eloquence.

[The following is, perhaps, unequalled by anything in our own language.]

On the following Tuesday I requested Teava to conduct our morning's devotions; and, being much pleased with the novelty and excellency of his prayer, and the pious fervour of his manner, I wrote it down immediately after, and have preserved the following extract:—

"If we fly up to heaven, we shall find thee there; if we dwell upon the land, thou art there; if we sail upon the sea, thou art there; and this affords us comfort; so that we sail upon the ocean without fear, because thou, O God, art in our ship. The king of our bodies has his subjects to whom he issues his orders: but, if he himself goes with them, his presence stimulates their zeal: they begin it with energy, they do it soon, they do it well. O Lord, thou art the King of our spirits; thou hast issued orders to thy subjects to do a great work; thou hast commanded them to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature: we, O Lord, are going upon that errand; and let thy presence go with us to quicken us, and enable us to persevere in the great work until we die. Thou hast said that thy presence shall go with thy people, even unto the end of the world. Fulfil, O Lord, to us this cheering promise. I see, O Lord, a compass in this vessel, by which the shipmen steer the right way; do thou be our compass to direct us in the right course, that we may escape obstructions and dangers in our work. Be to us, O Lord, the compass of salvation."

Their religious devotedness.

During my previous visit to this island, I was explaining to the people, one evening, the manner in which English Christians raised money to send the Gospel to heathen countries. On hearing this, they expressed their regret at not having money, that they also might enjoy the privilege of "helping in the good work of causing the word of God to grow." I replied, "If you have no money, you have something to buy money with." This idea was quite new to them, and they wished to know at once what they possessed which would buy money. I said to them, "The pigs I brought to your island on my first visit have multiplied so greatly, that all of you have now an abundance; and if every family in the island were to set apart a pig, 'for causing the word of God to grow,' and, when the ships come, to sell them for money, instead of cloth and axes, a valuable contribution might be raised." The idea delighted them exceedingly, and early the next morning the squeaking of the pigs, which were receiving a particular mark in the ear for this purpose, was heard from one end of the settlement to the other. In the interim a ship had been there, the captain of which had purchased their pigs, and paid for them most honourably; and, now, to my utter astonishment, the native treasurer put into my hands 103*l.*, partly in bills, and partly in cash! This was the *first* money they ever possessed, and every farthing of it was dedicated to the cause of Christ!

The Public Journals.

[It is sometime since we perused a work which promises so fairly to become a public favourite, as *Blaine's Encyclopedia of Rural Sports*, the first Part of which has just appeared. It is, principally, a compilation from the works of various authors, but rather carelessly strung together, as is evidenced in the first and second subsections of the third Part or Book; this, doubtless, will be remedied as the work proceeds. It is very neatly and closely printed, and illumined with numerous engravings on wood. The following extract is a fair specimen of the author's handling of his subjects; it is relative to *The Field Sports of Ireland*:—]

As a sporting country, Ireland offers almost unbounded advantages, even at the present day; and what may be truly called *wild sports*, so dear to the real lover of nature when undisguised, may yet be pursued here, and after a manner known to few of us, localised, as we are, where population extends into every nook, and where active industry may be almost said to have domesticated, not only the animals themselves, but every portion almost of the soil they tread on. It is true that the game pursued in Ireland is essentially the same as in England, but the pursuers widely differ. The face of their country, bold and rugged as many parts of it are, may have some influence

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in this respect; certain it is, that it cherishes a race equally erratic and enterprising. The following, from the spirited descriptions of the writer of the *Wild Sports of the West*, may serve to bring before the reader's eyes an illustration of our assertions:—"The passage down the inlet was marked with several incidents which were in perfect keeping with the wild and savage scenery around. A seal would suddenly raise his round head above the surface, gaze for a moment at the boat, and when he had apparently satisfied his curiosity, sink quietly from our view. In rounding the numerous headlands through which this inlet irregularly winds, we often started flocks of curlews, which, rising in alarm at our unexpected appearance, made the rocks ring with their loud and piercing whistle. Skirting the shores of Innis Biggle, we disturbed an osprey, or seaeagle, in the act of feeding on a bird. He rose leisurely, and, lighting on a rock, waited till we passed, and then returned to his prey. We ran sufficiently close to the shore to observe the size and colour of the bird, and concluded that a grouse had been the eagle's victim."

"*The contrast between the Irish and English sportsman is next emphatically portrayed:*—'At this moment of indecision, old Antony, the otter killer, one of that numerous and nondescript personages who *locate* themselves in the houses of the Irish gentry, passed the window with a fine salmon and a brace of trout, sixteen inches long. How fresh and sparkling is the phosphoric shading of the scales, as the old man turns them round for my inspection! What a beautiful fish! it barely measures thirty inches, and is fully ten pounds weight! That short and deep-shouldered *bright-dawn salmon* is worth all the lubberly roach, dace, perch, and gudgeons, that the Thames contains, from its source to its debouchement. I looked after the ancient otter-hunter with envy. How lowly would he be estimated in the eyes of a Cheapside fisherman; one who wears a modest-coloured jacket, lest a showy garment might annoy the plethoric animals he is dabbling for; whose white basket is constructed of the finest wicker-work—with rods and reels, floats and flies, pastes and patties, lines and liqueurs, sufficient to load a donkey—how contemptuously would he look down upon honest Antony! Figure to yourself a little feeble man, dressed in a jerkin of coarse blue cloth, with an otter (a fancy of my cousin's) blasoned on his arm. In one hand he holds a fish-spear, which assists him when he meets with rugged ground; in the other a very unpretending angle, jointed rudely with a penknife, and secured by waxen threads; a *cast* of flies are wound about his hat, and his remaining stock, not exceeding half a dozen, are contained between the leaves of a tattered song-book. In the same depository he has some silk, dyed mohair, a hare's ear, and a few feathers from the cock, brown turkey, and mallard; which simple materials furnish him with most efficient flies.'

The scenery of Ireland, it is well known, is much of it bold in the extreme. Kerry abounds with the grand and the picturesque. Witness the lofty precipices of the Eagle's Crag, which burst as it were suddenly on the view. Here, it is not uncommon to see the osprey darting from the rocky summit in search of food for its young, which are secreted in some unapproachable fissure. After several aerial gyrations, it is seen to dart downwards and plunge into the water, emerging from it immediately with a fish in its talons, with which it rises to the rocky height it so lately left, and presents to its young the fruits of its plunder. As the waters reach the sea, the coast scenery still maintains its grandeur; and on the shores the natives shoot the wildfowl, or ensnare fish from the rocks. 'Seals also,' says the descriptive writer we have lately copied from, 'are very numerous on the coast; and at this season a number may be seen any warm day you make an excurson up the Sound of Archil. We shoot them occasionally, the skin making a waterproof covering, and the fat affording an excellent oil for many domestic purposes. It is difficult, however, to secure the animal, for numbers are shot, but few are taken. The head is the only place to strike them; for, even when mortally wounded in the body, they generally manage to escape. This fact we have ascertained from finding them dead on the shore many days after they were wounded, and a considerable distance from the place where they had received the bullet. I shot one last autumn at the mouth of the river, and a fortnight afterwards he was taken up in the neighbourhood of Dhuhill. There could be no doubt as to the identity of the creature, for, on opening him to extract the oil, a rifle-ball, such as I use, of the unusually small size of fifty-four to the pound, was found lodged in his lungs. Unless when killed outright, they sink instantly; and I have seen the sea dyed with blood to an extent that proved how severely the seal had been wounded, but have never been able to trace him farther. Formerly when seal oil and skins were valuable, some persons on the coast made the pursuit of the animal a profession.'"

RECIPE FOR THE CURE OF THE PLAGUE.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

THIS extract, from a letter addressed by Sir R. Long, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to his clerk, at the time of the plague in London, 1665, may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Mirror*—the first part of the letter relates to official business—I presume Sir Robert was, at the date of the letter, out of town with the king and his court, to avoid the plague.

"I pray use all possible care to preserve yourselves and my house, send for things to burne, and make vse of them dayly, lett noe body stirre out, nor any suitors come into y^e house or office. Lett every one take every

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morning *a little London treacle*, or *the kernell of a walnut with 5 leaves of rue, and a grayne of salt, beaten together and rosted in a figg, and soe eaten*—and never stirre out fasting—lett not the porter come into the house—take all course agaynst the *ratts*, and take care of the *catts;* the little ones that will not stirre out may be kept—the great ones must be kil'd or sent away.

" Rob. Long,
" July 5. 1665."

Sir Robert considered, no doubt, that "prevention is better than cure;" how well his prescription succeeded I know not. R. C.

THE ELECTRIC GIRLS OF SMYRNA.

THE two Smyrna girls, whose persons present such remarkable electric phenomena, landed, as you are aware, at Marseilles, in the beginning of last month. In hopes of realizing a splendid fortune, they intended to exhibit themselves in France, and other parts of the Continent. Immediately on their arrival, several persons, including various men of science and professors, visited them, and ascertained the following phenomenon:—The girls stationed themselves facing each other, at the end of a large table, keeping at a distance from it of one or two feet, according to their electric dispositions. When a few minutes had elapsed, a crackling, resembling that of the electric fluid spreading over a sheet of gilt paper, was heard—when the table received a strong shake, which always made it advance from the elder to the younger sister. A key, nail, or any piece of iron placed on the table, instantaneously stopped the phenomenon. When the iron was adapted to the under part of the table, it produced no effect upon the experiment. Saving this singular circumstance, the facts observed constantly followed the known laws of electricity, whether glass insulators were used, or whether one of the girls wore silk garments. In the latter case, the electric properties of both were neutralized. Such was the state of the matter for some days after the arrival of the young Greeks, but the temperature having become cooler, and the atmosphere having loaded itself with humidity, all perceptible electric virtue would seem to have deserted them. One may conceive the melancholy of these girls, and the disappointment of the two Greeks, their relations, who have come with them in order to share their anticipated wealth.—*Marseilles Letter*, Sept. 1839.

TREATMENT OF HORSES ON A JOURNEY.

VARIOUS opinions exist as to the best divisions of the stages which a horse should be ridden or driven when performing a long journey. This must, in some degree, be regulated by his condition. If he is fit to go, with a journey of one hundred and fifty miles to perform, and three days to do it in, I should divide the distance into twenty-five miles each, or as near as the accommodation on the road would permit, starting, especially in the summer time, early in the morning, and performing the first twenty-five miles before breakfast. This enables you to have your horse well dressed, and to afford him three or four hour's rest; and if he will eat two quarterns of oats and a quartern of beans (which should be divided into two feeds, he will not take much harm. A moderate quantity of water must be given; at the same time, it must be observed, that too much will cause most horses to scour, and likewise to sweat more profusely; therefore, the less he has in reason the better, till his day's work is completed, when he should have as much as he is inclined to take. Gruel is an excellent thing, but it is not readily procured, properly made, on the road; it should invariably be boiled, and I prefer it made with wheat flour, as it remains longer on the stomach, and is less relaxing than when made with oatmeal. The usual method of preparing what they call gruel at inns, is to mix oatmeal with warm water, in which state it is decidedly bad; its emollient quality is produced by boiling, and if I cannot procure it in that state, I prefer water.—*Old Sporting Magazine*, for October.

Arts and Sciences.

THE HARMONIPHON.

A MUSICAL instrument, lately invented by M. Paris, of Dijon, has attracted much notice in France. It resembles the instrument called the Concertina, well known in London from the very clever performance of young Regondi; but it seems to be superior, in some respects, to the Concertina. The sound is produced by the vibration of thin metallic plates, and it is played by keys like those of the pianoforte; but the air which acts upon the vibrating substances, instead of proceeding from bellows within the instrument, is blown by the mouth, through an elastic tube. The excellence of the instrument, accordingly, consists in this, that while the fingers on the keys, merely mark the different notes of the scale, the expression lies in the mouth. It is the living breath of the performer, which gives accent, articulation, and emphasis to the notes, as in the oboe or clarionet, and enables the performer to "discourse most eloquent music," in a manner which the production of sound by the mechanical contrivance of a bellows does not admit of. The Harmoniphon is made in three varieties; the first is of the compass of the oboe, the second of the Coruo Inglese, and the third, of a larger size than the others, combines both these instruments, and has a compass of three octaves. This instrument is highly approved by the French composers; and one of them, M. Adolphe Adam, has given an account of it in

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the "Monde Dramatique," in which its capabilities are pointed out. It is calculated, in particular, to be of great utility in provincial orchestras, where it is an excellent substitute for the oboe—an instrument as disagreeable in the hands of an ordinary performer as it is delightful in those of a Grattan Cooke. Accordingly, we are informed, the Harmoniphon has already been adopted in the orchestras of many provincial theatres and musical societies.—*The Polytechnic Journal.*

ENGRAVING ON MARBLE.

A DISCOVERY of some importance to the statuary has recently been made by Mr. C. Page, of Pimlico, by means of which engraving on marble is greatly improved. In cutting letters in marble in the ordinary method, the edges chip off, and the defects are covered by painting them over; but Mr. Page obviates this difficulty by covering the surface of the polished marble with a coat of cement before the chisel is used. The cement effectually prevents the marble from chipping; and when the coating is removed, the letters remain as perfect as if cut in copper.—*Engineer and Architect's Journal.*

FINE ARTS IN ITALY.

WE give insertion to the following well authenticated anecdotes to show that many of our wealthy countrymen are most egregiously imposed upon in their quest of old pictures and ancient statues; this mania has become so general, that many artists of talent are compelled to fabricate old pictures reputed to have been painted by the ancient masters; statues, busts, and fragments of sculpture, are chiselled out of Greek or Parian marble, and to favour the deception, they are defaced and stained by iron-rust and tobacco-juice, to give the fragments the appearance of having been decomposed and stained by the hand of time. Coins and engraved gems are also commonly made and sold as antique. It is but justice to declare that we have seen works in sculpture in imitation of ancient art so well executed, and their style and character in such strict unison with the purity of Greek art, that they have baffled the most experienced eye to discover the fraud. The celebrated Giromætti of Rome, by command of the late Pius 8th, made a copy of a gem engraved by Discorides, both the orignal and copy of which were deposited in the museum. One, however, was stolen, and sold by the purloiner to a nobleman for a large sum of money, but most fortunately the stolen cameo proved, on examination, not to be the original. A Mr. ——, an Englishman of some considerable attainments and taste for the fine arts, was commissioned by the English government to visit Rome for the purpose of purchasing works of art for the British Museum; on his arrival in this city, he found his way to the sanctum sanctorum of Vescovalle, in Piazza di Spagna, a dealer in antiquities, when that man of art expitiated with all the subtile eloquence of an Italian, on the merits of his wares. Our countryman felt flattered at the compliments so unsparingly paid to his taste and discernment in having selected some of the most soul-breathing creations of the chisel. Mr. ——, elated with his good fortune, called on our distinguished fellow-countryman, Gibson, the eminent sculptor, to invite him to a high intellectual treat, and on the road to the shop, Mr. M. spoke of Phidias and Praxitiles, and dwelt with the eloquence of a Philostratus on the beauties of the works which he had selected, giving quotations from Pliny, Winkleman, and Visconti, in proof of their authenticity. Our artist felt humbled in his own estimation after such Demosthenian eloquence, and filled with veneration as a lover of Greek art, they entered the studio where our man of letters pointed with conscious pride to the objects he had selected; our sculptor was thunderstruck, not at the beauties of the works, but at the statues, as they were indeed nondescripts, monstrosities, composed of odd fragments, the works of sculptors of the time of Constantine, consequently of the worst era of Roman art.

CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN THE CITY OF BRISTOL.

3028 houses were examined, containing 5981 families, consisting of 20,717 persons; 5363 were boys, and 5493 girls. English, 5220; Irish, 501; Welsh, 170; Scotch, 15; French, 5; Italian, 6; Dutch, 5; German, 5; Prussian, 2; Swiss, 1; East and West Indian, 2; and American, 1: not ascertained, 48. Families having sufficient cupboards or shelves, 3688; having some, but deficient, 1421; without any, 872. Families having religious books (Bible and Prayer-Book only, or both), 3430; having other books or tracts, or parts of some, 947; not having any books or tracts (including two not ascertained), 1604. Families having prints of some kind on the walls, 3030; not having any, 2938; not ascertained, 13. Families clean and respectable, 3610; dirty and disreputable, 1095; in considerable distress, 660; condition not ascertained, 616. Heads of families depositors in savings' banks, or members of benefit societies or trade clubs, 940; not depositors, nor belonging to any benefit society, &c., 4973; not ascertained, 68. Heads of families who can read and write (more or less), 5122; who can only read, 2528. Total who can read, 7645; unable to read or write, 2204; not ascertained, 12. (Men, 4583; women, 5278.) Average rent paid by 1799 families, for one room unfurnished, 1*s.* 3¾*d.* per week; 4 families, for one room unfurnished, free; 943 families, for two rooms unfurnished, 1*s.* 11¾*d.* per week; 790 families, for 3 rooms unfurnished, 2*s.* 5¾*d.* per week; 632 families, for 1 room furnished, 2*s.* 0¾*d.* per week; 10 families, for 2 rooms furnished, 2*s.* 10¾*d.* per week; 1156 families, for houses (under 20*l.*),

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9l. 9s. 8d. per annum; 59 families, for houses *20l.* and above); 588 not ascertained. Of the houses, the lowest rent was, per annum, *3l.* Of the children, are healthy, 10,085; unhealthy (1-14th), 771. Children at school, not above 3 years of age, 120; from 3 to 14 years old, 3394; above 14 years old, 222. Children not at school, not above 3 years of age, 2294; from 3 to 14 years old, 2535; above 14 years old, 2291. Children stated by their parents to be able to read and write, 2010; able to read only, 3934; unable to read or write, under 7 years of age, 3603; above 7 years of age, 1309. Children able to repeat the Lord's Prayer, 6504; not able, or too young, 4352.

Religious Professions.—Church of England, 4547; Roman Catholics, 489; Methodists, 223; Dissenters (other), 589; Jews, 5; without any profession, 81; not ascertained, 47; heads of families, 5981.—*Birmingham Meeting.*

The Gatherer.

The use of *your humble servant* first came into England in the time of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, which is derived from "*Votre tres humble serveteur.*" The usual salutation before that period, was GOD *keep you!* GOD *be with you!* and among the vulgar, *How d'ye do?* with a hearty thump on the shoulder.

A Clerical Dandy of 1652.—Wood says, [*Athen. Oxon.* ii. 738. No. 572.] that Dr. Owen, dean of Christchurch, and Cromwell's vice-chancellor at Oxford, in 1652, used to go, "like a young scholar, with powdred hair, snake-bone band strings, or band strings with very large tassels, lawn band, a large set of ribbands, pointed at his knees, and Spanish-leather boots, with large lawn tops, and his hat mostly cocked."

White was anciently used as a term of fondling, or endearment. In the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606, Amoretto's page says, "When he returns, I'll tell twenty admirable lies of his hawk; and then I shall be his little rogue, his *white villain*, for a whole week after." [Act ii., sc. vi.] Doctor Busby used to call his favourite scholars, his *White Boys.* Various other authorities might be cited.

Fine Arts in the Provinces.—An exhibition of paintings was lately opened at Leamington, with every prospect of great encouragement. It contains drawings by Prout, Copley, Fielding, Luke Price, Barrett, Stanfield, R. A., Henry Shaw, &c.—*Coventry Herald.*

Sleeping in Church.—"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon who had slept all sermon-time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, brother A.! why, I saw you *nodding assent* to every proposition of the parson."

Never trust a man who lays his hand on his heart.

Climate of London in October.—A correspondent observes, that the air and soil in London are better than persons who are resident in the metropolis generally imagine. He illustrates his opinion by stating, that at the corner house of Montagu-street, Russell-square, there is a large pear tree, recently laden with delicious fruit; abundance of ripe mulberries may now be seen in a garden in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, and a large crop of mangel wurzel in a garden in Gower-street, near the University.—1839.

Eclipses of the Sun and Moon.—In the year 1840 there will be two eclipses of the sun and two of the moon—all invisible in this country. The eclipses of the sun are on the 4th of March and 27th of August. The first is annular, and visible to the whole of Asia; the second is total, and is visible to part of Africa, and the Indian Ocean. Those of the moon occur on the 17th of February and the 13th of August. They are both partial—the magnitude of the first being 362 on the southern limb, and the second 607 on the northern limb, the diameter of the moon being reckoned equal to 1.

Taking Snuff.—A person observed to his friend, who was learning to take snuff, that it was wrong to teach one's nose a bad habit, as a man generally followed his nose.

The Typoface.—The Bordeaux papers mention that a young sculptor of that city has discovered a method of taking casts of the human face, which, without requiring that the features should be reduced to a state of perfect rigidity, allows them to preserve all their natural play, and thus produces an exact resemblance with the animation of life. His name is Pellet, and he designates his apparatus the Typoface.

Woman's Tongue.—The tongue of a woman is her sword, and she never suffers it to grow rusty.

There is no science which has been so little indebted to chance for the advances made in it, as astronomy; none in which man's reason appears so great, and man himself so little.

The hour-glass reminds us not only of the swift flight of time, but also of the dust to which we must return.

Lightning-Travelling.—Mr. Brunel, it is reported, has succeeded in obtaining a railway speed equal to two hundred miles an hour!!!

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintained the greatest state:
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted;
Yet would the Welshman nought his brags abate;
"Ten cooks in Wales, quoth he, one wedding sees;
"True, quoth the other,—*Each man toasts his cheese.*"
H. Perrot, 1611.

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The Mirror

OF

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MARKET-PLACES OF ENGLAND.

Market Hill, Cambridge.

The Square, or Market, Winchester.

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MARKET-PLACES OF ENGLAND.

MARKET HILL, CAMBRIDGE,

Is situated nearly in the centre of the town; at the south end stands the Shire Hall, built in 1747; and behind this fabric stands the *Conduit*, as represented in our Engraving: it was erected, in 1614, by the eccentric and benevolent Thomas Hobson, the celebrated carrier, on whose death Milton wrote this whimsical epitaph.* It is built with stone, decorated with rude carvings, and enclosed with an iron palisade. The water is brought by a small channel from a brook about three miles distant, and is conveyed beneath the principal street by an aqueduct to the Conduit; which continues running through four spouts, supplying the neighbourhood with a never-failing stream of excellent water. An inscription on the north side records the period of its erection, and also that Hobson, on his death, which happened January 1, 1630, bequeathed the rents of some pasture land to keep it in repair. The greatest genius could not have done a more important service to the town, or have taken a more effectual way to transmit his memory to a grateful posterity, than Hobson did, by erecting this Aqueduct and Conduit.† It may be worthy of remark, that one of the most general proverbial expressions in the English language had its origin from the practice of the above benevolent carrier. He rendered himself famous by furnishing the students with horses, and making it an unalterable rule, that every horse should have an equal proportion of rest as well as labour. He would never let one off its turn: hence the celebrated saying, "Hobson's choice,—*this* or none."

The markets, which are under the sole control of the University, though the tolls belong to the Corporation, are abundantly supplied with every kind of provision. The principal market-day is Saturday, when the vast supply of every requisite is astonishing. There is also a market every day in the week, except Sunday and Monday, for poultry, eggs, and butter. The sale of the last article is attended with the peculiarity of every pound, designed for the market, being rolled out to the length of a yard; each pound being, in that state, about the thickness of a walking-cane. This practice renders the butter extremely easy of division into the small portions called *sizes*, for the use of the collegians.

* "Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had, any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Show'd him his room, where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
'Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.'"

† Cambridge Guide. [Deighton, Cambridge.]

MARKET-PLACE, WINCHESTER.

WINCHESTER was the first principal mart of traffic in England. About the year 855, a commercial guild was established in it under royal protection, at least a century earlier than in any other part of the kingdom. In the reign of Athelstan, [925—941,] six mints were established in the city, for coining as many different kinds of money; and in 1100, these mints, and a considerable portion of the city, were destroyed by fire. In 1125, the Masters of the Mint assembled at Winchester to investigate the state of the coinage, which had been generally debased throughout the kingdom: after due examination they were, with the exception of three, found guilty of gross fraud, and punished with the loss of their right hands; and an entirely new coinage was ordered to be made. In the reign of Edgar, [959—975,] a law was made to prevent frauds arising from the diversity of measures in different parts of the kingdom, and for the establishment of a legal standard measure to be used in every part of his dominions; the standard vessels made by order of that monarch were deposited in this city, from which circumstance originated the appellation —"Winchester measure:" the original bushel is still preserved in the Guildhall. About 1125, Henry, to prevent frauds in the measurement of cloth, ordered a standard yard, of the length of his own arm, to be made and deposited here with the standard measures of Edgar.

The trade of Winchester is now very unimportant; it was formerly considerable for the manufacture of woollen caps, but at present there is only an extensive manufactory for sacking, and a very little business is done in wool-combing. The market-days are Wednesday and Saturday: the latter for corn. The fairs are on the first Monday in Lent, Aug. 2, Sept. 12, and Oct. 24, for horses and poultry; the first and last are held in the city, and the two others on the hills immediately behind. The September fair, which is held on Saint Giles's Hill, is a very large cheese-fair.

At a small distance beyond the west gate an Obelisk has been erected, on the spot where the people of the neighbouring county used to deposit their provisions for the supply of the city during the time of the plague; the inhabitants leaving the stipulated sum for payment, to prevent any communication of the contagion.

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SCHILLER'S GANG NACH DEM EISENHAMMER;

OR, ERRAND TO THE IRON-FOUNDRY.

THIS admirable poetical narrative, which ranks so highly among Schiller's ballads, and whose popularity has been so greatly increased by Retsch's masterly illustrations of it, wherein every one of the situations are so admirably delineated, that were there any room whatever for conjecture as to that point, it might be doubtful whether the artist's pencil did not precede the pen of the poet, the latter being only the interpreter of the former, instead of the former embodying the descriptions of the latter;—this narrative has hitherto been supposed to have been entirely the production of its author's imagination—a mere legend-like fiction, without any historical foundation. It has lately been discovered, however, that the very same subject had been treated in a dramatic form about a century before Schiller's ballad appeared, by an Italian writer, named Gian-Antonio Bianchi, in a piece entitled "Il Don Alfonso," the preface to which expressly states that the story was not of his own invention, but founded upon a fact recorded by *several* historians.

Certainly an anecdote so precisely similar occurs in the eighth book of Vasconcello's 'Exploits of the Kings' of Portugal, that there can be little doubt of Schiller having borrowed it immediately from the Portuguese historian, with little other alteration than that of changing the names, and transferring the scene to Germany. We are then told that a young courtier was so tormented by envy on account of the favour shown by the queen to a page, whom she employed as her almoner in her private charities to the distressed, that he was base enough to calumniate them to the king, Denis or Dionysius, hinting that an illicit attachment existed between them. Hereupon the king secretly instructed the overseer of the foundry, either at Lisbon or Coimbra, to seize upon the messenger whom he should send to him, and cause him instantly to be cast into the burning furnace. The innocent page was despatched thither accordingly, but it so happened that on his road to the fatal place, he entered a church for the purpose of performing his devotions, and as several masses were chanted, stayed there much longer than he intended. In the mean while, such was the king's impatience to learn if his orders had been promptly executed, that he shortly after despatched the traitor himself to ascertain whether they had been carried into effect. Overjoyed at being sent on such a mission, and eager to be assured of his victim's fate, the latter hastened with all possible speed on his hateful errand. No sooner, however, had he reached the foundry than he was seized upon by those who were expecting the person they were to destroy, and in spite of his violent cries and resistance, forced into the flaming furnace. When the page returned and informed the king of what had happened, the latter was struck with amazement and awe, and acknowledged that Providence itself had so directed circumstances that the calumniator of his royal mistress and an innocent youth, had, in seeking their destruction, occasioned to himself the most horrible of deaths.

So closely does the above story agree with Schiller's version of it in every one of its details, that it seems to take away from the poet almost all the merit of authorship, yet although, as far as invention goes, it robs him of some honour, we are still left to admire the simple and touching pathos with which he has invested the story, and the heightened interest he has imparted to it. We have endeavoured to do justice to the German ballad in the following translation, which, if it has no other, has at least the recommendation of not having been before published.

A LOYAL page was Fridolin,
From duty him could nothing turn;
No wonder favour he should win
From the fair lady of Savern.
She was so meek, she was so good,
And he, though not with servile mood,
To prove his faith and reverence sought
By zeal to strong attachment wrought.
From early morn till vesper hour,
Her beck, and her's alone,
He heeded, and with all his power
Obey'd ere utter'd her lips a tone.
And did she say—fatigue thee not?
His eye felt moist—his cheek glow'd hot;
Then as remiss himself he'd chide,
More prompt his service did not bide.
Therefore the noble dame, this youth
Above her servitors all preferr'd,
And oft her gracious lips, full sooth,
In his praise said many a cheering word:
Nor did she him as menial treat,
But rather as child belov'd would greet,
And with complacence would she dwell
On his features mild, and note them well.
Thereat did Robert, a churl morose,
Deadly malice and hate conceive;
For envy was pent in his bosom close,
And he vowed the favour'd page should grieve;
So he with deep and crafty plan
Resolved in his lord suspicion to fan;
And as they from the chase return'd,
Thus spoke, nor the other his guile discern'd.
"A happy mind, Sir Count, is thine,"
—So he his discourse began;—
"No mistrust ne'er causeth thy heart to pine,
Or jealous fancies to scan.
Thy spouse is fair—as fair as chaste,
By loyal truth and modesty graced;
Nor will gallant or suitor, aye,
'Tice her from nuptial love to stray."
"What speakest thou?" was the stern reply,
"What dotest thou to me, knave?
Would'st have me on woman's faith rely,
As changeful as is the wave?
Soft flattering speech and amorous oath
Soon make it yield—and nothing loath;
Yet for my own dame nought I fear,
Since such gallants come her not near."
"Right well in that thy trust, nor vain;
Yet still it must move thy scorn
To know what hopes dares entertain—
How aspires a menial lad, low-born,
On his lady casting a tell-tale look,
With a freedom she ought not to brook."—
"Who?"—cried the count, with faltering tongue,
"Mean'st thou that page, so fair and young?"

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" E'en so,—for why should I silence keep
On what each mouth with gossip fills;
Nathless 'twere better in silence deep
To bury it, since my liege so wills."
—" Knave, on thy life, at once speak out,
And end," the Count exclaims, " my doubt:
Who harbours thoughts of such base alloy?"
—" Wist you not that I speak of the fair-hair'd boy?—

" Fair, too, in sooth, he is of limb;"
The subtle tempter added,
While shuddered the Count with passion grim,
For such speech his soul quite madded.
" How!—may it then be my liege ne'er noted,
When the page's bold eye on his lady hath gloated?
At table, 'tis her alone he heeds,
And her wishes in her countenance reads.

" See here the posy, which, to prove
His passion, to her he addresses;
And for return of equal love
The ardent stripling presses.
My gracious lady, soft and meek,
Out of pity, no doubt, hath forborne to speak
To thyself—and I, too, feel concern
That the odious truth from my lips thou dost learn."

The Count in brooding silence rode
To where, within a forest belted,
His furnace forges glared and glowed,
And ore to streams of iron smelted.
Here ply'd his brawny churls their toil,
Both late and early here they moil;
The fire rages from bellows' blast
As 'twould fuse a rock if there 'twere cast.

Water's strength and strength of fire
Are here combined in action found;
The mill's cogg'd wheel unknown to tire,
Incessant whirls its dashing round.
The works keep going day and night,
The falling hammers play tune aright,
'Till, from their oft repeated blows,
The metal yields and softened grows.

Arrived at this the place of his quest,
The Count then beckons from their task
Two of the churls, and gives his best,
" Whose first hither sent shall ask,
' With your lord's mandate have ye complied,'
Him forthwith fling in your fiery tide;
So let him perish by that doom,
And the furnace all the wretch consume."

The ruffian pair in heart rejoice,
And vow such mandate fell to heed;
For iron less deaf to pity's voice
Than their hearts exulting at torture's deed.
With freshen'd zeal the bellows they ply,
And heap the glowing cinders high,
Preparing with a fiendish glee,
To receive their victim whoe'er he be.

Now Robert sped with wily cheer
To the page, and " Thee bestir," he said,
" Since for thy lord 'tis thine to bear
Message that may not be delayed."
" Haste," cried the Count, " nor an instant wait,
But bring to the forge-men this question straight,
Demand of them if they have done
My bidding.—Speed thee, boy, and run."

" I'm gone," quick, Fridolin replies,
And hurries, his lord to obey,
When short he stops; " Perchance, likewise,
My lady hath errand some by the way."
To the Countess he hies with that intent,
And tells that to the forge he's sent:
" Is there of service ought else I may do,
For, lady, my service belongs to you."

Then answered Savern's dame with air
Of loveliness and accent mild,
" To holy mass I'd fain repair,
But on his sick couch lies my child.
Thou, then, for me a prayer recite—
An orison to the throne of light:
And when penitence shall clear
Thy soul, for mine breathe prayer sincere."

At such commission, a pious joy
Filled his heart, and with spirits light
Onward pressed his steps the boy,
And scarce had the hamlet rose to sight
When the sound of chapel-bell
His ear saluted, and seem'd to tell,
That sinners ought their peace to make,
And of religion's rites partake.

" Turn not aside when God thus calls
And offers to man his grace."
So said, he entered the holy walls,
But hush'd and vacant was the place:
For harvest tide 'twas, and the swarm
Of reapers plied their tasks so warm;—
No chorister was there; and none
To serve the mass save priest alone.

So Fridolin, the gentle page,
Resolves to act the sacristan;
" The task will not too long engage
That is for heaven as well as man!"
With *cingulum* and *stole* he deck'd
The priest, attending with respect;
The consecrated vessels get,
And all and each in order set.

Next these duties done and o'er,
As minister he takes his stand,
And to th' altar walks the priest before,
With the mass-book in his hand;
Now on the right, now left, he kneels,
Obedience to each form he yields,
And when the *Sanctus'* words were sung,
Thrice the tinkling bell he rung.

Then as the priest with reverence bows,
And to the tabernacle turning,
The mystic host the crowd allows
To view it from afar discerning;
While in his hand 'tis raised on high,
As sacristan the page stands by
And rings again, when on bended knee
All thrill with awe at what they see.

Each ceremony was gone through
With punctual form and skill,
For of holy church's rites, I trow,
The page wot of, not ill;
Nor wearied he until at last
Vobiscum Dominus was pass'd,
And to the people turned the priest—
A signal that the rites had ceased.

Then Fridolin each thing disposed
In order meet and due—
The sanctuary arranged and closed,
And resumes his way anew.
With tranquil conscience on he went:
His footsteps to the forge he bent;
And on the road, time to beguile,
Twelve paternosters said the while.

As soon as he beheld its smoke,
To the forge he urged on with speed:
" Have ye performed," 'twas thus he spoke
To the churls he met, " the bidden deed?"
With fiendish grins and joy uncouth
Point they to the furnace mouth:
" Full well it's done—the work is ended,
And by the Count will be commended."

With doubled speed the page hies home
That answer back to 's lord to bear;
But when Savern perceives him come,
He gazes on him with doubt and fear:
" Speak, luckless wretch, whence comest thou?"—
From the forge," cries the page, " return'd but now."
—" Then hast thou tarried by the way."—
" In sooth e'en so; yet 'twas to pray.

" For on my errand ere I set out,
I dutiously my lady sought,
Related which way lay my route,
Asking if message she had ought.
She bade me hear a mass, and I
Did gladly with such request comply.
Full four rosaries I have repeated—
For her, for thee, the saints entreated."

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The Count stood in amaze as riven,
For his very heart felt weak:
"And what reply to thee was given
By the forge-men?—Haste, boy, speak!"
—"So dark their speech, I hardly guess
What meant they by it to express:
'All's done,' they said, 'the work is ended,
And by thy lord will be commended.'"

"And Robert,"—the trembling Count inquired,
"Him nowhere hast thou seen?
Him to follow thee thro' the wood I desired,
Nor can he have fail'd to obey, I ween."—
"Nor in wood, nor in mead, nor other place,
Have I Robert seen, not even a trace."
—"Then," cried the Count, with passionate burst,
"Wrath divine hath o'ertaken the wretch accurst."

With tenderness till then ne'er shown
He took the wondering page's hand,
And to his lady led to own
Suspicions foul, and the deed he'd plann'd.
"This boy as heaven's angels is pure,
Than faithfulness like his none truer;
Urged by a wretch, his death I sought,
But God hath both mercy and judgment wrought."

THE MORALS OF MAN.

If the moral faculty is weak in most men, it is owing to want of culture. There is ample provision in the mind for its complete developement; no other power is aided by so many concurrent faculties, or derives accession from so many different sources. We have only to attend to the dictates of conscience, to render its oracles more frequent and more distinct, and those parts of the human frame which are most apt to resist its authority, when once brought into subjection, would augment its power, and aid in enforcing its dictates. There is no need of dreaming, with the Stoics, of extirpating the passions: if duly regulated, they become the ministers, not the opponents, of Duty; and Pleasure herself, though considered the chief foe of Virtue, is ready to act as her handmaid. Mistaken notions of Christianity have discouraged the culture of Moral Philosophy in latter days, and the moderns have not effected so much as the ancients, with all their disadvantages, in this branch of the study of the mind. Christianity was not intended to supersede the exercise of our powers, but rather to invigorate their exertions, by giving them the right direction, and supplying them with the true data on which to proceed. Instead of furnishing a system of morals, Christianity has afforded a new fountain of spiritual existence, from which that system may be deduced, by implanting a new and stronger principle of virtue, by conferring upon its disciples a renovated and godlike nature, and by exchanging that external law, which only enforces an outward compliance, for that inward law which is written on the fleshly tables of the heart. Where our faculties cannot penetrate into the invisible world, and into the secrets of futurity, Christianity affords us the light and information of a supernatural revelation; but where our native faculties are commensurate with the attainment of truth, we are called to press forward in the pursuit of excellence and of knowledge, and to advance in moral science, as in natural, by the sincere and diligent exercise of our faculties. 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'—*Douglas's Philosophy of the Mind*, 1839.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE PEOPLE.*

The subject of amusements for the working classes is daily becoming one of greater and more serious importance; and involves the most important considerations, with which the future civilization of the country is intimately connected.

"There is," says Sir John Herschel, "a want too much lost sight of in our estimate of the privations of the humble classes, though it is one of the most incessant cravings of all our wants, and is actually the impelling power which, in the vast majority of cases, urges men into vice and crime—it is the want of amusement. It is in vain to declaim against it. Equally with any other principle in our nature it calls for its natural indulgence, and man cannot be permanently debarred from it without souring the temper and spoiling the character. Like the indulgence of other appetites, it only requires to be kept within due bounds, and turned upon innocent or beneficial objects, to become a spring of happiness. But gratified to a certain moderate extent it must be in the case of every man, if we desire him to be either a useful, active, or contented member of society. Now, I would ask, what provision do we find for the cheap and innocent and daily amusements of the mass of the labouring population of this country? What sort of resources have they to call up the cheerfulness of their spirits, and chase away the cloud from their brow after the fatigue of a day's hard work, or the stupifying monotony of sedentary occupation? Why really very little. I hardly like to assume the appearance of a wish to rip up grievances by saying how little. The pleasant field walk and the village green are becoming rarer and rarer every year. Music and dancing, (the more's the pity) have become so closely associated with ideas of riot and debauchery among the less cultivated classes, that a taste for them, for their own sakes, can hardly be said to exist, and before they can be recommended as innocent or safe amusements, a very great change of ideas must take place. The truth is, that under the pressure of a continually condensing population, the habits of the city have crept into the village. The demands of agriculture have become stern and more imperious; and while hardly a foot of ground is left uncultivated and unappropriated, there is positively not space left for many of the cheerful amusements of

* From *A Manual for Mechanics' Institutions*; published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

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rural life. Now since this appears to be unavoidable, and as it is physically impossible that the amusements of a condensed population should continue to be those of a scattered one, it behoves us strongly to consider of some substitutes. But perhaps it may appear to some almost preposterous to enter on the question. Why, the very name of a labourer has something about it with which amusement seems out of character: labour is work, amusement is play; and though it has passed into a proverb, that one without the other will make a dull boy, we seem to have lost sight of a thing equally obvious, that a community of dull boys in this sense is only another word for a society of ignorant, headlong, and ferocious men."

"After a hard day's work," says Sir Benjamin Heywood, in one of his addresses to the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, "a man wants refreshment and ease. I would urge the Directors, who are this evening to be appointed, to let this be one of the earliest subjects of their consideration—think, for instance, whether social evening parties, with tea and coffee, might not be more encouraged amongst you." Sir Benjamin Heywood then read portions of a work upon the subject of amusement for the people, by Mr. Devey, an American clergyman, from which we extract the following paragraphs:—

"There is another view in which the subject of amusements, light as it may be thought, goes deep into all questions about our national improvement and happiness. We are making great efforts in America to bring about various moral reforms. At the head of these enterprises stands the temperance reformation. And the public attention, as was natural in the appalling circumstances of the case, has been very much occupied with the immediate evil, and the obvious methods of supplying the remedy. But it seems to me that it is time to go deeper into this matter, and inquire how the reform is to be carried on and sustained in the country. 'By embodying the entire nation in a temperance society,' will it be said? I think not, even if that point could be gained. We must have some stronger bond than that of formal association, some stronger provision than that of temporary habit to rely on. We must lay the foundations of permanent reform in the principles of human nature, and in the very frame-work of society. Suppose that this nation, and every individual in it, were now temperate, how are they to be kept so? The zeal of individuals in this cause will die away; the individuals themselves will die; how is the people, supposing it were made temperate, to be kept so? There was a time, in former days, when our people were all temperate—when a small bottle of strong waters sufficed for a whole army—when, that is to say, ardent spirits were used only as a medicine. Why, from those early days of pristine virtue and rigid piety, did the nation fall away into intemperance! And how, I ask again, are we to expect to stand where our fathers fell?

"In answer to this question, let me observe, that there is in human nature, and never to be rooted out of it, a want of excitement and exhiliration. The cares and labours of life often leave the mind dull, and when it is relieved from them—and it *must* be relieved—let this be remembered—there must be seasons of relief, and the question is, how are these seasons to be filled up? When the mind enjoys relief from its occupations, I say, that relief must come in the shape of something cheering and exhilirating. The man cannot sit down dull and stupid—and he ought not. Now suppose that society provides him with no cheerful or attractive recreations; that society, in fact, frowns upon all amusements; that the importunate spirit in business, and the sanctimonious spirit in religion, and the supercilious spirit in fashion, all unite to discountenance popular sports and spectacles; and thus, that all cheap and free enjoyments, the hale, hearty, holiday recreations are out of use, and out of reach—what now will the man, set free from business or labour, be likely to do? He asks for relief and exhiliration, he asks for escape from his cares and anxieties; society in its arrangements offers him none; the tavern and the ale-house propose to supply the want; what so likely as that he will resort to the tavern and the ale-house? I have no doubt that one reason why our country fell into such unusual intemperance, was the want of simple, innocent, and authorised recreations in it. I am fully persuaded that some measure of this sort is needful, to give a natural and stable character to the temperance reform.

"Let it not be said, as if it were a fair reply to all this, that men are intemperate *in the midst* of their recreations. The question is not what they do, with their vicious habits already acquired, but how they came by these habits; and the question again is not, whether a man may not fall into inebriety, amidst the purest recreations as well as when away from them, but what he is *likely* to do. In short, to do justice to the argument, it should be supposed that a people is perfectly temperate, and then may fairly be considered the question—how it is most likely to be kept so. . . . . If there were among any people authorised holidays and holiday sports—if there were in every village a public promenade, where music might frequently be heard in the evening,—would not these places be likely to draw away many from the resorts of intemperance?

"Men *cannot* labour or do business always. They must have intervals of relaxation. What is to be done with these intervals? This is the question, and it is a question to be soberly answered. It is to be met, I repeat, with answers, and not with surmises of danger. Men cannot sleep through these intervals. What are they to *do*? Why, if they do not work, or sleep, they must have recreation. And if they have not recreation from healthful sources, they will be very likely to take it from the poisoned fountains of intemperance. Or, if

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they have pleasures which, though innocent, are forbidden by the maxims of public morality, their very pleasures are liable to become poisoned fountains."

In-door amusements of a tranquil character, and consequently suited for those who have spent the day in hard labour, may be multiplied to infinity. An instance was given in the Penny Magazine some time ago, in which the game of chess had been introduced into a country village in Germany, with great advantage. And Sir J. Herschel, in his address at the opening of the Windsor and Eton Library, told the following anecdote of the interest created by a person reading aloud:—

"The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of 'Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded,' and used to read it aloud on the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience. It is a pretty long-winded book, but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily, according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys actually set the parish bells ringing. . . . Now let any one," continues Sir J. Herschel, "say whether it is easy to estimate the amount of good done in this simple case. Not to speak of the number of hours agreeably spent, not to speak of the good-fellowship and harmony promoted—here was a whole rustic population fairly won over to the side of good—charmed, and night after night spell-bound within that magic circle which genius can trace so effectually, and compelled to bow before that image of virtue and purity, which (though at a great expence of words) no one knew better how to body forth, with a thousand life-like touches, than the author of that work."

Concerts might, without much difficulty, be performed, if a music class were taught in each Institution: music forms so soothing and so delightful a recreation, that it is desirable to see a love for it extended as widely as possible.

The London Mechanics' Institution has concerts; and the last Report of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution mentions that "A social coffee-meeting was held in April last, to commemorate the thirteenth anniversary of the establishment of this Institution, and one of our vice-presidents, the Rev. J. G. Robberds, presided on that interesting occasion. From the coffee-room the members adjourned to the lecture-room, where the vocal music class interested the company with songs and glees: after which the phantasmagoria afforded considerable amusement. From the lecture-room the company retired to the large class-room, where additional refreshments were provided; and the remainder of the evening was spent in listening to many animated and eloquent speeches relating to the history and advantages of the Institution."

It would conduce to the health, happiness, and morality of the people, if, in institutions such as these, some arrangements could be made for amusements of another and more active character. The inhabitants of manufacturing towns, when they have quitted their sedentary employments, require something which will put their blood into action, exercise and brace their muscles, and impart vigour, strength, and cheerfulness.

In the Lyceums recently established in Manchester and the neighbourhood, recreation has been a primary object. Besides classes for music—vocal and instrumental, which are well attended by the members—concerts of a superior character are occasionally given at each institution, the expense of which is defrayed by a small payment from each member, increased to strangers. The several music classes (which have been combined under the title of the Popular Choral Society) also give periodical concerts to their respective members free of expence. Tea-parties, either open to the public, or confined to the members of particular classes, enlivened by singing, recitations, and philosophical experiments, assemble once or twice in each quarter.

ANECDOTE.

The Rev. Mr. Bowles, in his *History of Bremhill*, relates the following incident:—"Previously to my being admitted a scholar in Wykeham's foundation, my mother took great pains in teaching me to sing correctly the 100th Psalm. Every morning I went through this long lesson. I had mastered, with the help of my father, the shortest ode of Horace; and I was now sent off to Winchester, being persuaded that I could at least sing, if I could not construe. To the election-chamber, on the solemn day, I was admitted, with anxious looks and beating heart. There sat, in large white wigs and in black gowns, the wardens of the New College of Winchester, the *posers*, so called; two examining fellows, annually selected from New College; the head master of Winchester School; all in dreadful array before me. The first question was, "Can you sing?" The usual answer is "Yes," and nothing more is said; but having been so well prepared, and taking heart, I answered "Yes, a little;" and fearing my powers should not be duly estimated, instantly began, "All people that——." The warden of New College, Dr. Oglander, said, smilingly, "That is enough, boy;" but, having begun, I was not so easily repressed, for I went on, louder than before—"That on earth do dwell." At length I observed all faces gathering blackness, and I retired, murmuring, in an under-tone, "With one accord:" when I was received, by the boys waiting in the outer room, with a shout of laughter, and a knock on the mouth, which did not, at that time, tend to convince me of the advantages of public education.

W. G. C.

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Manners and Customs.

WELL-FLOWERING.

THE Fellows of New-College have, time out of mind, every Holy Thursday, betwixt the hours of eight and nine, gonne to the hospitall called Bart'lemews, near Oxford, when they retire into the chapell and certaine prayers are read, and an antheme sung: from thence they goe to the upper end of the grove adjoyning to the chapell (the way being beforehand strewed with flowers by the poor people of the hospitall,) they place themselves round about the well there, where they warble forth melodiously a song of three, four, or five parts. Which being performed, they refresh themselves with a morning's draft there, and retire to Oxford before sermon.*

In processions they used to read a Ghospell at the springs to blesse them; which hath been discontinued at Sunny well in Berkshire, but since 1688.†

"This custom, which Aubrey has here recorded, on the authority of Anthony Wood," says the able and entertaining editor of the *Anecdotes and Traditions*;‡ "is clearly one whose origin may be traced to the times of paganism, and as such, it affords us a striking example of the manner in which the rites of heathenism were eventually christianised, when it was found that they had taken so strong a hold upon the affections of the people, that the decrees of councils, and the sermons of the priesthood were in vain directed against them." Grimm's "*Deutsche Mythologie*," pp. 68, 70, and 326, 334, contain an abundance of curious materials illustrative of the veneration in which certain fountains, springs, and streams were formerly held, and of the various peculiar customs to which this singular feeling has given rise. And in Sir Henry Ellis's edition of "*Brand's Popular Antiquities*," ii. 266 and 267, a number of similar particulars are collected, in illustration of the following passage, which we quote as having peculiar reference to Aubrey's memorandum on the subject of "*Well Worship*."

"Various rites appear to have been performed on Holy Thursday at wells, at different parts of the kingdom, such as decorating them with boughs of trees, garlands of tulips, and other flowers placed in various fancied devices. In some places, indeed, it was the custom, after prayers for the day at the church, for the clergyman and singers even to pray and sing psalms at the well."

"The custom of well-flowering is still practised on Holy Thursday at Tissington in Derbyshire; see Lysons's *Magna Britannia*, vol. v. p. ccxli.§

"There is service in the church on that day, and a sermon, after which each of the wells is visited, and the three psalms for the day, with the Epistle and Gospel, are read; one at each well, of which there are five, of remarkably clear water."

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN RUSSIA.

THERE have been, it appears, established in that empire during the last five years, 1 university, 9 gymnasia (grammar schools), 49 district schools (some for the nobility and some for citizens), 289 parochial and 112 private schools, besides 26 boarding-houses for noblemen's sons, in connection with the grammar-schools. The number of scholars has been increased by 25,000, and forms now, in the schools under the ministry, a total of 95,566. But the number of persons receiving instruction in the whole empire is stated to be nearly as 1 in 45. The number of students in the University of St. Petersburgh during the last academical year, was 413. Of these 192 were noblemen, 65 sons of superior officers, 19 sons of clergymen, 40 of the mercantile classes, 31 sons of tradesmen, &c., and 5 foreigners. There are at this university 42 professors and tutors. The university library has lately been enriched by the purchase of the collection of Prof. Schäfer, of Leipzig; which, among other valuable works, contained 633 Russian, not before in the library. The imperial library now contains 425,621 printed volumes, and 17,236 MSS. The University of Kasan is increasing in importance for Oriental literature. It has long had professorships of the Mongol and Chinese languages; lately one has been added for the Armenian, with a salary of 4,500 rubles.—*Athenæum.*

SPEECH* OF MAISTER JOHN MARTIN, A WEALTHY CITIZEN OF NORWICH.

"MAISTER Mayor of Norwich, and it please your worship, you have feasted us like a king. God bless the queen's grace. We have fed plentifully; and now whilom, I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you Maister Mayor; and so do we all. Answer, boys, answer: your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners; and so, huzza for the Queen's Majesty's Grace, and all her bonny brow'd dames of honour; huzza for Maister Mayor, and our good dame the mayoress: his noble grace, there he is [the Duke of Norfolk,] God bless him, and all this jolly company.

"To all our friends round county who have a penny in their purse, and an English heart in the bodies, to keep out the Spanish dons and papists, with their fagots to burn our whiskers.

"Shove it about, twirl your cap-cases, handle your jugs, and huzza for Maister Mayor, and his brethren the worships."

* Aubrey Papers, *Brit. Mus. fo.* 114 *vo.*
† Ibid; 115 reco.
‡ Priut d for the Camden Society.
§ Vide also, Mirror, No. 834, vol. xxix.

* At a mayor's feast in the New Hall, Norwich, 1561, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Lord Scroop, with other nobles, being present. The mayor's share of the expenses amounted to *l.* 12*s.* 5*d.*

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THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

NAMES of the architects to whom the premiums have been awarded for the three designs which appear to be the most closely bordering upon the practicable, and not likely to involve an expense beyond the sum mentioned in the instructions.

No. 36.—300*l.* to Mr. William Grellier, district surveyor, 20, Wormwood Street.

No. 43.—200*l.* to Mr. Alexes de Chateauneuff, of Hamburg, and Mr. Arthur Mee, of Carlton-chambers.

No. 37.—100*l.* to Mr. Sidney Smirke, 12, Carlton-chambers.

Not one of these plans will be acted upon. They are reported as being more in conformity to the printed instructions than any of the others, and as coming within the limited sum of 150,000*l.* as to the cost; but the architects to whose judgment these designs were submitted, and the committee, consider that, without many alterations, they will be neither practicable, advisable, nor capable of being made durable edifices.

The committee having called upon Sir Robert Smirke, Mr. Gwilt, and Mr. Hardwick, (the three gentlemen to whom the various designs for rebuilding the Royal Exchange were submitted,) to furnish a design that will be worthy of the age and country, have, it is generally admitted, acted wisely, and removed from themselves all imputations of partiality or prejudice. They have also released themselves, in the opinion of their fellow-citizens, from all responsibility.

The remaining plans will, after public inspection, be returned to the gentlemen who designed them, with their letters unopened, and their names unknown.

PUBLIC CHARITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THERE is not, it is admitted, any country in the world so rich in public charity as Great Britain; and, indeed, it has been a question whether our parochial and other schools, our magnificent hospitals, and our comfortable alms-houses, may not be rather injurious, as tending to make men rely upon others instead of themselves. We are by no means advocates for imprudence; on the contrary, we hold self-reliance to be one of the principal ingredients for making a good and useful citizen; but there are some accidents against which no foresight canguard. There are but a favoured few who are not liable to sudden reverses; and all of us may be suddenly stricken by death, or visited with mutilation and disease in the very vigour of our days. What would become of the family of the poor man so scricken or visited, who depends on his sinews for his daily support of himself and his little ones, but for such god-like institutions? And after all, splendidly magnificent as they are, there is a class of cases which they do not reach.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXVIII.

AMERICAN LADIES.

WHENEVER an American gentleman meets a lady, he looks upon her as the representative of her sex; and it is to her sex, not to her peculiar amiable qualities, that she is indebted for his attentions. But look upon the same lady when she returns home from a party, or after the company has been dismissed at her own house! She is indeed honoured and respected, a happy mother, a silent, contented wife, and complete mistress at home; but how seldom is she the intimate friend of her husband, the repository of his secrets, his true and faithful counsellor,—in one word, the better half of his existence! And yet what woman would not rather be that than an idol, placed on an artificial elevation in society, in order to be deprived of her true influence on the deliberations and actions of men? I have undoubtedly seen American ladies who were all a woman could wish to be to their husbands; but I scarcely remember one, especially in fashionable life, who was not quoted to me as an exception to the rule.—*Aristocracy in America*, 1839.

MECHANICAL BRICK-MAKING.

AT the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, Mr. Cottam exhibited a model of a brick and tile-making machine invented by the Marquis of Tweeddalc, by which it was stated 30 bricks a minute, or nearly 30,000 bricks a day, might be made, whilst a good moulder could only mould from 5000 to 8000 a day. The clay was put into the machine at one end, and passing between two rollers was rolled into a long bar, which was cut into the required length of the bricks by a cutter worked by the same wheel-work. The bricks, on coming out at the opposite side of the machine, were carried by it to a distance of 200 yards, thereby saving a great amount of time and money in carrying, an operation usually performed by boys and women. As a proof of the superiority of the machine-made brick, it weighed 8¼ lbs., while a common brick weighed only 5¾ lbs., and the machine-made brick carried eight times the weight which the common brick would sustain.—*Engineer and Architect's Journal.*

INEQUALITY OF WEALTH.

WHILST, on the one hand, it is the source of much misery, is, on the other, the mainspring of all greatness; and in our own England, has, perhaps, more of the blessing and less of the curse than in any other country. Among imperfectly civilized nations, this inequality puts the life of the poor man at the absolute disposal of the rich man. As if to exhibit to the people the Moloch strength of unrestrained wealth and power as opposed to poverty and weakness, thousands of human beings were sacrificed at the coronation of Montezuma; and even in that terrestrial Mahommedan paradise, Otaheite—Tahiti is a different re-

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gion now—where bounteous nature spreads a table for all, and

'Bread itself is gather'd as a fruit,'

it was some poor friendless wretch that was brought to the morai as a blood-offering.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXVIII.

THE MONUMENT,

HAVING lately obtained a painful celebrity, our attention has been called to this far-famed pillar. In No. 969 of the *Mirror*, we stated, on the authority of Brayley, [Londiniana, vol. 1, p. 193] that a mechanic threw himself off the Monument, June 20, 1750: this account we have since ascertained to be erroneous; that the manner of his falling was this: in the iron gallery there was a living eagle to be seen, for which it was customary to pay a penny; but the person not being there to show it, it being enclosed in a wooden cage, he, in projecting his body too far over the rails, to look in at the box, lost his balance, and fell against the top of the pedestal, and from thence into the street, by which means he was dashed to pieces; therefore, John Craddock, a journeyman baker, was the first person who wilfully precipitated himself from the Monument, July 7, 1788: the next was Mr. Lyon Levy, a diamond merchant, June 18, 1810—thirdly, Miss Moyes, September 11, 1839; and lastly, the boy Hawes, October 18, 1839.

In 1732, a sailor slid down a rope stretched from the gallery to the Three Tuns Tavern, Gracechurch Street; and by the same rope, on the following day, a waterman's boy descended into the street.

In the *Times* newspaper of August 22, 1827, there appeared the following advertisement—a burlesque on the extraordinary feats of the day:—

"Incredible as it may appear, a person will attend at the Monument, and will, for the sum of 2,500*l.*, undertake to JUMP clear off the said Monument, and in coming down will drink some beer and eat a cake, act some trades, shorten and make sail, and bring ship safe to anchor. As soon as the sum stated is collected, the performance will take place; and if not performed, the money subscribed to be returned to the subscribers."

THE WILL OF AN ASS.

(*From the Spanish.*)

MY will and intent is, that, when I am dead and gone, my tongue may be bestowed among such of my children as are flatterers and backbiters; to those of my children that are angry and choloric, I give my tail for a moderator; I leave my eyes to the lascivious; my brains, to alchemists and judiciary astrologers; my heart, to the covetous; my ears, to the seditious and sowers of discord; my nose, to epicures, gluttons, and drunkards; my bones, to the slothful; my loins, to the proud; my chine, to the obstinate; my hinder legs, to the lawyers; my fore-feet, to the judges; and my head, to the scriveners and lawyers; I give my flesh, to the poor; and my skin, to be divided among my natural children.

W. G. C.

Biography.

EULOGIUM ON JAMES WATT.

(From the Encyclopædia Britannica.*)

MR. JAMES WATT, the great improver of the steam-engine.

This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have "gathered all its fame." We have said that Mr. Watt was the great *improver* of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility,—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, precision, and ductility, with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it,—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin, and forge anchors,—cut steel into ribbands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the wind and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousandfold the amount of its productions. It is our improved steam-engine that has fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged, with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one

* Extracted from the Life of James Watt, by M. Arago. 1839.

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man, too, that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations; and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society, and enjoyed his conversation, it is not perhaps the character in which he will be most frequently recalled—most deeply lamented—er even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects, a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information,—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense,—and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting; such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages—and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its place among its other rich furniture, and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all encumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it for his own use, to its true value, and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most faithful study of the originals,—and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

It is needless to say, that, with those vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk,—at least in his later years; but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him, and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme, by the treasures which he drew from the mine they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavoured to select from his inexhaustible stores what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity he gave himself no trouble; and, indeed, such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible, that scarcely any one could be aware of such a deficiency in his presence. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing, but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation, and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information, which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of effected testiness, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity,—and prized accordingly, far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of

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authority. His voice was deep and powerful, —though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonized admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations, and set off to the greatest advantage, the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort, indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretension; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostors out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.

In his temper and dispositions he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous, and considerate of the feelings of all around him, and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who shewed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years; and he preserved, up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit, and the social gaiety which had illuminated his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation,—never more delightful or more instructive than in his last visit to Scotland, in autumn 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and stutuary,—and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his 83d year.

This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconvenience through the summer; but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks from his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching; and with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature, seemed only anxious to point out to the friends around him the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without pang or struggle, and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God.

He was twice married, but has left no issue but one son, long associated with him in his business and studies, and two grandchildren by a daughter who pre-deceased him. He was a Fellow of the Royal Societies, both of London and Edinburgh, and one of the few Englishmen who were elected members of the National Institute of France. All men of learning and science were his cordial friends; and such was the influence of his mild character and perfect fairness and liberality, even upon the pretenders to these accomplishments, that he lived to disarm even envy itself, and died, we verily believe, without a single enemy.

Arts and Sciences.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GALVANIC TELEGRAPH AT THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

The space occupied by the case containing the machinery (which simply stands upon a table, and can be removed at pleasure to any part of the room), is little more than that required for a gentleman's hat-box. The telegraph is worked by merely pressing small brass keys (similar to those on a keyed bugle), which, acting, by means of galvanic power, upon various hands placed upon a dial-plate at the other end of the telegraphic line, as far as now opened, point not only to each letter of the alphabet, as each key may be struck or pressed, but the numericals are indicated by the same means, as well as the various points, from a comma to a colon, with notes of admiration and interjection. There is likewise a cross (X) upon the dial, which indicates that when this key is struck, a mistake has been made in some part of the sentence telegraphed, and that an "erasure" is intended. A question—such, for instance, as the following, "How many passengers started from Drayton by the 10 o'clock train?"—and the answer, could be transmitted from the terminus to Drayton and back in less than two minutes. This was proved on Saturday. This mode of communication is only completed as far as the West Drayton station, which is about 13¼ miles from Paddington. There are wires (as may be imagined) communicating with each end, thus far completed, passing through a hollow iron tube, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, which is fixed about six inches above the ground, running parallel with the railway, and about two or three feet distant from it. It is the intention of the Great Western Railway Company to carry the tube along the line as fast as completion of the rails takes place, and ultimately throughout the whole distance to Bristol. The machinery and the mode of working it are so exceedingly simple, that a child who could read, would, after an hour or two's instruction, be enabled efficiently to transmit and receive information.—*Observer.*

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G. RIDDLE'S NEW SPIRALLY-PROPELLED EVER-POINTED PENCIL.

THE patent pencil, as at first manufactured by Mr. Riddle's late firm of S. Mordan and Co., consisted of a gold or silver case, within which the "motion," as it was termed, was moved in or out by means of an external slide —the connection of which worked through a slot in the case. This form gave rise to several inconveniences; in the first place, the *slot* necessary for the sliding-action weakened the case very considerably; secondly, the opening they made admitted the dirt and other foreign matters to get inside the case, making the action very unpleasant; thirdly, the attachment of the external slide, however well constructed at first, inevitably failed in the course of time, either getting loose and ricketty, or else setting fast from the accumulation of dirt and dust within the case; and, finally, the ornamental parts of the case were frequently injured by the slide traversing over them, to say nothing of the inconvenient projection of the slide in the way of the fingers when writing.

All these objections are entirely obviated, and many other important advantages ensured, by Mr. Riddle's "new spirally-propelled patent ever-pointed pencil." In these, the external slide and the slot in the case are both dispensed with; while the mechanism necessary to produce the required action is such, as to support and strengthen the external case in a very remarkable manner. This will be understood by our readers when we state, that the pencil point is protruded from the case by the action of a spiral or worm on one tube, in combination with a longitudinal opening on another, by means of which, a stud affixed to the motion compels its progression or retrocession, according to the direction in which rotation is made. The effect of this series of tubes, fitted one within the other with mathematical accuracy, is to render the pencil, in its complete form, almost solid. The tube or case of Mr. Riddle's spirally-propelled pencils is divided about two-thirds of the way up, either end being connected with different internal tubes. The mere turning of one upon the other sends out the point, which, when done with, is withdrawn into its sheath by a turn or two in the opposite direction.

Speaking from personal experience, we can strongly recommend Mr. Riddle's pencil, in its improved form, as one of the most useful and convenient, as well as one of the most compact, writing instruments hitherto produced.—*Abridged from* No. 10 *of the Inventor's Advocate.*

ON THE DEATH OF ———.

THE parting pang is over now, and death is on thy brow! [flow;
Thy heart shall never ache again, thy tears shall never
Unkindness cannot wound thee more, nor slander do thee harm;
Thou feelest not grief's bitterness, thou heedest not earth's scorn; [repose,
For thou art in that blessed world where weary souls
And wounded spirits find in death a balm to heal their woes.

J. M. B.

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

(*Continued from page* 257.)

Mathews as Curran.

MR. PLUNKET, and about forty other gentlemen, after dinner one day, had grown rather warm upon Queen Caroline, when Mr. Shehan, since editor of a Dublin paper, wishing to turn the conversation and to *draw out* Mathews, proposed the health of John Philpot Curran. "Pooh, Pooh!" said Mr. Plunket, "the man's dead!"—"I differ with you entirely," replied Mr. Shehan, "and return to my toast."—"Then, may be, you'll back your assertion with a bet?"—"With all my heart; how much?"—"I'll bet you five pounds that John Philpot Curran is dead."—"Done!" added Mr. Shehan; "I'll bet five pounds that he is *not*." The health of Mr. Curran was accordingly drunk with cheers; upon which, Mathews rose and returned thanks in the tone, look, and manner of Mr. Curran, for the "honour done him;" delivered a speech on the trial of Queen Caroline, a subject on which Curran could never have spoken; and gave, altogether, such a personification of Ireland's celebrated wit, that his hearers were impressed with the actual presence of the man: and Mr. Plunket, in an enthusiasm of wonder, pushed over the bank notes to Mr. Shehan, exclaiming, "I've lost!—*fairly* lost! Curran is *not* dead, nor will die, while Mathews lives!"

Sensitiveness of Mathews.

Mr. Mathews excessively disliked to be looked at. He would make a circuit, lame as he was, through all the dirty windings of London, to escape recognition of better-bred people. In driving about town, he always kept the blinds down on his side, "to keep off the stare from him." If he heard his name even whispered, his eyes would fall, and his colour mount; but if it were from people of middle or low life, he would smile good-humouredly, and not look "sheepishly." He constantly wore a miniature eye as a shirt-pin, which naturally attracted the observation of people while they listened to him. From the weight of its setting, it always seemed as if falling out; and, when warned of this, he would impetuously button up his waistcoat to hide it from further notice.

Mathews in Shooting Shoes.

On one of his acting days he had a visit from a gentleman, who, though he was restless to get rid of him, seemed rooted to the spot. It was evident too, that, while he walked about, his visiter's eyes were fastened on his feet. He thought it was because he was lame, so he sat down, but still the visiter's eyes seemed fascinated as by a Cinderella foot. Again Mathews walked and talked, but still the visiter's eyes "glared" at his feet. "Those shoes of yours are very peculiar, Mr. Mathews," he at

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last timidly observed. A snappish "Yes, sir," was the only reply. "I had, I think, a pair like them." "*Probably*," was the only word jirked out in answer. "Indeed, I did not think a second pair was to be found of the same make." My husband looked daggers as he saw the visiter's eyes still rivetted upon his feet. "You, perhaps, remember where you bought them, Mr. Mathews?" No reply. But at last he cast his own eyes upon them, and, to his surprise, perceived they were not his own, but a "very *peculiar* pair," as the gentleman said. The truth at once flashed across his mind. They had slept together in the same inn, and the servant had exchanged their shoes. The matter was clear, and they both laughed heartily. The most extraordinary part of this unconscious felony was, that the wearer did not perceive the bad fit, or feel their weight, for the soles were embossed with nails!

A ludicrous Applauder.

It was no uncommon thing for Mr. Mathews to sometimes experience in his performances most ludicrous interruptions. One rainy night, during the "At Home," an old gentleman, as he entered the box, deposited his wet umbrella in the corner near the door, before he advanced to the front; but, when any part of the performance pleased him, he went to the back of the box for the said umbrella, and, bringing it forward, stamped it applaudingly on the ground. He then carried it back, and replaced it in the corner where he first left it. The frequent repetition of this was only put a stop to by the box becoming too full. But the effect of this whimsical proceeding on all present need not be described; my husband was convulsed with laughter, in which the audience cordially joined, at each of the old gentleman's approbations, who, in his earnestness in fetching and returning the umbrella, did not seem conscious that he was no little contributor to the mirth.

Mathews' Memorandums.

His memorandums were always made on little slips, or the corners of letters, and he often complained that "Mistress Tidy," (the housemaid,) displaced them in his dressing-room. I therefore gave orders, that no book, paper, or letter, should be ever touched or removed in arranging the room. One night he returned home from the theatre very cross, from the want of something he ought to have taken with him from home, "and all because Mrs. Tidy *would* remove his memorandums." I really was very angry at this; but Mrs. Tidy, with tearful earnestness, protested that no such thing had happened. Her master vehemently persisted in the charge; and the woman turning to me, exclaimed, "Indeed ma'am, I moved nothing but a stocking which master had taken off with his boots, and which was lying in the middle of the room."—"That's *it!* that's *it!*" cried her methodical master. "I put it there on purpose to remind me to take a *pair* to the theatre;—it was my *memorandum!*" This, or his dropping a handkerchief, a glove, or something else about, was his favourite mode of making a memorandum.

Mathews at Edinburgh.

Sir Walter, the Magician of the North, and all his family, were there. They huzzaed when he came in, and I *never* played with such spirit, I was *so* proud of his presence. Coming out, I saw him in the lobby, and very quietly shook his hand. "How d'ye do, Sir Walter?"—"Oh, hoo *are* ye? Wall, hoo have ye been entertained?" (I perceived he did not know me.) "Why, sir, I d'ont think quite so well as the rest of the people."—"Why not! I have been *just* delighted It's quite wonderfool hoo the deevil he gets through it all." (Whispering in his ear,) "I am surprised too; but I did it all myself!" Lockhart, Lady Scott, and the children, quickly perceived the equivoque, and laughed aloud, which drew all eyes upon me: an invitation for to-morrow followed, which I accepted joyfully.

Mathews' Temperament.

In relation to his well-known, and too much dwelt upon "irritability," which his death too well accounted for and excused, it may be said, that, with every outward appearance of good, nay, robust health, and with really a powerful frame, he was in a state of almost continuous bodily suffering from one cause or another, for the most part inexplicable to medical men. In winter, his rest was painfully disturbed at night by an irritation on the skin, though without eruption, which allowed him no sleep for weeks together during a frost; he also suffered from a mysterious disorder in his tongue, which for years equally puzzled the faculty, and which, with all their precautionary efforts, "would come, when it would come."

Mathews and "haleing" Plaister.

Yesterday I walked half a mile before I could find a chemist's: at last I pounced upon one. "Any healing plaister?"—"We have not, surr." Walked to a second: same answer. A third,—the same; until I was at a loss to conjecture why I could not be served. I was directed to an anothecary's. Still "*No.*" At last it occurred to me to try a new expedient: "Can you not procure or prepare me some "*haleing* plaister?" The mystery was solved my unfortunate English accent was not to be understood by these illigant Irish spakers.

Mathews and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's magnificent portrait of Kemble, in Cato, was painted for the Earl of Blessington, who, observing my husband's evident admiration and longing for it, said, that as Mr. M.'s gallery was at present too small for so large a painting, he would make him a reduced copy of it; that he should choose his own artist for it, and he would pay him a hundred guineas for his labour. This liberal intention was to be put in execution as

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soon as Sir Thomas Lawrence had, according to permission, engraved it. When Mr. Mathews returned from America he evinced great anxiety for his copy, but Sir Thomas still retained the original. Mr. Mathews got dissatisfied, indeed, angry: something like a coolness seemed to ensue, but Sir Thomas was as polite and as kind as ever. At last Mr. Mathews gave up all hope, though not all thought, of the coveted Cato. One day, however, Sir Thomas seeing my husband, said he wanted to explain and apologize for so long preventing his getting a copy of *my Cato*. "My dear Mathews!" said Sir Thomas, "I *know* you must have been very angry with me, and I can no longer withhold, but will own, the truth. From the moment I heard of your desire to have a copy from this picture, I retained it for the sole purpose of preventing your intention;—d'ont ask me why till I explain my reasons." Mr. Mathews being about to reply to this (as he thought) improper confession, Sir Thomas hurriedly added, "And now let me show you my last work." He then drew forward a picture, and exhibited to the delighted eyes of his visiter a beautiful Cato of smaller size, but a *fac-simile* of Lord Blessington's. "My *dear Mathews!* will you now forgive me? Here is my reason for keeping the picture so long. The moment I heard of your admiration and desire to possess a copy of *the Cato*,—a portrait of our mutual friend, John Kemble,—I determined to make it for you myself. Want of leisure for some time delayed the execution of my wishes; but, at last, I have completed the task, all but a few touches." Thus was Sir Thomas's "*illiberal*" conduct explained: we must not judge of motives without *evidence*.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. MOORE'S NEW POEM,

ENTITLED "Alciphron," which is added to a new edition of the *Epicurean*, will shortly be in the hands of the public, and a most delicious and refreshing treat it will prove to them: a press of matter precludes us from giving more this week, than the following fine description of

The Subterranean Paradise.

"Here, at this moment,—all his trials past,
And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last,—
The young Initiate roves,—as yet left free
To wander through this realm of mystery,
Feeding on such illusions as prepare
The soul, like mist o'er waterfalls, to wear
All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will,
Through every shifting aspect, vapour still;—
Vague glimpses of the future, vistas shown,
By scenic skill, into that world unknown.
Which saints and sinners claim alike their own;
And all those other witching, wildering arts,
Illusions, terrors that make human hearts,
Ay, ev'n the wisest and the hardiest quail
To *any* goblin throned behind a veil.

"Yes,—such the spell shall haunt his eye, his ear,
Mix with his night-dreams, form his atmosphere;
Till, if our sage be not tamed down, at length
His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their strength,
Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shrine,—
If he become not absolutely mine,
Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,
Draw converts also, lure his brother wits
To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,
And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites,—
If I effect not this, then be it said
The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,
Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath chased
To his its soul out in the Theban waste."

Tales of many Lands. [Harvey and Darton.]

THESE Tales have, doubtless, been written by a governess for the amusement and instruction of her young pupils, with the intent of implanting in the bosoms of her delightful charge principles of love, charity, and forgiveness; but we think they are rather too *sombre*. Every thing presented to children ought to aim at the making of their little hearts happy; for, as it is well observed by an Italian writer, "Be assured, our heavenly Father is as well pleased to see his children in the play-ground as in the school-room." The diction is plain, yet impressive; and we have no doubt these "Tales" will find their way o'er "many Lands."

The East India Voyager; or, Ten Minutes Advice to the Outward Bound. By Emma Roberts. [J. Madden and Co.]

THIS interesting and useful work is from the pen of the talented author of "Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan," and other richly-stored and deservedly popular productions. We strongly recommend all persons, particularly ladies who may have occasion to visit the East Indies, to possess this most desirable *vade mecum*, which gives, in a succinct and clear manner, every requisite instruction as to the choice of cabins, and the needful stores to be laid in. The section relative to "A Lady's Outfit," will be found of great value, as also that "On Domestic Economy, Diet, Clothing," &c. The advice to cadets is worthy of serious attention. Indeed, there is scarcely a page but what teems with the most salutary and wholesome counsel.

Select Poetry for Children. Arranged by Joseph Payne. [Relfe and Fletcher.]

THE motto chosen by the editor will best explain the purpose of his selection:—'We are not proposing to train up poets or sentimentalists, but to replenish the mind with bright and available materials, such as shall impart to it an abundance of intellectual wealth, and give it breadth and elevation; and, by these natural means, exclude whatever is frivolous, vulgar, selfish, or sensual:" and well has the task been performed; for it is impossible to be otherwise than pleased with the varied and delightful pieces, so peculiarly adapted to the capacities of children between six years of age and twelve. For schools, it will form a valuable auxiliary to the juvenile library; and, to parents, a very judicious present for their children.

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The Gatherer.

A life of sensuality and intemperance transmits to old age a constitution of languor and decrepitude.

Unsociable Tempers.—Unsociable tempers are contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them nor ourselves better, by flying from or quarrelling with them.

Spots on the Sun.—There is at the present time on the sun's face, and not far from its centre, a splendid group of spots, visible through the London fog to the naked eye, or which, when the planet shines strongly, the eye, protected by a smoked or dark glass, will instantly detect.

Resignation.—A head properly constituted can accommodate itself upon whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

When an ill-natured story is once launched upon the world, there are many who are careful that it shall not soon founder.—*Lander.*

Antiquity of Railways and Gas.—Railways were used in Northumberland in 1633, and Lord Keeper North mentions them in 1671, in his journey to this county. A Mr. Spedding, coal-agent to Lord Lonsdale, at Whitehaven, in 1765, had the gas from his lordship's coal-pits conveyed by pipes into his office, for the purpose of lighting it; and proposed to the magistrates of Whitehaven to convey the gas by pipes through the streets to light the town, which they refused.—*Times.*

An India-rubber Boat.—"There has just been launched on the Neva," says a St. Petersburgh letter, "an India-rubber boat. It is made of sail-cloth impregnated with caoutchouc. It may be rolled up, and in the space of ten minutes can be filled with air by means of four little cocks, by which inflation it assumes the form of a boat. During its trial on the river it held three persons, and excited much attention, as well by the readiness of its movements as by its pretty appearance."

A coffee-drinking match, as a Belgian paper states, took place among some females for a wager, and it was decided in favour of one who beat her competitors by finishing a 17th cup of the strongest mocha that could be made.

Natural History is no work for one that loves his chair or his bed. Speculation may be pursued on a soft couch, but Nature must be observed in the open air. I have collected materials with indefatigable pertinacity. I have gathered glow-worms in the evening, and snails in the mornings; I have seen the daisy close and open; I have heard the owl shriek at midnight, and hunted insects in the heat of noon.—*Johnson.*

The Indian mother is fond of her children, and of the notice of them by a stranger: she brings them to him, saying, as she presents her first-born—"This I acknowledged with my right breast," and "this," speaking of her second, "with my left breast." A stranger on leaving is desired to "blow" on the child.

M. Garnier, according to the Paris papers, is constructing a balloon at the Ecole Militaire, which he hopes to direct through the air as he pleases. On each side of the car he has adapted four *palettes*, resembling the wings of a windmill, which he puts in motion by the means of a secret internal mechanism. The resistance of the air to every *palette* that strikes it, is reflected upon the balloon, and carries it forward, just like the flying bird, or swimming fish. M. Garnier, it is added, has already made some experiments, which proved perfectly successful.—Oct. 1839.

Munificent Donation of Listz.—The generosity of Paganini towards Berlioz has just been eclipsed by a princely act of munificence of M. Listz. This celebrated pianist, seeing that the subscription opened for a monument to Bethoven had not attained a sufficient sum, has just completed it by a gift of 60,000 francs (2,400*l.*), the produce of his savings.

An old lady in the West of England for 20 successive years has darned stockings with the same needle; in fact, so used was the said needle to its work, that frequently on the lady's leaving the room it would continue darning without her! When the old lady died, the needle was found by her relatives, and for a long time no one could thread it, nor could they discover what obstructed the threads, when, by microscopic observation, they observed a tear in the eye of it!—*New York Paper.*

The Consumption of Cotton in Great Britain during 1838, was 460,000 millions of pounds weight. The following will show the cost of producing the cotton manufactures of the country:—

Cost of raw material	£19,604,166
343,701 Spinners, average wages 10*s.* 5½*d.* per week	8,659,593
90,000 Power-loom Weavers, average wages, 12*s.* 7*d.* per week . .	2,946,000
316,500 Hands employed in the bobbinet and hosiery trade . . .	1,650,000
360,000 Printers, average wages 10*s.* per week	9,360,000
280,000 Hand-loom Weavers, average wages, 12*s.* per week . . .	8,596,000
Machinery, interest on capital, &c.	12,087,500
Total number of persons employed, about 1,500,000	

The first idea of electricity was given by the friction of two globes of quicksilver, in the year 1467.

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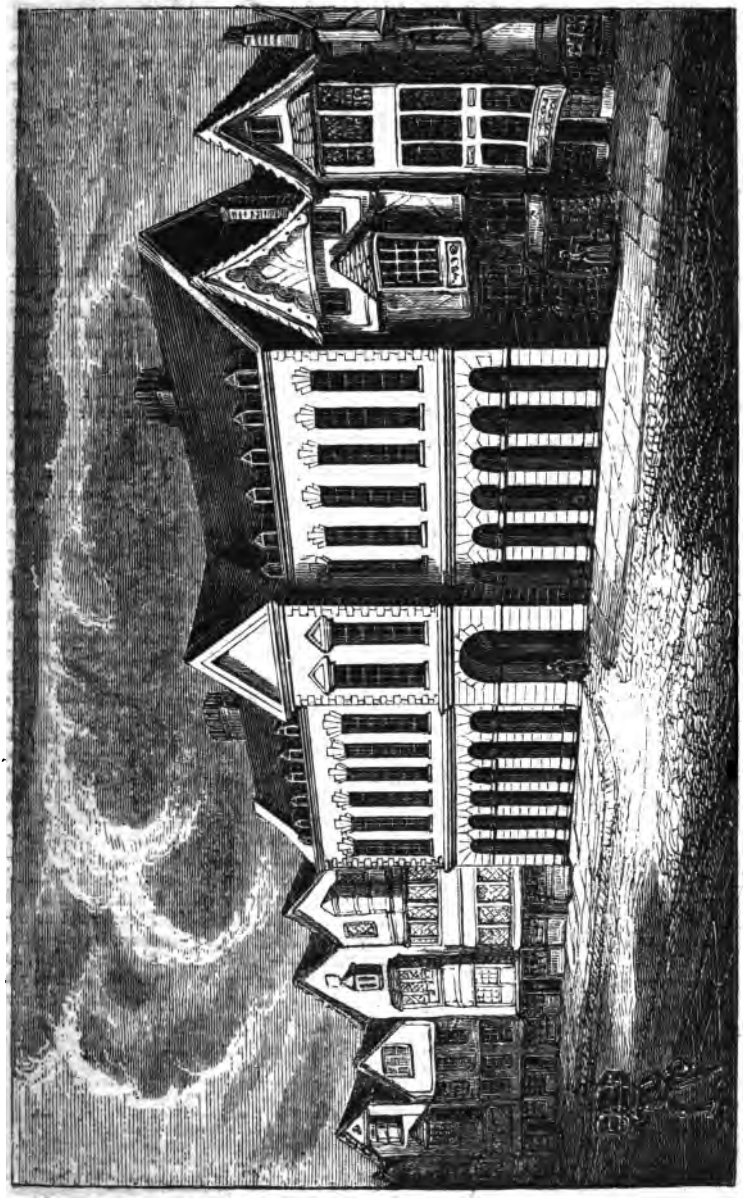
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 975.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1839. [Price 2d.



NEW EXCHANGE, STRAND.

MDCIX.

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NEW EXCHANGE, STRAND,

MDCIX.

This once celebrated mart was opened, by James the First, April 1609, and was named by that monarch "*Britain's Bourse.*" It continued until the year 1737, when it was taken down, and its site covered with houses. The situation was on the south side of the Strand, opposite to the location of the present Adelphi Theatre. It was built on the plan of the late Royal Exchange in the city, with cellars beneath, over which was a paved walk, and above were the shops, principally occupied by sempstresses and milliners; and here sat above stairs, in the character of a milliner, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife to Richard Talbot, lord deputy of Ireland under James the Second, a bigotted papist, and fit instrument of the designs of the infatuated prince, who had created him earl before his abdication, and after that Duke of Tyrconnel. A female, suspected to have been his duchess, after his death, supported herself for a few days, (till she was known, and otherwise provided for,) by the little trade of this place: she had delicacy enough to wish not to be detected, and sat in a white mask and a white dress, and was known by the name of the "*White Milliner.*" *

The shops were also used for other purposes; in 1736, "The complete Human Anatomy, in Wax," was exhibited here. Various trades were also carried on; a Mrs. Savage making it a repository for her celebrated magnificent stock of foreign and English china.

The reader will find, in Number 499 of the *Mirror*, further particulars of this New Exchange.

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Fillinham for the View which embellishes this notice, it being engraved from an excessively rare print in his extensive collection of literary and pictorial rarities.

* Mr. Walpole.

TIBERIAS.

Jerusalem presents those scenes of intense importance, that show the saint the beginning and end of his hope, the work of Christ from his first to his second coming; while the Sea of Galilee, ever referring back to what was accomplished there, brings before the soul the common and quiet scenes of life, pervaded and hallowed by the Redeemer's work. In complete contrast, however, to these associations, we found the men of Israel at Tiberias in a state of misery, fitted to move us to prayer and labour. The town was overthrown by the earthquake two years ago, and not a house left uninjured. Hence the daughter of Zion is here literally sitting in dust. We went to the synagogues over heaps of ruins. At the same time the Jews are the most cleanly of the population, and their synagogues, like those of Safet, especially clean, and well furnished with simple, but elegant lamps. Their reading rooms also, of which they once had above 30, and relics of which still exist throughout the town, are kept cool and pleasant; we visited one that looked out to the lake. The Jews were very reserved towards us. They knew why we came; and they are even more superstitious and bigoted than those at Safet, using gestures more extravagant and vehement in their worship. They have five synagogues, none of them large. They were in the same state of fear from dread of the Arabs as elsewhere; many had already fled to more secure places, such as Acre and Khaipha. We saw plainly their temper and state of mind: they are sincere in their superstition and bigotry. —*Missionary Record.*

DEFINITIONS OF PLEASURE.

It is difficult to say what pleasure means. Pleasure bears a different sense to every person. Pleasure to a country miss just "come out," means "a race ball, and so many partners, that she has danced till she can hardly stand:" Pleasure to an aspirant after fashion means "a card for Devonshire House, or a nod from Lady ———." Pleasure to a schoolboy means "tying a string to his school-fellow's toe when he is asleep, and pulling it till he awakes him." Pleasure to a man of an inquiring mind means "a toad inside a stone, or a beetle running with its head off." Pleasure to a man of taste means "a first rate *artiste* and a good dinner." Pleasure to a labouring man means "doing nothing." Pleasure to a fine lady means "having something to do to drive away the time." Pleasure to an antiquarian means "an illegible inscription." Pleasure to a connoisseur means "a dark, invisible, very fine picture." Pleasure to a philosopher, a modern philosopher, a young philosopher, means "liking nothing, despising every thing, and proving every one a simpleton, except himself." Pleasure to a beggar means "a sovereign by mistake, instead of a shilling." Pleasure to a sailor, "a fresh breeze and a sight of land." Pleasure to the afflicted, "a tear." Pleasure to the sweetest of all tempers, "the last word in an argument." Pleasure to the social, "the human face divine." Pleasure to the morose, "I shan't see a soul for the next six months." Pleasure to an author, "the last page of his manuscript—bliss inexpressible—'Finis.'" Pleasure to all, to every one in their own way, and that way a different one.—*Anne Grey, a Novel, by the Author of Granby.*

There is religion in a flower;
Its still small voice is as the voice of conscience.
Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty power
In characters more legible, than those
Which he has written on the tiniest flower
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight.

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NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS.

RENNIE'S INSECT ARCHITECTURE.

(*Continued from page 42.*)

Gall-flies, (Cynipidæ,) p. 370. These are a numerous family of insects, remarkable for causing upon the leaves and stems of plants those singular, and often beautiful, productions called galls. The most familiar examples of these are the oak-apples of the oak, and the bedeguar-galls of the rose-tree. These productions, although they envelope the grub or grubs of the fly, do not appear to consist of animal matter derived from the insect, but of vegetal matter directed into an unusual course, in consequence of the puncture made by the mother-fly when she lays her egg in the plant, and also, perhaps, by the constant irritation imparted to it by the grub which is hatched from the egg, and continues to derive nourishment from the sap. All galls of this kind are bitter, and contain tannin and gallic acid. M. Robiquet has confirmed the opinion of M. Polenze, that gallic acid may be obtained from tannin; but he finds that it requires a much longer time to produce it from tannin than from the gall itself. The former operation requires eight months, while one month is sufficient for the latter—a proof that the gall contains principles (perhaps gum, or rather mucilage) which facilitate fermentation.

RENNIE'S INSECT TRANSFORMATIONS.

Vitality of Seeds.—"When a piece of ground, which has never been tilled, is turned up by the spade or the plough, it immediately becomes covered with a crop of annuals, not one of which may grow within many miles of the spot; and a number of them, such as hedge-mustard, (*Sisymbrium officinale,*) and chickweed, (*Alsine media,*) whose seeds are not winged. It is no less worthy of remark, that all these annuals will again disappear as soon as the grass is suffered to spread over the spot which has been dug up. It is mentioned by Mr. James Jennings, in *Times Telescope*, (1823,) that the colts-foot (*Tussilago farfara*) is usually the first plant which appears in England in such cases—a circumstance by no means remarkable, as the seeds of this plant are winged with down, and extremely light." (p. 29.)

Mr. Jesse says, that "a portion of a marshy meadow in Herefordshire, produced the beautiful white silky rush, called I believe the cotton-grass (*Eriophorum angustifolium*), and so abundantly, that seen at a distance, it resembled a partial fall of snow. The proprietor caused that portion to be deeply trenched and drained, spreading the soil from the drains over the contiguous ground. The ensuing autumn, instead of a white, a blue surface was presented, the whole space being adorned with the round-leaved bell-flower, (*Campanula rotundifolia,*) not one of which previously grew near the spot, and the beautiful rush disappeared. The tree mignionette (*Reseda luteola*) grows abundantly near Dudley Castle, in soil thrown up from a great depth among the lime-rocks. This plant also, as well as colts-foot, (*Tussilago farfara,*) soon covers the coal-pit banks in that part of the country, the soil being brought from 100 to 150 yards below the surface, the white Dutch clover (*Trifolium repens*) being found mixed amongst them. When we thus find in plants a vital power which enables them to vegetate after having been buried for numerous ages, and which proves that they are imperishable, why, with respect to the far nobler work of creation, *man*, should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?" (*Gleanings in Natural History*, second series, p. 136.)

In Scotland, the white clover (*Trifolium repens*) is the plant which usually, and very generally, springs up after ground has been ploughed for the first time, and in places where it was not previously seen growing. Some seeds of it, which were found six or seven feet deep in the peat moss of Stirlingshire, where they had in all probability lain for centuries, were sown in a garden, and gave birth to healthy and vigorous plants. A few years ago, the small-flowered fumitory, (*Fumaria parviflora*), a rare British plant, sprang up in great abundance at Hill-side, on the north of the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, on some recently ploughed soil. The spot had been often visited by botanists, but they had never found this plant there previous to the soil being ploughed.

The Puss-moth, (Cerura vinula).—"It lays shining brown eggs on the green leaf of the poplar." (p. 35.)

A female, which we had, laid pale green eggs, which assumed a brown colour some time afterwards.

Fecundity of Insects.—Mr. Rennie gives several examples of the comparative fecundity of insects, to which we may add that of the *Cantharides*. M. Zier observed, that each female *Cantharis* lays from one hundred to two hundred eggs. (See *Bull. Univ.* B. xx. 181; and the *Mirror*, vol. xxiii. 300.)

Ichneumon-fly, (Pimpla manifestator,) p. 56.—It is well known that ichneumon-flies lay their eggs in the bodies of caterpillars, and that these are subsequently eaten by the grubs which are hatched from them. During the years 1832 and 1833, Mr. E. W. Lewis, of Chelsea, ascertained the novel fact that not only the grubs, but a species of ichneumon-fly, (*Pimpla stercorator,*) feeds upon the leaf-rolling caterpillars of certain moths. He observed the females stab the caterpillars with the ovipositor, and then devour them. "Some caterpillars," he says, "required more stabbing than others. One which received three stabs died in a few hours; another, half an inch long, died in about ten minutes; while one which I stabbed with a pin was as merry as ever four days afterwards." (*Magazine of Natural*

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History, vi. 417.) It is probable, that in the above instances, the fly kills the caterpillars by injecting a poison into them, or, in other words, by stinging them to death. Messrs. Kirby and Spence tell us, that they have been twice stung by ichneumon flies; "first by one with a concealed sting, and afterwards by another of the family of *Pimpla manifestator*, with a very long exerted sting."—(*Introduction to Entomology*, i. p. 121.)

Mr. Westwood remarks, that although ichneumon flies do not sting so painfully as bees and wasps, yet the general structure of the ovipositor being perfectly similar to that of the sting of the aculeate tribes, enables them to inflict a wound; and from experience I can state, that irritation has followed the puncture. It may, indeed, be said, that this irritation was merely produced by the wound, and was not the effect of the poison; but, Mr. Lewis's statement proves that, in the instance of the caterpillars, poison must have been injected. In July, 1833, while collecting insects in Richmond Park, a small-sized ichneumon fly fell upon my face, close to the corner of my eye, from a branch of an oak tree, which I was beating. The lids instinctively closed in an instant, catching the intruder by his leg, which so annoyed him, that, for self-defence, he stung me in the eyelid, and I felt the effects for an hour afterwards; sufficiently long to show, regard being had to his size, that the wound was irritated by poison." (*Mag. N. H.* vi. 417.)

Parasitic Insects, &c. "When the gall-fly (*Cynips*) has deposited her eggs on the bud or leaf of a plant in such a manner as to ensure their being surrounded with a thick coating of vegetable substance, they are not on that account secure from the *Chalcididæ*, a beautiful family of insects, armed by nature with an instrument for the purpose of penetrating in any direction, the largest oak-apple, or bedeguar of the rose. The most obvious distinction between these parasites and the true gall-flies, is, that in the latter the ovipositor is partly concealed, while, in the former, it is altogether external, like the ichneumon-fly's; but this distinction is of course wanting in the male insects. * * * From the bedeguar gall of the rose alone, no less than three different species of insects may proceed, two of which, *Callimene bedeguaris*, and *Eurytoma stigma*, are parasites." (p. 60.)

Mr. Walker says, that "*Cynips aptera* lives underground, forms galls on roots, and is infested by *Callimone roboris*." (*Entomological Magazine*, iii. 159.) *Acarus Basteri*, which is figured and described in the *Magazine of Natural History*, (ix. 353.) lives amongst corallines and confervæ, and is much infested with infusory animalcules. Dr. George Johnston mentions a very curious instance of one animal being parasitic on another parasite. He says that *Udonella Caligorum*, a species of leach, which he has described and figured in the above miscellany, (viii. 496,) adheres by its sucker to any part of the body of the *Caligus*, a species of crustacean, which is itself a parasite on the halibut. (*Hippoglossus vulgaris.*)

Parasites on Bees and Wasps, p. 67. The white fleshy grub of a rare and singular fly, (*Stylops Melittæ,*) lives in the abdomen of the black-bronze bee, (*Andrena nigroænea.*) Mr. Rennie remarks, that nothing is yet known of the manner in which the eggs are introduced into the body of the bee by the fly, and that its rarity puts it out of the reach of the most eager observers; and he mentions that an allied genus (*Xenos*) has been discovered parasitic in wasps, by Professor Peck, in America. We may add, that at the meeting of the Entomological Society, June 4, 1838, Mr. Westwood stated that he had found the eggs and pupæ of a fly in the abdomen of an American species of wasp.

Mistakes of Instinct, p. 76. Mr. Rennie cites some very interesting examples of what he calls mistakes of instinct. These remind us of an instance, recorded in the *Magazine of Natural History*, (ix. 106,) of a robin having mistaken a dead stuffed robin for a live one, and endeavoured, by many little acts, to entice it away.

Pugnacity of Swallows. "Whenever a hawk appears, he is immediately surrounded by a host of small birds, particularly swallows, which dart at him, and tease him, for the purpose, as may be supposed, of distracting his attention, on the principle that 'wealth makes wit waver.'" (p. 77.)

Some years ago, we observed some swallows beset a rook, which flew by them one evening at Leyton, in Essex.

Ovo-viviparous and pupa-viviparous Insects, p. 108. Some insects, as the chequered blow-fly, (*Sarcophaga carnaria,*) and the summer brood of the *Aphides*, are hatched in the bodies of their parents, and are then excluded in the grub state; while the forest-fly, (*Hippobosca equina,*) the bat-louse, (*Nycteribia vespertilionis,*) and the sheep-louse, (*Melophagus ovinus,*) are born in the pupa state.

The nimble Lizard. "We caught a female of the nimble lizard, (*Lacerta agilis,*) on a heath near Sorn, Ayrshire, in July, and kept it for some time under a glass, where it produced six young ones; but, in consequence of improper food, or of confinement, they all soon died. This lizard is said to be sometimes oviparous." (p. 108.)

Speaking on the authority of Bell's *British Reptiles*, we should say that the lizard which Mr. Rennie caught was the *Zootoca vivipara*, and not the *Lacerta agilis* (Linn.) or sand lizard, which always lays eggs.

Ants and Aphides. "It is not," says Mr. Rennie, "the aphides themselves, who select the snug winter retreat of an ant-hill, or who know how to secure the careful nursing of the ants. All this is the sole concern of the latter, to secure for themselves a supply of the honey-

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dew, as it is erroneously called, secreted by the aphides in spring." (p. 116.)

A writer in the *Entomological Magazine* says, "I have often watched an ant go from one aphis to another, stand behind each, and gently squeeze the body with its fore-legs; perhaps one aphis in ten, not more, will give out a small drop of honey-dew, as clear as crystal, which the ants instantly swallow. The ants take much more care of the aphides than the aphides do of themselves: they are sad, dull, stupid creatures. It is very pretty to see the licking, washing, cleaning, and caressing which the ants constantly bestow on them. When the aphides cast their skin, the ants instantly carry it away, nor will they let any dirt or rubbish remain among them, or on them. But the most amusing care of the ant, is guarding the aphides from the attacks of the *Microguster Aphidium* [a little species of ichneumon fly, which deposits its eggs in the bodies of the aphides, whose larvæ are also attacked by another fly *(Gelis agilis.)*] You must have seen a sheep-dog run over the backs of a whole flock of sheep, when closely crowded together, in order to bring back some sinner that has gone astray; so will the ants, in the hot sunshine, run about over an establishment of aphides, driving away the rascally parasite that is for ever hovering about to destroy them." (iii. 338.) From the same publication, (p. 406,) we learn that other species of insects feed upon the honey-dew. Mr. Walker says, that on a warm cloudless morning in October he saw myriads of *Scatopse picea* hovering about and settling on a larch-tree near Dolgelly, North Wales; and among them were two or three *Scatopse flavicollis*. They came to feast on the honey-dew distilled by a colony of aphides that infested a branch of that tree.

J. H. F.

DUKE DE ALVA.

This infamous monster boasted, at a public dinner in Spain, that he had caused more than eighteen thousand persons to be executed by the ordinary minister of justice in the Netherlands within the space of six years, besides a vast number of others who were cut off by other means.

He caused one Anthony Utenhow to be tied to a stake at Brussels, encompassed by a large fire at some distance from him; in this circle he moved about like a poor beast roasted alive, till the common soldiers, moved with some compassion, put an end to his misery, contrary to the will of the duke.

When the city of Haerlem surrendered to Alva, on condition that he should save the lives of the captured, he commanded some of the principal burghers and soldiers to be starved to death, saying that "though he had promised them their lives, he had not promised to find them meat."

The Netherlandish women, many years after his death, used to scare their children, by saying, "Alva was coming!"

FRAGMENTS

TO STIMULATE THOUGHT AND REFLECTION.*

Middling men, favoured in their lifetime by circumstances, often appear of higher stature than belongs to them; great men always of lower. Time, the sovereign, invests with befitting raiment and distinguishes with proper ensigns, the familiars he has received into his eternal habitations: in these alone are they deposited!

Cicero changed his style according to his matter and his hearers. His speeches to the people vary from his speeches to the senate. Toward the one he was impetuous and exacting; toward the other he was usually but earnest and anxious, and sometimes but submissive and imploring, yet equally unwilling, on both occasions, to conceal the labour he had taken to captivate their attention and obtain success. At the tribunal of Cæsar the dictator, he laid aside his costly armour, contracted the folds of his capacious robe, and became calm, insinuating, and adulative, showing his spirit not utterly extinguished, his dignity not utterly fallen, his consular year not utterly abolished from his memory, but Rome, and even himself, lowered in the presence of his judge.

The sunshine of poetry makes the colour of blood less horrible, and draws up a shadowy and a softening haziness where the scene would otherwise be too distinct. Poems, like rivers, convey to their destination what must without their appliances be left unhandled: these to ports and arsenals, this to the human heart.

A poet often does more and better than he is aware at the time, and seems at last to know as little about it as a silkworm knows about the fineness of her thread.

I do not think Ovid the best poet that ever lived, but I think he wrote the most of good poetry, and, in proportion to its quantity, the least of bad or indifferent. He wants on many occasions the gravity of Virgil; he wants on all the variety of cadence; but it is a very mistaken notion that he either has heavier faults or more numerous. His natural air of levity, his unequalled and unfailing ease, have always made the contrary opinion prevalent. Errors and faults are readily supposed, in literature as in life, where there is much gaiety; and the appearance of ease, among those who never could acquire or understand it, excites a suspicion of negligence and faultiness. Of all the ancient Romans, Ovid had the finest imagination: he likewise had the truest tact in judging the poetry of his contemporaries and predecessors. Compare his estimate with Quinctilian's of the same writers, and this will strike you forcibly. He was the only one of his countrymen who could justly appreciate the labours of Lucretius.

"Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras quum dabit una dies."

* Selected from the Quarterly Review, No. CXXVIII.

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And the kindness with which he rests on all the others shows a benignity of disposition which is often lamentably deficient in authors who write tenderly upon imaginary occasions.

Have you never observed that persons of high rank universally treat their equals with deference; and that ill-bred ones are often smart and captious? Even their words are uttered with a brisk and rapid air, a tone higher than the natural, to sustain the factitious consequence and vapouring independence they assume. Small critics and small poets take all this courage when they licentiously shut out the master.

Envy would conceal herself under the shadow and shelter of contemptuousness, but she swells too huge for the den she creeps into.

There are poets among us who mistake in themselves the freckles of the hay-fever for beauty-spots.

We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another; but never will any be justly called a great poet unless he has treated a great subject worthily. He may be the poet of the lover and of the idler, he may be the poet of green fields or gay society; but whoever is this can be no more. A throne is not built of birds'-nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet.

Vengeance has nothing to do with comedy, nor properly with satire. The satirist who told us that Indignation made his verses* for him, might have been told in return that she excluded him thereby from the first classes, and thrust him among the rhetoricians and declaimers.

Frequently, where there is great power in poetry, the imagination makes encroachments on the heart, and uses it as her own. I have shed tears on writings which never cost the writer a sigh, but which occasioned him to rub the palms of his hands together, until they were ready to strike fire, with satisfaction at having overcome the difficulty of being tender.

Crooked and cramp are truths written with chalkstones.

Scientific Biography.

JOHN ROBYNS.

Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia cœlo
Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones,
Armatumque duro circumspicit oriona.
Virgil. Æn. iii. v. 515.

THE individual whose name figures at the head of this article, occupies a deservedly high position in that brilliant array of scientific genius which graces the annals of the sixteenth century. His labours were principally confined to astronomical subjects, although, in conformance with the then-prevailing taste, he devoted much time to the practice of astrological absurdities. We have but scanty particulars respecting his life, owing to that general apathy which has until very lately been exhibited in the biography of those who trod the paths of science a few centuries ago, when letters began to be revived, and the light of knowledge was just dawning through those dark clouds of ignorance and superstition by which it had so long been veiled. Robyns was a native of Staffordshire. The precise year of his birth is unknown, but it must have been very near the end of the fifteenth century, as he went to All Souls College, Oxford, A.D. 1516, where he became a fellow in 1520, took the usual degrees in arts, and was subsequently ordained. He did not discover much inclination for any studies unconnected with the mathematical sciences, but in these latter, according to Anthony Wood, he made such astonishing progress, that "he became the ablest person in his time for those studies, not even excepting his friend Recorde,* whose learning was more general."† In 1531, he was made a bachelor of divinity; and in the following year King Henry VIII. appointed him one of the canons of Christ Church College, Oxford, which had just been re-endowed on a new foundation, for the support of a dean and twelve canons, after the disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey, under the name of "King Henry VIII.'s College." In what way or by whom Robyns was introduced to the royal favour, I have not been able to ascertain, but the king appears to have entertained an especial regard for him; as in the year 1543 he was made canon of Windsor upon the demise of Dr. Richard Rawson, (well known for his contest with Bonner, Bishop of London,) and after Henry's death became chaplain to Queen Mary.

I must now proceed to give some account of his works, all of which have been preserved in MS. There are five treatises by him now remaining in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. 1. De Culminatione fixarum Stellarum. 2. De Ortû et Occasû fixarum, &c. 3. Annotationes Astrologicæ. 4. Annotationes Edvardo VI. 5. Tractatus de prognosticatione per Eclipsin. All these MSS. originally formed part of the collection of Mr. Thomas Allen, of Gloucester Hall,‡ upon whose death they came into the possession of Sir Kenelm Digby, and thence into their present situation. Besides these, there is a MS. in the Ashmolean Collection, (No. 186,) entitled, "Johannis Robyns libellus de accidentibus futuris ad regem Henricum 8vum.;" at the end of which is a treatise "de sterilitatem generantibus." The following MS. works by him are preserved in the British Museum:—1. Observationes Astrologicæ, "written in 1535," (MS.

* Facit indignatio versum.—*Juv.*

* See a memoir of Robert Recorde, *Mirror*, vol. 24, page 44.

† *Fasti Oxonienses* by Bliss, vol 1.

‡ See a memoir of Mr. Thomas Allen, *Mirror*, vol. 32, page 308.

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-Sloane, 1748.) 2. Annotationes Astrologicæ, (MS. Sloane, 1773.) 3. Epitome in apostolesmata Ptolemæi, (MSS. Ayscough.) 4. De Portentosis Cometis, (King's Library, 12 B.15.) The last of these MSS. Anthony Wood says he never saw; some extracts from it are to be found in the Bodleian MS. Seld. Arch. B. 79. Mr. Halliwell, in his "Rara Mathematica," has published part of a treatise by Robyns, entitled "De Cometis Commentaria," from a manuscript preserved in his valuable collection. The dedication is as follows:—"Ad invitissimum principem Henricum ejusdem nominis octavum, serenissimum Anglorum regem, de cometis commentaria Johannis Robyns sui alumni et socii collegii omnium animarum Oxoniæ." The tract commences with a description of the four elements; and in several passages the author heaps a profusion of compliments upon Henry VIII., to whom he applies many such epithets as "eruditissime princeps," "sacrosancta majestas," &c., which sound rather ridiculous when addressed to a person of so ruthless and sanguinary a character. My limits will not admit of any further extracts, I must, therefore, refer the reader to the "Rara Mathematica,"* where he will find much to gratify his curiosity concerning the scientific works of the middle ages. Mr. Halliwell, in his preface, mentions another MS. copy of the "De Cometis Commentaria," in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, MSS. gal. O. I. 11.

Robyns died on the 25th of August, A.D. 1558, and was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. There is a marble tombstone over his grave, at the base of the ascent to the choir, with the following inscription, engraven on brass:—

"Orate pro animâ magistri Johannis Robyns, sacre theologie baccalaurei, nuper hujus regie capelle canonici, et quondam capellani tam regis Henrici octavi quam serenissime regine Marie, qui obiit 25° die Augusti, Anno Domini millesimo, quingentesimo quinquagesimo octavo, cujus anime, ut in celo quiescat, deus optimus suam misericordiam concedat."

In the middle is his effigy arrayed in a canon's habit, with a robe of St. George thrown over it. On his right side there are three scrolls, having the inscription

"Vivit post funera virtus,
Redemptor meus vivit
In te, Domine, speravi."

On his left are five other scrolls thus inscribed:

"In te, Domine speravi,
De terrâ resurrecturus sum.
Vivit post funera virtus.
In te, Domine, speravi.
Vivit post funera virtus."

Under his feet are the following elegiac verses to his memory, on a brass plate. They are written in a remarkably elegant and impressive style:

"Qui jacet augustâ sub saxo hoc clausus in arcâ
Johannes Robyns homine dictus erat.
Jure hominis docti viveus cognomen habebat,
Cultor virtutis semper ab unguiculis.
Clariut arte illâ, bene quâ numerare docemur,
Nec quâ metimur, nescius artis erat.
Novit nature tacitus exquirere causas,
Quid solem obscurat, luna ubi lumen habet.
Unde ruunt venti, mare cur fluit atque recurrit,
Nix unde et tonitru, fulmina, grando, gebi.
Savit fucatis veras discernere gemmas
Quas Adamas vires, quasque Pyropus habit.
Sedulus in sacris docuit qui scripta libellis,
Hieronymus quicquid, quidque ait Ambrosius.
Qui multis solitus rimari sydera terris
Jam videt ætheriis certius illa locis."

All these inscriptions are in old English characters. J. C. W.

* "*Rara Mathematica*," or a collection of treatises on the mathematics and subjects connected with them. From ancient inedited manuscripts; by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S. &c. 8vo. London. 1839.

The Public Journals.

[In a review of Dr. Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, the *Edinburgh Review* for the last quarter has the following curious summary, shewing the sound and strong arches on which our English vernacular rests:—

The Anglo-Saxon Foundations of the English Language.]

The English language consists of about thirty-eight thousand words. This includes, of course, not only radical words, but all derivatives, except the preterites and participles of verbs; to which must be added some few terms which, though set down in the dictionaries, are either obsolete, or have never ceased to be considered foreign. Of these, about twenty-three thousand, or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. The majority of the rest, in what proportions we cannot say, are Latin and Greek; Latin, however, has the larger share.

Assuming that this calculation is accurate, for which we will not vouch, or that it approximates to accuracy, which we are quite ready to affirm, it will be seen that the Anglo-Saxon, even if we look at the mere number of words it has contributed, is our principal source of strength. Nay, were we to found our calculations upon the passages which Sharon Turner has adduced from a series of our most popular writers, and in which he has discriminated, by italics, the words of Anglo-Saxon from those of foreign origin, we should infer a much greater preponderance of the Anglo-Saxon element. Mr. Turner has not set down in figures the numbers of the two classes of words contained in any of these passages. Sir James Mackintosh analysed three or four of them. We shall now give an analysis of the whole. The passages in question are from the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, Cowley, Thompson, Addison, Spencer, Locke, Pope, Young, Swift, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon and Johnson. In five verses out of Genesis, containing one hundred and thirty words, there are only five not Saxon. In as many verses out of the Gospel of St. John, containing seventy-four words,

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there are only two not Saxon. Of the remaining passages, that from Shakspeare contains eighty-one words; of these, the words not Saxon, are thirteen; that from Milton, ninety; not Saxon sixteen; that from Cowley, seventy-six: not Saxon, ten; that from Thompson, seventy-eight; not Saxon, fourteen; that from Addison, seventy-nine; not Saxon, fifteen; that from Spencer, seventy-two; not Saxon, fourteen; that from Locke, ninety-four; not Saxon, twenty; that from Pope, eighty-four; not Saxon, twenty-eight; that from Young, ninety-six; not Saxon, twenty-one; that from Swift, eighty-seven; in which nine only are not Saxon; that from Robertson, one hundred and fourteen; not Saxon, thirty-four; that from Hume, one hundred and one; not Saxon, thirty-eight; that from Gibbon, eighty; not Saxon, thirty-one; that from Johnson, eighty-seven; not Saxon, twenty-one. In none of these passages is the number of foreign words greater than one-third; in many of them less than one-tenth. In all, there are fourteen hundred and ninety-two words, of which only two hundred and ninety-six are not Saxon. If we were to take this as a criterion, the Saxon would constitute about four-fifths of the language, instead of five-eighths—or about thirty-two fortieths, instead of twenty-five fortieths. But if we are considering the mere *number* of words derived from the Anglo-Saxon, as compared with those derived from other sources, without any reference whatever to the relative value of the words, the criterion is by no means a fair one. For there are of course many words—such as the articles, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, &c.—which must necessarily occur much oftener than others; and are, therefore, met with three or four times over in the same passage. It is true, indeed, that if, dismissing the question of numbers, we consider simply the position these words occupy in the language, and that if they are repeated frequently it is only because we cannot help it; then, though their being counted over two or three times, gives us an exaggerated estimate of the *number* of Anglo-Saxon words, that very exaggeration is far from adequately expressing the extent to which that portion of the language prevails.

[The following from old Camden* is a quaint, but sound tribute to the peculiar properties and virtues of our native language.]

The English Language.

"Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinewes, as a still, fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lippes for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majesticall, but fulsome, running too much on the *o*, and terrible like the divell in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withall very harsh, as one ready, at every word, to picke a quarrell. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus, when substantialnesse combineth with delightfulnesse, fulnesse with finesse, seemlinesse with portlinesse, and currentnesse with staydnesse, how can the language which consisteth of all these, sound other than full of all sweetnesse?"

* Camden's '*Remains.*'

PHOTOGENIC DRAWINGS.

A NEW method of producing photogenic drawings was recently exhibited to a small circle of scientific persons. The drawings produced, which combine the minute exactness detailed in Daguerre's tables with the powerful contrast of the light and shadow of an original drawing, are effected by means of Indian ink. By this new process, the plate on which the light is to act, is placed in the camera obscura entirely black, and the action of the light upon it destroys either partially or entirely the blackened surface, thus producing the various tints of a drawing from the most perfect white, through all the different degrees of shadow, to a jet black. The blackened plate is so sensibly affected by the rays of light, that objects illuminated only by the faint light of a common candle, are depicted in all their detail as distinctly as if acted on by the brightest sunlight. Whilst putting the plates into the camera obscura, the operator must only make use of a small lantern with a coloured glass, in an otherwise perfectly darkened room, and the same precaution must be taken in fixing the images produced in the camera obscura. Unfortunately, the preparation of these new photogenic plates is rather complicated, requiring the science of a chymist as well as the skilful hand of an artist, and the inventor (Dr. Schafhaeutl, of Munich) has not yet correctly ascertained how long these plates will remain sensible to the action of light. The Doctor hopes, however, that they may be kept in that state for years, and there is nothing to prevent a most extensive use of this new method, as the process of generating and fixing these wonderful images is very short and simple. The inventor promises, as soon as he has simplified the mode of preparing the plates for his new method, to make it public through the medium of one of our scientific journals.—*Times.*

SECRET LOVE.

THE fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe;
Starres shine all night though undiscerned by day;
And trees do spring, yet are not seene to growe;
And shadowes moove, although they seeme to stay;
In Winter's wo is buried Summer's blisse,
And Love loves most, when Love most secret is.

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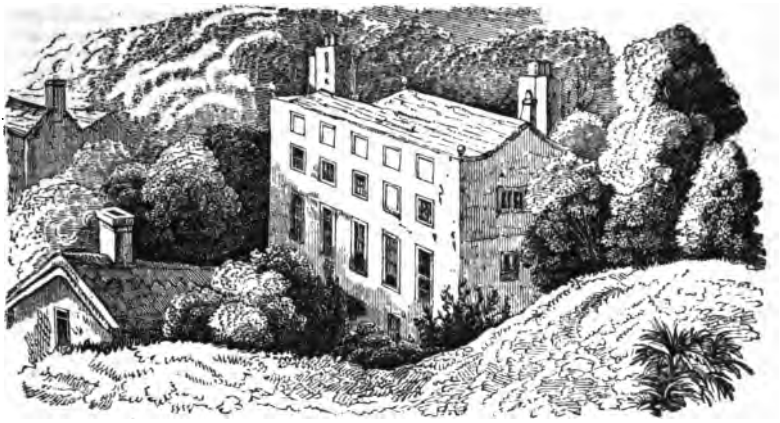

QUEBEC HOUSE, WESTERHAM, KENT,

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF GENERAL WOLFE.

James Wolfe, the son of Lieutenant-general Edward Wolfe, was born at Westerham, in the county of Kent, in 1726. He betook himself young to the profession of arms, for which he was particularly adapted, by the bravery, elevation, and decision of his character. Even at the early age of twenty he attracted attention by his military skill, and during the whole of the German war was actively employed and regarded as a great and rising soldier. At length he was called into high and independent command by the discernment of the first Mr. Pitt, who appointed him to command the important expedition against Quebec. Here he singly, and alone in opinion, formed that great, hazardous, but necessary plan of operation, which drew out the French to their defeat, and ensured the conquest of Canada. Having surmounted all obstacles, he encountered the enemy on the heights of Abraham, where, in the moment of victory, he received a ball in the wrist, and another in the body, which rendered it necessary to bear him off to a small distance in the rear. There, roused from fainting in the agonies of death, by the sound of "They run," he eagerly asked, "Who run?" and being told the French, and that they were defeated, he exclaimed "Then I thank God, and die contented," and almost instantly expired. This event took place September 13, 1759, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. A national monument is erected to the memory of this much lamented and excellent officer, in Westminster Abbey.—*Ann. Reg.*

Westerham is a market-town in the county of Kent, 22 miles from London. In the church, dedicated to St. Mary, is a fine cenotaph to the memory of Wolfe: and in the grounds of Quebec House there is a pillar, with an inscription, erected for the like purpose. The learned Bishop Headley was a native of Westerham.

The Spirit of the Annuals.

Friendship's Offering; and Winter's Wreath for 1840. [Smith, Elder, and Co.]

It is, doubtless, to such like beauteous literary treasures as the "Friendship's Offering," we are indebted for the visible and heart-cheering advancement of the intellectual attainments of the Women of England; and it is also apparent, by the improvement of late years in the above Annual, the publishers are resolved to increase its usefulness, by a renewed and invigorating display of pictorial and literary banquets.

THE BRIDE.

BY OCTAVIAN BLEWITT.

There is an unadorned and nameless grave
Whose southern birds are singing, and the sky
Of brilliant azure, deeper than the wave,
Perfumed with orange, breathes its fragrancy
Like incense o'er the heart. But who was she,
So typified in death? her fate thus sung
By nature's minstrels, where the rivalry
Of fresh-blown flowers upon the sod has sprung,
To mark where sleeps in peace the innocently young?

She loved, beloved and loving: Beauty's dower
Was the sole fortune of that artless maid;
Her spirit withered like a summer flower,
Before the winter of the heart that made
All desolate. Her young affections weighed
Too heavy on her gentleness; the gloom
Of the dark night of sorrow bowed her head,
With woes too ponderous for her living bloom,
And, overwhelmed, she sunk to share her bridal tomb.

Peace be to thee, thou heart of hearts! united
With him in death whose love on earth was thine.
From thy bright form that watched so oft delighted
His very look, the while they bade thee twine
The garland of fresh hopes, that they might shine
Amidst this weary wilderness of strife,
When all beside was like the mountain pine
In winter's blast—no arm with sorrow rife
Shall separate the soul that called thee *his* in life.

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How beautiful is sleep! and death no less,
When slumbers innocent and guileless love;
His dirge the song of joyous happiness,
The carol of the lark; each glade and grove
Filled with a thousand choristers who rove
From morn to eve, and all the livelong day,
Are ceaseless minstrels till the earth has wove
Her votive wreath of flowers, and evening grey
Weeps his soft dews where loving hearts decay.

How beautiful such tears! the dews of heaven—
How beautiful such wreaths! the gift of flowers
That speak of peace! refreshing e'en the leaven
Of dull humanity, like summer showers
Clothing the earth with brightness. There are powers
And influences in these which know no bound.
Beloved by those we love, they bring back hours
Of living happiness; and the deep wound
Of parting is forgot when we have such around.

[The following beautiful passages are deliciously refreshing :—]

TO ——.

That slow and heavy bell hath knolled,
Like thunder o'er a shoreless sea;
I have not heard it since it toll'd
The hour that bore me back to thee:
The hour whose wings had lulled me long,
When hope was cold and grief was strong;
Whose kindness ever came, to keep
The shade of sorrow from my sleep,
And mocked my dreams, but, wild and far,
Departed with the morning star,—
Yet came at last. That lonely bell
Had waked me with its measured knell;
And though my soul, in its awaking
From dreams of thee is always chill,
I knew that hour, their brightness breaking,
Had scattered only to fulfil.
And, through my trembling spirit sent,
The billowy echoes quivering went,
As the swift throb of morning breaks
Through the thin rain-cloud's folded flakes;
Even as that hour it beamed above
The azure of the expanded plains,
And filled the heaven with light like love,
And kindled through its azure veins
As the keen joy through mine:
I knew, that ere those purple stains
Of heaven should see the sun's decline,
And melt along the western sea,
A brighter sun should rise for me.

And it hath risen—and it hath set,
The glory and the tone
Of twilight have scarce passed, and yet
I have been long alone.
It is for those who can forget,
So that the path of time they tread
Is strewed with pangs and passions dead,
To tread their periods of weak pain
By the cold shadows, that reveal not
What once they felt—what now they feel not.
To those with whom the linked chain
Of day and years can never press
Upon their unforgetfulness,
An hour may be as long,
When its keen thoughts are dark and swift,
And when its pangs are strong
As the onward undistinguished drift
Of the calm years that still retain
One hope, one passion, and one pain:

That sun hath risen—that sun hath set,
And though the dim night is not yet
So lifeless or so dark, for me,
As it hath been—as it shall be,
There's that of dew and chillness thrown
Across my thoughts and brow,
Whose inward meaning none have known,
Not even thou—
Thou—for whose sake that brow is dark,
Whose constant pang thou canst not mark.

Alas! if pity be a pain,
I would not wish thee once to see
How much the distant feel for thee,
And feel in vain.

It strikes again, that measured chime;
Hark! its cold vibrations climb
Heavily up the slope of night;
And lo! how quiverings of keen light
Along the star-lit waters follow
Those undulations hoarse and hollow,
That move along the tufted trees
That crown yon eastern hill,
Which midnight frees from bird and breeze,
Bidding their leaves lie still.
There—deeply, softly, charmed and checked,
They pass the pile with slower swelling,
Where,* wildly wrung, or early wrecked,
Pure heart and piercing intellect
Now keep their unattended dwelling:
And sorrow's sob, and phrenzy's shriek,
Are calm beneath their cadence weak,
And torture tamed, and grief beguiled,
Have turned, have listened, and have smiled.

My own quick thoughts which were as wild,
Have sunk at once, I know not why,—
Not less sad, but far more mild,
As these low sounds float by;
Low sounds that seem the passing bell,
For the swift and dark-eyed hours, whose rushing
Around the earth was fraught with flushing,
Kindled by the entrancing spell
That breathed of thee,
When from thy lips, and from thy presence fell
The stream of light, of melody,
That on their wings did grow and dwell,
Till each was faint with his own ecstacy.
And they are dead,—cold and dead;
Yet in the light of their own beauty lying,
That light which is alone undimmed, undying.
When for all else the shroud is spread,
Imperishable, though so pale.
It burns beneath the moveless veil,
That o'er their beauty and their breath,
Hath cast a guise and charm of death;
A guise how false! a charm how vain!
For each of the departing train
Drank as it passed, beholding Thee,
First joy, then immortality.

[The pleasing author of the "Provost of Bruges," contributes

The Song of the Besieged.]

Drink! Drink!
Why should you pause? It is all that remains to us—
Food there is none for your hollow-cheeked crew;
But the bottle the blood of his body yet drains to us—
Drains to the last, like a comrade true.

Drink! Drink!
There's a virtue in wine that can mock at despairing;
A valour that laughs at the threat of the foe;
Lean famine grows merry, despondency daring—
To the brim—to the brim let the wine cup flow!

Drink! Drink!
Our powder is gone—every grain is expended,
But that hoarded charge of the mine at our feet;
There, when the old walls can no more be defended,
A spark to the train, and our glory's complete!

Drink! Drink!
Hark to the foe—how their canon is roaring,
While our silent guns send no shot in return;
Their shouts mingle loud with the balls they are pouring;
But woe to the victors! their widows shall mourn!

Drink! Drink!
They count us their spoil—they make ready the torture;
Fools! where are the eyes its infliction shall see?
Ha! ha! we will take a more easy departure,
And die, as we lived—the unconquered, the free!

* A mad-house in a clump of trees.

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Drink! Drink!
That dull heavy sound—'twas the battered wall crashing;
The breach will be stormed—they are nearing it now;
I can see the bright steel through the darkness come flashing,—
The hour is accomplished—remember your vow!

Down! Down!
Dash down the goblet!—'tis broken in shivers!
An emblem and type of the fast-coming end,
When the victim and tyrant, deceived and deceivers,
In one common ruin shall shatter and blend.

Now! Now!
Hand join in hand, let your pulses be steady—
They enter! they mount to their funeral pyre!
Let none be shut out! Brothers! friends! are you ready?—
One moment—hark!—silence!—the signal!—NOW—FIRE!

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

(Concluded from page 279.)

Mathews and his Visiter.

One day, Mr. Mathews had ordered a mutton-chop at the "Old Ship." While waiting for it, the waiter announced "a gentleman," and, as usual with such people, seemed delighted at showing up a nuisance. If my husband had not been in a good humour, woe had it been to the doughty stranger, who now addressed him with impunity. He was a little, red-faced man, of respectable appearance; his head frosted over with pomatum and powder, like a twelfth cake. "Mr. *Mathus*, I presume?" asked the little gentleman, hat in his hand, and a low bow. "Yes, sir," mildly answered my husband; "what is your pleasure with me?"—"Why, sir," chuckled the good-humoured intruder, as he stood gazing somewhat in the fashion of a sight-seer; "Why, sir, –a–a–, I have taken perhaps a great liberty, which I beg you'll excuse. The fact is, –a–a– I never go to a playhouse; but –a– *rarly* –a–a– I have heard much of *you*, and I have even *read* much about you, sir. It is said that you are an uncommon character. I am going away this afternoon; and hearing that you were in Brighton, *rarly* I could not resist the *opportunity* of finding you out before my *departure*, being anxious –a–a–a– to see how you presented yourself to the *eye!*" Mr. Mathews was amused at the novelty of the style of this *rarly* simple and inoffensive person. He therefore determined to humour his visiter, and accordingly said, in answer to his droll address:—"Well, sir, I hope my appearance is satisfactory."—"Truly so," replied the little plump man, as he measured him with his eye; "I look upon it, sir, that you have had more whimsical *adventurs* and odd things happen to you, than ever occurred to any other man."—"Why, yes, sir," said Mr. Mathews, "odd things *do* sometimes occur, as you say, sir." At this moment the waiter entered with the tray; upon which, Mr. Mathews invited the stranger to sit down, adding, "as you have come to see a strange animal, it is lucky you have found him at feeding time,—will you partake?"—"By no means," bowed the little portly gentleman. "Sir, I will no longer intrude; for *rarly*, Mr. *Mathus*, I *have* taken a freedom; but I could *not* resist the *opportunity* that offered, and all I *have* to say is, that I have been *very much* gratified by your *benign* and generous reception. Sir, your very obedient." So saying, the little corpulent stranger bowed, and backed himself out of the room with much gravity and apparent satisfaction.

Leigh Hunt's Account of his Appearance on his Return from America.

I have seldom been more surprised than in coming close to Mr. Mathews on that occasion. Time has given force and interest to his face in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines have been cut, and the face has stood them well. The last time I had seen Mr. Mathews, his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was then. On the former occasion, he looked like an irritable inn-door pet; on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigour by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, "Buffet on, I have seen trouble as well as you." The paralytic twist in his mouth, which had formerly appeared to be master of his face, now seemed a minor thing,—a twist in a piece of old oak.

The "large Boy" Mathews.

I remember our travelling into Suffolk once, with Mrs. Richard Wilson, and stopping at a village inn for refreshment while her horses baited. Soon after, we saw my husband near the door, with half a dozen boys, of about eight years old, playing at marbles, bawling and wrangling about the game, and every one as grave and earnest with him as if they were all of the same age, and had been used to him all their lives. There he was, squabbling. "You, Bill Atkins, I say! you've no right to that taw!"—"*I have!*" said Bill "I say you haven't!"—"*I say I have!*"—"Ah! you cheat! I won't play with you *no* more!" We inquired how he became so regularly installed amongst these urchins in so short a time? He told us, that he went up to them as they were playing, and assuming the tone and words suited to their age and the occasion, asked if he might play with them? They all looked up with something like alarm, mixed with wonder, and stared at him in silence for a minute. He reiterated his wish to join them, and they all looked gravely and sheepishly at each other. He still urged them; till at last, after some demur, the smallest of the party boldly cried, "*Let* him play! What harm?" "Very well," said another, encouraged by his friend's example, "very well; but has he got any marbles?"—"No," said the new comer, "but I've a penny."—"Well, then, let him buy some of yours, Tom; you've got plenty to sell." The bargain was completed,

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and he *knuckled down*,—soon learned several of their names, and thus we found him with them. It was most diverting to observe how completely the boys had ceased to regard him as any thing but what he represented; no giggling—no suspicion—but a thorough confidence at last in the reality of his being a child, though of "larger growth" than themselves. As he quitted them, he said he must go to his "Ma," and joined us; the boys looking after him, and at us, with curiosity for a moment, but immediately resuming their play, seemingly without any further reflection upon the incident.

Mathews' Ages.

Mr. Mathews possessed the extraordinary power from his youth of "making up" for, and representing, extreme old age. This early excellence often gave rise to disputes relative to his own age. One night, soon after he went to York, he was appealed to by a party of gentlemen, who had met at a tavern to settle a wager about his age. They had, severally and together, seen him perform a variety of characters. On the slips of paper being withdrawn from under the candlestick, it was discovered that one person had written him down nineteen, and another eighty!

John Luckie and "Mr. Bruffum."

Mr. Mathews, on his way homeward from the north just after the assizes, on entering the mail, was fortunate enough to find only two gentlemen, who, being seated opposite to each other, left him the fourth seat for his legs. Just as the trio had sunk into their first forgetfulness, they were awakened by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, a light at the door of an inn, and a party of rough, discordant voices, bidding a cordial farewell to a large, be-coated, and ominous looking stranger, who, in a broad Yorkshire dialect, wished them "a good noight!" reminding them that he had paid *his* share of the reckoning. To the great discomfiture of our three *insides*, the door of the mail was opened, and in trundled John Luckie. Since the three gentlemen had "dropped off," the weather had suddenly changed from frost to snow, and the frieze coat of him who entered was powdered all over with the snow. All shrunk from the *damp stranger*, who, in ignorance of the whereabouts of his seat, was pushed first by one and then the other, till at last my husband, in keeping him off from his own person, lodged the huge, rough-coated animal, into his place. He was, however, in any thing but a sleeping mood; and after, in trying to *settle himself*, treading on my husband's toes, elbowing his neighbour, without begging pardon for his so doing, &c., (all which was received with a sullen silence, he asked in a voice sounding like thunder to the sleepers, while he held the pull of the window, "Coompany! oop or down!" *Answer made they none.* Again he inquired, still dubious of what might be agreeable, and desirous to prove himself a polished gentleman, "Coompany! oop *or* down!" Still receiving no answer, a smothered oath bespoke his disgust at such an uncourteous return for his politeness, and with some exasperation of tone, he repeated aloud, "*Dom* it!—I say, coompany! *oop or—down?*" Still not a word; and, with another "dom," he allowed "*t' window*" to remain *down*. But he still continued restless and talkative. His excitement at the door of the inn when he left his friends, had caused him totally to overlook the snow, and now seeing it through the window, he exclaimed, with a degree of stupid wonder, "Eh! ma God! what's this! Whoigh! the whole country's covered wi' snow!—Eh! it's awful, *Coompany*! wake oop, and see t' snow! Eh! they're all asleep! Good God! whoigh, its wonderful and awful! Good Lord! what a noight!—what a noight! Eh! God preserve all mariners on the western coast this noight!" Then, roaring out once more with increased vehemence of tone, "Coompany! wake oop, I say, and seet' noight! Eh! they're dead, I reckon! Eh! ma God! what a noight!—awful!"—"I wish, sir, you'd show some feeling for *us* and hold your tongue," at last, said the English gentleman. "We were all asleep when you came in, and you've done nothing but talk and disturb us ever since;—you're a positive *nuisance*."—"Eh!" said the frieze coat, "I loike that, indeed! Aw've as much right here, I reckon, as others!—*Dom!* aw've paid my fare, har'nt I," said he, (his voice rising as he remembered his claims to consideration.) "Aw'm a respectable man! my name's John Luckie. I owes nobody any thing!—I pays king's taxes! I'm a respectable *man*, I say, aw help to support church and state." Then, looking again out of window, he relapsed again into his stupid abstraction. "Eh! what an awful noight! Lord be merciful to all mariners on the western coast this noight!" Again he of the "*comfortable*" grumbled out his anger, and assailed him with a command to be silent. John Luckie, at this, became louder and more intolerable, and at length his sense of oppression became so strong, that he boldly declared that he would *not* hold his tongue, "no, not for Baron Hullock, nor the great Mr. Brougham, (or, as he pronounced the name, Mr. Bruffum,) *himself* was in t' coich!" My husband, who found all sleep broken up by this obstreperous fellow, conceived a desire to amuse himself. Just, therefore, as John Luckie's last declaration was made, Mr. Mathews leant forward to him, and in a half-whisper said, "Hush! you are not aware, but you have been speaking all this time to Baron Hullock himself!" The drover seemed to quail under this intimation. "Whoigh! you don't say so!"—"*Fact*, I assure you; and opposite to him is *Lady* Hullock!" (a passenger with white drapery for night-gear over his head.) "Whoigh! good God! don't tell me *that!* Eh! what shall I *do?* Good Lord! what have I said? Art thou sure?"—"I am indeed," said Mr. Mathews; "they are Baron

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and *Lady* Hullock, and *I* am Mr. Brougham." —"Eh!" roared the man in a tone of actual terror, "let me go!—let me go!" struggling to open the coach-door. "Let me go!—I'm no coompany for sitch gentlefolks, aw'ing no book-larning!—I'm no but John Luckie. Let me go!—Here, guard! Stop, stop! I waint roide here ony longer!" The guard was insensible to this, and on went the coach, and still John Luckie struggled; and, in his rough and clumsy movements, a little of my husband's ventriloquy proved a useful auxiliary to urge his welcome departure, and a child suddenly cried out as if hurt. "Eh! ma God! What! is there a bairn in t'coach too! Eh! ma Lord Baron! pray forgive me! I meant no offence! My name's John Luckie!—Aw'm a respectable mon!—Pays king's taxes! I said, Coompany! oop or down! I meant to be civil. Eh! my Lady Hullock! I hope I've not hurt thy bairn! *Dom!* what *moost* I do! Guard! stop and let me out! Eh! what a noight! Guard! I'm not fit coompany for Baron Hullock and Mr. Bruffum, I know! Let me out, I say!" At last his voice at the window reached the higher powers, and the coach stopped, and *as* soon out rolled this porpoise of a man; who, again begging the *Baron* and his *Lady* to overlook his inadvertency, and asking pardon of "Mr. Bruffum," he was with some difficulty hoisted upon the top of the mail, and off it drove.

Liston Bidding at Mathews' Auction.

During one of Mr. Mathews' performances at Brighton, while he was singing that part of his "Auction song" where he solicits biddings for a particular "lot," after looking round the house, and making several appeals, and exclaiming—"Only three pounds offered! —only three!" a voice from one of the public boxes, which it was impossible to mistake, cried out, "Four!" He turned to the spot, to which every other eye also was directed. Though taken by surprise, he was not, however, thrown off his guard, but, bowing smartly à la Robins, exclaimed, "Much obliged;—*yours*, Sir." This bidding was made by Mr. Liston, who was seized, as he afterwards declared, to put up for a lot, in order to surprise his brother-actor; and was confounded after he had done it, and heard the roar of laughter he had caused, and the notice he had drawn upon himself.

A Peculiarity of Mathews.

He was extremely timid of a new-comer; and when I expected men or women strangers in the house, it was always required that he should see them by some contrivance, without their being aware of his scrutiny, before I concluded to receive their services. He would then say, "Ay, I like that face;" or, "I don't like that man; I shall feel uncomfortable to ask so *fine* a gentleman to do any thing for me;" or, "I shall be afraid to ask that sullen fellow for what I want." He always took a liking to any one that seemed what is called a character. Simplicity of manners was a sure pass-port to his good graces. He particularly disliked what may be termed *fine* servants. I have known him in some moods refuse to dine at a friend's house, where he was very intimate, because he could not bear to encounter, on that day, the high-bred servant who waited behind his chair.

Death of Mr. Mathews.

Mr. Mathews had long been in an uncertain state of health; and, since his arrival at Plymouth, his distress in breathing had greatly increased. On the night of the 27th, (June, 1835,) Mrs. Mathews having prepared his night-draught, and wished him good night, left his door ajar, that she might hear the slightest sound; taking with her "Fop," who always slept by his bed, lest he should disturb him. Having assured herself that he had fallen to sleep, her own "tired nature" sunk into a few minutes forgetfulness, when a sudden spring of Fop towards the door, roused her to the hearing an unusual sound in the next room. She instantly rushed forward, and missed the form she sought: he had fallen from the bed-chair on to the side of the bed. She endeavoured to lift his head, but he was too heavy for her. She held the dear inanimate remains in her arms, and was at length conscious that her best and dearest friend was gone *for ever!*

On Friday morning, the 3rd of July, his remains were consigned to the tomb. The rank and respectability of Devonport, Stonehouse, and Plymouth, were present, and not one who wore a mourner's garb was unmoved by a mourner's sorrow. The vault in which he was interred is situate in the western vestibule of St. Andrew's Church, where a stone slab announces with admirable simplicity—"Charles Mathews, Comedian, born 28th June, 1776; died, 28th June, 1835."

"Comœdia lugit, scena est deserta."

"ALAS! POOR YORICK!"

CONSEQUENCES OF BAD EXAMPLE.

'Example is a motive of a very prevailing force on the actions of men."—*Rogers.*

The late Sir John Fielding told Hugh Kelly, the once celebrated dramatic author,* that he expected a fresh cargo of highwaymen at his office, in consequence of the representation of the Beggar's Opera; and, upon Kelly being surprised at this, Sir John assured him, "that ever since the first representation of this piece, there had been, on every successful run, a proportionate number of highwaymen brought to the office, as he would show him by the books, any morning he took the trouble

* Born on the banks of Killarney, in Ireland, 1739; and died, February 3, 1777.

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to look over them." Kelly had the curiosity, and found the observation to be strictly true.

Will not the Mirror of Villainy now held up to society, reflecting the wretched exploits of that heartless thief—Jack Sheppard—be productive of similar results?

Manners and Customs.

NATIVES OF BRITISH GUIANA.*

I have been much struck as I passed from parish to parish with the appearance of the people, with the respectability of their dress, and with the quietness and propriety of their demeanour. Their behaviour at the consecration of the several churches and chapel-schools, and burial-grounds, and whilst partaking in or witnessing the rite of confirmation, was serious and becoming; whilst the promptness and largeness of their pecuniary subscriptions to the several places of public worship and religious instruction manifest the piety of their feelings and the personal comfort of their present condition. At one temporary chapel of ease, the sum of 50*l.* was collected for the purchase of an organ in the course of two hours from the time in which it was mentioned to them. At the church of St. Swithin's no less a sum than thirty joes was raised for the enclosure with iron rails of the tomb of their deceased minister—a proof not less of pecuniary competence than of a tender and grateful recollection; and at the Kitty Chapel School, the liquidation of a debt of 150*l.* has been undertaken by the people of the surrounding estates, to secure its immediate consecration. When the labouring classes of any community can lay by so largely, and spend their earnings so holily and usefully, there must be a spirit working within them, which, under judicious and affectionate guidance, will settle down into a habit of contented and steady industry. In one parish, indeed, I was sorry to learn that resort was still had to the superstitious use of Obeah, and its influence dreaded; that the solemnity of funerals was often interrupted and disgraced by excess of drinking and feasting; and, what would seem to have grown out of an abuse of religious language, that the very name of God, and reference to His awful will, were employed without consideration or any sense of religion in the heart, on the most trivial and unseemly occasions.

I have taken occasion during my visitation to ascend the rivers of the Pomeroon, Essequebo, and Courantyne, and to visit the Indians in the places of their temporary abodes. I have seen the Arrowak, the Carribees, and Warrow Indian working together in the laborious occupation of a large and important wood-cutting establishment. At Touroo Creek, on the Pomeroon, I passed the night in an open shed among a body of the Arrowak tribe, and beheld both the men and women in their domestic habits and ordinary occupations. At Bartica Point I had the opportunity of witnessing the zealous and judicious system adopted by one of our brethren for their civilization and religious advancement. On the Courantyne, my corial was manned by them both during my ascent and descent; and I spent some hours among the settlements of the Warrow tribe, who have now for many years, ever since the first establishment of the Moravians on the opposite bank, been congregated about the post. I have been deeply interested with what I have witnessed among a people hitherto, I fear it must be added, too little regarded and less benefitted. There is something, if I may presume to speak of them after so transient an acquaintance, peculiarly mild and pleasing in their countenances. With the simplicity of children, they are attracted by every novelty. They are indolent, but they have little to call forth exertion. The produce of the chase, of their cassava grounds, and of the river, supplies all the necessaries of life. The fibres of the palm or the silk-grass are woven for their beds; and the woods of their native forests provide the ready materials for their simple dwellings, for their weapons of defence, or for their instruments of hunting. Their children are singularly engaging and forward for their years; their women contentedly perform the most menial and laborious offices, and in the men I have witnessed a quiet steadiness of eye and hand in a moment of danger, which gave proof that there was that within them which is capable of greater things. That they are of oriental origin there can be no question. Their figure and several of their customs would seem to bespeak it; and when at the chapel on the Good Hope estate, I beheld four Indians, two men with their wives, devout in their behaviour, and respectable in their appearance, clothed and in their right mind, "kneeling before the same table, for the same Christian rite of confirmation, with the descendants of Ham and Japhet." I was much struck whilst at the Touroo Creek with a conversation which was carried on between an Arrowak chief and the rector of the parish of the Holy Trinity (within whose extensive and laborious charge the river Pomeroon is included,) at the pointedness of his answers, and at the seriousness of look and demeanour with which he subsequently watched the party at their evening devotions; and not less so when, on the Courantyne, I heard, in soft and plaintive cadence, from the mouth of a blind old chieftain, the oft-recurring Hallelujah, as he finished the stanza of some hymn of holy praise, which he had been taught by the Moravians in his youth; and, whilst in the Essequebo and Massarony, I had the yet further gratification of hearing some adult Indians read—of examining a school of 36 Indian children, and of meeting their parents and acquaintance no longer, as at a former visit,

* Extracted from a charge delivered to the clergy of the English Church, in British Guiana, at the Metropolitan Church, in George Town, 18th of July, 1839, by the Right Rev. William Hart, Bishop of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands.

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under an open shed in their naked and almost savage state, but assembled, dressed, and in orderly manner, within a rude yet enclosed house of prayer, and "speaking in our tongue the wonderful works of God."

ANECDOTE OF LISZT AND THE GRAND-DUKE OF TUSCANY.

Liszt is at Florence. To such of our readers as have heard this great artist our eulogies would be superfluous,—to such as have not heard him they would be equally inadequate to convey the faintest idea of his extraordinary powers. He possesses all the intensity of feeling which distinguishes those solitary men who wander about the world in search of a *beau-ideal* of perfection, which for ever eludes their grasp. Liszt stopped at Milan on his way to Florence; and what a singular difference must he have remarked between these two great cities! Milan,—regular, silent, gloomy, sober, and correct; Florence,—happy, and wholly given up to the enjoyment of the present. Milan, who rarely beholds her masters but when crowned with a crown of iron;—Florence, who has no masters, or rather is the bosom friend of her master,—who sits at his table, rides in his carriage, prays by his side, lives in his palace, in his gardens, in his museum. In the grace, the wit, the taste, the politeness, the elegance of Milan, Liszt at first imagined he saw Italy; but in Florence,—the repository of mighty works, the queen of cities, by poetry, by tradition, and by the revolutions she has accomplished,—he soon became aware that he beheld the real Italy. Once within these walls,—built by the giants of the chisel,—it may be imagined what happiness our musician must have enjoyed in his life of poetry and song. Happiness, indeed!—in that select society, assembled from all parts of the globe in search of quiet and repose;—in that intimate and hourly *causerie*, so unlike Parisian wit, and which is a wit of itself, more serious but less busy;—in poring over the ancient monuments of art, to trace the genius which produced them;—in sitting in the evening where Dante has sat, and beholding the Campanilla towering in the air, and, through the open doors of the dome, discovering the scarlet cloak of the poet, walking in that Florence which the poet built;—in turning round to admire the *chef-d'œuvre* of Ghiberti, those animated portals which the last rays of the sun seem to inspire with renewed life;—in leaning at night at the front of a box at the opera, surrounded by the elect of Florentine society, and admiring the young and beautiful princess who bears the name of Buonaparte,—the greatest name of modern Europe,—and who bears it smilingly;—and what is there astonishing in her thus lightly bearing a name which would have overwhelmed almost any other mortal? Florence itself,—the city of stone and of bronze,—was it not built upon flowers?

As nothing which passes in this beautiful kingdom (the most beautiful kingdom in the world, because *it is not* a kingdom) remains unknown to the prince who governs it,—whether it be a princess royal of France who has come to die there,* or a poor artist who has come to drink inspiration from the soil,—the Grand-Duke soon discovered that Liszt the musician was in his hospitable city. One evening he sent for him, and with his affable kindness, calm and peculiarly German,—"Play us something," said he. Liszt immediately seated himself at the piano. Once at the piano this frail and timid being is insensible to all around him,—music, his only passion, fills his head and heart;—a thousand melodies present themselves to his imagination, and he has but to make daylight for himself out of a crowd of ideas, singing sweetly in his ear every variety of love, transport, and despair. Nothing is stranger to behold than this man, seated almost upright, his head erect, his eyes closed, his two hands extended over the world of his creation,—which he would grasp,—abandon himself without restraint to an enthusiasm nearly allied to madness. In what mysterious volume does he read these passionate notes? None can tell, not even himself! He obeys the breath which animates him,—he plays as a bird sings;—when he has said all, he stops,—when expression fails him, he desists. Nor princes, nor kings, nor dukes, nor the powerful, nor the rich, nor Mozart himself,—his God!—nothing can persuade him to proceed when once his inspiration fails him,—as nothing can arrest his progress while it lasts. Perhaps there never existed another artist so entirely separated from the crowd as Liszt.

He seated himself at the piano, and was soon borne away into his third heaven. All present listened with wonder to a strange and unknown harmony. Liszt himself, however, was no longer in this world. He had traversed the court-yard of the *Ammonato*, adorned with a garden like the terraces of Babylon; he had ascended the staircase of the Pittian palace, so often ascended by Raphael at the age of fifteen; he had seen the museum, which has not its equal under an Italian sky; the *Leo X.* of Raphael was on his left, the *Judith* of Allori on his right, the *Fates* of Michael Angelo before him; Titian over his head, and Rubens at his back,—glorious as the setting sun! These were his inspirations! He played all he imagined,—forgetting everything,—earth and heaven,—and never ceased till he had given expression to all the melody with which his head and heart were bursting.

Among the numerous foreigners existing at Florence on the charity of the Grand-Duke, there was a noble Hungarian, a poor gentleman, burdened with a family, ruined by the wars, in whose favour, that very morning, the Grand-Duchess had been soliciting her husband for an increase of pension.

* Alluding to the late lamented Duchess of Würtemburg.

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When Liszt had entirely done, the Grand-Duke was standing, supported on the chair of the Grand-Duchess,—they exchanged looks with the consciousness of reciprocal love, expressing all their pleasure in a glance.

After a long silence,—"Of what country is he, and what can we do for him!" said the prince to his happy wife.

"Monseigneur," replied the Grand-Duchess, "Liszt is a Hungarian."

Then, leaning towards her, and whispering in her ear, the Duke said to his wife,—"Do you know what we must do for Monsieur Liszt! —we must double the pension of the Hungarian."

And thus the Grand-Duke and his wife gave the most touching and noble of rewards to Liszt the Hungarian.

The Gatherer.

Cost of Soldiers.—In the Duke of Ragusa's Travels, it says:—In France, the price is 340 francs; in Austria, 212; in Prussia, 240; in Russia, 120; and in England, 535: this probably includes every expense.

Definition of an Eccentric.—A rational lunatic.

Society of Female Musicians.—The Queen Dowager has been graciously pleased to become a patroness of the Society of Female Musicians, and to subscribe ten guineas a year towards the same.

Remarkable Cypresses.—Perhaps the oldest tree of which there is any record in the world is the cypress of Soma, or Somma, in Lombardy. This celebrated tree, says *Loudon*, is generally supposed to have been planted the year of the birth of Jesus Christ, and on this account is treated with great reverence by the inhabitants of that part of Lombardy where it grows; but the Abbé Berlèse informs us there is an ancient chronicle extant at Milan, which proves that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 42.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.—*Colton.*

A rich Hollander has collected the playbills of all the theatres in the world for the last 20 years, which he has bound up with notes, &c. By these documents it appears that *Der Freischutz*, by Weber, *Tancredi*, by Rossini, and *Robert the Devil*, by Meyerbeer, have been the pieces most often represented during that period. Up to this time *Robert the Devil* has, as it appears by the archives of this Dutch amateur, been performed at 144 theatres.

Our happiness depends, principally, on ourselves, and on the goodness or badness of our dispositions; that is to say, on our being virtuous or vicious.

A design for a tomb to receive the heart and statue of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in the style of the 12th century, has been prepared by M. Deville, conservator of monuments in the Cathedral of Rouen. It is proposed to place it in the chapel of the Virgin in the Cathedral, near the tomb of Cardinal d'Amboise, and it is supposed that the execution of it will begin before the end of the present year.—*French paper.*

Thoresby, in his Diary, June 5, 1702, being at York, records—"Evening, sat up late with a parcel of artists I had got on my hands; Mr. Gyles, the most famous painter of glass, perhaps in the world, and his nephew, Mr. Smith, the bell-founder; Mr. Carpenter, the statuary [whose statue of Queen Anne is now in St. Paul's Churchyard,] and Mr. Etty, the painter, with whose father, Mr. Etty, senior, the architect, the most celebrated Grinlin Gibbons, wrought at York, but whether apprenticed with him, or not, I remember not well. Sat up till late with them." What an association of genius and talent! Mr. Etty, the distinguished artist now living, is possibly descended from the persons who are here so honourably mentioned.

The robe of charity is generally large enough to be able to make cloaks also for a little pride and a little hypocrisy.

The Duke of Wellington's Foreign Orders of Knighthood.—His Grace is Knight Grand Cross of the (Austrian) Order of Maria Theresa, Knight of the (Danish) Order of the Elephant, Knight of the (French) Order of the Holy Ghost, Knight Grand Cross of the (Portuguese) Order of the Tower and Sword, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Prussian Eagle, Knight of the first class of the (Russian) Order of St. George, Knight Grand Cross of the Sardinian Order of the Annunciation, Knight of the Order of the Rue Crown of Saxony, Knight of the (Sicilian) Order of St. Januarius, Knight Grand Cross of the Sicilian Order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit, Knight Grand Cross of the (Spanish branch) Order of the Golden Fleece, and Knight Grand Cross of the (Swedish) Order of the Sword.

Prosperity and adversity are alike sent in mercy: the province of the blasting lightning and the balmy shower is the same—to cool and fertilize.

Margate in 1722.—In "A Journey through England," 1722, 8vo. p. 86, it says, "From Canterbury I went to Margate, in four hours, with design to proceed along the sea-coast; but I must own to you, that I was very sorry I went so much out of my road; for it is a poor pitiful place; though the Isle of Thanet, in which it is situated, is a fine country, yet there's hardly a gentleman's house in it.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 976.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1839. [Price 2d.

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH,

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

The living of St. Nicholas is a vicarage, rated in the king's books at 50*l.*, and in the patronage of the Bishop of Carlisle. The church, originally built in 1091, was burnt down in 1216, and the present structure rebuilt in 1359. It is a spacious cruciform structure, two hundred and forty feet long, and seventy-three broad, principally in the decorated style of English architecture, with a steeple one hundred and ninety-five feet high, of singular beauty, in the later style: from the battlements of the tower rise octagonal turrets, crowned with crocketed pinnacles, of which the central are lower than those at the angles; from these spring four flying buttresses, of graceful curve, meeting in a point, and supporting an elegant lantern turret, unequalled in beauty, and surmounted by a small crocketed spire, terminating in a vane; the interior retains many vestiges of its former antiquity, among which are the carved oak roofs, the font, and other relics. In the east window is a painting of our Saviour bearing his cross, presented, at the cost of 50*l.*, by the corporation. Over the communion table is a fine painting of the Last Supper, by Tintoretto, the gift of the late Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart.

During the occupation of the town by the Scottish army, many of the ancient monuments were destroyed, and others were removed, in the repairs and modernizations

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which have taken place. Of those that remain, the principal are to the memory of Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., Vice-admiral Collingwood, the Rev. Hugh Moises, A.M., and several others.

On the southern side of the church is a building erected by the late Sir W. Blackett, Bart., who bequeathed a salary for a librarian, for the preservation of a very ancient collection of books,—the ancient library of works on divinity, bequeathed by Dr. Thomlinson: the lower part is used as a vestry-room, and the upper for Thomlinson's library.

Newcastle, originally comprising but one parish, is now divided into four parochial districts, St. Nicholas, (the original parish,) All Saints', St. Andrew's, and St. John's, in the archdeaconry of Northumberland, and diocese of Durham. In the church-yard of St. John's, is a tomb to the memory of the poet Cunningham, who died in this town, 1773.

CITY ANTIQUITIES.

The excavations in progress in the City for improvements in the sewerage, and for other public works, are continually affording new matters of interest to the antiquary. A few weeks since, the labourers engaged in deepening a sewer in Thames-street, opposite Vintner's Hall, in the middle of the street, at a depth of ten feet from the surface, discovered the perfect remains of an old Roman wall, running parallel with the line of the river. The wall was formed of alternate layers of flint, chalk, and flat tiles, and offered considerable obstructions to the workmen, from the firmness with which the materials were fixed together. About the middle of Queen-street, at a depth of nineteen feet below the surface, were found the remains of an elegant Mosaic pavement, which belonged to a dwelling-house, and which indicated that the Roman roads ran in different directions to the present. The position of this pavement showed that the earth had accumulated over the original surface to a height exceeding fifteen feet. During the late excavations to Moorfields, many rich and rare coins were found in fine preservation. In the immediate vicinity of the Roman Catholic Chapel was discovered a beautiful sepulchral inscription, denoting the vicinity as a former place of sepulture, and also many sepulchral vases. In the excavations in Charterhouse-square, and those already commenced in the formation of the new street from Holborn to Islington, no antiquities have been discovered. The collections of the City Museum, at Guildhall, devoted to antiquities, and of Mr. Smith, of Lothbury, a distinguished city antiquary, have received considerable additions from these recent discoveries.—*Times.*

The Naturalist.

SNOW.

When drops of water are congealed into spiculæ in the air, they collect, in falling, into flakes of snow. Above the region of the glaciers, the snow sometimes falls in separate spiculæ. When examined with a microscope, snow reveals a beautiful structure; consisting of needles, which are regular six-sided prisms; formed from a rhomboid, which is the primitive shape. It falls more abundantly in temperate than in arctic regions; and is found to be beneficial rather than otherwise; for, being a bad conductor of heat, it preserves the plants beneath, from too great a degree of cold. On one occasion, in Germany, snow fell on the corn which was in flower, and preserved it from a hard frost which followed; so that ultimately the corn ripened. Underneath ice, snow is often found to be not lower in temperature than thirty-two degrees (just the freezing-point); and hence people buried under the snow, if permitted a free access of air, may live a long while; because warmer there than if on the surface.

Red snow has been observed at Baffin's Bay, and the neighbouring regions. Its colour was found to be owing to minute red mushrooms, or funguses, growing in the snow. In an account of Sir John Ross's last voyage, this phenomena is noticed as follows:—"On the 17th of August, it was discovered that the snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance both novel and interesting; being apparently stained, or covered by some substance which gave it a deep crimson colour. Many conjectures were formed concerning the cause of this appearance; and a party was despatched from the ship to bring off some of the snow. It was found to be penetrated, in many places to the depth of ten or twelve feet, by the colouring matter; and it had the appearance of having been a long time in that state. On being brought on board, the snow was examined with a microscope, magnifying a hundred times: and the red substance appeared to consist of particles resembling a very minute round seed;—all of them being of the same size, and of a deep red colour. On their being dissolved in water, the latter assumed the appearance of muddy port-wine; and, in a few hours, it deposited a sediment, which was again examined with the microscope. It was found to be composed entirely of red matter; which, when applied to paper, produced a colour resembling that of Indian red. It was the opinion of Dr. Wollaston, that this was not a marine production; but a vegetable substance, produced in the mountain immediately above." Among the glaciers, yellow snow is sometimes found. Captain Scoresby observed snow of an orange-colour;—owing to the presence of minute animals.

What is called "the snow-line," is the region where congelation commences. As

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heated air ascends, how is it that the cold increases as we go up a mountain? The reason is, that the density of the air diminishes as we ascend; and, consequently, its heat is absorbed (becoming *latent*, as it is called); so that the temperature falls. Within the tropics, the snow-line is generally stationary; because the temperature there does not vary much; but, as we recede from the equator, the height of the snow-line is more variable;—becoming again stationary at the poles. Under the equator, this line is many thousand feet above the level of the sea. At forty degrees north latitude, its height is about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, in summer; but in winter it falls lower. At sixty degrees north latitude, the height of the summer snow-line is about three thousand seven hundred feet; but in winter it falls to the level of the sea. At the poles, it is supposed that the snow lies all the year round;—the weather changing but little. There are some modifying circumstances which influence the snow-line. Suppose a range of mountains, in the same latitude, with one end reaching to the sea. At this end the snow-line will be lower than at any other part; because this portion of the range, being near the sea, is invested, during a large portion of the year, with mists and fogs, which keep down the temperature; while, in the interior, the valleys become heated, and thus force up the snow-line to a greater height. This is the case with the Scandinavian mountains. In the range of the Pyrenees, the two ends are kept cool by the means just stated; and the snow-line is therefore higher in the middle;—so that it assumes a convex form. In a range of mountains in Switzerland, the snow-line on their *south* side (exposed to the sun) is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea; but on the *north* side, it is only three thousand six hundred feet.

GLACIERS.

The lower part of the snow-line, which we have just been describing, differs from the snow above; for the snow is partially melted in summer, and again frozen in winter;—forming what are called "glaciers." The glacial region is most extensive in temperate climates; for there the alternations of heat and cold are greatest. In Switzerland, this region is five or six miles broad. The principal glaciers occur in deep vallies; and their thickness varies from one hundred to two hundred feet. They are often situated on inclined planes; and, being pushed down by their own weight, frequently form crevices or chasms. Above Chamouni is a grand glacier, called "the sea of ice" *(la mer de glace)*. The surface of these glaciers is generally rough; so that they may be walked upon, though inclined. They are often opaque; from containing numerous cavities, like small cells. Some of these cells are shaped like a pear, and contain no air; while others are globular, and do contain air. Glacial ice has a *granular* structure (composed of grains); and the granules have sometimes a six-sided prismatic form. It is interesting to find this structure in solidified water; as it also exists in rocks, both Neptunian and Plutonian.

Extensive caves are sometimes found in glaciers; often communicating with each other. The chasms we before mentioned, are often very deep; and if concealed by a thin covering of snow, are very dangerous. A Mr. Asher fell down one of them, and was killed instantly;—his body being crushed in the narrowest part of the chasm. But others have been found, uninjured, on a projecting rock; or even suspended midway;—having been caught in the fall, and thus died a lingering death.

A moraine is a collection of great stones, at the lower part of glaciers. Moraines are now sometimes found where glaciers no longer exist; and, in some other instances, the existing moraines prove that the glaciers to which they belong formerly extended lower than they do now. Glaciers slide downward; so that masses of them are found below the snow-line. This sliding is owing to the heat of the earth melting the lower part of the glaciers. Some travellers have felt glaciers moving downward while they were walking on them. In one case, some of the party were lighting their pipes, when they observed all about them moving; with rents in the glacier closing, and others opening, with a frightful noise. But all was soon quiet. N. R.

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QUANTITY OF BLOOD IN THE HUMAN FRAME.

The following account of the quantity of blood in the human frame at the different stages of existence, is given by Dr. Valentin on the *Bulletin Général de Thérapeutique Médicale*:—In the male subject, the blood at birth weighs 0.73 of a kilogramme (the kilogramme is 2lb.); at one year, 2.29; at two years, 2.75; at three, 3.03; at four, 3.46; at five, 3.83; at six, 4.14; at seven, 4.62; at eight, 5.10; at nine, 5.52; at ten, 5.99; at eleven, 6.38; at twelve, 7.11; at thirteen, 8.10; at fourteen, 9.28; at fifteen, 10.64; at sixteen, 12.24; at seventeen, 13.16; at eighteen, 14.04; at nineteen, 14.52; at twenty, 14.90; at twenty-five, 15.66; at thirty, 15.80; at forty, 15.78; at fifty, 15.47; at sixty, 15.02; at seventy, 14.45; at eighty, 14.04.—In females, it is as follows: At birth, kilogramme, 0.59; at one year, 1.88; at two, 2.31; at three, 2.52; at four, 2.87; at five, 3.14; at six, 3.39; at seven, 3.74; at eight, 4.02; at nine, 4.55; at ten, 4.90; at eleven, 5.32; at twelve, 6.19; at thirteen, 7.03; at fourteen, 7.72; at fifteen, 8.37; at sixteen, 9.01; at seventeen, 9.95; at eighteen, 10.77; at twenty, 11.04; at twenty-five, 11.17; at thirty, 11.18; at forty, 11.49; at fifty, 11.85; at sixty, 11.50; at seventy, 10.89; at eighty, 10.45.

RAILROADS OF FRANCE, GERMANY, AND SPAIN.

FRANCE.

THE first railroad in France was a small one at Mount Cenis, constructed, in 1783, by Wilkinson, an Englishman, for the use of the foundries of Creusot. The St. Etienne and Andrezieux railroad extends from St. Etienne, which is the seat of extensive iron manufactures, and in the neighbourhood of rich coalmines, to Andrezieux on the Loire. It was commenced in 1825, and is the first railroad of any extent that has been constructed in France. The road consists of but one track of rails, and, with its branches, is about 12 miles and three-fifths in length. The rails are of the edge kind, formed of cast iron. The curves of the road are from 250 to 333⅓ feet radius. The cost was 74,095 francs a kilometre, which is equal to 3,280 feet 11 inches. The transportation upon it is effected by means of horses. The yearly transportation amounts to from 60,000 to 80,000 tons. This road is connected with the railroad from Roanne to Andrezieux.

Roanne and Andrezieux Railroad.—This enterprize completes the grand system of communication between the South and the North, from the basin of the Rhone to those of the Loire and of the Seine, and will remedy the great difficulties in the navigation of the Loire above Roanne. It was undertaken principally with the view of facilitating the transportation of coal from St. Etienne to the basins of the Loire and Seine, and will form a continuation of the railroad from the Loire to St. Etienne. At Roanne, the Loire becomes navigable both in the ascent and descent. This railroad has only one track; the rails are of wrought iron; the curves in the road have 666⅔ feet radius. It is estimated that the annual transportation upon the road would be from 160,000 to 180,000 tons. The cost was 50,746 francs (about 9,500 dollars) per kilometre.

Lyons and St. Etienne Railroad, extends from Lyons to St. Etienne, following the river Gier and the Rhone, thus connecting two of the principal manufacturing cities of France. It is a double-track railroad, and is 34 miles and four-fifths in length. The rails are of wrought iron, supported on stone: the curves of this road have at least 1,666 feet radius. The route is divided into three divisions. The first division extends from Lyons to Givors. The principal works on this division are, the bridge over the Saone, the deep cut at Pierre Bénite, the Passage of Vernaison, and the Tunnel of the Mulatiere. The second division extends from Givors to Rive de Gier. The Tunnel of Rive de Gier is 3,020 feet in length. The third division extends from Rive de Gier to St. Etienne. It is connected, by a branch-road, with the railroad from St. Etienne to the Loire. The tunnels upon this railroad are fourteen in number, and their aggregate length 13,123 feet. The shortest of these tunnels will contain two tracks, and will be 16 feet 4½ inches wide; the other will be only 10 feet in width, and will contain only one track. The cost of this road was 9,939,000 francs, (about 1,813,870*l.* sterling.) It was commenced in 1826, and finished in 1831. The annual transportation is estimated at 317,000 tons. Locomotive engines, manufactured by Seguin, are used upon this road, which are said to be superior in power to the similar English engines, and are much lighter and cheaper. The locomotives of Seguin cost 10,000 francs, (about 1,875*l.* sterling;) produce 400 kilogrammes of steam per hour, (about 882 pounds,) and weigh only 6,000 kilogrammes, (about 13,230 pounds.)

Paris and Versailles Railroad.—This was commenced in 1827. It extends from the road near the Hospital des Invalids, at Paris, to Versailles. It is intended only to convey travellers to the royal palace. The carriages contain six persons, drawn by one horse. Upon an average, 600 to 800 persons travel daily from Paris to Versailles.

Epinac Railroad.—A company has been formed for the purpose of constructing a railroad from Epinac to the canal of Burgogne. By this means the collieries of Epinac will be able to supply with coals Franche Comté, Burgogne, Champagne, and, generally, all the country traversed by a part of the Saone, the Canal Monsieur, the Canal of Burgogne, and the Yonna; and when the Canal of Burgogne is finished, they will be able to supply Paris with coals at a price much less than that of any now consumed there. A railroad is about to be constructed from Paris to Rouen, with branches to Havre and Dieppe, connecting the metropolis with a large manufacturing town. The cost of a railroad, with a double track, from Paris to Havre, is estimated at 118,000 francs (about 22,120*l.* sterling) per kilometre of 3,280 feet; and the annual transportation between these two cities is about 300,000 tons. It has also been determined to construct a railroad from Paris to Pontoise. Measures were adopted to effect this object in the latter part of the year 1831. Railroads have also been projected from Paris to Lyons, from Strasburg to Paris, and from Calais to Paris.

GERMANY: *Danube and Moldau Railway.*—The Danube and the Moldau have been connected by a railroad, extending from Munthausen, in Austria, to Budweis, in Bohemia. It is 75 miles in length, and has a single track. It is constructed of iron tracks, laid upon rails of wood, and cost 600,000*l.* sterling. This work was commenced in 1826. It produces to the proprietors an annual income of 10 per cent.: a single horse draws upon it a load of 10 tons. It has been determined by the governments of Hanover and Brunswick to construct a railroad, uniting the cities of Harbourg and Luneburg with Celle and Bruns-

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wick. The Chevalier Baader has proposed to unite the Danube and the Rhine by a railroad. The project of uniting these two rivers by a canal was first proposed by Charlemagne, and the project has lately been revived in Germany. The distance by a canal would be 78 geometrical leagues, and the cost would be 8,000,000 florins. Baader proposes to substitute a railroad, which would be only 32 geometrical leagues in length; by means of which, boats might be transported from Donawert to Markbreit on the Mein in 30 hours. The route proposed commences at Donawert, and proceeds along the left bank of the Wornitz, till it arrive opposite Hasbourg, situated on the right bank; thence, passing near Hopping, Schrattenhoff, Wornitz, Oettingen, Bellerhaus, and Diebach, it terminates at Markbreit, on the Mein.

Russia:—In Russia, railways have long been in use.

Spain.—A railroad from Jarez to Puerto de Santa Maria and San Lucar has been projected. The estimated cost is 40,000*l.*, and it is proposed to raise that sum in 4,000 shares, at 10*l.* each It is under the direct patronage of the King and Queen, the former having subscribed for 60 shares, and the latter for 40 shares. This list also contains the names of four grandees and two ministers. At present, all the sherry wine which is exported is carried at a great expense from Jarez to the place of shipment: it is to be hereafter transported on the railroad. If the undertaking prove successful, it will probably lead to the introduction of railroads in other districts, where they are equally wanted. Corn, in the interior of Spain, is almost valueless, from the cost and delay in transporting it to the coast. W. A.

REMARKABLE GIPSY PROPHECY.*

A Mrs. Farara (an Englishwoman) "accompanied her husband to Algiers, where the general impression was, that he was not always so kind to his gentle wife as he ought to have been; but alas! ere long, besides such secret grief, she had other and more poignant sorrows to endure. A son was born to her,—a lovely boy; so lovely, indeed, was he, that he excited the admiration of all who beheld him. He had just completed his second year, and was one evening at the open door of their house, held in the arms of a Christian slave, who was a hired servant of Signor Farara's (no Christian being permitted to have slaves of their own), looking at the passers-by, who failed not to pay some compliment, or express some kind wish, as they gazed on the beautiful child. At length came a *gitana* (a gipsy); she stopped, and looking earnestly at the boy, she said, 'It will be well for you if you pass your fourth year.' Scarcely had she said these words, when the slaves who held the child, and one or two other servants that were standing by him, drove the luckless creature from before them, and entering the house, closed the door. As may be supposed, the circumstance failed not to make considerable impression on their minds; and, in their indignation at the ill-omened predictor, they told the circumstance to the parents, who were so much affected at it, although poor Mrs. Farara said she tried to drive away the superstition as sinful, that they scarcely allowed their darling to leave their sight for an instant. This is not an imaginary tale; and however futile it may appear, I can only relate it as it was. The fair child continued to increase in beauty and intelligence, and his doting parents in their pride and joy in beholding him, although their hearts failed not to quail whenever the dire prediction shot across their anxious minds. Mrs. Farara constantly declined the invitations she received from the different consular families, although her doing so was the cause of much regret; so much was she esteemed and respected, especially by the lady of the American consul, between whom and Mrs. Farara there existed, of course, a more than common sympathy of habits and tastes, so that it was with no ordinary self-denial that she returned a refusal to the many friendly invitations from the American Garden; but one day the hospitable owner called upon Mrs. Farara, with a positive determination to make her and Signor Farara return with her. All excuses were negatived, her husband joined in expressing his desire that they should comply with the flattering invitation; therefore, after giving the most earnest and particular injunctions for every member of their household, to surround the beloved object of their solicitude with every caution and care, the anxious parents mounted their mules, and accompanied their kind hostess to the American Garden; but ere they had reached it, what were the poor mother's feelings of self-reproach and regret, when she recollected that this was the birth-day of her precious child; that this day completed his fourth year. Oh! why then had she been induced to leave him! the gipsy's prediction was not yet fulfilled, and surely will not be now, added she, as she strove to smile, in answer to some remark of one of her companions. Again, let me repeat, this is not an imaginary story, but one which I have often heard repeated by more than one witness of this sad, but alas! true event; and need I add, that the sorrowful impression with which I heard the circumstances related, has not ceased to keep alive in my recollection all the affecting details. So careful was every individual of the family in sympathizing with the strict orders of the absent parents, that they each strove who could best watch over the precious child; and the most confidential persons of the household, the two *scrivanos*, or clerks, had desired that the *Carissimo Piccolo* might play about the counting-house, that they might be enabled

* Broughton's Six Years' Residence in Algiers. [Saunders and Otley.]

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faithfully to fulfil their promise of watching over his safety. The playful boy scrambled up the back of their chairs, pinched their hair, then tried to snatch the paper they were writing upon from beneath their pens; their desks were placed parallel to each other; they ceased from writing and gazed, admiring his playfulness; instinctively they both took up their penknives to mend their quills, when, strange, awful fatality! the devoted child, in playful defiance, attacked one of them, who in return, pretended to stab him with his penknife; he turned to his other guardian, who as thoughtlessly did the same, and the blooming boy fell upon its blade,—it pierced his little heart.—The dire forebodings of the *gitana* were realized, and the disconsolate parents were for ever bereft of their only child."

Spirit of the Annuals.

The Oriental Annual for 1840. [Tilt.]

[This volume is perfectly Oriental, not only in its pleasing and romantic Tales, Legends, and Historical Romances, but also in the prodigality of its luxuriant Embellishments, from which it would be invidious to make a selection, where all alike are resplendent: the frontispiece is particularly attractive—a Portrait of the Emperor Akbur Shar II., from a drawing by a native, within a border, composed in pure Oriental taste—it is indeed a sparkling *morceau*. From among its pleasing literary treasures, we select the following account of

NEILGHERRIES.]

The Neilgherri mountains are within the province of Koimbatoor, in Southern India, a little below the country of Maisore. They extend east and west, and form a connecting link between the Eastern and Western Ghàts. Geographers would rank them in the second class of mountains, the altitude of their highest peak being something less than nine thousand feet.

Here, amid the raging heats of the tropics, scarcely twelve degrees north of the equator,

> The breezy Spring
> Stands loosely floating on the mountain-top,
> And deals her sweets around.

Hither, from the scorched and panting soil of the plains, from the smiting breath of pestilent junguls, the traveller may be transported, almost as speedily as the reader, to regions of perpetual vernal freshness and health. And here the wandering European meets a thousand fairy friends in the "langsyne" flowers which crowd upon his path. The violet, the primrose, the buttercup, and wild anemone, with countless varieties of the orchis tribe, throng every bank; the wild thyme, and the tall feathering fern, clothe the steep mountain side; while here the dog-rose, there the flowering woodbine, come peering through the clustered shrubs, to seek the genial sunshine. The woods are carpeted with familiar mosses and lichens, in endless variety of tints, down to the very edge of the prattling streamlet, which, dashing through the downward glen, gathers a thousand springs in its devious chase, until it plunges, a gushing torrent of foam, over some hanging precipice. Now, intercepted in its giddy flight by a projecting rock, the broad volume is scattered into many broken channels, and creeps away through the sheltering underwoods; now, in numberless cataracts, it once more leaps a jutting cliff, and mingles all its waters in a foaming pool. How unlike India! In all of these, in every light, in every shadow, a host of airy tongues whisper the names of places and of people which all dissolve into that one word, Home. Yet soon the vision fades, as the eye follows the course of the swelling stream. Away it glides in a soft murmuring current, more broad, more smooth, more slow, through darkening shores, through sultry forests, and the desert wild, down to the basking plains. But a hasty glance, a hasty thought, of perils past and miseries escaped, refills the measure of delight, and the imagination weaves once more the happier picture of "sweet home," from "the large aggregate of little things" which crowd upon the memory, and speak of bygone times.

Whence came these pleasant scenes? is the natural question of the admiring traveller; and if a well-informed Koimbatoori be within earshot, he will be answered—"From the moon." Yes, verily, from the moon! says the legend current among the Hindoos of Koimbatoor; for the god Ram, being in pursuit of his enemy Ravana, who, it is well known, had forcibly carried off the divine goddess Sita, sped through the vaulted heavens, having his sword drawn, ready to deal the death-blow of revenge. In the forgetfulness of his direful wrath, lo! by an incautious wave of his mighty weapon, he struck the moon with the point thereof, and severed from the face of that beauteous globe a chain of verdant mountains, which immediately fell to the earth, in the province of Koimbatoor, and united the Eastern and Western Ghàts. Hence came the Chandaghirri, [Mountains of the Moon,] a name which was subsequently changed by the auspicious Ram to Neilgherri, [Blue Mountains,] because he could not endure to be reminded of his awkward mischance. If the hearer be incredulous, the ingenious Koimbatoori will speedily apply an argument for the subversion of his scepticism, which he believes to be incontrovertible:—Let him look upon the moon when three or four days old, and he will see, upon her unequal disk, the very spot from which the Neilgherries were cut off. The horns are seen to project beyond the unillumined portion of the sphere, exhibiting what the English peasant calls "the old moon in the new moon's arms," and this imperfect part of the circumference is that whence came the Neilgherries. If the philosopher endeavour to explain the optical illusion, the Koimbatoori listens politely to the end of his exposition, and then tells him that his argument must go for nothing, since he himself must have been convinced, even

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though unconverted, by the more simple and comprehensible tale of Ram and Ravana.

The Neilgherries are inhabited by three distinct races, who call themselves aborigines; the Kotas, the Burgas, and the Thodas. These several tribes hold themselves entirely apart, the one from the other, except as the Burgas are tenants of the Thodas, in whom is the right of soil. They appear to emulate dissimilitude in all things, although apparently free from jealousy or aversion. Their abodes, their laws, their language, their religion, (if a faint notion of a Supreme Power may be so called,) their habits and pursuits, their costume, their very persons, are almost as dissimilar as it would be possible to make them. The Kotas, forming about a tenth part of the whole population, are a wretched, insignificant, degraded race; unsightly in person, whose intellect can scarcely be said to amount to anything more than instinct, and who are governed by few laws except those of the brute creation.

The Burgas are the most numerous class, are somewhat more personable, and apparently more cleanly, though it is questionable if they be much more civilized than the Kotas. They are the cultivators of the soil, and are a very industrious race, notwithstanding they are said to have sprung originally from the inert Hindoos. In person they are diminutive, but active; the countenance is far from intelligent, though mild, and the complexion is fair. Both sexes would be vastly more engaging if they could be taught the luxury of cleanliness; but, alas! like the *paharris* of the Himálas, they are said to wash but once in seven years. The costume of the women, though very original, also appears susceptible of improvement, inasmuch as discomfort and unsightliness would seem to have been the desiderata of the invention. It consists of a peculiar style of petticoat—to call it rude, to call it uncouth, barbarous, would give no adequate notion of its incongruous discomfort and unsightliness—made of the very crudest description of coarse hempen-cloath, in the fashion of an elongated sack, but open at bottom. Being tied by a running string immediately under the arms, it descends to the ancles, leaving the neck, shoulders, and arms, bare; and again it is confined at the knees, in the same manner, by a second string; so that it is impossible for the wearer to take an extended step, the extreme inconvenience of which, in a mountainous country, may be readily conceived.

The villages of the Burgas are as singular, and, apparently, as comfortable, as the apparel of the females. They are built upon the hill-side, so as to form three faces of a square, with the open side towards the valley; the whole range being divided into cots, the dimensions whereof must certainly require that the inmates, considering their usual numbers, should be stowed away in layers reaching to the roof. What the arrangement may really be, I am unable to declare, but, certain it is, that in the evening, when all have returned home, however full the huts may seem to be of chattering men, the common square is filled with scolding women, and naked screaming children. Yet at night all have retired within their narrow domiciles, and nothing would indicate the presence of so great a multitude, save a loud yet stifled noise, which might be taken for the hard breathing of the gigantic Ram, suffering under the oppression of an elephantine night-mare.

The Thodas are in every respect superior to their fellow-mountaineers, the Kotas and Burgas, partaking more of the character of highlanders, being equal in stature to Europeans, nearly as muscular, enjoying hardy constitutions, excellent intelligence, and having withal regular, handsome, Roman features, with fine clear brown complexions, and full beards. Their deportment is remarkably frank and easy, their dispositions generous, and their manners altogether peculiarly agreeable to Europeans, because free from the fulsome cycophancy of the Hindoos. Their costume somewhat resembles the Roman toga, and consists of one piece of cotton cloth wound round the body, leaving the right arm at liberty, and thrown over the left shoulder. Indeed, altogether there is a striking resemblance to the ancient Romans about these singular people; quite sufficient, certainly, to encourage the research of the curious. True it is that they believe themselves to be aboriginal inhabitants of these mountains; but they have no history of their forefathers, no sort of records, no remnants even of tradition, and scarcely any religion, except a few vague notions which have evidently been borrowed from the Hindoos. They possess no knowledge of writing, and their language is said to have no affinity, either in root or inflection, to any other Oriental tongue. When, to all these circumstances, we add that, in several parts of Southern India, Roman* and Byzantine coins, and other relics, have been discovered, I cannot but think that their Roman origin may be fairly suspected; at all events, the speculation must be well worthy of scientific investigation.

These Thodas are a pastoral people, subsisting entirely upon the produce of their buffaloes, which they keep in immense herds, migrating from place to place for the sake of pasture. Their villages are usually built in an open glade, sheltered above on two sides by a hanging wood, and the spots appear always to be selected with an eye to the beauties of the scenery. The huts are curious, being built of small bows of trees, interlaced in a form like the tilt of an English wagon, and then thatched; the walls being woven

* In A D. 1800, a Roman urn was discovered below the foundation of an ancient building at Palasi, in Koimbatoor, containing a great many coins of Augustus and Tiberius, which are, I believe, now in the possession of the East India Company. This is one instance only among many such discoveries.

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with twigs and plastered with mud. For the sake of warmth, the doors to these cabins are made so small, that it is difficult to imagine how the sturdy highlanders, even on their hands and knees, can creep into them. One large hut of this kind in the centre of the village serves the double purpose of a general dairy and a temple of worship. The Thoda women are comely in countenance, and of a graceful figure. During the season of emigration, they visit Ootakamund, and other European settlements, and perambulate the place with mountain fruits for sale. They are most amusingly inquisitive, and require little encouragement for the gratification of their curiosity. Among them, as indeed is the case in all the mountainous countries of India, polygamy prevails, without any appearance of jealousy or disunion. Whether this singular fact be referable to any disparity in the numbers of the respective sexes among the mountaineers of India I am unable to say; but surely it cannot be attributable, as other travellers have suggested, to peculiarity of climate, or physical constitution? This, too, I leave for the decision of the more learned.

The most favoured spot for an artist to dwell on, is the Koonoor pass, near the second mile-stone, having Hulli-kul-Droog upon the right, and, in the distance, the plains of Koimbatoor, through which the diminishing stream of the second Bhowani winds like a silver thread. The rugged steeps of Hulli-kul-Droog,—here assuming every diversity of fantastic configuration of which wood and rock are susceptible, there spreading soft undulating pastures to the sunshine,—sweep down to the boiling torrent and thundering cataracts of Koonoor. Upon its lofty summit is a little fort, enjoying a grand command over all the surrounding country This was built by Hyder Ali, and was used by him, and subsequently by his son Tippoo, as a place of confinement for state-prisoners. As a military work it is unimportant; for, though almost inaccessible to troops, it defends nothing, nor could a garrison stationed therein be available for any service, except the defence of the fort itself. It has long since been abandoned to the birds and beasts of the forest, and it could hardly be better appropriated.

The soil of the Neilgherries is naturally productive, and is susceptible of the highest cultivation; especially in the lowlands, where the Burgas raise luxuriant crops, without more labour than is necessary just to scratch up the surface, so as to cover the seed; neither tilling nor dressing is bestowed upon the land, yet the harvest is plentiful; and neither frost nor snow, nor deluge, nor drought, are known to come unseasonably, to interfere with the regular operations of the husbandman. Wheat, barley, oats, small pulse, and potatoes, have been grown with abundant success in the neighbourhood of Ootakamund, an invalid depôt, which was established a few years since by the British Government; and despite the earnest assurances of the Burgas, that the sacred mountains would return no produce to any but the devout worshippers of the divine Ram, it has been discovered that the presiding genius is, in truth, unusually bountiful in repaying the toil of European cultivators.

NAZARETH.

In our way we crossed Mount Tabor, where experience taught us what shall be the blessedness of the promise—"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land." Isaiah, lx., 18. We had reached the foot rather late in the day. Fearing, therefore, that we might lose the magnificent view from the summit if we did not use all speed, we did not go round by the regular path, but pressed up through bushes and rocks with great difficulty to the top. We had time to see where Christ, hid from the eyes of all others, is believed to have been transfigured before his three disciples, and to look down on the vast and splendid plain of Esdraelon, where the foes of Israel and of God are yet to be gathered to the slaughter. But sunset forced us to hasten down without making the circuit of the hill. At the foot, on the other side, we came upon a company of villagers, who were watching their heaps of corn; and from them we learned, that simply in consequence of our taking a trackless path and then hastening down, we had escaped a band of Arabs, who were lurking on the hill, and had plundered and killed several persons the day before. On reaching the village Deberah, where our baggage was, we found our servants, who had gone before us, despairing of our safety. But He that keepeth Israel preserved us, and put a song of praise into our lips. We felt a little of the force of Psalm xxvii. 5, when safe at rest again in our tent praising the Lord. Next day a similar peril and deliverance awaited us. We reached Nazareth early, and having surveyed the city where the Redeemer lived, "as a root out of dry ground," proceeded onwards by Sephoris. —*Missionary Record.*

TRUTH.

Adhere always rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unreasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effects by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructer must first become a mild and affectionate friend.

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TOM ALLEN.

We feel assured there needs no apology for thus introducing the portrait and memoir of a brave, faithful, yet humble, British Tar; one who found a firm friend, and an "archetype, in the gentle and daring heart; in the patriotism, disinterested and sublime; in the valour that was ever merciful; in the ambition that was never base; in all the memories of devoted life and heroic death, which, age after age, shall render not less holy than unfading the laurel and the cypress upon the tomb of NELSON!"

Tom Allen was born at Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, in 1764, and from his earliest years was in the service of Lord Nelson's family. His attachment to the person of the immortal hero, and no very great desire of naval fame, induced him to consent to go to sea with Captain Nelson when he commissioned the Agamemnon. Tom, who was then nineteen years of age, could be considered only as a raw country lad; this, added to his strong Norfolk dialect, which he never lost, did not tend to make him be considered a very important personage in his master's retinue. The salt water, however, soon gave him a polish, and his faithful services did not long remain unnoticed or unrewarded. In the course of time he became more and more useful to his master, and at length was considered his very trusty servant; in fact, he was for a time looked upon as a part and parcel of his master, and, on shore or on board, was a constant appendage. As a matter of course, Tom followed his master into the Captain, Minerve, (in which ship Nelson temporarily hoisted his broad pendant,) and Theseus, successively, until the sad affair at Teneriffe. Tom was not on shore on that occasion, but was present at the amputation of the arm, which he often very feelingly described. He came to England with his master in the Seahorse, and after a few months returned with him to the Mediterranean. Nelson's command, persevering chase, and consequent destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir, in which he participated, formed the period of Tom's greatest elevation; but he was also with Lord Nelson, in the Elephant,

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at Copenhagen. In action, he was generally stationed at one of the upper-deck guns, and in course of time became as well used to fighting as it was necessary Nelson's followers should be. Although from certain little expressions which occasionally dropped from him, it is evident that the proverb, "no man is a hero to his valet," was in a great measure exemplified in this instance, yet it was impossible that any one could be about Nelson without being inspired with esteem and reverence, as was really the case with Tom. Speaking of the action of the 14th of February, Tom delighted to tell of the deeds of his master; nor would he, when closely pushed, deny that he fought at his side when boarding the San Nicholas. At the battle of the Nile, he stated that it was his master's intention to have dressed himself in full uniform previously to his going into action; but that, with the freedom and by the influence possessed by an old servant, he induced his master to forego his intention. As this was a night action it would not have so much signified, but it was an impression on the old man's mind, that it was in consequence of the dress worn by Nelson at Trafalgar, he was killed; and he often said, that, had he been his servant at that time, he would have prevented his master from putting on the coat he wore. It is pretty clearly known now that it was a chance bullet, and not one especially aimed at Nelson, which gave him his death-wound. The smoke, which obscured every object at the distance of fifteen or sixteen yards, it is generally supposed, precluded the possibility of any man's selecting Nelson in particular; and, therefore, we may fairly conjecture that poor Tom's best intention, even had he succeeded in it, would have been frustrated by the hand of Providence, who ordained the most glorious death for his master, and the one which, if he had been allowed a choice, he would to a certainty have chosen. He fell in the arms of victory, the greatest in its consequences, and most decisive in itself, upon record.

It is supposed that Tom, like most other fallible mortals, became *too useful* to his master; certain it is that his master and he quarrelled, and, in consequence, ceased to sail together. Such was Tom's integrity and devotion to his master, that the really unlimited reliance of the Hero on his zealously-attached follower, was quite proverbial. Tom had the custody of his keys, plate, jewels, every thing—even his person was, in a great degree, in Tom's custody; for, on all visits ashore, or when ill from wounds, Tom slept near his master: and when, from the latter cause, as was sometimes the case, Nelson had not strength of voice sufficient to awaken his "*wally de sham*," a string was affixed to Tom's shirt collar for that purpose.

When Lord Nelson quitted Merton to sail for Cadiz, on board the Victory, in September, 1805, Tom was left at Merton, with orders to join his master as soon as possible; which, unhappily, was impracticable, the last ship having sailed before his arrival at Portsmouth: this was poor Tom's great misfortune, and a frequent subject of unavailing regret.

From 1805 to 1831, he was left to his own resources, and, after many vicissitudes, was so reduced, that he had "not a shot in his locker," and would possibly been obliged to have become an inmate of the poor-house, had his case not been represented to Sir Thomas Hardy, then a Lord of the Admiralty, by a very benevolent gentleman, P. N. Scott, Esq., of Norwich; and Tom Allen was received as a pensioner of Greenwich Hospital, in 1831. Here, by the help of a small situation, and occasional lifts from his old shipmates, he managed to rub along and keep his wife tolerably comfortable; but, on the 18th of June, 1837, Tom was appointed by his good friend, Sir Thomas Hardy, (who in the mean time had been appointed Governor of the Hospital,) to the situation of scullery*man*, with a salary of 65*l.* per annum, and apartments, &c. This he continued to hold till his death, which took place on the 24th of November, 1838. His death was supposed to have been caused by ossification of the heart, and he died, after only two or three hours' illness, without pain. Though we may regret the departure of the good-natured honest Tom Allen; as men, as Christians, we cannot but rejoice that his battles are all fought, and, like poor Tom Bowling,

> "Although his body's under hatches,
> His soul is gone aloft."

The Governor did not suffer his kind remembrance of his old shipmate to pass away unrecorded; for, in the Hospital cemetery, where poor Tom lies, he ordered a neat tablet to be placed, with a suitable inscription.

Allen is said to have furnished the anecdotes of Capt. Chamier's "Ben Brace;" and to have betrayed some indignation when he understood he had made his appearance in the world under any name but his own; but, in fact, a very different character was there ingrafted on some events of his life. He was a mixture of honest hardihood, untutored simplicity, pardonable vanity, and nautical prejudice—a fine example of the British tar. Tom deserved well of his country; for, besides being the faithful "*wally de sham*," as he styled himself, of her noblest hero, he wore away the vigour of his arm in her defence, (to use his own words,) "*in fourteen skrimmages*, and *fifteen reg'lar engagements*," being wounded three several times, once most severely; but, as Tom often said, "Thanks be to God! his 'precious eyes and limbs' were spared."

The poor old dame, *his widow*, being left destitute at his death, a subscription was made in her behalf; and, it is confidently hoped, that the relict of the last of the "Agamemnons" will not be allowed to finish her earthly career in penury and want. Many friends in Norwich have agreed to receive subscriptions, as also Lieut. W. Rivers, R. N., at the Royal Hospital, Greenwich.

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The Public Journals.

Magazine of Domestic Economy, No 53. [Orr and Co.]

[This favourite and truly useful periodical increases in the variety and interest of its subjects: the above number has a momentous paper on "The Pursuits of Youth;" and also several others of importance to housewives, relative to Domestic Matters. We have marked for selection a treatise that will impart comfort to our male friends, as it will enable them to *come over* their troublesome friend—the Beard—with greater facility. The following are the directions—]

On Shaving.

There is one mode better than another—a right way and a wrong for performing every operation in life—but the difficulty is to hit upon the proper one. Our comfort depends in a great measure upon this, and the object and intention of our Magazine being to afford the best information we can, connected with our domestic economy, we have endeavoured to touch upon every subject connected therewith.

To many the operation of shaving is an unpleasant and even a painful operation: but it may be rendered far less so, and even agreeable, as conducive to cleanliness, when performed daily, by adopting the best mode for effecting it. Presuming, therefore, that the face is washed before shaving, so as to remove any dust from the beard, by which the operation is greatly facilitated, that a lather is made of good, strong-bodied soap, we shall proceed to give some directions for the use of the razor.

The proper method of using a razor can be acquired only by practice; but a little previous consideration of a few particulars will facilitate the acquisition of it. Before the razor is applied to the face, that part of the skin, the hair of which is to be shaved first, should be stretched tightly by the fingers of the left hand. This fixes the hair, and prevents it from so easily escaping the edge of the instrument. When this is done, the razor should be applied to the skin in a flat position, and with a very small degree of pressure. The direction which it will then assume, will be such as to enable it to attack the hair at the root, and most quickly to produce the desired effect. Indeed, it is impossible to remove the beard completely, without adopting either this method, or a very bad one which we shall next mention. For if the razor is not pressed in some degree on the skin, the hair will bend down before its edge, and the operation may be repeated, with little effect on the beard, till the skin is completely fretted.

Another method of applying a razor is to raise the back of the razor, in a small degree, from the skin, and, *in this manner*, enable it to attack the hair at the root. That it will do so in this direction is admitted; but a little consideration will enable any one to perceive that the stroke of the razor (and this is of some consequence) will be much shorter, that the difficulty of the operation, and the injury which the edge of the instrument receives will be much greater, and the skin much more fretted by this method of shaving than by that which we have before recommended. That the method alluded to cannot, on account of the nature of the surface, be adopted in all parts of the operation, is true; but it is true also, that, where it can be adopted, experience has fully assigned to it the advantages we have enumerated. The reader will recollect that, when the hair is removed from the lower part of his cheek, the sensation is less unpleasant than when it is removed from the upper lip, for example; and a little reflection on its cause will convince him of the propriety of adopting the method we recommend (and which is practised by most of those persons who gain their livelihood by shaving), wherever it can be adopted. In one case, the razor acts on the principle which we have endeavoured to establish; in the other, on that which appears to us a bad one.

We next proceed to point out another defect in the management of a razor, which is very general, and which very much diminishes the power of the instrument. This is the custom of directing the edge in a straight line towards that part of the beard on which it is intended to operate, instead of drawing it obliquely down during the time of its being pushed forwards. The consequence of this method is, that one part only of the edge is brought to bear on the object; whereas, the principle on which the instrument is formed is that of cutting, not by the direct application of weight or force, but by the quick succession of its teeth in the same direction, and over the same part of the substance. In connexion, however, with this subject, we must detain the reader a little longer to point out the method of strapping. If, indeed, it was right to expect a razor to cut by the direct application of its edge to the object, and not by the quick succession of its points on the same substance, the method of drawing the razor straightly from one end of the strap to the other (a rule laid down by those who have but little knowledge of the art, and practised with submissive thoughtlessness by a considerable part of the public), would be, theoretically and practically, the best. If, too, it was in general practicable to direct the razor upwards during the operation of shaving, the general practice of drawing it across the strap, from the shoulder to the point, would consequently be well founded. Indeed, we think that those who are the firm defenders of this mode of strapping a razor, should avow themselves the determined champions of the corresponding method of using it. But if, from a consideration of the nature of the instrument, and the principle of its operation, our readers are convinced that its power of cutting is increased by the quick succession of its teeth on the same substance, and by their meeting it instead of attacking it sideways, they will perceive likewise, that, when they are formed downwards, and when the instru-

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ment itself is drawn down obliquely during the time of its being pushed forward, these points or teeth will, most easily and most advantageously, be brought to bear on the object; and, of course, that directing the razor obliquely across the strap, from the point to the shoulder, is the proper method of strapping it.

When the operation of shaving is finished, the instrument should be wiped dry and strapped a little, that no rust may be formed on its edge. In any other part of its surface, a little rust will affect only its appearance; in this it will considerably lessen its power of cutting.

In washing the face after shaving, cold water, as contributing most to strengthen the skin, is most proper.

When a razor requires setting, the following is the most approved mode.

The first thing that should be done is to prepare the hone by wiping it clean; and the second is to spread a few drops of pure oil on it, or on that part of it which is to be used. Of these two most necessary operations the objects are to prevent any particles of dirt, or other substance, from remaining on the hone, and impeding its full and equal effect; and also, to render the edge produced by it as fine and smooth as possible. When the operator has proceeded thus far, let him place his thumb and forefinger, sideways, on that part of the tang of the razor at which the handle terminates, so as to have a firm hold of the razor and its handle. Let him then lay one side of the razor flat across the hone, and so that the shoulder of the razor (which adjoins the tang) may touch the nearest part of it. Having gained this position, he may begin to draw the razor towards him, in a manner somewhat circular, and with a moderate degree of pressure, till he arrives at the very point of it. When this has been done on one side, the razor should be turned, and the same operation take place on the other side of it. In this manner he may proceed till the hone has produced the desired effect. This effect will be evident from the wiry appearance which the edge of the razor assumes when sufficiently honed; and, till this wire is produced from one end of the razor to the other, the operation is not complete. When from the appearance of the wire, he is convinced that the edge is worn to a sufficient degree of thinness, let him draw each side of the razor alternately across the hone, from the shoulder to the point, in order to unite all the parts of the edge, and produce a perfect regularity and smoothness. When this is done, the whole business is, in general, performed, and the wondrous difficulty vanishes.

In the whole of this operation, the most important circumstances to be attended to, are to begin at the shoulder of the razor, and proceed regularly to the point; to keep it quite flat, not raising the back in any degree; to press with as much force (and, with a good hone, very little is necessary) on one part of the edge as on the other; to observe that the wire is produced throughout the whole extent; and to remove all irregularities, and cause a perfect equality of keenness, from one end to the other, by drawing it along, in the finishing strokes, in the manner we have recommended. The wire will frequently, when the razor requires much honing, separate from the edge, and remain on the hone. This must, of course, be allowed for.

When the edge of a razor that requires setting is in the usual state, that is, when it is free from notches, and has merely become thick in consequence of the use of the razor-strap, it will be found that very little honing is necessary to bring it to a proper condition. In this state razors generally are when they require setting; and, indeed, they are never otherwise, unless they are treated with shameful carelessness. When the edge has notches in it, though so small as to be scarcely perceptible, the operation requires, of course, more time and more attention. Still, however, a good hone is fully sufficient for the purpose. But when these notches are large, it is better that the cutler should have recourse to grinding.

The common methods of setting razors, are, in several respects, defective. In the first place it is usual to begin honing at the point, instead of the heel of the razor. When this is not the case, the operator generally begins at that part of the edge (its middle, for instance) which is most dull, and which, therefore, in his opinion, requires most honing. The first method is a wrong one, because it is impossible in this manner to set a razor so regularly as in the way we have recommended The second is much more wrong, because its sure consequences are the utmost keenness in one part, and a total want of it in another. In this manner, however, do the setters of razors, professionally or otherwise, frequently operate; and hence it may be truly said, that so far from being able to answer for the perfection of the instruments which they sell, a great part of the dealers in this article are not even capable of communicating to a well-wrought razor that exquisite degree of keenness which experience and skill have power to bestow.

We have recommended our readers to lay their razors flat on the hone, when they are going to set them; and have asserted that, in this manner the operation should, in general, be performed. We know of but two exceptions to this general rule. These exceptions take place, first, when the razor (properly formed) is intended for a beard of unusual strength; and secondly, when (though not intended for a very stiff beard) its breadth is too great, or its back too thin, to admit of its edge receiving, by flat setting, a sufficient degree of firmness for the purpose. In these cases, the back must be raised a little during the finishing of the operation, in order that the strength of the edge may be proportioned to the degree of resistance it will meet with. In our opinion, such cases are comparatively rare.

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However, when they do occur, great attention and a steady hand are requisite.

Many persons imagine that frost injures razors, and for this reason keep them in a sitting or bed-room, where the temperature is even. This is a simple expedient, and easily adopted by such as entertain the opinion. The razor should, at all events, be moderately warmed, by dipping in hot, not boiling, water, before shaving.

New Books.

The Sea Captain; or the Birthright. A Drama, in five Acts. By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. [Saunders and Otley.]

[In the preface to this play, the author states, that, "as in the *Lady of Lyons* an attempt was made to illustrate the republican soldier of the Italian campaign, so in this play the author has sought to delineate a character not less especially English, viz., the early, and, if I may so speak, the aboriginal, Sea Captain, with the same gay and prodigal contempt of the common-place objects which landsmen covet and scheme for, that is still popularly attributed to his brethren, but with something also of the adventurous romance and poetic fancy with which the lingering chivalry of the Old World, and the first glimpses of the New, inspired the wild and gallant contempories of Walter Raleigh." From these materials the author has created *Norman*, the hero of the play, a brave and daring sea-captain, who has been kept ignorant of his parents, having been brought up by an old priest, and carried to sea by pirates: he returns; becomes acquainted with the secrets of his history; is recognised by his mother, and marries Violet, a young lady, whom, with her father, he rescues from the pirates. The "Sea Captain" is not a piece of much originality. The most prominent character is Lady Arundel, (the mother of Norman,) and the most inefficient, that of Sir Maurice, an inconceivable compound of miserable twaddle and horrid villainy, the most unnatural personification ever conceived; at one moment a bloody determined wretch, at another a funny old man. The scene is laid on the coast of Devonshire; and the time, near the end of Elizabeth's reign.

The following soliloquy by Lady Arundel, is finely given.]

It is the day—now five-and twenty years
Elapsed—the anniversal day of woe!
O Sun, thou art the all-piercing eye of heaven,
And to thy gaze my heart's dark caves lie bare
With their unnatural secret.—Silence, Conscience!
Have I not rank—power—wealth—unstain'd repute?
So will I wrap my ermine round the past.

[Violet's invocation comes sweetly to the ear.]

O for some fairy talisman to conjure
Up to these longing eyes the form they pine for!
And yet is love there's so such word as absence!
The loved one, like our guardian spirit, walks
Beside us ever,—shines upon the beam—
Perfumes the flower—and sighs in every breeze!
Its presence gave such beauty to the world,
That all things beautiful its likeness are;
And ought in sound most sweet, to sighs most fair,
Breathes with its voice, or like its aspect smiles.

[The scene (à la Othello,) where *Norman* relates his early misfortunes is truly poetical.]

Lady Arundel. You jest merrily
At your misfortunes!
Nor. 'Tis the way with sailors;
Still in extremes. I can be sad sometimes.
Lady Arun. Your wanderings have been long: your sight will bless
Your parents?
Nor. Ah! I never knew that word.
Lady Arun. Your voice has sorrow in its calm. If I
In aught could serve you, trust me!
Violet. Trust her, Norman.
Methinks in the sad tale of thy young years
There's that which makes a friend, wherever Pity
Lives, in the heart of woman.
Nor. (*to Lady Arun.*) Gentle lady,
The key of some charm d music in your voice
Unlocks a long-closed chamber in my soul;
And would you listen to an outcast's tale,
'Tis briefly told. Until my fourteenth year,
Beneath the roof of an old village priest,
Nor far from hence, my childhood wore away.
Then waked within me anxious thoughts and deep.
Throughout the liberal and melodious nature
Something seem'd absent—what, I scarcely knew—
Till one calm night, when over earth and wave
Heaven look'd its love from all it's numberless stars—
Watchful yet breathless—suddenly the sense
Of my sweet want swell'd in me, and *I* ask'd
The priest, *why I was motherless!*
Lady Arun. And he?
Nor. Wept as he answered, "I was nobly born!"
Lady Arun. (*aside*)—The traitor!
Nor. And that time would bring the hour,
As yet denied, when from a dismal past
Would dawn a luminous future. As he spake
There gleamed across my soul a dim remembrance
Of a pale face in infancy beheld—
A shadowy face, but from whose lips there breathed
The words that none but mother's murmur!
Lady Arun. Oh,
My heart, be still!
Nor. 'Twas at that time there came
Into our hamlet a rude, jovial seaman,
With the frank mein boy's welcome, and wild tales
Of the far Indian lands, from which mine ear
Drank envious wonder. Brief—his legends fired me,
And from the deep, whose billows wash'd the shore
On which our casements look'd, I heard a voice
That woo'd me to its bosom: Raleigh's fame,
The New World's marvels, then made old men heroes,
And young men dreamers! So I left my home
With that wild seaman.
Lady Arun. Ere you left, the priest
Said nought to make less dark your lineage?
Nor. No!
Nor did he chide my ardour. "Go," he said;
"Win for thyself a name that pride may envy,
And pride, which is thy foe, will own thee yet!"
Lady Arun. I breathe more freely!
Nor. Can you heed thus gently
The stranger's tale? Your colour comes and goes.
Lady Arun. Your story moves me much: pray you resume.
Nor. The villain whom I trusted, when we reached
The bark he ruled, cast me to chains and darkness,
And so to sea. At length, no land in sight,
His crew, dark swarthy men—the refuse crimes
Of many lands—(for he, it seems, a pirate)—
Called me on deck—struck off my fetters: "Boy,"
He said, and grimly smiled; "not mine the wrong;
Thy chains are forged from gold, the gold of those
Who gave thee birth!"
Lady Arun. A lie! a hideous lie!
Be sure a lie!
Nor. I answer'd so, and wrenched
From his own hand the blade it bore, and struck
The slanderer to my feet. With that a shout,
A hundred knives gleam'd round me; but the pirate,
Wiping the gore from his gash'd brow, cried "Hold;
Such death were mercy."—Then they grip'd and bound me.

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To a slight plank: spread to the wind their sails;
And left me on the waves alone with God!
Violet. (*taking his hand*)—My heart melts in my eyes:—and He preserved thee!
Nor. That day, and all that night, upon the seas
Toss'd the frail barrier between life and death.
Heaven lull'd the gales; and when the stars came forth,
All look'd so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recall'd that wretch's words, and murmur'd, "Wave
And wind are kinder than a parent." Lady,
Dost *thou* weep also?
Lady Arun. Do I? Nay, go on!
Nor.—Day dawn'd, and, glittering in the sun, behold
A sail—a flag!
Violet. Well, well.
Nor. It pass'd away,
And saw me not. Noon, and then thirst and famine;
And, with parch'd lips, I call'd on death, and sought
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnaw'd
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep;
And then, methought I saw, beneath the clear
And crystal lymph, a dark, swift-moving thing,
With watchful glassy eyes,—the ocean-monster
That follows ships for prey. Then life once more
Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent gaze,
And lifted hair, I floated on, till sense
Grew dim and dimlier, and a terrible sleep—
In which still—still—those livid eyes met mine—
Fell on me, and—
Violet. Go on!
Nor. I woke, and heard
My native tongue. Kind looks were bent upon me:
I lay on deck—escaped the ghastly death;
For God had watched the sleeper!

(*To be continued.*)

Love. A Play, in five Acts, by Sheridan Knowles. [Moxon.]

[Such is the monosyllabic title of the new drama, composed by Mr. Knowles, for the most part, on the pleasant borders of beautiful Loch Ard. Its design is chiefly to exhibit the mighty struggle between love and pride in the breast of a high and haughty dame, who has conceived a secret passion for a low-born serf. This violent contest of feelings is admirably represented; pride, at first, is fiery and predominant, then love breaks out in accidental instances, and, step by step, develops itself, till the two passions appear openly striving together for the mastery, until love becomes absolute triumpher. The two last scenes have not, we think, the energy of the preceding, but it is nevertheless thickly sown throughout with beautiful passages, and stored, like a honey-comb, with sweets: with sedulous hand, therefore, we have selected for our readers the most choice of its sugared morsels.]

Secrecy.

Hush! secrets should be dumb to very walls!
A chink may change a nation's destinies,
And where are walls without one—that have doors?
Voice hath a giant's might, not a dwarf's bulk!
It passeth where a tiny fly must stop;
Conspiracy that does not lock it out
Fastens the door in vain. Let's talk in whispers,
And then, with mouth to ear.

Love's Growth.

No telling how love thrives! to what it comes!
Whence grows! 'Tis e'en of as mysterious root,
As the pine, that makes its lodging of the rock,
Yet there it lives, a huge tree flourishing,
Where you would think a blade of grass would die!
What is love's poison, if it be not hate?
Yet in that poison, oft is found love's food.
Frowns that are clouds to us, are sun to him!
He finds a music in a scornful tongue,
That melts him more than softest melody—
Passion perverting all things to its mood,
And, spite of nature, matching opposites!

Love the Unequalizer.

A hind, his hero, won the lady's love—
Wedlock joins nothing, if it join not hearts.
Marriage was never meant for coats of arms.
Heraldry flourishes on metal, silk,
Or wood. Examine as you will the blood,
No painting on't is there!—as red, as warm,
The peasant's as the noble's!

Genuine Love.

O, to be cherish'd for oneself alone!
To owe the love that cleaves to us to nought
Which *fortune's* summer—winter—gives or takes!
To know that while we wear the heart and mind,
Feature and form, high heaven endow'd us with,
Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,
We shall be loved. Kings, from their thrones cast down,
Have blessed their fate, that they were valued for
Themselves, and not their stations, when some knee
That hardly bowed to them in plenitude,
Has kissed the dust before them, stripp'd of all.

A Serf, superior to his Station.

Why, art thou not a serf! What right hast thou
To set thy person off with such a bearing?
And move with such a gait? to give thy brow,
The set of noble's, and thy tongue his phrase?
Thy better's clothes set fairer upon thee
Than on themselves, and they were made for them.
I have no patience with thee, can't abide thee!
There are no bounds to thy ambition, none!
How durst thou e'er adventure to bestride
The war-horse, sitting him, that people say
Thou, not the knight, appear'st his proper lead?
How durst thou touch the lance, the battle-axe,
And wheel the flaming falchion round thy head
As thou would'st blaze the sun of chivalry?
I know!—my father found thy aptitude,
And humoured it, to boast thee off? He may chance
To rue it, and no wonder if he should.

Reasons for Good Apparel.

I am too poor to put mean habit on.
Whose garments wither shall meet faded smiles
Even from the worthy, so example sways,
So the plague poverty is loathed, and shunn'd
The luckless wight who wears her fatal spot!
Want—but look full: else you may chance to starve,
Unless you'll stoop to beg.

The Contrariety of Love.

I said it was a wilful, wayward, thing,
And so it is—fantastic and perverse!
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong.
It is the bee that finds the honey out,
Where least you'd dream 'twould seek the nectarous store.
And 'tis an arrant masquer—this same love—
That most outlandish, freakish faces wears
To hide its own! Looks a proud Spaniard now;
Now a grave Turk; hot Ethiopian next;
And then phlegmatic Englishman; and then
Gay Frenchman; by-and-by, Italian, at
All things a song; and in another skip
Gruff Dutchman; still is love behind the masque!
It is a hypocrite!—looks every way,
But that where lie its thoughts! will openly
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;
Shows most like hate, e'en when it most is love;
Would fain convince you it is very rock
When it is water; ice when it is fire!
Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat;
Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is;
Holds up its head, purses its brows, and looks
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself
That it is high disdain—till suddenly
It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit
With hail of tears, and hurricane of sighs,
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses
That it is love, true love, nothing but love!

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Spirited pourtrayal of a Hawk.

A noble bird,
My lady, knows his bells, is proud of them.
* * * *
Countess. These are no portion of his excellence;
It is his own! 'Tis not by them he makes
His ample wheel; mounts up, and up, and up,
In spiry rings, piercing the firmament,
Till he o'ertops his prey; then gives his stoop,
More fleet and sure than ever arrow sped!
How nature fashion'd him for his bold trade!
Gave him his stars of eyes to range abroad,
His wings of glorious spread to mow the air,
And breast of might to use them! I delight
To fly my hawk. The hawk's a glorious bird;
Obedient—yet a daring, dauntless bird!

Beautiful Womanhood.

Her spring was mellowing into summer then,
Young Summer! at whose genial glow, the heart
Finds wishes and affections shooting up,
Known but by name before, and thrills, and swells
With rapture of the strange and plenteous verdure.

Love's Adventurousness.

O, never did achievement rival love's
For daring enterprise and execution.
It will do miracles, attempt such things
As make ambition, fiery as it is,
Dull plodding tameness, in comparison.
Talk of the miser's passion for his store—
'Tis milk and water to the lover's, which
Defies the mines of earth, and caves of ocean
To match its treasure! Talk of height, breadth, depth—
There is no measure for the lover's passion,
No bounds to what 'twill do!

A Passionate Exploration.

Countess. Huon, peace—
I know thou lov'st me.
* * * *
Thou know'st it, do'st thou?
And say'st it!—and mildly say'st it!
Not with a tone of scorn, not with a threat,
Nor accent yet of cold indifference;
For the poor serf, who, body, soul, and all,
Not being worth a tythe of thee, yet dares
To love thee!—dares to wish for thee! yes, wish,
Altho' he knows thee out of reach of him
As the sun!—as the stars—a million, million times
Beyond the sun! The poor despised serf,
Despised of himself—of thee, of every one—
Thou see'st he loves thee, and thou deign'st to say it!
Say it with pity—with most tender pity!
Behold'st him kneeling at thy feet, and know'st
The passion throws him there, and suffer'st him
To stay there!—Let him die there!—Let him die
At thy feet! [*Falls at her feet.*]

The Stricken Heart.

The wounded body heals,
The pain is over, all is sound again,
A scar reminds you of it—nothing more;
Not so the heart, you lacerate it once!
Habit may dull, pursuit engross—divert—
But never are you ransomed from the throe.
Live your meridian out, it comes again,
Fresh as at first, to make you writhe anew.

An Anti-Baccalaureat.

A bachelor—
Do you know the signs of one?
* * * *
O various, but the chief, a cautious eye
And calculating. He that scans a fence,
Doth seldom make a clever leap of it:
Nine times in ten, he balks his spring, and falls
In the ditch, while he who takes it at a glance,
Goes flying over. Women are shrew'd imps!
Behoves a man he thinks not of their pockets,
When he is looking in their faces; for,
Wear he his eye ever so languishingly,
They'll find he's only working at a sum
In Arithmetic!

Extreme delicacy objectionable.

Give not me a mistress with a fair
Transparent skin, that you can see beneath
Tracery costlier than veins of gold,
Suppose they lay in bed of alabaster;
It never stands the weather.

Love's Ardency of Expression.

Yes, oaths!
Thy life was all one oath of love to me!
Sworn to me daily, hourly, by thine eyes,
Which, when they saw me, lighten'd up as though
An angel's presence did enhance their sense;
That I have seen their very colour change,
Subliming into lines past earthliness.
Talk of the adjuration of the tongue—
Compare love's name, a sound which any life
May pipe! a breath! with holy love itself!
Thou'rt not foresworn, because thou took'st no oath!
What were thy accents, then? thy accents, Huon?
O! they did turn thy lightest words to oaths,
Vouching the burden of a love-fraught soul!
Telling a tale which my young nature caught
With interest so deep, was conn'd by heart
Before I knew the fatal argument!

(*To be continued.*)

Rara Mathematica; or, a Collection of Treatises on the Mathematics. By J. Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. [J. W. Parker.]

Our respected Correspondent, (J. C. W.,) in his Memoir of John Robyns,* makes honourable mention of this work, and in whose encomiums we most cordially agree. What renders the *Rara Mathematica* of great value, is the various treatises being transcribed from excessively rare inedited manuscripts. The scholar and the man of science can here readily attain that knowledge of the state of mathematics in the early ages, which otherwise they probably would have been precluded from. The treatise on the "Mensuration of Heights and Distances" is highly interesting, as are the "Observations on Numerical Contractions." The "Proposals for some Inventions in the Mechanical Arts," 1583, will also be read with great pleasure. On the whole, this work will prove a valuable acquisition to the present store of mechanical knowledge; and, had it not been so erudite, it would have been more generally useful.

Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository for 1840. [Ipswich: F. Pawsey. London: Longman and Co.]

It is pleasing to witness the very great advancement, of late years, in the Provincial Pocket Books; and the one now before us keeps pace with the rapid strides of modern improvement;—it not being inferior to any similar publication of the present day, either in its literary contents, or its pictorial embellishments. It contains a well-digested Almanack; together with the customary useful tables; many original poetical pieces, charades, enigmas, &c. But what stamps a real

* *Vide* the last Number of the *Mirror*, p. 296.

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value on this *Repository* is a View of Playford Hall, the residence of that benevolent man,—THOMAS CLARKSON, whose bust now adds splendor to the Council Chamber of London. The supporters of the abolition of the accursed slave-trade cannot, we think, resist availing themselves of this representation of the peaceful abode of that great and virtuous friend to mankind. It ought to ornament the walls of the houses of every lover of liberty throughout the world.

It is also embellished with views of the East Suffolk County Courts, Ipswich; Wenham Hall; and Seckford's Alms-Houses, Woodbridge.

The Gatherer.

Norway Deals.—Christiana, the capital of Norway, is the great depôt for the best deal timber, a superiority derived from the accuracy of its sawing mills, which divide the plank with unerring certainty. There is something very ludicrous in the mode of keeping and settling accounts with the country people who come to market with the wood. They deliver over their boards to the overseers, who mark on the backs of the boors, with chalk, in letters and figures, the place to which the boards were brought, and the number of them. A droll appearance is presented, by the boors hurrying away with all possible expedition to the counting-houses of the merchants in the Quartale, with this original species of obligation on their shoulders. By stopping on their way, or engaging in any other business, they might rub out the marks on their coats, and thus extinguish for ever all evidence of the debt. When they appear before the pay-clerk at the counting-house, they have no occasion to say a single word; they present their shoulders, and are immediately paid: the brush which the pay-clerk applies to his shoulders, is the boor's acquittance.

Formerly, a tenth of all sawed timber in Norway belonged to the King of Denmark, and constituted a considerable part of his revenue.

Balloon Titles.—The following anecdote, derived from an authentic source, of the vanity of genius, and the lofty emanations which is thus frequently inspired, is not generally known. Blanchard, the aeronaut, while waiting at Tours, in September, 1800, endeavouring to raise subscriptions in order to effect his sixty-second ascent, stated, he required no larger sum than would defray the expenses: this announcement was signed by himself:—BLANCHARD, adopted Citizen of the Chief Towns of the Two Worlds, and Aerial Pensionary of the French Republic.

Value of Property in the City of London.—A jury recently awarded the occupier of two shops, (one 15 feet by 4 feet 6 inches, the other 13 feet 2 inches, by 3 feet 2 inches) in Sweeting's Alley, for the remainder of leases of 11 years and 10 years, and for loss of removal—1,550*l.*

Price of Babies in the Metropolis.—Conversations between two of those vile impostors who sit in the streets with infants in their laps, have been overheard as to the rate at which the young creatures had been *rented*, and surprise has been expressed by an old practitioner at a large sum given by one not so well versed in the market. 'How much did you give for yours?'—'A shilling a piece.'—'A shilling a piece!—Vy then you've been done, or babies is rix; one or t'other—I only gives sixpence for mine, and they feeds 'em and Godfrey's-cordials 'em and all, afore I takes 'em, into the bargain.'—*Reports of the Mendicity Society*, 1839.

Cowley, in his excellent Discourse on Husbandry, says: "We may talk what we please of *Lillies* and *Lyons Rampant*, and spread *Eagles in Fields of Or*, or *Argent*, but if Heraldry were guided by right reason, a *Plow* in a *Field Arable*, would be the most noble, and ancient Arms."

How soul-stirring it is to still the flow of tears,—to help as the heart desires, when the means are equal to the will: then is our state worthy of envy.

The catalogue of this autumn's book fair at Leipsic, which may be regarded as a fair index of the literary and scientific activity in Germany during the last six months, announces 4,071 new works, published by 518 booksellers. The number published in the summer half-year of 1829 was about 3,000, and that of the corresponding period in 1819 only 1,300. It is said, in a letter from Leipsic, that this increase, judging from the business which is doing by printers and booksellers, will still go on in a similar proportion.

An oratorio, composed by Miss Linwood, is at present in preparation for performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter-hall. This is the first time, as far as we have ever heard, that a work of this class has been essayed by a female composer, and we heartily wish it success. The poem (written, we believe, by Miss Linwood herself) is founded on the history of *David.*—*Morning Chronicle.*

Poverty is proud, and memory faithful.—*Bulwer.*

I never heard of a man being asked to give his blessing who was not expected to give something else along with it.—*Ibid.*

"I will trust no man," said the great Lord Burleigh, "if he be not of sound religion, for he that is false to God, can never be true to man."

The first mention of cellars in London, as places of residence, was in 1637.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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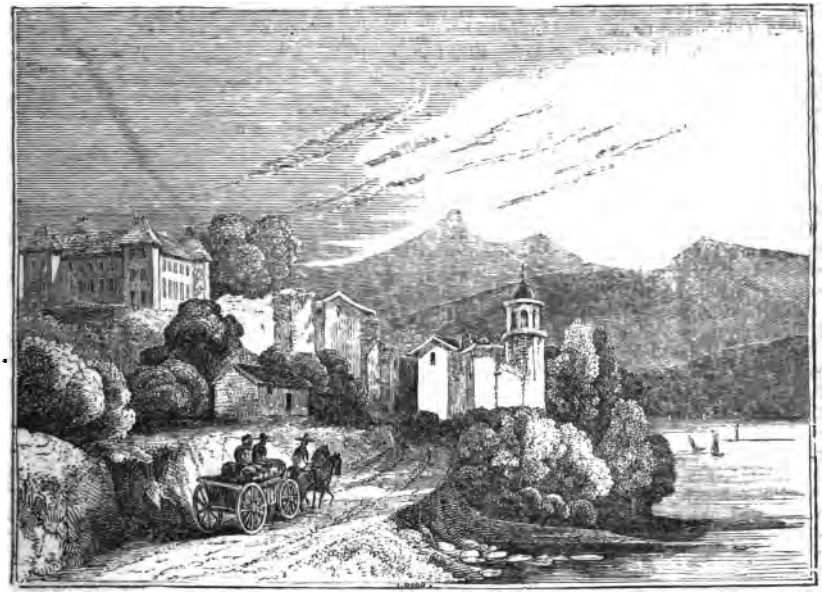

COPET, ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA,

THE RESIDENCE OF MADAME DE STAEL.

NOTHING can be more agreeable than the environs of Geneva, or more magnificent than the prospect which it enjoys. Around it are numbers of enchanting walks, in every direction. Within the city, the principal promenades are, the Treille, a sort of terrace, the bastions, and the Place de St. Anthoine, which commands an extensive view of the Lake, including Nyon, Morges, and *Copet*, the favoured retreat of that eminent financier, Mons. Necker, and of his illustrious daughter, Mad. de Stael. The Lake is here, too, particularly beautiful; and Mont Blanc's venerable head of snow forms a fine feature in the landscape. At a little distance to the west, is Ferney, the seat of residence of Voltaire.*

Mons. Necker, being Comptroller-general to Louis XVI., was regarded by the court party as a spy on their conduct, and, in July 1789, dismissed from his office; but, being then in the height of his popularity, the strong voice of the public procured his immediate recall. His talents, however, were not suited to scenes of commotion which then existed, and, ere long, he became the object of the hatred of that people by whom he had been almost adored. He took his departure from France, and retired to Copet, where he chiefly devoted himself to literary pursuits: his death took place here in 1804.

Mad. de Stael, the most celebrated female writer of her day, was born at Paris, April 22, 1766. At the age of fifteen she was capable of discoursing with her father on the most serious and important subjects; theatrical compositions particularly interested her; and, before she was twenty, she wrote a comedy in three acts, entitled "Sophil, ou les Sentiments Secrets;" and the year following she produced a tragedy, on the story of Lady Jane Grey. In 1786, she was married to the Baron de Stael Holstein, the Swedish ambassador, through the patronage of the Queen of France. Her "Lettres sur J. J. Rousseau," soon after appeared. But the state of national affairs at this period, rendered all other subjects subordinate to politics, at least in France. When M. Necker left Paris, Mad. de Stael followed him in his retreat to Copet; but she revisited France in 1792, when she endeavoured

* Vide page 328.

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to save some of the victims of revolutionary fury. She returned to Switzerland, and subsequently came to England, where she heard of the execution of Louis XVI. She immediately rejoined her father, and published an elegant discourse, entitled, "Défense de la Reine." Under the government of the Directory she again returned to France, where, through her influence with Barras, she was the means of procuring the elevation of her friend Talleyrand to the post of minister of foreign affairs. In December 1797, she, for the first time, saw Buonaparte, and the admiration with which she had regarded the conquerer of Italy, was succeeded by a sentiment bordering on aversion, which appears to have been mutual. She continued in France, until her presence created the displeasure of Buonaparte, and then went to reside with her father. During her journey to Copet she lost her husband. Mad. de Staël remained about twelve months in her retreat, and composed at that time the romance of "Delphine," which was not published till 1803. She returned to Paris; but this work, and a tract entitled "Les Dernières Vues de Politique et de France," published by M. Necker, had given so much offence to Buonaparte, that he banished Madame de Staël from his territories, at the close of the year 1803. She was consequently obliged to leave her father, whom she never after saw. After visiting Germany and Italy, she returned to Copet in 1805. In 1807, appeared her "Corinne." In this retirement, she was visited by a young French officer, M. de Rocca, whom she afterwards married, and by whom she had a son; but the union was kept a secret till after her death. After visiting England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden, where she was received with enthusiasm; on the escape of Buonaparte from Elba, she retired to Copet, and after the battle of Waterloo, again visited Paris with her daughter, whom she married to the Duke de Broglio. In 1816, she went to Italy, and resided some time at Pisa. Returning to France, she became seriously indisposed, and her death took place July 14, 1817. Her works have been published by her son, the Baron de Staël Holstein, in 18 vols. 8vo.

TWILIGHT.

I KNOW not wherefore, but the twilight hour
To me has ever had a nameless charm:
It soothes the troubled soul, and has the power
To vest the spirits in a pleasing calm.

Oft have I watched the sun recede from sight,
Sinking in glory, 'neath the radiant skies,
And seen it gradually withdraw its light,
O'er other lands in splendour soon to rise.

Then slowly one by one the shadows fell,
Proclaiming to the earth approaching night,
And then the soft sweet hour I love so well,
Came with its melancholy dreamy light.

To call to mind the days and hours long past,
To speak to me with memory's own voice;
Again I see thee as I saw thee last,
And in those visions does my heart rejoice.

Thus do I stand, forgetting all but thee,
In thoughts harmonious with the witching time;
Ideas that breathe and ever speak to me
Of thee, though absent in a distant clime.

Westminster. M. S.

A FRAGMENT;

FROM THE GERMAN.

Translated by Andrew Steinmetz.

SEEK always truth and righteousness
Until thy dying day—
And stray not e'en one finger's breadth,
From thy Creator's way.

Then shalst thou, as to verdant meads,
Proceed with nimble pace;
Then mayst thou, fearless, terrorless,
Look death full in the face!

Then will the sickle and the plough
Within thy hand be light—
Then may'st thou sing o'er water-jug,
As tho' wine cheer the sight!

The wicked man finds all things hard,
Whate'er he does below!
His vices never leave him rest,
But drag him to and fro!

The lovely spring laughs not for him;
For him laughs no corn-field:
He is on craft and cunning bent—
To all, but gold, is steeled!

The wind in grove, the leaves on tree,
Shake terrors on his path—
Nor finds he after life's short dream
The grave's repose, but wrath!

Then seek aye truth and righteousness
Until thy dying day,
And stray not e'en one finger's breadth
From thy Creator's way.

Then will thy children bless thy grave;
And weep their tears for thee—
And summer-flowers with fragrance rife
From them bloom ceaselessly!

HÖLTY.

MASONIC SONG,

WRITTEN FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY, BY ROBERT GILFILLAN, BARD TO THE GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

AGAIN let us welcome this blythe happy day,
That true Scottish Masons will honour for aye;
And though from their country our Brothers may roam,
This day will awaken up kindred and home.
Oh, this day will awaken up kindred and home.

And where is the desert or surf-beaten shore,
Not traversed by Brothers—we fondly adore;
Though absent afar, yet their heart we may claim,
For absent or present, they're ever the same!
For absent or present, they're ever the same!

As far as St. Lawrence rolls mighty and deep,
To where the blue waves of the bright Ganges sleep,
'Mong the fair groves of it'ly, or bleak Zembla's snow,
"St. Andrew" and "Scotland," in bumpers shall flow!
"St. Andrew" and "Scotland," in bumpers shall flow!

Hail! Land of our fathers,—of mountain and glen,—
Of soft blooming maidens, and true-hearted men,
Oh! long may thy Thistle a dear emblem be,
Of Liberty's birth-place, the home of the free!
Of Liberty's birth-place, the home of the free!

And ne'er did the Thistle,—foud type of the brave,
More flourish in splendour—or more proudly wave,
With bosom of purple, and leaves ever green,
Than now when it blossoms for Scotland's Fair Queen,
Than now when it blossoms for Scotland's Fair Queen!

Victoria! High Princess! Oh, where is the hand,
Through all thy dominions—the length of the land,
In devotion more deep—or in service more free,
Than the Masons of Scotland are, lov'd Queen, to thee?
Than the Masons of Scotland are, lov'd Queen, to thee?

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THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S STORY.

In the course of a ramble through North Wales, in the autumn of 1830, I remained for a few days at the village of Llanweddy, for the purpose of sketching some of the magnificent views in its vicinity. This little village is situated in one of the most romantic spots in that picturesque land,—the land where the sacred fire of Liberty, like that of the Fireworshippers of old, burnt with a pure and steady light, long after it had been extinguished in blood along the more fertile plains of the South, by successive hordes of foreign invaders. My present object, however, is not to inquire into the reasons why the inhabitants of barren and mountainous countries have, in all ages, displayed greater valour in defending their native land, (which, in many instances, would appear hardly worth taking,) than those whose lot has been cast in a more fertile soil, and under a more genial sky, but simply to relate the following story, as communicated to me by that *memento mori* of mortality—the Sexton of the parish:—

The day after my arrival in the village happened to be Sunday, and, as I issued forth from the little inn, on a glorious autumnal morning, to view the magnificent scenery by which I was surrounded, there was not a sound to disturb the deep silence which reigned over the sublime scene, except the tinkling of the tiny church bell, summoning the inhabitants to offer their Creator the homage of pure and simple hearts; and the joyous notes of the feathered race as they carolled forth their melodious strains from among the grove of oak trees in which the small rustic church was partially embosomed. Small groups of the neighbouring peasantry, clad in holiday attire, might be seen threading the narrow paths, which led from the surrounding mountains, with the light and elastic step peculiar to mountaineers, and so unlike the awkward, ungainly movements of the clod-hoppers of the plains. As I gazed on the scene around me, I thought that the heart which was not inspired by the purest feelings of devotion under the circumstances, must be indeed callous, and totally insensible to the beauty and harmony of this glorious creation. Led on by such a train of thought, I found myself within the precincts of the sacred edifice before I was aware of it, and it was only on receiving a gentle tap on the shoulder, from the personage who officiated as clerk, pew-opener, and, (as I afterwards found,) Sexton, that I recovered from my reverie, so far as to recollect that I had not uncovered. Recalled from the mental absence which led me to commit this piece of irreverence, I seated myself in a pew, the door of which my monitor held open for my admission. I had not taken my seat many minutes, when the pastor of this primitive, and truly devout congregation, entered the church. He was, as near as I could guess, verging on fourscore, and presented the most venerable appearance I ever saw, realizing, to my mind, the patriarchal and primeval Shepherd watching over his flock, who, on their part, looked up to him with a degree of veneration only short of that devotion, which they offered up to that God whose divine precepts he taught them. He must, in his youth, have been eminently handsome; for, even more than man's allotted span of time had still left traces of manly beauty. But it was chiefly the subdued and benevolent expression of his benign countenance, shaded by long hair of snowey whiteness, which impressed the beholder with a feeling of love and veneration for him.

The subject of his discourse was the uncertainty of all earthly things, and the consequent necessity of looking beyond them for the enjoyment of permanent happiness. He implored his hearers to listen to the warning voice of one who might almost be said to speak to them from the threshold of that unknown world to which they were all hurrying. He reminded them, that, in the natural course of things, he could not long remain with them; that this might even be the *last* time he should address them, from a place in which he had grown grey in endeavouring to lead them to the only source of true happiness; *viz.*, obedience to God, and good-will towards their fellow-creatures.

Before the conclusion of the discourse, I observed that the tears flowed freely along the furrowed cheeks of several of the aged flock of this good pastor,—probably at the very thought of losing the friend of their youth, and the guide of their old age. When the service was over I returned to my inn, and felt that I had much to answer for, if I did not leave the scene a "wiser and a better man."

During the ensuing week, my time was entirely taken up in making short excursions into the neighbouring mountains, for the purpose already mentioned.

One morning as I was returning from a ramble, my path lay through the churchyard, where I found my friend, the pew-opener, parish clerk, and Sexton, engaged in the vocation which conferred on him the last-mentioned title. He recognized me at once, and, respectfully touching his hat, addressed me in Welch (which, I suppose, he took for granted I understood, from having seen me in church) with, "A fine morning, sir!" Having returned his salutation, I looked into the grave from which he was turning out fragments of mortality with all the *nonchalence* imaginable, and entered into conversation with him; in the course of which I learnt that he was preparing the last resting-place for the mortal remains of the venerable clergyman, whose last impressive address to his parishioners I had heard on the previous Sabbath. "Ah! little did I think then," continued the Sexton, in the metaphorical style of his simple, yet energetic language, "that, before the sun,

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which shone not on a better man, had five times run his course, I should have to prepare the cold bed of death for him!"

"Has he left any family?" inquired I.

"No, sir; he never was married, which we always thought a great pity: but he had his reasons for it, sir. He read the funeral service over the only woman he ever loved, more than fifty years ago. You see there, sir, the monument he raised to her memory; but she is not there,—she sleeps in the land of strangers. I have often heard him tell the melancholy story."

Impelled by a strong curiosity to hear the grave-digger's tale, I seated myself on a tombstone, and took it down nearly in the words in which it is now given to the public:—

The Rev. Owen Edwards (such was the venerable clergyman's name) was a native of South Wales, and, when very young, officiated for some time as curate of a parish church in London. Among his hearers, was a young lady, apparently about twenty years of age, who attracted his attention, not only by her constant and undeviating attendance at church, but by her devout, modest, and unassuming manner, during the service. Her personal appearance was not calculated to captivate at first sight; but the simple neatness displayed in adorning the fair proportion of beauty which nature had bestowed upon her, added to her modest and unaffected demeanour, could not fail, after they had been remarked, to make a deep impression on any man, who had a true perception of woman's gentle and confiding nature, and of the unfading charms, which give her a permanent claim on the best affections of the other sex.

Sunday after Sunday did the young clergyman ascend the pulpit to discharge his sacred functions, and still was his devout hearer to be seen in her place; until, at last, he felt he had not the power, if he were so inclined, to restrain his eye from wandering in the direction of her pew, on his first entering the church. He also felt, without knowing why, a desire to please; but what, it may be asked, could be more natural, than a wish to please one who seemed to appreciate his humble exertions in the discharge of his sacred duties? 'Tis true, this *might* be assigned as a good and sufficient reason, and probably he would have advanced it had he asked himself the question. It was, however, in this instance, like many other reasons issued, and intended to pass current, found to be fallacious, when submitted to the test of experience in analysing human passions and motives; for, on the disappearance of this being from among his hearers, he felt as part of his very self had been annihilated—a blank in his existence—an indescribable restlessness, wholly incompatible with that calmness and serenity of mind, which ought to be inseparable from his sacred calling. Weeks and months passed away, and this bright vision, which still haunted his imagination, did not re-appear; the involuntary glance, directed on each returning Sabbath to the charmed spot, fell upon the vacant pew, and doomed him to disappointment.

At length, he received notice one morning to officiate at a funeral in the afternoon. Having attended at the appointed hour, and read the beautiful and impressive service of the church, which is too often divested of its solemnity by the slovenly manner in which it is performed, over a departed "sister," whom the funeral habiliments proclaimed young and single, he was retiring, when he was taken aside by an elderly gentleman, who appeared to be chief mourner on the occasion.

He introduced himself as the father of the girl, over whose remains they been just performing the last melancholy office, and said, that he felt a strong desire to communicate a secret which he had extracted from his dying daughter, under a promise of not divulging during her life. He said he had made the discovery too late to save her; for he could not help thinking, from knowing her character, that she might have been saved, had he discovered it sooner. He then proceeded to inform the young clergyman, that she had been residing, for a considerable time, with some friends in London, and had been a constant attendant at his church, where she had conceived a violent passion for him—a passion pure and virtuous as ever warmed the affectionate heart of woman, but destructive to her fragile frame, in proportion to the efforts made by a sensitive and timid mind to subdue it.

It is needless to say, that Owen Edwards readily identified the mortal remains, over which he had just read the funeral service, and with which his affections now lay buried, as those of her who had crossed his path as a bright vision, which must for ever remain impressed on his memory. His confession of his own undivulged attachment to the unhappy girl tended but to increase the anguish of the heart-broken father.

Mr. Edwards, unable to divest his mind of the painful recollections which naturally pressed upon it, resigned the curacy of St. ——, and was, through the influence of the gentleman whose acquaintance he had made under such distressing circumstances, appointed to the small living of Llanweddy, in North Wales, the native country of her whose memory his heart had never ceased to cherish, even to the entire exclusion of a single tender sentiment for one of the many good and virtuous of the sex he must have met with, in the course of a long and useful life.

Such was the substance of the Grave-digger's Story. ***.

LONDON IN ITS PRIMITIVE TIME.

The earliest notice of London as a commercial city, during the Saxon domination, may be collected from Bede, who relates, "that the

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capital of one of the smallest kingdoms of this island, by its happy situation on the bank of the noble and navigable River Thames, was an emporium for many nations repairing to it, both by sea and land." This seems to refer to the early part of the government of those conquerors, who, when identified with the Britons, are said to have acquired their ingenuity. But, however this may be, the Anglo-Saxons were, in those early ages of their residence in this island, celebrated for the execution of curious works in gold and silver, so famous, even in Italy, that, at a subsequent period, by means of the pilgrims, they were smuggled through France; where all commodities, if brought by Christians, were liable to an impost equal to an eleventh part of the profit; and, if by Jews, to a tenth.

GHUZNEE, IN AFFGHANISTAN.

The storming of the important, and hitherto deemed impregnable, fortress of Ghuznee, by the British troops, on the 22d of July, 1839, is officially described, by Lieut.-general Sir John Keane, as the most brilliant act which he has witnessed during a service of forty-five years in the different quarters of the globe. In less than three hours, one of the strongest places in Asia, which was defended by a garrison of 3,500 of the bravest and best-disciplined of the Affghans, and was commanded by a son of Dost Mohamed, the usurping king of Cabool, fell into the hands of the British army. By the subsequent defeat and dispersion of the remains of the Affghan force under Dost Mohamed himself, the British obtained possession of Cabool, and re-seated Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk on the throne of Affghanistan; from which he was driven in 1809, having been defeated, at Neemla, by an army ten times inferior to his own, under the command of Futteh Khan, the vizier of the former king, Mahmood, deposed in 1803, but, by the result of this battle, again put in possession of the crown. Far from expecting a defeat, Shooja had brought his jewels and his wealth along with him, which fell into the hands of his conqueror, and Shooja barely escaped with his life. He fled to the Khyber country, and, for many years, he wandered as a fugitive in various corners of his dominions, having failed in all his attempts to recover his kingdom until now; when, aided by British valour, he is at last restored to his capital.

Ghuznee is sixty miles from Cabool, of which city it is a dependency. Although now a place of small note, it was, eight centuries ago, the capital of an extensive empire, which reached from the Tigris to the Ganges, and from the Jaxartes to the Persian Gulf. It is now reduced to a town containing about fifteen hundred houses, besides the suburbs without the walls. The town stands on a height, at the foot of which flows a considerable stream. It is surrounded by stone walls, and contains three bazaars, of no great breadth, with high houses on each side, and a covered chaursoo. Most of its streets are dark and narrow. A few remains of the ancient grandeur of the city are still to be seen in its neighbourhood, particularly too lofty minarets at some distance from each other, and the least of which is upwards of one hundred feet in height. The tomb of its founder, the great Sultan Mahmood, who reigned in the eleventh century, is also standing, about three miles from Ghuznee. It is described as being a spacious, rather than a magnificent building, covered with a cupola. The doors are very large, of sandal-wood, and are said to have been brought by Sultan Mahmood as a trophy from the famous Temple of Somnat, in Guzerat, which he sacked in his last expedition to India. It is related by Lieutenant Burnes, that the ruler of the Punjab, in a negotiation which he carried on with Shah Shooja, stipulated as one of the conditions of the latter's restoration to the throne of his ancestors, that he should deliver up these sandal-wood gates, which have for eight hundred years adorned the tomb of the great Sultan. The natives of the country say, that that monarch chose Ghuznee as his capital, because the cold renders it inaccessible for some months in the year, which gave him greater confidence while desolating Hindostan. The tombstone of Mahmood is of white marble, on which are sculptured Arabic verses from the Koran, and at its head lies the plain but weighty mace, which is said to have been wielded by the monarch himself. It is of wood, with a head of metal so heavy that few men can use it. There are also some thrones, or chairs, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, in the tomb, which are believed to have belonged to Mahmood. The tombstone is under a canopy, and some Moolahs are continually present, engaged in reading the Koran aloud over the grave. There are some other ruins of less account in the vicinity, among which may be mentioned the tomb of Behlole Dauna, or Behlole the Wise; and that of Hukeem Sunanee, a poet still greatly esteemed in Persia. But nothing remains to show the magnificence of the palaces of the Gaznavide kings, which at one time were the residence of Ferdausee, the Homer of Asia, or of the mosques, baths, and caravansaries, which once adorned the capital of the East. Of all the antiquities in the neighbourhood, the most useful is an extensive dam, or embankment, across a stream, constructed at great expense by Mahmood, and which, though damaged by the fury of the Ghoree kings at a former capture of Ghuznee, still supplies water to the fields and gardens round the town, and is the only one of seven now remaining. The immediate environs of the city are inhabited by Taujiks and Hazaurehs, and the valley contiguous to them, on the north, belongs to the Wurduks; but the country between the hills, which bound that valley on the east, and the mountains of Solyman, is inhabited by the Ghiljies.

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Of the vizier, Futteh Khan, above-mentioned, the following story is told:

A rival of his, a Dooranee nobleman, of the name of Meer Alum, who aspired to the office of vizier, insulted him, and even went so far as to knock out one of his front teeth. The injury was to all appearance forgiven, for Meer Alum subsequently married the sister of Futteh Khan, but the alliance was only formed that the latter might the more easily be revenged upon Meer Alum. The night before the battle of Ispahan, a village that marks another of Shooja's defeats, but before he was king, Futteh Khan seized upon his unfortunate brother-in-law and put him to death. The vizier's sister threw herself at her brother's feet, and asked why he had murdered her husband?

"What!" said he, in surprise, "have you more regard for your husband than for your brother's honour? Look at my broken teeth, and know, that the insult is now avenged. If you are in grief at the loss of a husband, I'll marry you to a mule-driver."

This incident, says Sir Alexander Burnes, in his "Travels into Bokhara," is not a bad illustration of the boisterous manners and feelings of the Affghans. A saying among them bids one fear the more, when an apparent reconciliation has taken place by an intermarriage.

The end of Futteh Khan was a remarkable illustration of the inconstancy of power in the East, as well as a striking instance of the ingratitude of the princes whom he served so faithfully. After restoring Mahmood to his kingdom, Futteh Khan managed the whole affairs of the Affghan nation with wisdom and vigour, while the monarch abandoned himself to indolence and debauchery. Futteh Khan profited by his master's weakness, and distributed the different governments of the kingdom among his numerous brothers. The king's son, Prince Caumran, betrayed the strongest discontent and displeasure at the vizier's proceedings, and being opposed in some ambitious designs which he entertained, he resolved to rid himself of such a formidable and powerful personage; and succeeded in convincing his father that he might govern the country, now that it was consolidated, without the assistance of his vizier. Having obtained his father's permission to the step, Caumran embraced an opportunity which presented itself at Herat, where he seized Futteh Khan, and immediately ordered that his eyes should be put out.

The vizier's death took place in the year 1818, and an act, so merciless, immediately drove the whole of Futteh Khan's brothers into rebellion.

The tragedy which terminated the life of Futteh Khan Barukyye is, perhaps, unparalleled in the modern history of the East. Blind and bound he was led into the court of Mahmood, whom he had made king, and where he had recently governed with absolute power. The king taunted and mocked him, and desired him to use his influence with his brothers to return to their allegiance. Futteh Khan replied without fear, and with great fortitude, that he was now but a poor blind man, and had no concern with affairs of state. Mahmood, irritated at his obstinacy, gave the last orders for his death, and this high-minded, but unfortunate man, was deliberately cut to pieces by the sycophants of the court; joint was separated from joint; limb from limb; his nose and his ears were lopped off; nor had the vital spark fled, till the head was separated from the mangled trunk. Futteh Khan endured these tortures without a groan. He stretched out his limbs to his cruel executioners, and exhibited the same careless indifference, the same reckless contempt for his own life, as he had so often shown for that of others. The bloody remnants of this ill-fated chief were gathered in a cloth and sent to Ghuznee, where they were interred.

King Mahmood, soon after, was obliged to fly precipitately to Herat, where he sunk into a vassal of Persia, and where he died in 1829; leaving his government of Herat to his son Caumran, the cause of all his disasters. Ultimately, in the year 1826, Dost Mohamed, the brother of Futteh Khan, became the possessor of the throne of Cabool, which he has occupied ever since, until now, that, forced by the success of the British arms, he has, in his turn, become a wanderer and a fugitive; his army reduced to a marauding party of three hundred horse.

The restored king, Shah Soujah, is represented as being of notoriously weak capacity, and neither feared nor loved by those over whom, after an exile of thirty years, he has again been placed. His manners and address are highly polished; but he has little judgment, and less regard for his own dignity as a monarch. On the other hand, we are told that Dost Mohamed possesses a vigorous intellect, and an active and enterprising mind. Lieut. Burnes, who had several opportunities of seeing him, draws a most flattering picture of the vigour, wisdom, and justice of his administration.

The Affghans are a brave, hardy, and warlike race of people. They inhabit the mountainous country lying between Hindostan and Persia, and occupy a region extending from the Caspian Sea to the Indus on the East, and from the Indus to Cachemire on the West. The British and their allies are now absolute masters of all that difficult country which has, in all ages, been considered the great rampart of India towards the north-west.

To the Hon. Mount Stuart Elphinstone's excellent "Account of Cabool, and its Dependencies," published in 1809; and to Lieut., (now Sir Alexander) "Burnes' Travels into Bokhara," which appeared in 1834, the English reader is indebted for much valuable information, as to the character, condition, and history of the various tribes and nations of that important quarter of the globe, which is now the scene of so many stirring and momentous events. A.

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PORTRAITS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The long, or mineral gallery, (situate over the King's Library,) has its walls embellished with upwards of one hundred paintings; forming, probably, the most extensive collection of Portraits in the kingdom; many of them are indifferent, yet others are very curious, and some unique. We believe it was the *Times* journal that first called the attention of the public to this collection, by giving a *Catalogue raisonné* of its contents; from which we have culled some interesting particulars.

The Synopsis sold at the Museum gives little more than the names of the characters.

1. Portrait of *James* I. [born 1566; died 1625.]
It is generally esteemed a bad copy, from one by Vansomer. Presented to the Museum by Dr. A. Gifford.

2. *Henry* VIII. [*b.* 1492; *d.* 1547.]
When in his 30th year: it is by Holbein; and was given by Dr. Gifford.

3. Portrait of *Cromwell*, [*b.* 1599; *d.* 1658.]
A page is tying on his scarf; he has a baton in his hand. From the old Cottonian Library. This is a doubtful portrait of the Protector.

4. *Edward* III. [*b.* 1312; *d.* 1377.]
It has a sceptre with three crowns: an early and coarsely-painted picture; from the Cottonian collection.

5. *Mary, Queen of Scots*, [*b.* 1545; *d.* 1587.]
Another of the many doubtful portraits of this unfortunate princess. From the Cottonian collection. Given by Dr. A. Gifford.

6. *George* I. [*b.* 1660; *d.* 1727.]
He is dressed in the costume of the Order of the Garter: the picture was painted by Leguerre, and originally designed for the town-hall of Yarmouth.

7. *Henrietta Maria*, [*b.* 1639; *d.* 1669.]
This is, in all probability, a veritable portrait of the imperious, bigoted, revengeful, wife of Charles I., and, afterwards, of Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's. It is painted by Vansomer.

8. *Henry* VI. [*b.* 1421; *d.* 1471.]
An exceedingly curious portrait; the hands are clasped as if in prayer; it has a chain, with an *Agnus Dei* attached; on panel. Presented by Dr. Gifford; and is engraved by Vertue.

9. *Oliver Cromwell.*
A boy is fastening on his scarf, as in the preceding picture. It is painted by Walker; and bequeathed 1784, by Sir Robert Rich, bart., to whose great-grandfather, Nathaniel Rich, Esq., then serving as a Colonel of Horse in the Parliamentary Army, it was presented by Cromwell himself.

10. *Mary, Queen of Scots.*
Aged 43. It was presented by Lieutenant-general Thornton. It is similar to the one in the state drawing-room at Windsor Castle.

11. *James* I.
Presented by Mr. Cook.

12. *William* III. [*b.* 1650; *d.* 1702.]
The figure is in armour, and is arrayed in the long military wig of the day: and does not accredit the general likenesses of that monarch. It was given by Dr. Gifford.

13. *William, Duke of Cumberland.* [*b.* 1721; *d.* 1765.]
Son of George I., defeated the Scots at the battle of Culloden; the portrait is finely painted; a full-length, in uniform; has the riband of the Garter. It is by Morier; and presented by Lieutenant-general Thornton.

14. *Richard* II. [*b.* 1366; *d.* 1399.]
This is an exceedingly curious picture, there are but two existing of him; the other is in the Chapter-house, Westminster; the head has a jewelled coronet; it has a long gold collar round the neck, and an ermined robe, buttoned close up to the throat. It was given by John Goodman, Esq., of the Middle Temple.

15. *James, Duke of Monmouth.* [*b.* 1649; *beheaded for high treason*, 1685.]
Eldest son of Charles II., by Lucy Waters. His hand rests on a globe, the dress is Roman, with a red robe. Probably by Sir P. Lely. It was the gift of Dr. Gifford.

16. *Mary, Queen of Scots.*
This portrait is in the dress of a penitent. Very questionable.

17. *Queen Elizabeth.* [*b.* 1533; *d.* 1603.]
The hair is powdered with gold; she has a sceptre and globe; the dress is brown, and ornamented with jewels; and has six or seven necklaces falling to the waist. The picture is by Zucchero; and presented by Lord Cardross, 1765.

18. *George* II. [*b.* 1683; *d.* 1760.]
The wig is that from which the one worn by George III. at the last installation of the knights of the Garter, was taken. It was painted by Shakelton, for the Trustees, and esteemed a likeness.

19. *Margaret of Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby.* [*b.* 1441; *d.* 1509.]
A very curious picture. She has a book in her hand; the eyes are small and blue; the arms of Tudor impaled with those of York, are in the corner of the picture. This illustrious lady was wife to Edmund, Earl of Richmond, by whom she had Henry VII: she married, secondly, Sir Henry Stafford, and afterwards became the wife to Thomas Stanley, first Earl of Derby, by whose secession from the cause of Richard, the battle of Bosworth was decided in favour of Henry. She endowed, [1505.] Christ College, and, also, founded St. John's [1508.] both at Cambridge It is the gift of Dr. Gifford.

20. *Queen Elizabeth.*
In a most gorgeous dress, which is of black, with white satin sleeves, covered with jewels, the hair interlaced with gems and a small coronet. This portrait is by F. Zucchero, and was presented by the Earl of Macclesfield, 1760.

21. *Henry* V. [*b.* 1389; *d.* 1422.]
The countenance resembles that of his figure in Westminster Abbey; he has a crimson robe, with a collar of jewels. Presented by Dr. Gifford.

22. *Charles* II. [*b.* 1630; *d.* 1685.]
A three-quarter portrait, in the robe of the Garter; the figure is in a sitting position; he has on a coal black wig. It is painted by Sir Peter Lely, and was presented by Dr. Gifford.

23. *Caroline*, Queen of George II. [*b.* 1682; *d.* 1737.]
Dressed in her coronation robes; her hand on a crown. A small whole-length, painted by Jervis. Presented by General Thornton.

24. *Edward* VI. [*b.* 1537; *d.* 1553.]
The name of the artist is uncertain; but no doubt it is an original; the dress is curious, trunk hose, red velvet tunic, and a tippet or minever, with a black cap; it was given in 1768, by Mrs. Mary Mackmorren.

25. *Rev. Dr. T. Birch.* [*b.* 1705; *d.* 1765.]
This gentleman was an industrious historian and biographer; his principal works are the biographical sketches accompanying the "Heads of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain," and the "General Historical and Critical Dictionary." He was killed by a fall from his horse. Painted by Brown, in 1735, and was bequeathed by himself.

26. *Dr. Andrew Gifford.* [*b.* 1700; *d.* 1784.]
The figure has a roll of papers in his hand; the coun-

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tenance is laughing; it is esteemed a fine likeness, and was presented by himself in 1784. Dr. Gifford was an eminent English dissenting divine and antiquarian. He was assistant librarian at the British Museum, and left a collection of manuscripts and pictures to the Museum.

27. *James Bridges, created first Duke of Chandos*, April 30, 1719.

He is in an Hungarian dress, with a scarlet mantle. This is the nobleman who was ridiculed by Pope, on account of his palace at Cannons, where he lived in a regal state, was attended by a body-guard of yeomen, and rivalled royalty in the splendour of his household.

28. *Humphrey Wanley.* [*b.* 1726; *d.* 1761.]

It is a fine portrait; the dress in the costume of Hogarth's figures, by whom it is said to have been painted. This gentleman, who was librarian to Harley, Earl of Oxford, was a great collector of manuscripts, which he collected for Mills's Greek Testament; and kept a curious account of the transactions connected with the Harleian Library. Presented by Herbert Westfaling, Esq.

29. *Joseph Planta, Esq. F. R. S.*

This picture was given by his son. He was principal librarian to the British Museum from 1799 to 1827.

30. *Sir Hans Sloane.* [*b.* 1660; *d.* 1752.]

This is a half-length portrait by Kneller. His museum, which by will he offered to the nation for 20,000*l.* not a fifth of the original cost, formed the nucleus of the invaluable treasures of the British Museum.

31. *Dr. Gowin Knight.*

First principal librarian of the British Museum. Painted by Wilson.

32. *Sir Hans Sloane.*

Whole-length, in a full dress of black velvet, with a magnificent wig; sitting on a chair reading.

33. *Claudius James Rich.* [*b.* 1787; *d.* 1821.]

He was a great Oriental scholar; wrote a work on the ruins of Babylon, and was the East India Company's resident at Bagdad, from 1808 to 1821. He left a large collection of Oriental manuscripts, medals, and antiquities, which are now in the British Museum.

34. *Dr. John Ward.* [*b.* 1679; *d.* 1758.]

A philological writer, and celebrated as a classical scholar and antiquary; was chosen professor of rhetoric to Gresham College, where he died. He also published lives of the Gresham professors from the foundation of the College. Presented by Thomas Hollis, Esq.

35. *Dr Mathew Maty.* [*b.* 1718; *d.* 1776.]

This portrait was bequeathed by himself. He wrote a review of English books in French, called the *Journal Britannique*; and the life of the Earl of Chesterfield. He was born in Holland, and studied at Leyden, but settled in England, where he became secretary to the Royal Society, and librarian to the British Museum.

36. *Sir Hans Sloane.*

Painted by Murray.

37. *Robert Harley, second Earl of Oxford.* [*b.* 1711; *d.* 1724.]

Painted by Kneller. Presented in 1768, by the Duchess Dowager of Portland. The figure is attired in the robes of the Garter.

39. *Sir John Cotton.* [*d.* 1702.]

A small oval, in a square frame. From the old Cottonian library.

39. *Sir Robert Cotton.* [*b.* 1570; *d.* 1631.]

Presented, in 1792, by Paul Methuen, Esq. Sir Robert is one of the earliest and best antiquaries England possesses; was the founder of the Cottonian collection, part of which, after his death, was destroyed by fire at Cotton-house, Cotton-gardens, Westminster; it now forms a valuable portion of the Museum library.

(*To be continued.*)

IMPERIAL OTTOMAN ORDER OF THE CRESCENT.

It is an event which forms a memorable era in the annals of the eighteenth century, that the Turks, against whom the first Order of Knighthood was established, should have instituted a military one, to recompense the bravery of a Christian and a hero, and expressly to commemorate a victory which was gained upon their own coasts, and upon which depended their existence as a nation. But what could otherwise be expected from the unrivalled courage and transcendant genius of Britannia's "darling" NELSON! not more renowned as a hero, than consummate as a statesman, and by whom this glorious and ever-memorable victory was obtained over the French Fleet, in the Battle of the Nile, on the 1st of August, 1798!

Having received an official confirmation of this decisive victory on the 29th of August, the Grand Seignor hastened to express his satisfaction at this joyful event to Mr. Smith, the British Minister at the Sublime Porte, on the 8th Sept. following, in these words:—

It is but lately that, by a written communication, it has been made known how much the Sublime Porte rejoiced at the first advice received of the English squadron, in the White Sea, having defeated the French off Alexandria, in Egypt. By recent accounts, comprehending a specific detail of the action, it appears now more positive, that his Britannic Majest's fleet has actually destroyed, by that action, the best ships which the French had in their possession.

This joyful event, therefore, laying this empire under an obligation, and the service rendered by our much esteemed friend, Admiral Nelson, on this occasion, being of a nature to call for public acknowledgment, his Imperial Majesty, the powerful, formidable, and most magnificent Grand Seignor, has destined, as a present in his imperial name to the said Admiral, a diamond aigrette, and a sable fur with broad sleeves, besides 2,000 sequins, to be distributed amongst the wounded of his crew. And as the English Minister is constantly zealous to contribute, by his endeavours, to the increase of friendship between the two courts, it is hoped he will not fail to make known this circumstance to his court, and to solicit the permission of the powerful and most august King of England, for the said Admiral to put on and wear the said aigrette and pelisse.

To immortalize an event so glorious to the British arms, Mr. Smith suggested to the minister of the Grand Seignor, Selim III., the propriety of establishing an Order, to be styled "The Imperial Ottoman Order of the Crescent." The Sultan hastened to adopt the recommendation, and this Order was instituted upon the purest principles of ancient chivalry, being purposely founded to remunerate warlike achievements and knightly prowess.—*Carlisle's Foreign Orders of Knighthood.*

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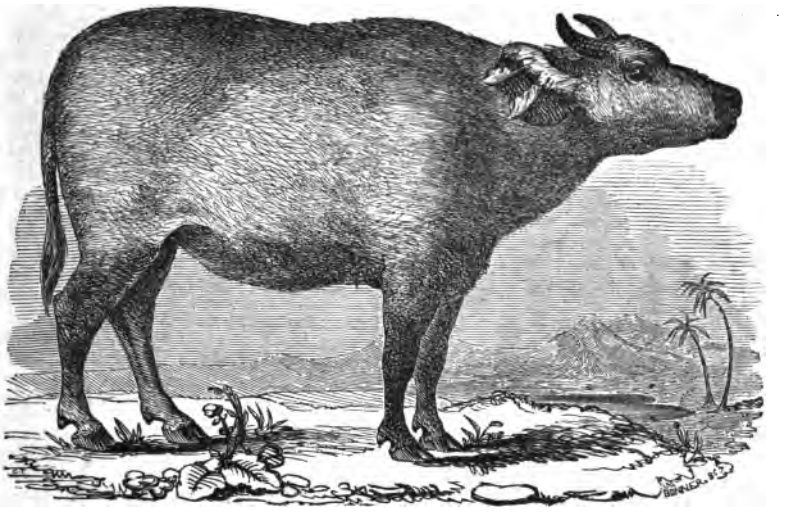

THE BUSH-COW.—(*Bos Brachyceros.* Gray.)

[This interesting animal forms an object of great attraction amidst the many specimens of "Nature's Wonders" at Mr. Cross's splendid Surrey Zoological Gardens. We cannot do better than avail ourselves of the Description given of this animal by John Edward Gray, F.R.S., in the 10th Number of "Annals of Natural History." The learned author thus writes on the subject :—]

Captain Clapperton and Colonel Denham, when they returned from their expedition in Northern and Central Africa, brought with them two heads of a species of ox, covered with their skins. These heads are the specimens which are mentioned in Messrs. Children and Vigor's accounts of the animals collected in the expedition, as belonging to the buffalo, *Bos Bubalus*, and they are stated to be called *Zamouse* by the natives; but, as no particular locality is given for the head, this name is probably the one applied to the common buffalo, which is found in most parts of North Africa.

Having some years ago compared these heads with the skull of the common buffalo, *Bos Bubalus*, and satisfied myself from the difference in the form and position of the horns that they were a distinct species, in the "Magazine of Natural History" for 1837, (new series, vol. i., p. 589,) I indicated them as a new species, under the name of *Bos Brachyceros*.

In the course of this summer, Mr. Cross, of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, received from Sierra Leone, under the name of the *Bush Cow*, a specimen which serves more fully to establish the species. It differs from the buffalo and all the other oxen in several important characters, especially in the large size and peculiar bearding of the ears, and in being totally deficient of any dewlap. It also differs from the buffalo in its forehead being flatter and quite destitute of the convex form which is so striking in all the varieties of that animal.

Mr. Cross's cow is, like the head in the Museum, of a nearly uniform pale chestnut colour. The hair is rather scattered, and nearly perpendicular to the surface of the body. The legs, about the knees and hocks, are rather darker. The ears are very large,

with two rows of very long hairs on the inner side, and a tuft of long hairs at the tips. The body is short and barrel-shaped, and the tail reaches to the hocks, rather thin and tapering, with a tuft of long hairs at the tip. The chest is rounded, and rather dependent, but without the least appearance of a dewlap, and the horns nearly resemble those of the Museum specimen, but are less developed, from the sex and evidently greater youth of the animal. The Rev. Mr. Morgan informs me that the animal is not rare in the bush near Sierra Leone.

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In the size of the ears this species has some resemblance to the "Pegasse of Angola, *Bos Pegasus*" of Colonel Hamilton Smith, indicated and figured in Griffiths' "Animal Kingdom," from a figure which this industrious zoologist found in a collection of drawings formerly the property of Prince Maurice of Nassau, now in the Berlin Library, which Colonel Smith thinks was probably intended to represent the Pegasses of Congo, mentioned by the Jesuits, and said to have "ears half a yard in length." But our animal differs from that figure in the ears being nearly erect, and in the horn being of quite a different form and direction.

MATHEWS'S DELINEATION OF THE "GERMAN AND HIS WIFE."

In a letter to Mrs. Mathews, which Mr. Arnold has recently published, he observes, that as himself and Mr. Mathews were sipping their wine after dinner at the table of their mutual friend, Mr. Morris, Mr. Mathews inveighed with much bitterness on his theatrical situation, and the neglect of proprietors, and, after a time, in order to change the subject, I told him that, though I had heard many of his imitations, I had heard still more from others of his dramatic story of *The German and his Wife*, but which I had never witnessed. On this, he expressed his readiness to give it, with the permission of our host, which permission, as may be supposed, was readily accorded. We retired above stairs. Mr. Mathews demanded the use of the adjoining room, which happened luckily to be a bed-room, as best adapted to his personations; the lights were extinguished, and Mr. Mathews withdrew to the scene of his operations. On a signal agreed on we entered the room in darkness, and (what shall I call it?) the auricular exhibitions commenced. We had groped our way to a corner, to which I was guided by Mr. Morris, who, of course, understood the locality of the place, and during, I think, three quarters of an hour, I was rivetted to the spot by vocal and other illusions, which, I think, were never equalled, even by the first appearance of the phantasmogoria, which filled the town with amazement, and the little Lyceum Theatre nightly with people for months, under the auspices of Mr. Philipstall. To attempt to describe this scene of mimic magic would be like the effort to embody thought, and to give to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." All I need say to you, who have, doubtless, witnessed this trial of skill, is, that I was bewildered with astonishment; and when we returned to our drawing-room and re-lighted our candles, I regarded the man who had produced these illusions as a being of another order. I saw at once, in a far greater degree than I had seen before, the surprising powers he possessed of commanding the attention of an audience. I saw at a glance the cause of that restless spirit which would not allow him to remain satisfied with a semi-obscure mediocrity; and, in short, the scope of that towering genius, which could not brook the trammels of regular and limited exhibitions. In complimenting him, therefore, (if the natural expression of surprise and admiration could be called compliment,) on the matchless illusions we had just witnessed, I did not refrain from expressing my surprise that, with all his avowed feelings of discontent, disappointment, and disgust, in the regular theatres, it had never entered his head to "set up for himself," and, after the manner of George Saville Carey, Alexander Stevens, and Charles Dibdin, to take the field alone, and boldly and at once to face a London audience. Hence originated his appearing before the public in his celebrated performances "At Home."

WOLVES IN BRITAIN.

We hardly need a plea for the propriety of introducing wolf-hunting in Britain, when it is notorious that the ravages of this animal proved very destructive, not only to the beasts around them, but also, on many occasions, to the human inhabitants; children in particular, we are told, were sought for by him, and fell a prey to his thirst for blood. Yet, even in this marauder, we can find redeeming traits; for we are not without numerous instances of undoubted authority to prove, that he only wants attention, not only to reclaim him from his habitual ferocity, but also to convert him into an attendant the most faithful and attached. Of all the ancient prejudices, that of the unconquerable aversion which particular animals entertain towards us, is one that has kept its hold on the opinion of mankind the longest; yet even this is fast wearing away, and now we are continually meeting with fresh proofs, that every animal may not only be tamed, but may be made a willing, useful, and attached servant to man. We nevertheless consider that the chase of the wolf is not only sanctioned, but imperatively called for, in every country where he maintains his dwelling as a *wild beast*.

Being once common with us also, it became absolutely necessary that the inhabitants around so predacious a foe should be in active and continual warfare with him; nor is it to be wondered at that his utter extermination was attempted at an early period. On the continent of Europe this crafty marauder yet exists in most of its districts, and is probably tolerated in limited numbers for the sport he yields in the chase; neither would it be an easy matter in so extensive a distribution totally to dislodge him. In our country he was an early object of dread, and all possible means were taken for his extermination. The month, which corresponds with our January, was it

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one period called by the Anglo-Saxons "Wolf-monat;" and the application of the term is thus explained by an old writer on British antiquities: "The moneth, which we now call January, they called Wolf-monat, to wit, Wolf-moneth, because people are wont always in that moneth to be more in danger to be devoured of wolves than in any season els of the yeare; for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, those ravenous creatures could not find of other beasts sufficient to feed upon." The terror which wolves naturally inspired amongst the scattered inhabitants of the half-cultivated lands of England was increased by their habitual superstitions. The same author, in his chapter on the *Antiquitie and Proprietie of the Ancient English Tongue*, says, *Were-wulf*: this name remaineth still known in the Teutonic, and is as much to say as man-wolf, the Greek expressing the very like in *lycanthropos*. The *were-wolves* are certain sorcerers who, having anointed their bodies with an ointment which they make by the instinct of the devil, and putting a certain enchanted girdel, do not only unto the view of others seem as wolves, but to their own thinking have both the shape and nature of wolves, so long as they weare the said girdel; and they do dispose themselves as very wolves in wurrying and killing, and waste of humane creatures." A very interesting remark from the same source states, that it is to the terror which the wolf inspired among our forefathers, that "We are to ascribe the fact of kings and rulers, in a barbarous age, feeling proud of bearing the name of this animal, as an attribute of courage and ferocity. Brute power was then considered the highest distinction of man; and the sentiment was not mitigated by those refinements of modern life which conceal, but do not destroy it. We thus find, amongst our Anglo-Saxon kings and great men, Æthelwulf, the noble wolf; Berthwulf, the illustrious wolf; Eadwulf, the prosperous wolf; Ealdwulf, the old wolf.

The wolds of Yorkshire, which are a corruption of the word "wilds," appear, from the dates of parish books, to have been infested with wolves later than any other part of England. In the entries of Flixton, Hackston, and Folkston, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, are still to be seen memoranda of payments made for the destruction of wolves at a certain rate per head. They used to breed in the "cars" below, among the rushes, furze, and bogs, and in the night time to come up from their dens; and, unless the sheep had been previously driven into the town, or the shepherds were indefatigably vigilant, great numbers were sure to be destroyed; it being observed of all wild animals, that when they have the opportunity to depredate, they prefer the blood to the flesh of the victim, and of course commit much unnecessary carnage. Having so lately described the practice of wolf hunting in other European countries, from which these of England did not materially differ, regard being had to the corresponding periods of time, we shall not trespass on the reader's patience by any further *wolfish* detail. —*Encyclopedia of Rural Sports.*

New Books.

Aleiphron: a Poem, by Thomas Moore. [Macrone.]

[This is a poem which Mizraim himself, grey-bearded progenitor of the Egyptians, would, having ears to hear, been delighted to have heard, setting forth, as it does, the splendid marvels of his country: nor would he have been less gratified to have seen the four famous illustrations which the magical imagination of Turner has created. The poem thus entitled is bound up with the fascinating "Tale of the Epicurean;" and it is indeed scarcely more than a *rifacciamento* of the latter, or its choicest imaginations resolved into verse. The plot of both is identically the same. It is simply that of a young Epicurean, whose mind is ever intent on discovering the secret of immortality: he imagines that this secret may exist in the shape of amulet or elixir, within the cavernous depths of the great pyramid. He ventures into it, threads the labyrinths, and is obliged to undergo the purifying terrors of Fire, Air, and Water, before he can arrive at bliss. All these are machinations, however, put in action by a subtle priesthood to entrap the youth, as is seen on perusal. Singularly sweet are the sceneries at times, at others grand and imposing; the verses are musical as the timbrel of Miriam.]

A Sunshiny Picture.

See that graceful temple throw
Down the green slope its lengthen'd shade,
While, on the marble steps below,
There sits some fair Athenian maid,
Over some favourite volume bending;
And, by her side, a youthful sage
Holds back the ringlets that, descending,
Would else o'ershadow all the page.

The Shadow of a Sad Thought.

Yet have I felt, when ev'n most gay,
Sad thoughts—I knew not whence or why—
Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,
Like clouds, that, ere we've time to say
"How bright the sky is!" shade the sky.
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice
Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all, in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey—
But for this bitter—only this—
Full as the world *is* brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to heav'n, and be,
If bliss made Gods, a Deity!

"When I consider Thy Heavens."

Still I linger'd, lost in thought,
Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and intent, as if I sought
Some mournful secret in their light;
And ask'd them, mid that silence, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, less wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,

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'Mong stars that came out one by one,
The young moon—like the Roman mother
Amoug her living jewels—shone.
" Oh that from youder orbs," I thought,
" Pure and eternal as they are,
There could to earth some power be brought,
Some charm, with their own essence fraught,
To make man deathless as a star,
And open to his vast desires
A course, as boundless and sublime
As lies before those comet-fires,
That roam and burn throughout all time."

The Land of Egypt.

And where—oh where's the heart that could with-stand
Th' uunumbered witcheries of this sun-born land,
Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurl'd,
And Love hath temples ancient as the world!
Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream
This lovely land now looks!—the glorious stream,
That late, between its banks, was seen to glide
'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with out-stretch'd limbs, hath grandly spread.
While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heav'n as ever bless'd our sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty Gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

A Lake Picture.

Here, up the steps of temples from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands;
While there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
Glide, with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros ivory,
Gems from the isle of Meroe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.

The Daughters of Egypt.

For oh, believe not them, who dare to brand,
As poor in charms, the women of this land.
Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows
Through every vein, and tinges as it goes,
'Tis but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells.
Such eyes!—long, shadowy, with that languid fall
Of the fring'd lids, which may be seen in all
Who live beneath the sun's too ardent rays—
Then for their grace—mark but the nymph-like shapes
Of the young village girls, when carrying grapes
From green Anthylla, or light urns of flowers—
Not our own Sculpture, in her happiest hours,
E'er imag'd forth, even at the touch of him*
Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb!

Solemnity of the Pyramids.

And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought
Come on that evening—bright as ever brought
Light's golden farewell to the world—when first
The eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
Awfully on my sight—standing sublime
'Twixt earth and heaven, the watch-towers of Time,
From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past
From earth for ever, he will look his last!
There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round
Those mighty monuments, a hushing sound
In the still air that circled them, which stole
Like music of past times into my soul.
I thought what myriads of the wise and brave
And beautiful had sunk into the grave,
Since earth first saw these wonders—and I said
" Are things eternal only for the Dead?

* Apelles.

Is there for Man no hope—but this, which dooms
His only lasting trophies to be tombs!
But 'tis not so—earth, heaven, all nature shows
He *may* become immortal."

The Moon.

Her, whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams
The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes,
And turns to silvery dew each drop it takes.

(*To be continued.*)

Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson, 2 vols. 8vo. [Colburn.]

[We like the motive of these Volumes—that of one woman advancing for the praiseworthy purpose of vindicating, by the testimony of sound facts, the character of another of her sex, whom calumnious tongues have somewhat slanderously misused. And the attempt, too, is every-way successful: scarce a page which does not, by direct fact, redound to the credit of the Duchess. We trace her from her "low estate," through her abject histrionic commencement and subsequent career, till wealth inexhaustible surrounds her, and her brow lends lustre to a coronet. Though her temper may have been sometimes over-ardent, yet this was the effect of a too vivid nature. Her heart appears to have bloomed with all the Christianly virtues of love, and goodness, and tender charities: and the fair Authoress of the book, by her just appreciation of these, thereby gives us the best proof of her own amiability and candour. The style is pleasing and agreeably smooth, and from the number of its pleasantly told instances and anecdotes, we hasten to deduce a few of the most delightful for the reader.]

Miss Mellon's Flower-Garden.

Miss Mellon had from her childhood the greatest possible love of flowers. In early days, at every cottage where they lodged, while on the country circuit of theatres, there was some little scrap of earth called "Harriot's garden," and if the flowers failed to flourish there, it did not arise from their not being planted thick enough. Every one gave "the pretty player child" a plant; and she stuck them all into the two feet square, of which she was temporary owner, until hollyhocks jostled sunflowers to death, and sweet-pea strangled mignonette.

Reminiscence of her Birth.

The duchess had a singular reminiscence of her childhood. While too young to walk a great distance, she remembered being carried in the evening to a large mansion which had a quantity of lights in its great hall and wide staircase; and from a bright room there came forth an old lady in a satin mantle,—the unknown texture of which delighted the child while carried in the ladies arms. An old gentleman came in and likewise fondled her, letting her play with what she considered the "great button" on his coat, but which theatrical tinsel afterwards taught her was a star.

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After much feasting and wonder, she was carried home again a long way. She was taken there a second time, and the sharp little child knew her way through the house, and ran from her mother to the room of the "satin lady" and the "star gentleman." "I never saw them afterwards," continued the duchess; "but since my mother's death, when I went as Mrs. Coutts to visit at * * * Castle for the first time, *I knew the great staircase* up which I had been carried more than forty years previously, and I found my way unguided to the drawing-room!"

Her mother was constantly in the habit of boasting of her great descent, to which her daughter laughingly replied, "I dare say, dear mother, I am a princess in disguise; but I am so well disguised that the king, my father, will have immense trouble to find me out!"

[The cruelty of Mrs. Entwisle, her mother, towards her was abominable; the following is one instance out of many:—]

"When about four years old, and as full of fun as possible, she was sent to a day-school of little creatures like herself, kept by an aged dame, whom they denominated their "granny." Harriot was always playing tricks on her school-fellows, hiding their bonnets, cloaks, satchels, &c.; and one of them in retaliation played on her a trick which had nearly produced fatal consequences. A little girl's primer was missing when she wanted to say her letters from it—(it afterwards appeared that one of the scholars, by her own confession, had, in jest, put it into Harriot Mellon's school-bag to cause trouble.) The "granny" ordered a general examination of property; and at the top of Harriot's bag was the unlucky primer discovered. In vain the poor child protested, she was sent home to her mother with the extra accusation of falsehood joined to the petty larceny. Mrs. Entwisle was engaged in making up some clothes, and being too busy to leave off, she told the children they might go back and inform the "granny" that Harriot should be *properly punished before long*. The busy little fry dropt their curtsies and set off, rather frightened at Mrs. Entwisle's flashing eyes, which seemed capable of scorching the work she was finishing. Having finished, she folded up as calmly as if nothing were to ensue. She then took Harriot in her arms, without question, or allowing her to speak, to the court-yard, and placed her under a pump: here she held the child, and inundated her with water, keeping it pouring over her long after she had become through terror insensible. In this state she threw the child into a dark shed. So long a period elapsed without Harriot's voice being heard, that the passionate woman became alarmed for the results of her anger, and opened the door of the shed: there, in a heap on the ground, lay the little creature, insensible, her clothes streaming, and her face the hue of death. The child was undressed by some humane persons, placed in a warm bed, and after some time recovered. But it was some time before poor Harriot was well enough to re-visit school, and when she did, no more tricks were played upon her."

Her Spirit at Ulverstone School.

At Ulverstone there seems to have existed a very strong and precocious notion of the "rights of woman;" for at the little girls' schools there, it was customary to "bar out for a holiday," a practice confined to "boys' schools elsewhere.

Harriot Mellon, though sometimes backward in her lessons, never could be reproached for neglecting a holiday. She was a frequent ringleader in these insurrections, collecting all the girls, (most of them older than herself,) and dragging tables and forms against the door which she had locked; then, speaking through the key-hole, she would demand a holiday, with immunity from punishment for the whole band. And such was the lax discipline of those days, that these little atoms dictated to their instructors on the two points, and always succeeded.

Her first Theatricals.

One great source of Harriot Mellon's influence over her fellow-pupils was, the wonderful fact that she had actually been a performer in a play with Manager Bibby's actors. The character, to be sure, was not a very arduous one, being that of one of four little mourners ranged round Juliet's bier. But then, as the smallest and prettiest of the little girls, she was placed in front nearest to the lamps, in her white frock with its broad black sash, and was consequently the prima donna of the juvenile mutes.

Under Manager Bibby, she first appeared in "The Spoiled Child," and was announced as "Little Pickle . . . . Miss Mellon, (her first appearance.") She was so well known and popular amongst the inhabitants of the town, that there was an exceedingly good attendance. The landlord made her a kite rather taller than herself; his mother made her the smartest of all laurel-green tunics; and, with her sparkling eyes, blooming cheeks, and profuse black ringlets under a fancy riding cap, she was as pretty a Little Pickle as ever played at marbles. Manager Bibby was so satisfied that he gave the *débutante* ten shillings.

Her Preparations.

Under the same Manager, she next played "Priscilla Tomboy," in the Romp. On the eventful afternoon she was early dressed, and she went to the actors, seeking commendations of her appearance. But, alas, they all discovered that she looked too childish! exclaiming, "Oh, *Harri*, what a baby you look!"

Mrs. Entwisle, however, procured a quantity of black wool, which she fashioned into a huge tête; over this she drew Harriot Mellon's long hair, pomatumed and powdered until the edifice on her head gave her an

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addition of four inches in height, and of five years in appearance. The pomatum was of the most primitive kind, consisting of the candle-ends that fell to their weekly share, melted at the fire, which also roasted poor Harriot's cheeks with primitive rouge. In order to give breadth to correspond with the additional height, a quilted pink calamanco petticoat, which could stand by itself, was added. She was now considered rather too broad, therefore, an addition in height was again made by a pair of high-heeled shoes, in which she went nearly on as much tiptoe as an opera-dancer.

After these improvements, a second round of criticism pronounced her appearance charming; and although it is not easy to fancy Pricilla Tomboy executing her feats in high-heeled shoes, her success was complete.

Her first appearance at Drury Lane, in 1795.

Miss Mellon had never seen a theatre larger than the town-halls in which she had played during her provincial circuits; many of these did not exceed the dimensions of ordinary sitting-rooms; and the curtain just cleared from touching the actor's heads. What must have been her feelings on first treading the stage of "*the wilderness*," as Mrs. Siddons styled the enormous new Drury Lane, where the mere opening for the curtain was forty-three feet wide, and thirty-eight feet high, or nearly seven times the height of the performers! The diametar of the pit was fifty-five feet; the height of the ceiling fifty-seven feet; and there were seats altogether for 3,600 persons;—so that on a "crush night" upwards of 5,000 persons might have been squeezed into this enormous pile. Miss Mellon used to say that, notwithstanding her unusual height, she felt herself "a mere shrimp" when the curtain was raised and she saw the multitude of faces before her!

Her gay and contented Spirit.

Miss Farren's conduct was always unexceptionable, and after her marriage with the Earl of Derby they lived most happily together.

Miss Mellon was one evening standing near the green-room fire, and, while waiting for the play to begin, she was humming some popular dance, and just tracing the steps unconsciously. She was roused by the voice of Miss Farren, whispering, "You happy girl, I would give worlds to be like you!"

Poor Miss Mellon, recollecting her thirty-shilling salary, thought she was ridiculed by "a lady with thirty guineas a week, who was to marry a lord;" and she replied, with some slight vexation, that "there certainly must be a vast deal to be envied in *her* position, by one who commanded what she pleased!"

Pressing her hand kindly, Miss Farren's eyes became full of tears as she replied, "I cannot command such a *light heart* as prompted your little song!"

[We are precluded from drawing more largely from these copious sources this week, owing to the press of other important matter; but meantime the above will serve as a *bonne bouche*, or anticipatory relish of what is to come.]

The Sea Captain; or, the Birthright.

[*Second Notice.*]

[We resume the pleasurable task of culling a few more poetical "bits" from the above drama.

The rejection of Norman's claims by his mother is thus told:]

Norman. Mother, mother!
I am thy son—thine Arthur—thine own child!
Do you deny your own?
Lady Arundel. I have no son,
Save Percy Ashdale!
Nor. Do not—do not hear her,
Thou everlasting and all-righteous Judge!
Thou, who amidst the seraph hosts of heaven,
Dost take no holier name than that of "Father!"
Hush, hush! Behold these proofs—the deed of marriage!
The attesting oaths of them who witness'd, and
Of him who sanctified, thy nuptial vow!
Behold these letters!—see, the words are still
By years unfaded!—to my sire, your lover!
Read how you loved him then. By all that love—
Yea, by himself, the wrong'd and murder'd one,
Who hears thee now above—by these, my mother,
Do not reject thy son!

[There is something "pleasingly sarcastic" in the following lines: they are spoken by *Sir Maurice Beevor.*]

Poverty is subject to ague, and to asthma, and to cold rheums, and catarrhs, and to pains in the loins, lumbago, and sciatica; and when Poverty begs, the dogs bark at it; and when Poverty is ill, the doctors mangle it; and when Poverty is dying, the priests scold at it; and when Poverty is dead, nobody weeps for it.

[The powers of filial affection, are thus finely delineated:]

Lady Arun. Oh, could I speak—could I embrace him—all
My heart would gush forth in one passionate burst,
And I should bid him stay; and Percy, Percy,
My love for thee has made me less than human!
Nor. She turns away—she will not bless the outcast!
She trembles with a fear that I should shame her!
Farewell—farewell for ever! Peace be with thee—
Heaven soothe thy griefs, and make the happy son
Thou lovest so well the source of every solace.
For me, (since it will please thee so to deem,)
Think I am in my grave!—for never more,
Save in thy dreams, shalt thou behold me!—Mother,
For the last time I call thee so!—I—I
Cannot speak more—I—
[*Rushes from the room.*
Lady Arun. Arthur! O, my son!
Come back, come back, my son!—my blessed son!
[*Falls by the threshold.*

(*To be continued.*)

A Collection for Junior Classes. By Andrew Veitch. [Berwick: Melrose.]

THIS compendium is unexceptionably good; it consists of moral and religious pieces, in prose and verse; selections from natural history; descriptive and scientific quotations, &c. It is selected with care and judgment, and the subjects principally chosen are those which the young mind has been found invariably to read with delight.

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A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

On the 12th of January, 1823, one of these spectacles was exhibited at the amphitheatre of Madrid, which is an immense building without the precincts of the capital, capable of accommodating twelve or fourteen thousand spectators. "Imagine an extensive circular arena, which is defended by a high and strong wooden partition, that runs all round, and has four gates at the four points of the compass. One of these is used for the entry of the master of the games, or director; another for the entry of the bulls; another for the egress of those bulls which are not killed; and the last for affording a passage to the horses which drag out the bulls that are slain. Between the wooden boundary of the arena, and that which encloses the lower gallery for the spectators, there is an open space that runs all round, in order that, if the bulls should at any time overleap the boundary, they may be driven back again to the arena through this space, one of the gates being opened. They are thus prevented from doing injury to the spectators. The lower gallery runs all round, sloping towards the arena, and, as well as the arena, is exposed to the open air. The second gallery, which is immediately over this, is covered by the boxes; and the boxes, which are very high, are protected from the sun and sudden rain by a narrow roof of tiles, which does not project beyond them. Fifty reals are paid for the use of a whole box, four for the second gallery, and two for the lower. At three o'clock the amphitheatre began to fill rapidly; and it was easy to perceive from the expectation painted in the countenance of the visiters, as they came in and seated themselves, that the bull-fight is a favourite amusement. The director, dressed in the ancient Spanish style, with a short black mantle, a hat turned up at the sides, and on the left side a plume of white and red feathers, rode into the arena upon a handsome charger, and, after bowing to the alcada, who presided, and sat in the box on the right of the king's, gave order for the entertainment to commence. Two horses immediately appeared in the arena, each laden with two riders, who were seated on a pad, back to back. The hindermost kept his place by holding in his left hand a cord attached to the pad, and in his right he carried a long wooden staff, pointed at the end, for the purpose of beating away the bull that was about to attack him. A bull was then let into the arena; the tip of whose horns were made harmless by being covered with lead. As soon as he saw the horsemen, he proceeded directly against one of them; and the combatants, being apparently new to the office, offering no effectual resistance, he butted his horns beneath the horse's tail, and overthrew both horse and riders. He then attacked the other with equal success; when the riders were unhorsed, the bull seemed content with his victory, and this contest was continued for some time with alternate success, the bull, however, being most frequently the conqueror, to the great amusement of the spectators. A military band which attended having given a flourish of trumpets, this bull retired. Two skilful horsemen, handsomely dressed in white, red, and silk jackets, covered with gold lace, and in white hats, with a large round leaf and a low arched crown, entered. They carried also each a long staff, with an iron spike at the end of it. A bull was then let in, whose horns were in their natural condition; and as soon as he fixed his wild-looking eyes on the riders, he proceeded to attack one of them. These, however, being well exercised, fought him away generally; but the contest being attended with some danger, both to the horse and the rider, it excited strong interest. One of them was thrown to the ground, together with the horse; but happening to be near the partition of the arena, some of the spectators stretched over the partition to his assistance, and delivered him from the rage of the ferocious animal. When the horsemen had wearied him in some degree, three or four pedestrians teased him a little in turn. They carried in one hand a scarf of yellow or red silk, and after approaching him, they ran towards the boundary with all speed, trailing the scarf behind; and if they were in danger of being overtaken, they let the scarf fall on the ground. The bull immediately stopped, and vented all his rage upon the scarf, as if under belief that it covered his adversary, while the fugitive had time to leap over the boundary. After this, the animal being pretty well fatigued, the same pedestrians, who were also handsomely dressed, armed themselves with strong iron darts, as it was the object of each to run upon the bull with agility, and, just as he was in the act of stooping his head to toss them, to fix two of these darts, one at each side of the back of his neck. Being bearded, it was with great difficulty the animal could get rid of them, and sometimes he was seen raging round the arena, his neck bristled with these torturing instruments. At length, when he was almost exhausted, an expert performer approached the animal, holding a red mantle before him in one hand, and with the other he thrust a long sword in beneath the shoulder. The bull now fell, and another attendant came with a knife, and, fixing it in the vital part of his head, put an end to his agonies. He was then dragged along the arena by the horses, and carried away." It appears strange that a polished people should be enamoured of spectacles where even their fellow-creatures are endangered.

The Gatherer.

Paper was first Manufactured in this Country by John Spilman, or Spielman, a German, in the reign of Elizabeth, who granted him the subordinate manor of Port-

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bridge,* or Bycknore, in Dartford, Kent, which had previously been an appendage to the priory. Here, on the site of a wheat and a malt-mill, he built a paper-mill for the making of writing-paper; and in the thirty-first of Elizabeth, who knighted him, and to whom he was jeweller, he obtained a license for the sole gathering, for ten years, of all rags, &c., necessary for the making of such paper. [Har. MSS., No. 2269, O. fol. 124.] He died in 1607, at the age of fifty-five: his effigy, with that of his lady, are in the chancel on the north side of Dartford church.

Test of Counterfeit Sovereigns.—Observe the milling round the edge. If the coin be genuine, the strokes will be found perfectly regular—if counterfeit, the irregularity of the milling, which is generally very obvious, will show the fraud.

Mr. Halliwell, in a note to his Introduction to Warkworth's Chronicle, makes mention of a miracle-play, of the fifteenth century, "The Burial of Christ; [MS. Bodl. 3692;] and says, he quotes "this MS. for the purpose of pointing out a curious miracle-play, which does not appear to have been hitherto known."

Suicides in Westminster: November.—The following account of the number of inquests, in cases of suicide, held by Messrs. Gell and Higgs, the coroners for Westminster, from the year 1812 to 1831, inclusive, has been furnished by the latter gentleman, it having been compiled from official documents:—

In 1812...24	1817...17	1822...18	1827...26
1813...26	1818...18	1823...32	1828...32
1814...23	1819...26	1824...21	1829...30
1815...30	1820...19	1825...24	1830...28
1816...26	1821...20	1826...31	1831...28

Total, 489: which includes eight cases of *felo de se*. The number of men destroying themselves to women is nearly as three to one, as appears from the returns: there being three hundred and fifty-nine men to only one hundred and thirty women. From the Parliamentary Returns, it appears that the population of Westminster, in 1811, was 160,801; in 1821, 181,444; and, in 1831, 202,891.

The stone for building the New Houses of Parliament has been fixed upon: it is to be from the Steetly quarries, a short distance from Worksop, on the estate recently purchased by the Duke of Newcastle.

The Sword of Bruce.—The sword which King Robert Bruce wielded at Bannockburn has, with his helmet, survived the entire family. Mrs. Catherine Bruce, the last of the royal house, died, 1791, at a very advanced age; only a short time before her death Burns called upon her, and, though she was almost speechless from paralysis, she entertained him nobly, and conferred the honour of knighthood on him with the Bruce's two-handed sword, saying, she had a better right to grant the title than "some people." After dinner, the first toast she gave was "Awa', uncos!" that is, away with the strangers, which showed her jacobite feelings to the House of Hanover. The old lady bequeathed the sword and helmet to the Earl of Elgin, whom she considered the next of kin. —*Times.*

About two months ago, while some drainers were employed at Loughy Loch, in the parish of Tarbolton, they came upon a canoe, buried eight feet below the surface of the earth. This interesting naval relic of ancient days is about sixteen feet in length, and three in breadth, and is formed after the most approved Indian fashion. It is constructed of the hardy mountain oak, is perfect in all parts, and is in a state of comparatively good preservation.

Cats and Rats at St. Catherine's Docks.—Cats are kept in the St. Catherine's Docks, London, to destroy the rats, which, previously to this mode of insurance, made havoc amongst the sugars deposited to a vast annual amount. The annual expense of this plan is 104*l.*: *s.* The cat's-meat is bought by contract, and two men are allowed to attend and feed them: They are fed in the morning at six, and in the evening at nine o'clock.

Voltaire.—More than 10,000 strangers visit annually the country-house of Voltaire, at Ferney, near Geneva. It may be, therefore, supposed that the post of *cicerone* is productive to its owner. A Genevese, an excellent calculator, as are all his countrymen, has valued, as follows, the yearly profits that functionary derives from his situation:—

		Francs.
8,000 busts of Voltaire, made with earth of Ferney, one franc each		8,000
1,200 autograph letters, at 20 francs		24,000
500 walking-canes of Voltaire, at 50 francs		25,000
300 veritable wigs of Voltaire, at 100 francs		30,000
—*La Siècle.*	In all	87,000

India Rubber Gloves.—The Nottingham hosiers are at length paying some attention to this manufacture, as several houses have applied to the Leicester patentees upon the subject. They are infinitely superior, both in comfort and appearance, to the hosiery welted gloves, whether made of cotton or silk. The India rubber web will wash, and keep its elasticity. It is made in pieces thirty-six yards long, and, being cut into proper lengths, is given out to the workmen to run upon the frame.—*Nottingham Journal.*

* He is said to have brought over sea with him in his portmanteau, two *lime-trees*, a tree unseen before in these parts, and to have planted them here. *Hasted*, in his *Kent*, says, "they stood near the dwelling-house belonging to the powder-mills, and remained till within these few years, when they were cut down.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 978.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1839. [Price 2*d*.

NETHERSIDE HALL,

WHARFDALE, YORKSHIRE.

I have brought the tourist* back to Grassington, that I might take him along the other side of the dale; but before he proceeds on his journey, he must accompany me to Lithe House, near Grassington; from the terrace in front of this romantically placed abode, is a most extensive panoramic view of mountain scenery: below is the River Wharf, winding through a deep valley, at the foot of a range of lofty hills, in whose hollows are several villages and solitary farm-houses. The geological formation of the country exhibits some remarkable features; and the scientific observer will no doubt draw on his imagination to account for the singular appearance presented by a series of small round hills immediately beneath the mountains, and which, at irregular distances, extend for several miles. The largest of them is called Elbōton; they are all formed of the blue limestone, are filled with organic remains, and rest on a bed of sandstone. The mountain chain above them is gritstone. An observer of these remarkable hills might suppose, that by some tremendous convulsion of nature they had been detached from the upper range; but the difference of formation shows that this is not the case. On one side of Elbōton is a chasm, called Knave Knoll Cave, where several human skeletons have been discovered; how they came there is a mystery; the bones were found in a very perfect condition; but the preservative quality of an atmosphere impregnated with lime would tend to retard the progress of decay. A medical gentleman, from the inspection and examination of a skull, was of opinion that its possessor had met with a violent death.

When Bloomfield sang the charms of Birnam-Water, the burden of his song was—

"Yet Birnam-Water wants a shade;"

and the lover of nature, on gazing at the prospect before him here, will feel the same want. Gray, when he wrote of Craven, complained of the paucity of trees. Much, in the way of planting, has been done since the time of the English Pindar, and the district must wear a very different aspect to what it did seventy years ago; but still much remains to be done. In Craven there are a good many small landed proprietors, and there is no persuading these people that their estates would be im-

* Vide *Mirror*, vol. xxviii, p. 84.

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proved by planting. Whenever you talk with them on the subject, the reply is, "pity to spoil good land by planting it." Now, if by this they mean that whatever land is planted cannot be appropriated to any other purpose, say grazing—certainly that is a truism about which there is no disputing! but if these good people wish to make us believe that the land adjoining that which is planted, would in consequence deteriorate, then I can assert that the very reverse is the fact; increased luxuriance and better pasturage is sure to follow on the steps of planting. The unprotected state of the land in the mountain districts of Craven exposes it to every blast, and vegetation is accordingly backward and stunted; once let the land have shelter, and the result will be better crops.

There are instances, and those not a few, of soil of so barren a nature, that it resisted every attempt at improvement, until a shelter had been formed, by planting an adjacent plot, when the nature of the soil became as it were completely changed, and the husbandman realized a profit from what for centuries had been almost valueless. Some of the inhabitants of Craven will tell you that trees will not grow there; and, strange as it may seem, I have heard such observations made by people standing opposite to a flourishing plantation;* so blind are we made by prejudice, as not even to trust our eyesight. Trees will grow in any part of England, if the proper kinds are selected.

The tourist could now continue his route of the Wharfe by following the road through Grasswood; but as the views from the road between Grassington and Coniston (the next village) are extremely confined, I should advise him to take the other side of the dale, and proceed by way of Threshfield, or by a shorter and pleasanter path through the fields. After crossing the bridge, besides "Our Lady's Well," (mentioned in my last communication,) we come to "Lady Well Cottage." This humble dwelling is of a picturesque appearance, but a grand specimen of the style of architecture prevalent in the older houses in the Craven villages; which houses form a striking contrast to the shabby nondescript modern ones that have arisen around them. The latter have a meagre, paltry look, and prove, that in whatever consists the superiority of the modern villagers to their forefathers, it certainly is not in their appreciation of architectural beauty.

About half a mile from the cottage through the fields is the neat village of Threshfield,† which may be said to be the grand besommart for the district. The village and neighbourhood abound with *manufacturers* of brooms and rods. Mr. Whackford Squeers would no doubt find much wherewith to amuse himself in such a locality, and perhaps might learnedly derive the name of the village from THRASH*field*. There is nothing, however, to detain the tourist in it, who (unless he has peculiar pleasure in travelling by a dusty cart-road) may from thence proceed to Kilnsay, by way of Skirethorns, from which latter place there is a footpath over very elevated ground; or he may retrace his steps along the Grassington road, and take the footpath which commences at a style on the left-hand side of the road, a short distance from "Lady Well Cottage." An arbitrary attempt was made a few years ago to close this footpath; and for no other reason, forsooth, than because an individual about to build a house fancied that a path through his twenty or thirty acres would interfere with *his* comforts. An order was obtained from the magistrates, the styles were walled up, and notices posted, breathing vengeance on trespassers. But the country people were not to be thus deprived of their rights—the notice-boards were pulled down, the styles were opened, and would-be aristocracy sustained a defeat.

There have been in the neighbourhood many similar attempts, and I am proud to say that some of them have been frustrated through my advice. I have always been an advocate for popular rights, and consider that where ancient footpaths exist, the people have as much right to *them* as the nobleman has to *his* castle. Many of these old field-ways had their origin in the feudal times, and were a sort of compromise between the tyrant lords and their vassals. When the lands to which all had free access were divided and appertioned amongst the retainers of the Norman monarch, to pacify the people in some degree for the abridgment of their privileges, a right of passing through lands by footpaths was conceded to them. Surely the present age, that boasts of its liberality, is not the one in which to deprive the community of *rights* they have enjoyed for centuries; rights conceded to them even in *barbarous* times. It may be as well, before I leave this subject, to remark, that by a recent enactment, no ancient footpath can be stopped without the consent of a vestry meeting.

The path which has caused the above remarks has always been a favourite one with the writer; it is carried along the edge of a high bank overlooking the Wharfe, the opposite side of the stream being the forest of Grasswood,* the trees of which extend to the very brink of the water.

The next object on this road is Netherside Hall, a modern building, of the Elizabethan order; it was erected by a gentleman of the

* The peat bogs of Wharfdale abound with remains of large trees; a proof that at some period Wakefield has had most extensive forests in every part of it.

† Linton, the village from whence the parish takes its name, is near Threshfield. Its Hospital, founded by one of the Fountain family, is said, I know not how truly, to have been erected by Inigo Jones. It is a handsome building of the sort.

* Mr. Montague met a countryman somewhere hereabouts, who told him he had once heard a nightingale in Grasswood! Depend upon it, Mr. M., it was a Dutch one—an owl!

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name of Neel, but for some reason or other, after he had expended thousands on the house and gardens, he took a dislike to the place, and the mansion has consequently never been inhabited by any one except a servant. The grounds are, unfortunately, of small extent, otherwise the mansion would be a desirable country residence for any gentleman of fortune. Nethersde Hall, now the property of the Rev. J. Robinsen, is a most picturesque addition to the scenery of Wharfdale; and from whatever point we look upon it—from beneath its walls; from the opposite bank; from Grassington; or from any other part of the dale—it is certainly a beautiful object, a bright spot in an enchanting landscape. Any stranger can go through the interior for a trifling gratuity; it is well worthy of inspection; the view from the leads will amply repay the toil of the ascent. For the drawing of Nethersde Hall, we are indebted to the Rev. J. P. Fearon, curate of Linton, who sketched it expressly for the *Mirror*.

(*To be continued.*)

ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S ASTROLABE,

IN THE PAINTED HALL, GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

BY MARY ANN CARTER,

Authoress of "The Deluge;" "The General Resurrection;" and other Poems.

Embarked I think on the might and the glory
That swell the proud annals of Britain's fair story,
The present is brilliant, the past is sublime;
And her greatness must flourish coeval with time.

By whose hand hath been placed such rich gems on her brow?
Who have hallowed the past—who emblazon her now?
The spirits of those whose bright deeds still proclaim
That, in honour immortal, enshrined is each name!

And where, midst the glorious host, shall we find
So gallant a heart, and so noble a mind;
Achievements so brilliant, and virtue so great,
Adding strength and renown both to people and state—

As in him who long wore near his valorous breast,
In the dark hours of danger—the moment of rest—
This relic so sacred, his oft-trusted guide,
O'er the waves of the ocean, through battle's red tide!

Can an eye then behold thee, thou trophy of old!
Thou pledge of past greatness and glories untold!
Nor brighten with joy and enthusiasm's fire,
Which the deeds of the hero should ever inspire?

Let the throb of wild rapture awake in each vein,
While we gaze on this relic again and again,
Which Time hath thus spared from his keen, grasping hand,
A memorial unfading—that ages must stand.

That to millions unborn will unceasing proclaim
The deeds and the virtue, the glory and fame,
Of him now enrolled in the hearts of the free,
Whose laurels unwithered for ever must be!

Of him who so nobly encompassed the world—
Whose courage our foes to destruction oft hurled,
'Midst the direst affrays, 'till the blood of the slain
Had crimson'd the waves of the fathomless main!

Whilst the spirit rejoices fresh trophies to rear
To him of so bright and untarnished career,
Yet a sigh must escape, that the ocean's lone wave
Should have closed o'er the dust of the glorious brave!*

* Sir Francis Drake died, 1596, on board his ship off Nombre de Dios, and was buried in the sea.

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Strype, in his Church History, b. v. says, "I have heard that Queen Elizabeth, being informed that Dr. Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, had given ten thousand pounds in marriage with his daughter, and being offended that a Prelate's daughter should equal a princess in portion [*i. e.* herself, by Henry the Eighth's will], took away one thousand pound a-year from that Bishoprick, and assigned it for the better maintenance of the garrison of Berwick."

A RAMBLE THROUGH SHERWOOD.

(*Continued from page 267.*)

Situate on the outskirts of what was once the Forest of Sherwood, and retaining, to this day, many leafy nooks, and sweet clusters of woodland scenery, is the pretty town of Worksop,—interesting from its antiquity, and for the peculiar beauty of its noble and venerable church, towering above its quiet-looking homes. The Manor, late the residence of the Earl of Surrey, and long in the possession of the Dukes of Norfolk, is an extensive and beautiful residence, surrounded by a richly-wooded park; but the unpruned trees, neglected gardens, and closed windows, proclaim it to be at present without inhabitant. Before the Conquest, this place was in the possession of a Saxon noble; afterwards, the Furnivals, Nevilles, and Talbots of Shrewsbury, were, in turn, lords over it; lastly, the noble family of Howard held this Manor, and, from that circumstance, had the privilege of presenting a glove to the sovereign on the day of coronation. It is now the property of the Duke of Newcastle.

Worksop was formerly noted for its priory;—the present beautiful church has two lofty towers, and adjacent are the picturesque remains of a chapel formerly belonging to the priory, in the outward walls of which are eight windows, of the lancet-form, alone remaining. The space within is now used as a place of burial, and, over all, rank masses of vegetation—the bramble, the nettle, and the creeping ivy, find root amongst the grey stones, filling up the "chinks that time has made." The hoary gateway of the Monastery remains, and is converted into a school-room belonging to the church. In the serene calm of a summer's Sabbath morning, the mingled voices of children sweetly rise from this old relic, commencing the sacred day with one of those good old melodies, which never fail to sooth and exalt the mind, and raise the thoughts and affections beyond the narrow bounds of time. Here, beneath the long grass, reposes the dust of many a brave crusader, of whom the world retains no memory. "Thomas de Furnival," says an old Chronicle, "distinguished himself in the Holy Land; but incurring his mother's displeasure by suffering his brother's bones to remain in the land of the infidel, he went back

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for them, and had them interred in the Priory of Worksop." But who would visit this vicinity without exploring the dark woods, the still waters, and the lovely gardens, in the enchanting vale of Newstead! Leaving the old town of Mansfield for some six miles, the road, through a somewhat dreary-looking country, presents a contrast to the scene which gradually unfolds as you enter upon what was the ancestral domain of the Byrons.

It is a richly-wooded valley; and, from a distance, the battlements of a small fortress on the banks of the lake, alone indicate that you are drawing near to the Abbey of Newstead, with all its associations of the lost and the gifted! If the day is cloudy, so much the better; for this place is all too solemn and thought-inspiring for the garish sunshine; and when you enter upon the secluded beauty of its green-terraced gardens, its whispering woods, and ever-gushing fountains, you bid farewell to the "working-day world;" your impressions are all apart from the busy hum of present things; you have shut out, for a brief period, the weary detail of ordinary events, and you resign yourself to the romantic charm of the scene. All that correct taste can effect has been done by the present possessor, Colonel Wildman, to preserve the antique aspect of the place, and in all the recent renovations, care has been taken that the new shall harmonize in strict keeping with the old. On approaching the massy porch, and ringing for admission, how vain is it to divest the scene of association with the memory of that wayward and gifted being, whose genius, despite its woeful perversion, has given to this "time-honoured" dwelling an enduring interest. How involuntarily does Fancy picture him the last of his race, coming, in the impetuous years of early youth, to this hoary home of his forefathers, and left, alas! without guide or monitor. How well do his own words express the peculiar desolation which surrounded him:—

"In the dome of my sires, as the clear moonbeam falls
Thro' silence and shade o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar, like the glories of old,
It gilds, but it warms not, 'tis dazzling, but cold.
And the step that o'er-echoes the grey floor of stone,
Falls sullenly now, for 'tis only my own;
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblet, and dreary the hearth.
And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall;
It tells not of time's, or the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway!"

The hall of entrance is low-browed; the groined arches and stone pillars, receding into dim distance, return the echo of your footsteps with startling distinctness: it is lighted by the moon-light gleam, from deeply-set painted windows. Here you may rest and moralize in some of the antique chairs of black oak ranged along the walls, in which you may suppose the cowled monks and friars have many a time reposed. To the right, is a beautiful painting of Isaac and Rebecca; and in one corner of the hall is Byron's boat. Passing through a long range of cloisters, where nothing breaks the silence but the perpetual gushing from a grey and moss-grown fountain in the quadrangle, you arrive at the present chapel, belonging to the Abbey, in which divine service is performed. Ascending a flight of winding stone stairs, you enter Byron's apartment; the furniture in which, remaining as he left it, is remarkably plain and unostentatious: in a small anti-room adjoining is the likeness of the old servant Murray, who looks as if he were about to descant, with vassal's fondness, on some chronicle of the family. The grand drawing-room at Newstead, (the roof of which is curiously and elaborately carved, and said to be six hundred years old,) is adorned with many superb paintings. The Duke of Sussex, in full court dress; the melancholy picture of Thomas Howard; Lord Arundel; and old Sir John Byron, the first owner of Newstead. The Abbey was presented to him by Henry the Eighth. He was a great favourite with the king, supporting him in all his measures; and, in return for this, when the church lands were divided, the Abbey of Newstead, and the manor of Papelham, were given to him. Near to this is the striking painting of the noble bard, by Phillips, in all the glow of youth and early genius. The library, formerly one of the aisles of the old church, has many portraits of interest; and in the state bed-room, which is adorned with tapestried furniture, may be seen the sinester aspect of Richard the Third; the innocent face of the second of that name, the murdered Charles, and his queen, Henrietta-Maria. The unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, with the undim'd look of triumph and hope, no dark foreboding of Sedgemoor has "cast its shadows before." The name of William Lord Byron, is whispered by the cicerone as you gaze on the dark countenance of this unhappy nobleman, who, after the fatal duel with his relation and neighbour, in 1765, languished out a long life at Newstead, where he died, in 1798, a prey to that remorse so well expressed by his successor:—

"The thought, where more than madness lies,
The worm that will not sleep, and never dies!"

Amongst high laurels and other evergreens leading to the gardens, which are laid out in exquisite taste, is the well-known tomb of the Poet's favourite quadruped; the concluding lines of the epitaph containing an affecting expression of the conviction he had thus early attained of the hollowness of earthly friendship:—

"In memory of a friend these stones arise,
I never found but *one*, and here he lies!"

The hand of taste is every where apparent; but the memory of Byron pervades the echoing halls and galleries, the ivy-clad windows and the ever-murmuring woods, where long will pilgrim-steps resort, and muse o'er genius passed away. Three miles further, and the humble village spire rises in the distance,

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where, "after life's fitful fever," the dust of the Bard reposes.

Annesley Hall, two miles distant, is the next object of attraction in this neighbourhood; and how impossible to pass its "hoary threshold" without recalling Byron's "Dream," and the faithful transcript given there of his early and blighted love. Apart from all other associations, it is an interesting specimen of the genuine old English Hall, the residence of the ancient family of the Chaworth's; but here is the "antique oratory,"—the moss-grown terrace, all ivy'd o'er and grey, where the lovely and beloved, in the sunshine of life's morning, rejoiced, with eyes undim'd by tears, and hearts all redolent of hope and joy :—

"I saw two beings, in the hues of youth,
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such." • • • •

"This gentle hill" remains, and behind the dark wood near it, the mansion grey, where the memory of Byron and Mary Chaworth will remain, when no "withered eld" is left to tell, that here young affection was blighted. True, the hand of taste has been engaged in replacing decay with the modern antique, and, in the newly-constructed wing of this interesting mansion, all is cheerful, elegant, and new; but, overlooking the terrace-walk, are three ancient windows, and these give dim light to the dilapidated grandeur of a deserted drawing-room, which opens into the "antique oratory," where stood the "Boy alone,"—

"And pale, and pacing to and fro." • • • •

Opposite is an ancient dial, marking the progress of Time, the destroyer, who is already casting a grey shadow over the hour, when

"They did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And, mounting on his steed, he went his way,
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more."

To those who love to muse in scenes which are stamped with some record of human joy or woe, how interesting is this old mansion, its moss-grown terrace, antique portraits, and the dried-up fountain in the old court-yard, planted round with flowers, where the

"Cooling waters lie
Hush'd, as the tears that flow'd in Annesley!"

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE R—.

TO A LITTLE CHILD AT PLAY.

Ah! happy child, thy infant mind
But little scans the world's sad scene,
Nor thinks of grief that's hid behind,
So fair and beautiful a screen.

Thy sorrows, like an April show'r,
One moment drown'd in tears,
The next, and Sol in all its pow'r
Bedeck'd with smiles appears.

Thy life is like a silver stream
On some calm summer's day;
Or like a joyous fleeting dream,
Too beautiful to stay;

Sweet child! thine is a blissful time,
Replete with happy hours;
May fortune's sun for ever shine,
And strew thy path with flowers!

J. M. BLONDEVILLE.

THE DREAM,

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(From Heath's Book of Beauty, 1840.)

"And ye love him still, Kathleen?" "Faith I do; and sore against my will, too, sometimes: but troth, mavourneen, for the life of me I can't help it." "Yet, sure, haven't ye tould me, that he's as cross as may be when he hasn't the dhrop of dhrink, and as cross as can be when he has it, that he neglicts the childer, and snaps his fingers in ye'r face, when you want him to keep from the Dun Cow; and afther all this ye love him! Well, for my part, I'm but a lone woman, to be sure, and never knew what it was—God be praised!—to have a man on my own floor, houlding out against me, ever since I lost my poor father—pace be to his sowl!—last Christmas was eleven years; but I think I could no more bear with such traitment as you put up with, Kathleen, then I could fly." "Aragh cuish-lamachree; it is because you've been a lone woman, and have not been used to have a man on your floor, houlding out against you, that it seems so hard to bear. One gets used to every thing in the coorse of time; and many is the thing that seemed disagreeable enough at first, that has come so pleasant at last, that sure one has got to like it." "That's what my poor ould granny used to say, in regard to the snuff. 'When I began to take a snisheen at first,' said she, (may the heavens be her bed this blessed night!) 'I didn't like it much; but afther I had taken it for some time, faith I got used to it, and liked it; and many's the lonesome hour it has helped me over.'" "Well, thin, so it is with a husband's ways; one feels a saucy word, or an impudent shake of the head, just ready to answer him: but if one has the luck to keep in both, sure't will be a great blessing." "But how did ye find out the craft to keep 'em in, Kathleen; for, troth, they come so quick to me, whinever I'm vexed, that off they go, whether I will or no." "Well, then, Pegg asthore, I'll tell you how it all happened. Though, as t'was only a dhream—a simple dhream, mayhap you'll not think so seriously of it as I did. But dhreams come direct from heaven; bekase, as they appear to us when we are asleep, and can't help ourselves, it's clear that God, who always purtects the helpless, sends 'em to us. Besides, sure, though the body is asleep, the soul is awake, and can better understand the thoughts that God sends when she is not bothered by the foolish rhaumeshe* of the poor weak creature she is forced to lodge with for a time on this earth. Sure, Peggy, sleep is like death; it is a solemn and a holy thing, blessed be the giver! And as in death the truth is shewn to us, so in sleep, the truth, or the shadow of truth, may be revealed, which, in our waking hours, we are too busy with bodily wants to listen to as we ought." "Then faith, Kathleen, it's yerself that's the quare

* "Irish for idle talk."

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woman to be believing in dhreams! But tell me what it was you dhreamt, avourneen." "'Twas a fine summer evening, Peggy, as ever shone out of the heavens. The bees were flitting about from flower to flower, and saying, with their playsant voices, 'What a sweet life we lade!' The birds were singing such music, that those who have once listened to it with the ears of their hearts, want no better. And the red sun was going to bed, behind purple curtains, fringed with goold, richer than any king's, when I sat at the open window,—that same window, Peggy, that you now see. The sweet smell of the flowers came to me; the brown cuckoo hopped over the field, and repeated his cry as clear as could be; the cows lowed in the distance, and every bird and baste,—ay, and the little tiny crathurs, that are smaller than the birds, might be heard too—all was so still and calm. Oh! in such summer-nights one may hear the voice of God, if one keeps one's mind quiet, and looks up to heaven; But my mind—God forgive me!—wasn't quiet, for I was vexed and angry. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'here I am, this beautiful night, and Andy promised he would come home before the sun had gone to bed; and there, he has drawn his purple curtains, and put out his blessed light, and yet the man of the house does not come to me! Sure, 'tis to the Dun Cow he's gone, to dhrink with them limbs of the devil; and this is the way that a poor woman is kept, like a mhoodaun,* watching the long hours, while he's spending the thrifle he's airn'd!' With that, up gets the anger in my breast, and the heart of me began to bate, and my cheeks got as hot as a lime-kiln. 'I'll go afther him,' says I, 'to the Dun Cow, and give him a bit of my mind—that I will!' But then I began to remember that Biddy Phelan used to go afther Mick, her husband, until he got so used to it, that he would say he couldn't go till Biddy came for him; and I said to myself, 'It shall never be said that I, a dacent girl, wint afther my husband to a shibeen shop.' 'But, thin, 'twould sarve him right, and may be taich him betther,' whispered the Evil Spirit in my ears, 'if you were to spake to him afore the wild boys he's drinking with;' and I up, and threw the tail of my gound over my shoulders, and crossed the treshold. 'If he should speak crosaly to you, Kathleen, before all them chap, wouldn't it be a terrible downfal to ye?' said a little voice in my heart, no louder than the humming of a bee. 'Faith, 'tis yerself that's right enough,' said I; and I let down the tail of my gound, and began to cry like a child Well, I cried till I fell fast asleep; for though people say that sleep seldom comes to the eyes that have been shedding tears, I have always found the contrary; and I remember the last thought I had afore I slept was, 'What a baste my husband was to lave me alone, while he was spending his airnings at the Dun Cow!' I slept, and I dhreamt that I was so angry with him, that I prayed to God to take him to himself; for that I'd rather lose him intirely, than have him continually laving me to go to the Dun Cow to throw away his money. 'Well, you shall have your will, honest woman,' says Death to me; and mighty strange it was, Peggy, I did not feel in the laste afraid of Death then, though the thoughts of him ever makes me feel a could shiver when I am awake, and look at those I love. 'But remember,' says Death, 'that once I have granted your prayer, you'll never see your husband again, except a corpse,' With that I saw my poor boy laid in his bed—our bed, where I came to him a bride, and where my arm had supported his poor aching head through many a long weary hour when he had the typhus fever. His face was as pale as marble, Peggy, when the moon is shining on it in the church-yard. His hair was like the boughs of the willow, wet and dropping with the heavy dews of night; and his lips were cold and silent as the grave. Oh, God! I shall never forget what I felt, when I looked at him in that moment. I threw my arms around him—my hot tears dreached his frozen face I called him by every tender name—but he answered me not, he heeded me not. The memory of all our love—the happy hours of our courtship—and the many happy ones when I first stood on his floor as a wife, came back to me; and I thought I had never really truly loved him before, as I now did. And there he lay, with that beauty on his pale and lifeless face, that Death gives when he has struck the blow, just if he wished to make us more sorrowful for what we have lost. I thried all I could to remember how often my poor boy had vex me, in the hopes of its stopping my grief; but—would you believe it, Peggy?—I could call to mind nothing but all the fond words and the loving actions of him, until my very heart seemed breaking, and I prayed to God either to restore him to life or to take me with him. 'Remember, woman,' said a voice that sounded like the wind when it comes sighing through a wood, when first the leaves begin to fall, 'remember that I tould you, if I granted your prayer for his death, you should never see him again but as a corpse.' Oh! how terrible did the words strike on my heart! and then I felt the fearful power of him the priest called the King of terrors. 'I'm thinking,' says he, 'tis yerself that's sorry enough for your wickedness in wishing for his death; but it's too late now. You couldn't bear to lose him for an hour or two at the Dun Cow, but now you must lose him for ever and a day. You'll see his playsant smile no more, nor hear his loving voice.' 'Andy, Andy, vuishlamachree, don't lave me! don't lave me!' cried I, like one that had lost all raison, and the big tears running down my cheeks!' 'Faith, and I won't, my darlint,' said a voice, the sound of which I never expected to hear again in this world. 'Sure, here I am, my colleen thas;' and he

* "A fool."

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hugged me against his warm heart, for it was no other than Andy himself that had come home from the Dun Cow, and all the throuble I was in about his death was a dhream. From that night I have never scoulded him, nor said a cross word about his going to the Dun Cow; for, whenever an angry thought was coming into my head, I remembered my dhream, and thanked God he wasn't dead. Oh, Peggy, dear! Such warnings as that are blessed things, and teach us to bare and forbare. Praise be to His holy name who sends em!"

SANATORIUM IN THE METROPOLIS.

An institution is projected to provide for those of the upper and middle classes who may require it, the amplest means for restoration or alleviation in sickness, including not only the best medical and other attendance, but baths, suites of rooms kept at a uniform temperature, and other appliances beyond the reach even of the comparatively opulent in private dwelling-houses. The advantages of such an institution to professional and commercial men, and all whose avocations lead them to live chiefly in chambers or lodgings, are very obvious. It appears that they are capable of being realized at a very reasonable rate. By this institution, it is probable that many valuable lives may be prolonged, and much suffering avoided. A meeting on the subject was lately held, at which it was stated, that the establishment could be put into operation, with about a hundred beds, at an expense of about 3,000*l*.

USE AND ABUSE OF OPIUM.

At the first general meeting of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society, November 13th inst., Dr. Sigmond delivered a lecture on opium. The poppy (he said) is indigenous, and grows spontaneously in a large tract of Asia, but there is a farm, the *Afiouru Hasa Hissar*, where it is cultivated with great care. At particular seasons of the year, incisions are made, and the opium is collected with the knife, and thrown into gourds or basins, where it undergoes fermentation—a process which is not absolutely necessary, but is considered important, and is produced by the saliva of the labourers being cast upon it.

Though the chewing and swallowing of opium are known to have been practised many centuries ago, it is only since the year 1716 that we have become acquainted with the marvellous stories which have been repeated of the extraordinary excitement produced by opium—an excitement totally different from that caused by vinous and alcoholic drinks. Free use of wine and spirits is followed by a high degree of irritation; but the use of opium by calmness and quiescence. There is no ferocity and violence like that which succeeds the drinking of brandy to excess; nor any of that absolute dejection which is produced by whisky and gin. It is, however, succeeded by a collapse, or re-action, which develops itself in imbecility, a loathing of food, and a repugnance to all the ordinary occupations of life. A grain of opium is a medicinal dose; but the opium eater is able to increase his quantity until 200 or 300 grains are swallowed daily. The author of the *Confessions of an Opium Eater* admitted that he had taken 320 grains at a time. At the opium shops in Constantinople, the drug is administered in pills rolled up by the *marchand*, who knows his customers so well that he can vary the size of the pill to meet their respective appetites. The "patient" reclines on a sofa, takes a glass of water to wash down the pill, and in a few moments those ecstatic dreams and chimerical scenes to which they are accustomed ensue. Sometimes the person makes his way home, assuming various grotesque attitudes, being followed by shouts of derision by a mob of boys; or he recites elegant passages of poetry, and generally becomes very eloquent. In fact, the use of opium is said to be so inspiring, that some of our own public orators have had recourse to its use. The excitement having subsided, a stupor, or sopor, which lasts about eight hours, comes on, which is attended by a gnawing of the stomach, but none of that nausea consequent upon the use of vinous or alcoholic drinks. The intoxication of this drug produces an utter listlessness and dislike to everything around the individual, who cannot be happy or easy until he returns to the poison again. At length the appetite for food is destroyed, the mind becomes incapable of pursuing any study, the nervous system is quite unhinged, there is a sort of *delirium tremens*, the muscles become indolent and flaccid, and almost incapable of obeying volition, the body becomes deformed, the chest grows out, the ribs are crooked, one shoulder gets higher than the other, the vertebræ are displaced and sunken, the head falls on one side, and all kinds of horrible contortions and distortions take place, until death puts an end to the miserable existence of the opium-eater.

Dr. Sigmond then proceeded to describe the practice of opium-smoking among the Chinese, observing that by inhalation the qualities of any substance are more rapidly and effectually infused into the system than by any other mode. The attempts which had been made to cure diseases of the lungs by inhalation had, however, failed; and General Gent, who introduced the practice of smoking stramonium for asthma, fell a victim to his nostrum, and died within 24 hours after trying it. The Chinese, when he smokes opium, lies upon a couch, with his head elevated, and from a long pipe, into the bowl of which has been placed some of the drug, macerated and prepared for the purpose, he takes only one whiff, and retains the smoke for a time; then, with a skill of which

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he is proud, he suffers the smoke to escape from his nostrils, ears, and eyes. The secondary effects upon the China-man are very extraordinary, but opium-smoking is attended with no delightful consequences to the natives of northern climes. The Chinese opium-smoker, on whose countenance the love of opium is written, becomes decrepit in early life, his skin appears like parchment, and if but twenty-five years old, looks full twice that age, and all the results of opium-eating become his lot. The Chinese authorities, who have repeatedly forbidden the use of this poison, describe those once accustomed to it as being "totally unable to live without it; they cannot be prevailed upon by any means to relinquish it; their faces become sharp as sparrows, and their heads sunk between their shoulders; the poison falls into their innermost vitals, physic cannot cure them, and repentance comes too late." Gutzlaff, Mr. Earle, and every other traveller who has witnessed the effects of the use of opium, have made similar statements.

Dr. Sigmond remarked, however, that morphia, which is obtained from this drug, when medicinally applied, and under proper direction, might be made to produce beneficial effects, not upon the lungs, but upon the nervous system, in certain states and stages of disease. He mentioned that the digestion would become so deadened by the use of opium that the stomach could take substances which, under ordinary circumstances, would destroy life.

There was a man named Solyman, the corrosive sublimate eater in Constantinople, who went into a chemist's shop, and took a large quantity of that substance, which he washed down with a glass of water, and went away. The apothecary, fearing that he should be punished for poisoning a Turk, shut up shop and decamped; but, after some days, hearing nothing further of the matter, he returned; and so did his customer the next day, and repeated his dose of corrosive sublimate, without injury; such was the state of inaction to which his stomach had been reduced by the use of opium.*

Dr. Sigmond having recited some more of the effects of the drug, as described by M. De Quincey, in his "Confessions," concluded by referring to the edicts which had been issued by the Chinese Government for many years past against the use of it, and observed, that though at the meetings of the Medico-Botanic Society it was not to be expected that political feelings would be at all indulged in, yet it must be admitted that no government, having the welfare of a nation at heart, would witness the progress of such a demoralizing practice without making efforts to check it; and he did not think himself wrong in saying, that if opium-smoking among the Chinese were continued, there could be little doubt that China would become an object of contempt and pity to the civilized world.

Earl Stanhope expressed himself highly gratified with the lecture. The debilitating and enervating effects of opium, his lordship observed, were such, that it appeared when a military expedition was about to be sent out by the Emperor of China, no less than four thousand men from the immediate vicinity of Canton were obliged to return to their homes, having been rendered utterly unfit for service by the use of opium. It was not to be wondered that a sovereign who watched with incessant anxiety and care for the welfare of upwards of 300,000,000 of subjects, should prohibit, under the strictest penalties, the importation of a drug so detrimental and destructive alike of mind and body, among a people the most ingenious, intelligent, and industrious that ever existed, either in ancient or modern times.

In an interesting letter, written by the authorities of China to the Queen of England, (given in the *Times* of the 19th inst.,) are some cogent reasons why the Emperor is so vigilant in destroying the opium-trade.

Mr. Felton, in his delightful work "On the Portraits of English Authors on Gardening," speaking of the *papaver somniferum*, gives the subjoined engraving of the mode of gathering Opium, from the title-page to "*Opiologia*, ou traicté concernant le naturel proprietés, vraye preparation, et seur vsage de l'opium," a favourite volume with Dr. Darwin, printed at *la Haye*, 1614, 12mo. Dr. Darwin, in his Botanical Garden, thus speaks of opium; "the finest opium is prepared by wounding the heads of large poppies with a three-edged knife, and tying muscle-shells to them, to catch the drops. In small quantities it exhilirates the mind, raises the passions, and invigorates the body; in large ones, it is succeeded by intoxication, languor, stupor, and death."—*Ed. M.*

* *The Memorial Europ.* No. 763, in speaking of Solyman, says, Lord Elgin and other Englishmen knew this extraordinary man, and heard him declare that his enjoyment after having taken this active poison, he being then of the age of 106 years, was the greatest he ever felt from any cause whatever.—*Ed. M.*

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H S S
EDWARDI V REGIS ANGLIÆ ET
RICARDI DUCIS
EBORACENSIS
HOS FRATRES GERMANOS LONDINENSI
IN TURRI CVLCITRIS SUFFOCATOS
ABDITE ET INHOSTENSE TUMULARI IUSSIT
PATRVUS RICHARDUS PERFIDUS REGNI PRÆDO
OSSA DESIDERATORUM DIU ET MULTUM QUÆSITA
POST ANNOS CXC & I.
SCALARUM IN RUDERIBUS SCALÆ ISTÆ AD SACELLUM
TURRIS ALBÆ RUPER DUCEBANT
ALTE DEFOSSA INDICIS CERTISSIMIS
XVII DIE IULII A° D. MDCLXXIIII.
CAROLUS II REX CLEMENTISSIMUS
JUSTA PERSOLVIT
ANNO DOM. 1679 AN° REGNI 30

TOMB OF EDWARD V., AND HIS BROTHER RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK,

IN HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Inscription on the body of the Pedestal:—

H. S. S.
RELIQUIÆ
EDWARDI V. REGIS ANGLIÆ, ET RICHARDI DUCIS
EBORACENSIS,
HOS FRATRES GERMANOS TURRE LONDINSI CONCLUSOS
INIECTISQ CULCITRIS SUFFOCATOS
ABDITE, ET INHOSTENSE TUMULARI IUSSIT
PATRVUS RICHARDUS PERFIDUS REGNI PRÆDO
OSSA DESIDERATORUM, DIU ET MULTUM QUÆSITA
POST ANNOS CXC & I.
SCALARUM IN RUDERIBUS (SCALÆ ISTÆ AD SACELLUM
TURRIS ALBÆ RUPER DUCEBANT)
ALTE DEFOSSA, INDICIS CERTISSIMIS SUNT REPERTA
XVII DIE JULII A°. D. MDCLXXIIII.
CAROLUS II. REX CLEMENTISSIMUS, ACEBRAM SORTEM MISERATUS
INTER AVITA MONUMENTA, PRINCIPIBUS INFELICISSIMUS
JUSTA PERSOLVIT.
ANNO DOM. 1679, ANNO REGNI SUI 30.

In English thus:—

"*Here lie the reliques of Edward V., King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the Usurper: their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after laying 201 years in the rubbish of the stairs,* (i. e. *those lately leading to the Chapel of the White Tower,*) *were, on the 7th of July,* 1674, *by undoubted proofs, discovered; being buried deep in that place. Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate Princes to be laid amongst the reliques of their predecessors, in the year* 1679, *and the 30th of his reign.*"

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PORTRAITS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*Continued from page 330.*)

40. ***Arthur Onslow.*** [*b.* 1692; *d.* 1768.]
A full-length portrait. He was elected Speaker of the House of Commons, [January 23, 1727-8] and created baron Onslow of Onslow, in the county of Salop, and of West-Clandon in the county of Surrey, [June 25, 1716, 2d of George I.] Presented by Admiral Onslow.

41. ***Sir Robert Cotton.*** From the old Cottonian library.

42. ***Sir Thomas Cotton.***
Son of sir Robert; the figure is in armour; he was killed at the battle of Rochelle. Presented by Mrs. H. M. Bowdler, 1826.

43. ***Edward Harley, first earl of Oxford,*** [*b.* 1661; *d.* 1724.]
Dressed in the robes of the garter. His lordship was one of the most able ministers of queen Anne; a great encourager of learning, and a collecter of all curious books in print and manuscript, which were preserved and augmented by his son. The collection of MSS. well known by the name of the Harleian Miscellanies, was purchased for the British Museum. Presented, in 1768, by the duchess dowager of Portland.

44. ***Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch.***

45. ***Humphrey Wanley.***
Presented by the Earl of Leicester.

46. ***Peter I., emperor of Russia,*** [*b.* 1672; *d.* 1725.]
From the old Cottonian library.

47. ***Frederick Augustus I., king of Poland.*** [*b.* 1670: *d.* 1733.]
In armour, with a purple robe and sceptre.

48. ***Charles XII., king of Sweden.*** [*b.* 1662; *d.* 1718.]
He was killed by a cannon-ball, at the siege of Frederickshall, in Norway.

49. ***Louis XIV., second of the house of Bourbon; surnamed the Great.*** [*b.* 1638; *d.* 1715.]
The figure is in armour, the order of the Fleece is suspended from his neck, and a purple mantle is thrown over the body.

*** The three last-mentioned portraits were presented by the rev. A. Planta.

50. ***An unknown portrait.***
In ruff and beard; on panel; "Ætatis suæ 59, 1608."

51. ***Francis Bacon, viscount St. Alban.*** [*b.* 1561; *d.* 1626.]
Of the advancement and ruin of this great philosopher, lawyer, and politician, the space allotted to these brief notices will not admit of amplification.
The painting was presented by Dr. A. Gifford.

52. ***John Churchill, first duke of Marlborough.*** [*b.* 1650; *d.* 1722.]
He is decorated with the star of the Garter; the coat is of blue velvet, with a crimson robe.

53. ***Andrew Marvel.*** [*b.* 1620; *d.* 1678.]
Born at Kingston-upon-Hull, and sent to Trinity Col. Cambridge, [1633,] at the expense of the corporation; in 1657, he was appointed assistant to Milton, as Latin secretary, by Cromwell. This statesman, wit, and poet, was a fine example of genuine patriotism; he manfully supported the liberties of his country, by his writings and by his parliamentary interest. When Charles the Second wished to buy-up this real lover of his country, he sent lord Danby, his treasurer, to him, with an earnest of the purchase-money. His lordship was the bearer of a thousand guineas, and having found Marvel at his lodging, a second door in the Strand [some accounts say in Holborn]; the golden offer was made. Hereupon, we are told, Marvel turned to his servant, "What had I for dinner yesterday?" "A shoulder of mutton, sir." "And what do you allow me to-day?" "Part of it hashed." "And to-morrow, my lord Danby," said Marvel, "I shall have the sweet bladebone broiled." His lordship descended the staircase with the thousand guineas, and Andrew Marvel remained unbought. This great man, having served his constituents for twenty successive years in parliament, was buried at their expense in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. It is said, Marvel was the last person in the country who received wages from his constituents. There is an affecting story extant, relative to the death of the father of Marvel, in 1640.
The above portrait is, no doubt, an original; it was so esteemed by Mr. Hollis, and other competent judges of his day; but it is not so fine a picture as the one at the Trinity House, Kingston-upon-Hull. We do not mean to say the British Museum ought not to possess this treasure, but, that it is more fitting the interior of the House of Commons should be illumined with this portrait of the most strenuous and incorruptible statesman the world ever beheld.
Presented by Robert Nettleton, esq., governor of the Russia Company.

54. ***Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely.*** [*d.* 1700.]
Was bishop of Rochester, 1683; Ely, 1684; and one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower [1688], for petitioning the king against the "Declaration for liberty of Conscience;" notwithstanding which, on the accession of William and Mary, he was deprived of his bishopric for refusing to take the oaths.

55. ***George, lord Anson.*** [*b.* 1700; *d.* 1762.]
The celebrated circumnavigator. This picture was presented in 1814, by the earl of Hardwick.

56. ***Dr. Thomas Burnet.*** L. L. D. [*b.* 1635; *d.* 1715.]
Was master of the Charter-house. Among his works, the most celebrated was, "The sacred Theory of the Earth," originally published in Latin, 2v. 4to.

57. ***James Usher, archbishop of Armagh.*** [*b.* 1580; *d.* 1656.]
He took a prominent part in the troubles of his times; and although a Presbyterian, was in favour with James I.; and, it is said, Cromwell paid the expenses of his funeral.
Presented by Dr. Gifford.

58. ***Henry Stebbing.*** D. D. [*b.* 1687; *d.* 1763.]
Distinguished himself greatly in the Bangorian controversy, for which bishop Sherwood made him chancellor of Salisbury.
Presented by his grandson, Henry Stebbing, esq., 1813.

59. ***An unknown portrait.***
A skull in the right hand; on panel; "Ætatis suæ 24. Ao. 1569."

60. ***Sir Henry Spelman.*** [*b.* 1562; *d.* 1641.]
Sir H. Ellis, no mean authority, so designates the above portrait.
Presented by Dr. Gifford.

61. ***Geoffry Chaucer.*** [*b.* 1328; *d.* 1400.]
A small whole-length portrait, on panel. It is a very curious and highly valuable resemblance of this Father of English Poetry: we esteem it one of the gems of the collection.

62. ***Martin Luther.*** [*b.* 1483; *d.* 1546.]
Dated 1546; "Ætatis 63. jear." In the corner of the picture is a heart with a cross.

63. ***William Cecil, first lord Burleigh.*** [*b.* 1521; *d.* 1598.]
A fine portrait of that profound and honest minister of the discerning Elizabeth. It is painted on panel by Zucchero; and presented by Dr. Gifford.

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64. *Sir William Dugdale.* [*b.* 1605; *d.* 1686.]

He published the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, which was all written by Dodsworth, but digested by Dugdale: he was the author of many other invaluable works; and his collections of materials for the Antiquities of Warwickshire and Baronage of England, all written with his own hand, contained in 27 vols. in folio, he gave by will to the University of Cambridge. He died Garter King of Arms.

65. *Matthew Prior.* [*b.* 1664; *d.* 1721.]

By Hudson, from the original of Richardson.

Presented by the earl of Besborough, 1775.

66. *William Cambden.* [*b.* 1551; *d.* 1623.]

The work which immortalized his name is his 'Britannia," it appeared in 1568, in Latin. He was styled, by foreigners, the *Pausanias* of England.

The portrait is on panel, "Ætatis 56."

67. *An unknown portrait.*

In one corner is written, "J. Ray." Said to be painted by Mrs. Beale; and bequeathed by Sir William Watson.

68. *An unknown portrait.*

A youth, of the time of Charles I.

69. *Sir Isaac Newton.* [*b.* 1642; *d.* 1727.]

A whole-length portrait of one of the greatest geniuses that ever appeared in the world.

He is sitting at a table, on which is a globe and books.

Bequeathed [1821] by John Hatsell, esq., clerk of the House of Commons.

70. *John Speed.* [*b.* 1555; *d.* 1629.]

This most celebrated antiquarian assisted Cambden; and it is a little extraordinary that he, and the other famous historian, John Stow, were both tailors.

71. *Rev. John Ray.* [*b.* 1623; *d.* 1705.]

This celebrated naturalist was the author of many works on Natural History; but the "Fasciculus Stirpium Britannicarum;" and "Synopsis Methodica Stirpium Britannicarum," proved the great corner-stones of his reputation. A lasting monument has been dedicated to the memory of this great English naturalist in the genus of plants, which bears his name, the RAIANA.

This portrait belonged to Sir Hans Sloane.

72. *Thomas, archbishop of Cranmer.* [*b.* 1498; *burnt at the stake,* 1556.]

He is at a table in study, and has a powdered band and black skull cap. It is painted by Gerlach Flinke; and presented to the Museum by John Mitchell, esq., M. P.

73. *George Buchanan.* [*b.* 1506; *d.* 1582.]

This celebrated Scotch historian and poet, wrote 'Detectio Mariæ Reginæ,' [1571]; 'De jure Regni,' [1579]; 'Historiæ Scotiæ,' besides several poems in Latin, and many translations.

74. *William Shakspeare.* [*b.* 1564; *d.* 1616.]

This is, in all probability, a portrait of some other person; but it is so called in the synopsis: it was presented by M. Maty, M. D. 1760.

75. *An unknown portrait.*

76. *Voltaire.* [*b.* 1694; *d.* 1778.]

When shall we behold a faithful portrait, devoid of caricature, of this prodigy of learning? Certainly, Voltaire was never handsome, but intolerant bigotry has depictured him with a face more like a shrivelled mummy, than a countenance developing all the fire and zeal of a truly splendid intellectual mind.

Presented by M. Maty, M. D., 1760.

77. *A portrait, said to be Charles I., when prince of Wales.*

It was presented, in 1759, to the Museum by Mrs. Elizabeth Cambarini.

Andrew Vesalius. [*b. circa* 1512 *or* 1514; *d.* 1564.]

This eminent anatomist was descended from a family of physicians, and his whole life carries a character of romance about it. He practised as a physician in Paris, 1537; he became physician to Philip II. of Spain, where he had the misfortune to anatomize the body of a man who proved not to have been dead, but died in consequence; this brought him under the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, who ordered him on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and he died on his return, at Zante. Thuanus says, his knowledge of anatomy was so great, that place any bone of the human body in his hand, blindfolded, he would tell to what part it belonged. The principal of his works is the treatise 'De Humani Corporis Fabrica.'

The above portrait was painted by Sir Antonio More.

79. *An unknown portrait.*

Of the time of Charles I., believed to be Frederick Henry, prince of Orange.

80. *Anna Maria Schurman.* [*b.* 1607; *d.* 1678.]

This celebrated German lady was distinguished for her learning; she spoke Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, French, English, and Italian, and wrote the Syriac character beautifully. She was the author of many learned works.

Her picture is by John Lievens, and has been engraved.

81. *George, tenth and last earl mareschal of Scotland.*

One of the adherents of the unfortunate Stewarts; he died in exile, at Rome, where this portrait was painted. It was presented by lord Glenbervie.

82. *Sir Antonio More.* [*b.* 1519; *d.* 1575.]

This celebrated painter's works are in the style of Holbein.

83. *John Baptist Emilius Altieri, pope Clement X.* [*b.* 1590; *d.* 1676.]

(To be continued.)

THE JEW'S LOVE OF JUDÆA.

THE most interesting circumstance which presents itself to my mind, in recalling what I saw of the Hebrew nation in the East, is the universal diffusion of the love, the undying love, of the Jews for their own Judæa, the Canaan of their fathers. Who could see, without emotion, thousands of poor Israelites, who, from the remotest parts of Europe, have made their way, by long and weary pilgrimage,—through privations incalculable, and suffering without end, —often shoeless, and almost clotheless,—friendless, pennyless, that they might see the city of David, and lay their bones in the bosom of Jerusalem! What multitudes are there among them, who have sold their last possession,—having gathered together their little, their insufficient all, and have started, marching towards the rising sun from the Vistula, the Dnieper, and the Danube, on a journey as long as perilous! How many have perished, exhausted, on the way! How many, that have landed at Joppa, or crossed the Taurus, at Antioch, have been unable, from over-exhaustion, to reach their longed-for goal! How many have sunk in sight of the Mount of Olives! and how many have closed their eyes in peace and blessedness, when the privilege has been vouchsafed to them of treading within the walls of Salem!—*Dr. Bowring.*

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New Books.

Alciphron: a Poem, by Thomas Moore.

(Concluded from page 324.)

[We treated our readers, last week, with some of the delicate cadences of this fair Poem, and whispered promises of a further draught, on this, the succeeding, week: sedulously attentive, therefore, to their pleasures, we have, during the interval, again been busy in drawing from the golden Wells of this enchanted Poesy —the lymph is sparkling, and potable as nectar —nunc est bibendum—let their thirsty expectations be assuaged.]

Conjectures on the Pyramids.

"And who can say, among the written spells
From Hermes' hand, that, in these shrines and cells
Have, from the Flood, lay hid, there may not be
Some secret clue to immortality,
Some amulet, whose spell can keep life's fire
Awake within us, never to expire!
'Tis known that, on the Emerald Table, hid
For ages in yon loftiest pyramid,
The Thrice-Great* did himself, engrave, of old,
The chymic mystery that gives endless gold.
And why may not this mightier secret dwell
Within the same dark chambers? who can tell
But that those kings, who, by the written skill
Of th' Emerald Table, call'd forth gold at will,
And quarries upon quarries heap'd and hurl'd,
To build them domes that might outstand the world—
Who knows but that the heavenlier art, which shares
The life of Gods with man, was also theirs—
That they themselves triumphant o'er the power
Of fate and death, are living at this hour;
And these, the giant homes they still possess,
Not tombs, but everlasting palaces,
Else, why those deathless structures? why the grand
And hidden halls, that undermine this land?"

The Pyramids at Sunset.

Already the sun bids
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,
As he hath done, age after age, till they
Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray;
While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,
Stretching across the valley, to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.

Exquisite Dancers.

In drapery, like woven snow,
These nymphs were clad, and each, below
The rounded bosom, loosely wore
A dark blue zone, or baudelet,
With little silver stars all o'er,
As are the skies at midnight, set.
While in their tresses, braided through,
Sparkled the flower of Egypt's lakes,
The silvery lotus, in whose hue
As much delight the young Moon takes,
As doth the Day-God to behold
The lofty bean-flower's buds of gold,
And as they gracefully went round
The worshipp'd bird, some to the beat
Of castanets, some to the sound
Of the shrill sistrum tim'd their feet;
While others, at each step they took,
A tinkling chain of silver shook.

The Pyramids at Night.

Waked from my trance, I saw o'erhead—
As if by some enchanter bid,
Suddenly from the wave to rise—
Pyramid over pyramid
Tower in succession to the skies;

* The Hermes Trismegistus.

While one, aspiring, as if seen
'Twould touch the heavens, rose o'er all;
And, on its summit, the white moon
Rested, as on a pedestal!

A Chaste Picture.

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast
Of her who took that silent rest,
There was a cross of silver lying—
Another type of that blest home,
Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying
Build for us in a world to come:—
This silver cross the maiden rais'd
To her pure lips:—then, having gazed
Some minutes on that tranquil face,
Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,
Upwards she turn'd her brow serene,
As if, intent on heaven, those eyes
Saw then nor roof nor cloud between
Their own pure orbits and the skies;
And, though her lips no motion made,
And that fix'd look was all her speech,
I saw that the rapt spirit prayed
Deeper within than words could reach.

Songs of the Well.

Dost thou remember, in that Isle
Of our own Nea, where thou and I
Linger'd so long, so happy a while,
Till all the summer flowers went by—
How gay it was when sunset brought
To the cool Well our favourite maids—
Some we had won, and some we sought—
To dance within the fragrant shades,
And, till the stars went down, attune
Their Fountain Hymns* to the young moon?

The Pyramids opened, and Alciphron's descent.

Wonders on wonders; sights that lie
Where never sun gave flow'ret birth;
Bright marvels hid from th' upper sky,
And mysteries that are born and die
Deep in the very heart of earth!

* * * * *

Now faint and fainter I could see
Nought but the mouth of a huge well,
Gaping athwart my onward track,—
A reservoir of darkness, black
As witches' caldrons are, when filled
With moon-drugs in th' eclipse distill'd.
Leaning to look if foot might pass
Down through that chasm, I saw, beneath,
As far as vision could explore,
The jetty sides all smooth as glass,
Looking as if just varnish'd o'er
With that dark pitch the Sea of Death
Throws out upon its slimy shore.

* * * * *

Yet, urged along by the wild heat
That can do all things but retreat,
I placed my lamp,—which for such task
Was aptly shaped, like cap or casque,
To fit the brow,—firm on my head,
And down into the darkness went.

* * * * *

And oh the scene, now opening through!
Those bars that all but sight denied!—
A long, fair alley, far as view
Could reach away, along whose side
Went, lessening to the end, a row
Of rich arcades, that from between
Their glistening pillars, sent a glow
Of countless lamps, burning unseen,
And that still air, as from a spring
Of hidden light, illumining.
While—soon as the wild echoes rous'd
From their deep haunts again were hous'd,—
I heard a strain of holy song
Breathing from out the bright arcades
Into that silence—where, among
The high sweet voices of young maids,
Which, like the small and heav'n-ward spire
Of Christian temples, crown'd the choir.

* These Songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek isles.

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The Purification by Fire.

My pathway led
Between two hedges of live flame,—
Trees all on fire, whose branches shed
A glow that, without noise or smoke,
Yet strong as from a furnace, broke;
While o'er the glaring ground between,
Where my sole, onward path was seen,
Hot iron bars, red as with ire,
Transversely lay—such as, they tell,
Compose that trellis-work of fire,
Through which the Doom'd look out in hell.

To linger there was to be lost—
More and still more the burning trees
Clos'd o'er the path; and as I crost—
With tremour both in heart and knees—
Fixing my foot where'er a space
'Twixt the red bars gave resting-place,
Above me, each quick burning tree,
Tamarind, Balm of Araby,
And Egypt's Thorn combined to spread
A roof of fire above my head.
Yet safe—or with but harmless scorch—
I trod the flaming ordeal through.

The Purification by Water.

'Twas a long struggle—oft I thought,
That, in that whirl of waters caught,
I must have gone, too weak for strife,
Down, headlong, at the cataract's will—
Sad fate for one, with heart and life
And all youth's sunshine round him still!
But, ere my torch was wholly spent,
I saw,—outstretching from the shade
Into those waters, as if meant
To lend the drowning struggler aid—
A slender, double balustrade,
With snow-white steps between, ascending
From the grim surface of the stream,
Far up as eye could reach, and ending
In darkness there, like a lost dream.

The Purification by Air.

Just as, beneath my tottering stand,
Steps, railway, all, together went,
I touch'd a massy iron ring,
That there—by what kind genius sent
I know not—in the darkness hung;
And grasping it as drowners cling
To the last hold, so firm I clung,
And through the void suspended swung.

Sudden, as if that mighty ring
Were link'd with all the winds in heav'n,
And, like the touching of a spring,
My eager grasp had instant given
Loose to all blasts that ever spread
The shore or sea with wrecks and dead—
Around me, gusts, gales, whirlwinds rang
Tumultuous, and I seem'd to hang
Amidst an elemental war.
I found myself, at the wild will
Of countless whirlwinds, caught aloft,
And round and round, with fearful swing,
Swept, like a stone-shot in a sling!
So ceaselessly I thus was whirled,—
To think my limbs were chained upon
That wheel of the Infernal World,
To turn which, day and night, are blowing
Hot, withering winds, that never slumber;
And whose sad rounds, still going, going,
Eternity alone can number!

Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson, 2 vols. 8vo.

(*Continued from page* 336.)

[WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY praises one of our English princes, solely for the facetiæ and familiar pleasantries of his style and manner; and truly, for the self-same quality, do these interesting memoirs appear estimable to us. Penned though they be by a poetess, they are altogether destitute of set phrase or beflowered diction, but appear in an easy simplicity, precisely adapted to good biographical narration. We confess ourselves equally in love both with the Lady, of whom, and by whom, they are written.]

Her Satin Shoes at Jewish Feast.

Miss Mellon was a great favourite with a wealthy Jewish family, in humble life, named Emanuel, who invited her to a grand dinner and ball, given after the marriage of some member of the family. So mighty an occasion required the dignity of Miss Mellon's one white satin gown, and the extravagance of fresh white shoes and gloves, which caused sad devastation in her weekly salary; but her Hebrew friends were not married every day, therefore, she reconciled herself to the alarming expenditure. On arriving at the hotel, she found the drawing-room filled with dark, clever-looking guests, the ladies wearing earrings, shoe-buckles, gown-loops,—mixed with every coloured gem, and mostly displayed on brightly-coloured dresses! On the repast being announced, she was handed into the dining-room by some "dark individual;" and found two wide tables laid out for more than a hundred guests. Miss Mellon, while seated, advanced her foot by chance, and finding a footstool, gladly took possession of it. Strange to relate, she found it too warm to endure! and while sliding her delicate satin shoes from such a dangerous neighbourhood, she felt herself splashed excessively. In despair for the fate of her satin dress, she could eat no dinner, wondering what had happened. When the ladies rose, she resolved to ascertain what it was, and pretending to stoop for her glove, peeped beneath the cloth, and discovered *an enormous roast goose*, the gravy of which had so injured her satin robe and shoes! As far as her momentary glance could extend, she saw dishes of viands all the way under the table; which so amused her, that she laughingly told it all to her Hebrew neighbour. He and his friends were prettily angry at this, and as soon as the ladies departed, all the attendants were summoned, and the doors locked on them. On examination, it was found that each had pockets of leather within his coat, to convey home the savoury dainties they had surreptiously obtained from the table, after it was laid out. They were doomed to have a foretaste of these treasures; for one of the younger guests, delighted at their consternation, took the liberty of throwing a cold pie at one of the culprits; an example which was so quickly followed, that, when the cold missiles were exhausted, they seized on the warm ones; and the attendants were glad to dive under the tables, and take the place of the abstracted dishes! When all was thrown, Miss Mellon's "dark friend" sought her instantly, to relate the capital revenge they had taken; but the poor actress, prevented from enjoying the

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anticipated ball, thought to herself, as she moped in a corner, "Yes, very fine revenge; but it does not give me my dinner, my dance, my dress, nor my shoes!"

The Cabbage Man's Compliment.

The Duchess of Devonshire used to quote the dustman's compliment to her eyes as the most flattering one she ever received. Miss Mellon used to say the only civil speech made to her, which was worth remembering, was from two old men selling vegetables in Covent-garden, as she and her friend passed. "There's a pair of sisters," said one observer; "the tallest one a king might marry." Miss Mellon felt quite envious of her friend's success; until the second man of cabbages exclaimed, "Yes, so he might; but as for the dark-eyed one, I would marry her myself;" which he evidently thought the higher lot!

Her Pains-taking for Mrs. Coutts.

About a year before the decease of Mrs. Coutts, she suffered from failure of appetite, and her physicians prescribed for her new-laid eggs *at Christmas*. The London dealers received applications in vain; being a very severe season, the luxury could not be commanded.

Mr. Coutts and his daughters stated their dilemma to Miss Mellon, who also despaired of success, but determined to leave no place untried. The next morning she went before breakfast around the environs of Holly Lodge, and visited every little hovel where there was even one starved-looking fowl; after vainly asking for new-laid eggs, she promised a large reward if they could procure *one* for her by a certain hour each morning.

Four or five mornings she went, everywhere without success; at the end of that time she met a little boy looking out anxiously for her, bringing a snowy egg, as warm as if it had been placed by the fire. Miss Mellon, delighted at her success, covered the egg in her little satin basket, and ran all through a heavy-ploughed field, without stopping, until she reached home, and despatched a messenger to London with the prize.

Every morning now the little boy was regularly found sitting on a style, expecting her. At length she happened to go earlier than usual, and not finding the child at his post, proceeded to the prolific cottage, and there discovered what extraordinary pains had been taken. The wretched hens, hitherto starving in the cold, had been promoted to the cottage fire; a dish of warm meal and milk constantly awaited their pleasure, and the cupboards on each side of the fire were provided with deep nests made of wool. The miserable birds, who had ceased laying during the cold weather, fancied from those luxuries that summer must be come again, and that their best plan was to recommence! This they did accordingly, for the gain of their owners, the pleasure of Miss Mellon, and the benefit of poor old Mrs. Coutts.

Miss Mellon's first Dream.

There are two anecdotes of her *dreams*, often mentioned by herself, and attested to this day by those to whom they were related. The interpretation given to these visions by two different dream-readers, both parties have lived to see verified. One was a dream which haunted her with peculiar vividness for a length of time; and when her dresser and *coiffeur* were preparing her for the theatre, she used to tell them of the nightly recurrence of the dream,—viz., "that she was tried for her life, sentenced to be hanged, and was actually executed!" The hair-dresser, considered skilful in the internal vagaries of the head as well as its external decoration, used to say, "it was a fine dream, indicating she was to be a grand lady, and to hold her head very high, perhaps to attend the court."

Her second Dream.

The other to which she attached so much value, was a long history about wandering through a castle, in which were chambers full of gems, some rooms being studded with rubies, some with pearls, diamonds, and other jewels, besides heaps of coins. Fearful of being found among such treasures, she retraced her steps, but discovered that two black lions had been chained to the portals during her absence. After much terror, at length she thought that, as she had entered by chance, it was immaterial if she were recognised; so she rushed out between the lions, who sprung at her without doing injury; but on looking back at them while running, she reached a river and fell in, the fright of which awoke her.

A coach-builder, accounted a famous dream-expounder, wrote out his interpretation at the time, and the duchess, who always retained the paper, said it had shadowed forth accurately her future career—viz., that she had to encounter considerable temptation, suffer from malignity, and ultimately pass through all dangers in purity and safety.

[Here is an instance of this young lady's genuine country simplicity, which occurred during their temporary stay in the Strand, when they first came to London.]

On the second day after their arrival, Harriot, enchanted with the little "snatch" of the London sights she had on the preceding day, in spite of her mother's strict injunction, resolved to venture out, and walk on in a straight line for a short distance, when she would return.

She set forth towards the city, and walked on, till she arrived at a large place with pillars, and having statues of kings and queens (which she afterwards discovered was the Royal Exchange,) and there she began to feel very weary, but no sooner did she experience fatigue, than a kind old gentleman, with a bunch of hay in his hand, inquired, "Did she want a coach?" This was the very thing she required; so she told the old gentleman he

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was to "drive her all over London, and then bring her home."—"La' love ye, Miss," said the man, "that would cost ye a sight of money."—"But look here, sir," said she, producing her purse, "I have a shilling to pay you." The good-tempered old Jehu, wondering at her simplicity, said, "Ah, miss, I can only set you down a quarter of the way home for that money; but get in, and we'll see about it." To her infinite delight, she was established in a jingling old carriage, whence she glanced at the bright shops as it hurried past, until the driver stopped, and announced that he had exceeded the shilling fare. What was she to do! fatigued, without money, and (worst of all,) not having as yet seen enough of beautiful London, she inquired, with tears in her eyes, "Would not dear old Mr. Coachman put her on just another street!" Having ascertained that she was but just arrived in London, the kind-hearted man, shaking up his multitudinous capes, said, "Well, then, sit still, and don't cry, my dear; bless your pretty face; I've got daughters myself, and I'd rather drive you half over Lunnun than leave 'e to find your way alone!" And he actually drove her the entire distance to her own home, saying, as he let her out, "This is a bad job, but I must take it out of another fare. Now don't you go out by y'rself never no more in Lunnun, 'cause you won't find many such fools as me."

Her little Superstitions.

Mrs. Entwisle had brought her up with the belief of the superstitious customs attached to certain days, omission of which would infallibly bring ill luck; and, therefore, the Christmas mince-pie, Shrove Tuesday pancakes, Easter tansy-pudding, or Michaelmas-goose, must be tasted, though in ever so small a quantity. An anecdote regarding the latter has been sent us by an individual who recollects her in New-street. To him she regretted bitterly that, on her first metropolitan 29th of September, she should not be able to purchase a goose, for the sake of tasting a small portion to bring good luck. He adds, that the girlish delight she felt was excessive, on being informed that at some cook-shop near Drury Lane she might purchase even *one quarter*, from the dish she only desired for its consequent good fortune.

Her Inaugural Lecture before Sheridan.

As a specimen of her declamation, he requested her to read the scenes of *Lydia Languish* and *Mrs. Malaprop* aloud, from his own play of the Rivals.

She felt greatly frightened, and answered, with the naïve, unaffected manner which she retained through life, "I *dare* not, sir, for my life! I would rather read it to all England. Suppose, sir, you did me the honour of reading it to me?"

There was something so unassuming and child-like in the way she made this daring request, that the manager entered into the oddity of the matter, and read nearly the whole play to his delighted young auditor. She became so identified with the drama, that she forget all dread of the author, and, on his request, she read the scenes of Lydia and her Aunt with so much spirit, that Mr. Sheridan "applauded" repeatedly, told her she could play either character, and gave her an engagement!

Defended by John Kemble.

Mr. Kelly, who had been greatly annoyed that the choruses were not (in his opinion,) loud enough, found fault with several of the singers for their want of exertion; and, among others, with Miss Mellon, saying, "he could not hear her; and if ladies did not choose to sing above their breaths, they might as well sing over the music at home:"

Miss Mellon replied, that "she sung as loud as she could; but she did not profess to be a fine vocalist."

Mr. Kelly, sorry for having singled her out, replied, that he did not allude particularly to her; and so far the matter rested.

A day or two passed, and still these unfortunate choruses were executed in such a faint way that Mr. Kelly was again angry, and decidedly out of temper; and he insisted on hearing each singer separately, in one particular chorus. Now, although Miss Mellon could take parts in simple glees, she never affected to sing difficult concerted music; and when it came to her turn, she sung so very faintly that it appeared really as if it proceeded from unwillingness. Mr. Kelly was about to say something very severe, when John Kemble came to the rescue. "Come, come, Mr. Kelly," said he, "Miss Mellon is never inattentive to her business, and it is not her fault if she be 'ill at these numbers!'"

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

A POACHER was caught and taken before Voltaire. "The rogue must be defended," said he; and he named Wagnière as his counsel, who refused, however, from I know not what motive, and M. Mailly-Chateaurenaud, then Voltaire's second secretary, under the name of M. Esprit, was ordered to replace him. In the midst of his pleading, M. Esprit stopped suddenly, and said he wanted a volume to read a quotation, that this volume was in the library of M. de Voltaire, and that he could find it in a moment; the high justiciary allowed him to go for it. On his return, as he kept turning over the leaves in vain without speaking, Voltaire lost his patience, and asked what book it was. "It is your *Philosophical Dictionary*," coolly replied M. Chateaurenaud; "I am looking for the word *Humanity* there, and I find you have forgotten it." Voltaire was struck by this remark, and dismissed the poacher with a present of six francs. It is a fact that the word Humanity is not in the *Philosophical Dictionary*.

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The Gatherer.

Lately, at Glenarkled, Buchanan parish, Peter M'Nab, at the age of 107. A few days ago, his neighbour, Donald M'Gowan, died, aged 91. They were both stout men of their age. They took great delight in talking about Prince Charles, of whom they used to tell many strange stories. Glenarkled lies between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and has been long distinguished for the longevity of its inhabitants.—*Glasgow Argus.*

Institution of Musical Degrees.—In the year 1463, Henry Habington was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Music at Cambridge; and about the same year, Thomas Saintwix, a Doctor in Music, was made master of King's College in that University.—*The Musical World.*

Statement of the Imports and Exports of the four chief cities and towns in Ireland.—Dublin imports, 4,400,000*l.*; exports, 2,600,000*l.* Cork, imports, 2,750,000*l.*; exports, 2,900,000*l.* Waterford, imports, 1,572,000*l.*; exports, 2,660,000*l.* Belfast, imports, 3,750,000*l.*; exports, 4,400,000*l.* Thus it appears that Belfast is by far the most flourishing town in Ireland. —*Belfast News Letter.*

Formerly, young women in Spain did not cover the head before marriage: *Mozas en cabello*, a proverb, signifying literally, "Maids in their own hair." Many adult females have contrived to be acknowledged, or taken, as wives, to entitle them to wear a woman's headdress, lest they should be left bare-headed (*en cabello*) in old age.

Postage.—It appears that the present average cost of transit per letter, is 28-100dths of a penny; the number of letters and newspapers passing through the general post-office annually, is about 126,000,000, and the net annual revenue or profit derived therefrom, averages 1,500,000*l.*

Appalling Fact.—In North America, where "civil contract marriages" prevail, in the state of Connecticut alone there were no less than five hundred divorces in a circuit.

The quantity of foreign walnuts imported into London this season is unprecedented. In the course of a fortnight, the steam-packets running between Antwerp and the Thames, have brought no fewer than 2,400 baskets filled with this description of fruit.

Lady Esther Stanhope.—A letter from Berlin, in the *Liepsic Gazette*, states that Prince Puckler Muskau is, by the will of Lady Esther Stanhope, her sole heir and universal legatee, and that he is on the point of disposing of all the property left by the deceased.

A lady once complimented Dr. Johnson on there being no indecent words in his dictionary —"What! you've been looking for them have you?" exclaimed the lexicographer.

The more simply life is supported, and the less stimulus we use, the better.—*Dr. Paris.*

Some men are like musical glasses; to produce their finest tones you must keep them wet.—*Coleridge.*

Richard III. was the only monarch since the Conquest that had fallen in battle, and the second that fought in his crown, which, falling off in the engagement, was found and secreted in a bush, where it was discovered, and placed upon Henry's head by Lord Stanley. Hence arises the device of a crown in a hawthorn bush, at each end of Henry's tomb, in Westminster Abbey.—*Ince's Outlines of English History.*

Madras is famous for its roads, which are made of Laterite, or the Iron Jelly-stone, which combines into a hard mass when beaten or watered.

The number of prisoners under 17 years of age, confined in the prisons of England and Wales, in the course of last year, was 11,441 males, and 2,156 females.

Plain Truth.—A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accosted in the following phrase: "Pray, Sir, bestow your charity; good, dear Sir, bestow your charity."—"Prithee, friend, be quiet," replied the miser, "I have it not."

Steam Navigation.—The whole number of steam-vessels employed in this country and its dependencies, is calculated to amount to from 859 to 900, comprising 170,000 tons, and 70,000 horse power; and the capital embarked in this species of property amounts to not less than 8,000,000*l.*

Aim High.—A high standard—an elevated aim—this is the safeguard of character, and the mainspring of excellence. This makes the skilful mechanic, the enterprising merchant, the useful citizen, the learned jurist, the eloquent orator, the wise statesman.—*Dr. Hawes.*

Live and let live.—A quaker apothecary meeting Dr. Fothergill, thus accosted him:—"Friend Fothergill, I intend dining with thee to day."—"I shall be glad to see thee," answered the doctor; "but pray, friend, hast thou not some joke?"—"No joke, indeed," rejoined the apothecary, "but a very serious matter. Thou hast attended friend Ephriam these three days, and ordered him no medicine. I cannot, at this rate, live in my own house, and must come to live in thine." The doctor took the hint, and prescribed handsomely for the benefit of his friend Ephriam, and his friend Leach into the bargain.

A hearty laugh occasionally is an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brain, and the hypochondria from his ribs.

Lately, in Italy, a woman, at the advanced age of 143 years, after having eight husbands, the last of whom, lucky fellow! survived her.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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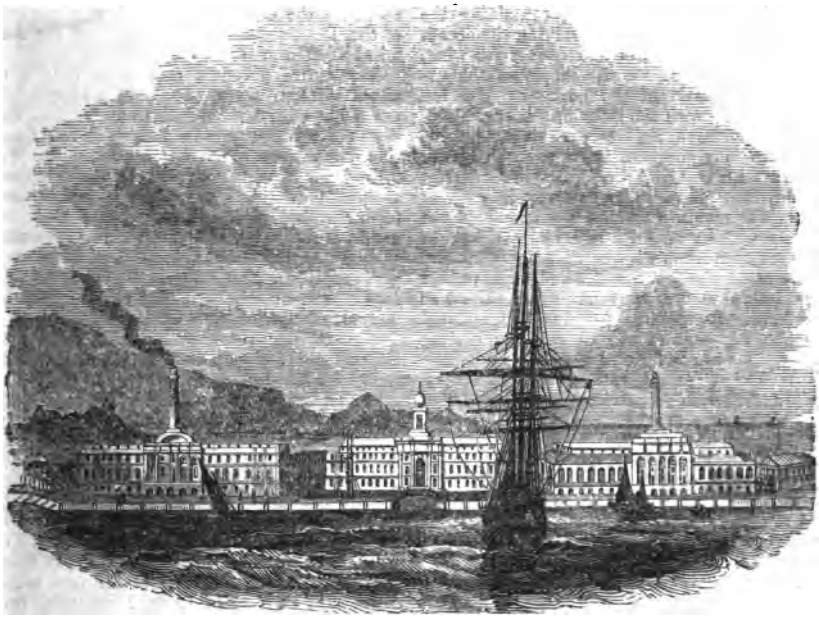

THE VICTUALLING-HOUSE AT PLYMOUTH.

Our naval arsenals, comprising the dock-yards, naval stores, and victualling-yards, are an important part of the national greatness and resources of England as a maritime power; and to those who visit them, and become acquainted with the busy world within them, the whole economy of our naval strength is laid bare, in building up and preparing the men-of-war.

It is true that the peace, which has happily prevailed over Europe, has dispossessed these places of much of their bustling and martial character; but the policy of our government, (whatever may be said of its wisdom,) of having all, or nearly all, the materials of labour and command of mechanical skill attached to these vast establishments, still impart to them the activity of a great mart. The most extensive of these is that of Deptford; but for architectural beauty, and felicity of arrangement and accommodation, the Victualling Stores depicted in the foregoing sketch excel all the others. The vast contracts undertaken by government for the navy, require these establishments, to deposit the articles contracted for; which are, from thence, dispersed and forwarded to the fleets, at the various stations in which Great Britain maintains them, by merchant vessels chartered for that purpose. The navy of Great Britain, although, strictly speaking, confined to the ships in commission, and in the service generally, gives employment to a large commercial fleet of transports and merchant vessels, employed in conveying ordnance, naval, and victualling stores, for its requirement. These are issued from the naval and victualling yards, especially that of Deptford. The splendid range of buildings, of which the above is a representation, were built a few years ago, under the superintendance of Sir John Rennie. Favoured as the situation is by many natural advantages, we refer to a future Number for a statistical and architectural account of the design and disposition of the stores, which are such an ornament to the neighbourhood; and, (unlike most of the buildings of this description in England,) so worthy of the nation for whose most renowned and important service they were erected.

Plymouth Citadel was erected in the reign of Charles the Second. It is placed on a most

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commanding situation, on the eastern end of the height called the Hoe, which protects the town from the sea. It is exceedingly well fortified, and is constantly garrisoned. It contains the residence of the Governor of Plymouth, and barracks for five or six hundred men. under the eastern walls of the Citadel is the Royal William Victualling Office, an extensive range of buildings, containing the granaries and ovens for supplying the bread, as also the cellars and storehouses for wine, spirits, meat, &c., for the supply of the government vessels in the harbour. The entrance gate, with its lofty central arch and lateral doorways, its emblematical sculptures and crowning pedestal, is surmounted by the statue of his late majesty, William the Fourth, in Portland stone. The gateway is built of beautiful granite; and as specimens of the extreme nicety to which this material can be worked, the oxen's heads over the piers, and more particularly the cables and anchors over the lateral doors, may be instanced. The shafts of the columns forming the internal avenue, are each of one stone. The leading dimensions are as follows :—

Height of entral arch, 25 feet 2 inches; width of ditto, 14 feet 6 inches; height to top of blocking course over cornice, 36 feet 10 inches.

Height of pedestal, 12 feet; height of figure, 13 feet 6 inches. Total height to crown of statue, 62 feet 4 inches.

Entire extent of front, 63 feet 6 inches; entire depth, from outer front of arch to outer angles of the two buildings at ends of colonades, 119 feet.

Height of columns within, 13 feet.

After passing through the gateway, the neat granite-fronted residences of the two principal resident officers will be seen at a short distance to the left. Immediately on the right is the baking establishment, which comprises a quadrangular range of buildings, 250 feet by 200 feet, inclosing an architectural chimney shaft of granite, 150 feet high. Further on is the Melville quadrangle, 240 feet square, with its rusticated granite archway, 27 feet 9 inches high, and 15 feet 6 inches broad, and clock-chamber of the same material; making, altogether, an elevation of 95 feet 6 inches, and forming a magnificent centre-piece 61 feet wide. Opposite this is the bason, 250 feet by 200, surrounded by quays of granite, save where an iron swing-bridge vaults over a 45 feet opening into Stonehouse Pool.

Anqwering the great bakehouse on the opposite side of the bason, is the brewhouse, which is similar in dimensions and external character to the former, and having a corresponding chimney shaft.

Passing onwards in a direct line from the entrance, beyond the irregular quadrangle of the Cooperage, will be found the Clarence Stores, 340 feet long and 50 feet broad; in front of which is the Clarence Wharf, extending its spacious platform over a length of 500 feet, and terminated by a water entrance, distinguished by its double flight of steps and massive piers: the latter exquisitely wrought. The whole is of granite.

The line of wharfs forms a marine terrace, of about 1,500 feet. The view from the Clarence Wharf is very interesting; for from it may be seen a part of Mount Edgecumbe, the entrance into the expansive waters of Hamoaze, with the flag-ship in full view; a portion of the Dock-yard, and the houses of the Admiral and Governor on Mount Wise.

The entire premises occupy an extent of about thirteen acres, of which, perhaps, six acres have been recovered from the sea, the material for that purpose being derived from the excavations made in preparing the remainder of the site. Some idea of the labour attendant on this operation may be formed from the fact, that the quantity of rock removed is estimated at 300,000 tons! The seawall which bounds the 1,500 feet of wharf, was supplied with its foundation, and built up to the water-level, by means of diving-bells. The foundation of the wall is at from 8 to 9 feet under low-water mark, spring tides, and the wall itself rises a total height of about 30 feet. Its face is curved inwards, to resist the internal pressure of the ground. The lofty wall built against the residue rock, on which the reservoir is situated, is also curved in like manner. The latter is nearly 50 feet high. The reservoir, which is neatly finished with granite and lime-stone, and surrounded with an iron railing, measures nearly 200 by 150 feet square, and contains nearly 7,000 tons of water. This communicates, by means of cast-iron pipes, with another reservoir two miles distant, in Four Field Lane, Plymouth, and which is supplied by a stream from Dartmoor. The general facing of the several quadrangles, &c., is of wrought lime-stone; but the cornices, plinths, and various "dressings," with the more decorative portions of the principal fronts, are of granite.

The Clarence, Melville Stores, and Cooperage, have iron roofs, and the latter has also fire-proof floors. The coopers' shops are built in the centre of the Cooperage-yard, to prevent fire being communicated to the surrounding buildings. The top of each roof is covered with copper; the latteral inclinations with slate. The door and window-frames are of cast-iron.

To provide against the difficulty of getting vessels round the point in certain states of the wind or tide, a tunnel has been constructed, leading immediately from the Sound to the back of the Yard, into which it opens through a handsome rusticated archway, near the two houses of the resident officers.

The Melville quadrangle includes the offices of the establishment, and store-rooms for wet and dry provisions, slop-clothing, &c. The clock over the centre is a noble machine, by Vulliamy.

The Clarence stores are also for wet and dry provisions.

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The Brewhouse is furnished with a steam-engine of 40 horse power, by which the grinding of malt, mashing, pumping, &c., is effected. A similar engine is also employed in the Bakehouse, where there are twenty-five pair of millstones, affording the means of grinding 1,000 bushels of meal in ten hours.

The baking department also deserves particular attention. In ten hours, the whole process is effected of converting simple flour into 2,450 pounds weight of biscuit.

From the reservoir above, a complete view of this vast establishment, which is one of the principal features of the town and neighbourhood of Plymouth, will at once be obtained.

To "Nettleton's Guide to Plymouth," a useful little work, we have been indebted for much interesting information in the above sketch.

AUTUMN.

THE season of the yellow leaf, it comes once more to tell
That man to summer's glories must bid a bright farewell.
Kind Nature is still bountiful in her declining hours,
For golden is the Autumn and brilliant all its flowers.

The dewy grass, the leaves that change, the early twilight fall,
Reveal the fading time, symbols of truth, and might are all;
How doth it mock the vanity of human hopes and pride,
When flowers and leaves decay, and droop, and all fair things beside.

The season of the yellow leaf a fitting time should be
For all to contemplate the past and their mortality.
The summer's sun, the showers of spring, all, all, must pass away,
And men, the sere time comes to them, they wither and decay.

Oera.

DR. JOHNSON'S POETIC AND LITERARY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

IF the application of the term poet is bestowed with such a cautious and parsimonious hand, as, even by some, to be withheld from Pope, it certainly is an honour that cannot with propriety be conferred on Johnson. His versification is not adorned by any of the rich creations of genius; it is not invested with the brilliant hues of the imagination; it does not soar into the sublime, nor does it draw from our bosoms the "natural tears" of tenderness and pity. There is in it none of the enthusiasm characteristic of the poet. His mind reflected none of the enchanting scenery of nature, nor did it live among the fine, and delicate sensibilities of thought. But Johnson possessed much *eloquence* of versification, strong, sonorous and musical; a judicious selection of images, and a copious choice of words; occasionally his poetry is rendered heavy by too much accumulation, and the thoughts are overloaded by the assistance of a too cumbrous and diffusive explanation. This has been pointed out in the introductory couplet of the translation of Juvenal's tenth satire—

> Let observation, with extensive view,
> Survey mankind from China to Peru;—

which in fact is saying, let *observation*, with extensive *observation*, *observe* China, &c. The tautology in this passage is so obvious as to strike any one. Croker refers the criticism on it to the late Mr. Sharpe, but the fact is, it belongs to Wordsworth; it was given as his many years ago, in Hazlitt's Lectures, and we have heard it from him in conversation; when he also contrasted with Johnson the happy elegance of Dryden in the same passage. The same love of amplification exists also in most of Johnson's prose compositions, but more than all in the *Rambler*. His language is not absolutely tautologous, but it is nearly as bad. There is too little distinction in the meaning of expressions that are to elucidate the same idea, every shade of difference is noted; nothing is left to the reader's mind to supply, every argument stands, like Wolsey, in the full-blown dignity of its expression, and every train of thought is pursued until the channel is dry; and this merely for the sake of moulding his sentence into his favourite form. Coleridge justly observes—

"Dr. Johnson seems to have been really more powerful in discoursing *viva voce*, in conversation, than with his pen in his hand. It seems as if the excitement of company called something like habit and consecutiveness into his reasonings, which in his writings I cannot see. His antitheses are almost always verbal only; and sentence after sentence in the *Rambler* may be pointed out, to which you cannot attach any definite meaning whatever. In his political pamphlets there is more truth of expression than in his other works, for the same reason that his conversation is better than his writings in general."

If learning is meant to include *scientific* knowledge, he certainly had no pretensions; for he was not a geometrician, and had made no advances in any of the branches of philosophy. If it is to be limited to *literature*, he was far behind the old scholars of our country, and even many of his contemporaries. If compared to Selden, to Mede, to Barrow, or to Milton, his literature was but a shadow. In fact, Johnson's education had been imperfect, carried on without any well-constructed plan, left to his own unguided exertions; and, after quitting college, his mind was occupied in pursuits which had little tendency to invigorate or to enrich it. He had to provide his daily bread by the toil of the day; to write in magazines, reviews, and other casual publications, and to dole it out, as the interests or wishes of his employers pointed. His sluggishness and indolence, both of body and mind, made him unwilling or unable to read with persevering diligence, (he owned that he never read a book through,) and would have declined any system of laborious investigation. Perhaps he had most advances

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in theology, but we can discover no familiarity with the writings of the fathers or the schoolmen. He had no extensive acquaintance with our early literature, as Dr. Mant has observed in his *Life of Warton*, certainly not with that which is antiquarian and poetical. He was not an antiquary, like Percy or Warton; a linguist, like Sir William Jones; a divine, like Warburton or Waterland; or a scholar, like Burton or Parr.

His knowledge of Greek was very confined; indeed, he confessed to Dr. Burney, that he knew nothing of the Greek comic writers.

Professor D. Stewart, who always accompanies his philosophical investigations with the most indulgent spirit of criticism, says,—"To myself (much as I admire his great and various merits, both as a critic and a writer) human nature never appears in a more humiliating form, than when I read his *Lives of the Poets*, a performance which exhibits a more faithful, expressive, and curious picture of the author, than all the portraits attempted by his biographers; and which, in this point of view, compensates fully by the *moral* lessons it may suggest, for the critical errors which it sanctions." (Abridged from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.)

NAPOLEON'S TENACIOUS MEMORY.

This organization, these immense preparations, (for the Russian war,) were terminated about the month of February, 1812. I had several times written from the dictation of the Emperor; and I had occasion to admire his inconceivable memory, and the precision with which, without having recourse to the lists, he bore in mind the effective force of the several corps, in order to determine the means of raising them to the complete war establishment according to their wants. One day, having laid before him a general table which he had desired me to give him, and which he ran through very rapidly, he dictated a distribution of conscripts, founded on this statement, of the effective force of all the corps of the army, without once hesitating, and stated the actual force of each of the corps and their position. He walked rapidly up and down, or stood still before the window of his cabinet. He dictated with such rapidity that I had scarcely time to set down the figures clearly, and to indicate by abbreviations the notes which he added. For full half an hour I had not been able to take my eyes from the paper on which I wrote. I had no doubt but that he had before him the general table which I had given him; and when he paused a moment, and I was able to look at him, he perceived and laughed at my surprise. "You thought," said he, "that I was reading your table; I don't want it; I know it all by heart. Let us go on."—*Count Dumas's Memoirs of his Own Time.*

ON MUSICAL INTERVALS AND TEMPERAMENT.

(*Written for the Mirror.*)

BY J. L. SCHRODER.

An article inserted under the heading "Music," in a public journal, has excited considerable attention, both on account of the philosophic view the writer takes of the nature and properties of musical intonation, and also the development, to a certain extent, of the mathematical principles which form the basis of practical music. Those principles constitute the science of harmonics—one of the most abstruse and difficult analytical branches of mathematical investigation.

In giving to the author of that article every credit for the general ability with which he has treated the subject, I deem it of importance to correct several errors he has fallen into, and to supply a more extended view of it, in order to interest the attention of practical musicians, and engage the more cultivated class to the study of those arcana of harmony which have not yet been rendered available to the service of musical composition. The powerful resources within the grasp of composers are unappreciated, because unknown—unknown, because they are, and have been for ages, heedless, supine, and indifferent to the study of the mathematical and philological principles of their art.

The musicians of antiquity were the eminent mathematicians of their respective eras;—they were the philosophers who ostensibly or mediately governed society—influenced its condition—and exerted an extended moral influence by the exercise of their spirit-moving art. Poetry was undoubtedly allied to music, as music was to the mathematics—but whether in ancient times allied as a principal, or as an adjunct, is not very clear; still the union was an effective instrument, wielded by inspired genius to urge on, with almost miraculous power, the mighty movements of the human race in progressive civilization.

At this distance of time, we possess only the scanty remains which the devastations of ages have transmitted to us, as retrospective visions of effects anciently produced by the powers of music—in consequence of the various positions of the semitone in the tetrachord, according to the Doric, Phrygian, or Lydian modes, in the Greek scale, as arranged by the ancient mathematicians. If we might be allowed to draw an inference—I should think that the rythm of poetry was consequent upon the construction of the mode; and that poetry itself, when it became measured by time and cadence, as contra-distinguished to subject and composition, was an adjunct to the mode. The mode was the characteristic in which the rythm merged. Now, it may be asked, what has all this to do with the subject of modern music, and the seven notes which form the modern scale? Unfortunately for modern music as a science,

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the Grecian octave, divided by its two tetrachords, arranged in different modes, has not been the stock upon which our imperfect scale has been engrafted.

In consequence of this failure, the modern system, supposed to have been arranged by Guido Aretini, a benedictine monk of the eleventh century, is composed of a diatonic-chromatic progression *only*, and is deficient for want of a systematic union of the enharmonic progression which should complete the scale, both for the purposes of modulation, and those of complete harmony—that is, the combination of *all* the chords and discords of which the scale properly constructed is susceptible.

It is to this raising of an enharmonic modulation that the musico-mathematicians, if I may so term them—of the early ages—played as it were with the passions of the human soul, and fettered the mind, and bound the will of men to social institutions by the mysterious spell of the unearthly vibrations of the simple-corded lyre, swept by the master-touch of the musician, triumphantly bending his captive audience to the power of sound.

Our modern confined scale is incapable of producing anything like these sublime effects; —it is certainly founded upon the ancient mathematical divisions of the vibrating string, but it does not carry out the *system* which those divisions necessarily raise. Our taste and our ears have, from early infancy, become accustomed to the larger divisions of the octave into five tones, and two semitones arising from the diatonic-chromatic arrangement. Our best music is unrefined in its modulation, and incomplete in its harmonies, especially upon our defective keyed instruments, which consist of twelve semitones to the octave—every black key representing two sounds, but giving one only.

A flat note and the sharp differing two-thirds of a chromatic semitone, are played as one note, are represented by one key, and beyond the mark ♯ or ♭ prefixed to a piece of music, a modern musician of the first order, even, knows as little of the essential difference and uses of a flat and a sharp, as an untutored Indian does of the use of a quadrant, or the difference between that and a pair of compasses.

Noise, bustle, crash, and senseless rapidity of execution, or drawling attempts at musical effect—are substituted for MUSIC, as an intellectual and moral agent of the highest order assigned, as the writer of the article referred to well observes, "as one of those things in nature adapted to raise our contemplation to nature's God." The beauty of the thrilling tones produced by a highly cultivated and naturally fine voice should, in a philosophic view, be entirely detached from the estimation of the value and effect of *a system of sounds*. We receive a high pleasure in hearing the bursts of a fine, rich, cultivated singer, but the *soul* is only moved where that singer has sometimes succeeded in pouring forth even a short series of enharmonic intervals, or has fallen upon *one* in a recitative.—The ear of the most untutored acknowledges the power of these occasional—sometimes purely accidental—appeals to the intellect, for such they are; but as a system they cannot be appropriated by the musician who so skilfully executes them, because he is unacquainted with the philosophic *principles* of his art.

It is the object of this notice of the article "*Music*," referred to above—to place the principles of the enharmonic system in as plain a point of view as the subject will allow in the pages of a periodical. The attention of the musical world may be, to some extent, engaged to the subject by the introduction of it in the pages of this widely-circulated miscellany; and the use of a pure enharmonic scale, may eventually supersede the present imperfect and anomalous scale, upon which, for five centuries past, voices, ears, and musical instruments have been incorrectly formed.

The writer of the article in the Journal, states, that the sound produced by a string pitched so as to produce 240 vibrations in a second of time, is the *Do* of the continental musicians, or the C tenor of the British. He says, "There must be just 240 vibrations in order to make it what nature has designed it to be; 230, or 250 vibrations would be something else, and not nearly so agreeable to the ear."

I beg to observe that this is gratuitous assumption. Nature has not assigned any particular number of vibrations as constituting the "particular existence" of any note in the scale as a fundamental, nor is any particular sound more or less agreeable per se, for being tempered flatter or sharper by any given number of vibrations; nor do the practical musicians of the continent, or of this country, fix the proper pitch of tenor C to 240 vibrations;* so far from that, it is well known that the pitch of C has been gradually sharpened during a series of years past. The scale of all musical instruments is higher pitched, that is, made sharper throughout, than formerly, without any offence to the ears of theorists, or of practical men, which must have occurred if the sound *Do*, tenor C, had "a certain particular place in creation, and must be precisely produced by 240 vibrations in the second." If this assertion were true, the ear must be as necessarily shocked by 230 or 250 vibrations, as it is by an octave being sounded out of tune with its fundamental sound, that is, with some other number of vibrations than in the proportion of 2 to 1. But that the ear of the most cultivated practitioners is perfectly satisfied with any change of pitch, may be demonstrated from the several recorded pitches of the *Do*, tenor C, at the several great orchestras of Europe.

The pitch of our Italian Opera, Queen's Theatre, and of the leading manufacturers of musical instruments in London,

* "The pitch of St. Paul's organ is lower than Opera pitch."—Sir G. S.

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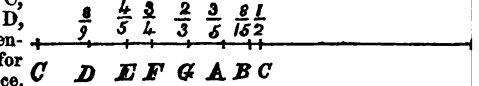
called concert pitch, for counter-tenor A, *La*, is 424 vibrations in the second of time, $\frac{3}{5}$ths of a string sounding C will sound its major sixth A; consequently, 5 vibrations of A will occur in the period of 3 vibrations of the whole string C; and $424 \times \frac{3}{5}$ will give $254\frac{2}{5}$ for the diatonic concert pitch of tenor C, *Do*, in London. Now this is nearly the pitch of D ♭, the diatonic semitone above C, if the vibrations of *Do* (C) be fixed at 240 per second;—for $240 \times \frac{16}{15} = 256$, and 256—254.1 = 1.9 difference. The continental opera pitches are still sharper than the London pitch; for, according to the "Memoirs of the Berlin Academy," 1823, p. 117, the A pitch of the Berlin Theatre is 437.32 vibrations per second; $437.32 \times \frac{3}{5}$ will give 262.4 for the Berlin pitch of tenor C, *Do*. This number approximates to the *Re*, D, if *Do* tenor C be fixed, naturally or conventionally, at 240 vibrations per second; for $240 \times \frac{9}{8} = 270$, and 270—262.4 = 7.6 difference. The difference, therefore, between the Berlin *Do*, C, and that of 240 vibrations for C, is very nearly an entire tone. The conclusion upon the premises is, therefore, irresistible,—there is not any certain number of vibrations assigned by nature to *Do*, C.

I will just further observe, that the "Berlin Memoirs" state, that the pitch of the Italian Opera A at Paris, is 424.17, of the Common Opera, 427.61, of the Paris Opera Française, 431.34—the first being nearly a semitone, the latter two above a semitone higher than the *La*, A, of the 240 vibrations for C. If "this sound has a particular existence in nature—a certain particular place in creation," and if "there must be just 240 vibrations in order to make it what nature designed it to be,"—practical musicians and mankind could no more have departed from those conditions, than they could have reversed any other of the fixed laws of nature.

As a matter of great practical convenience, both for the purposes of calculation, and also for manufacturing and professional objects, it were highly desirable that there should, amongst Europeans, be a fixed standard for *Do*, C; 240 vibrations per second would form the best, on account of its divisibility, without fractions, by all the prime numbers allowed by mathematicians to be the natural foundation of the diatonic scale, which, as a generic order, produces and comprises the chromatic and enharmonic divisions or series. This conventional standard would form a branch of those statistical and commercial improvements which might be adopted amongst civilized nations by the use of an universal standard of measure for length and capacity, and for the purity and value of the coinage of various countries. The continual progression of society may at some no very distant period systemize these desiderata. When statesmen become philosophers in the practical signification of the word, or philosophers become statesmen, the result is, the improvement of the moral, intellectual, and social condition of mankind.

The demonstration of the division of the diatonic scale from the natural harmonics of a musical string vibrating freely, would here occupy too much space; but it is a beautiful and most interesting portion of the science of harmonics—here nature *has* fixed her expressive standard—in it we may well admire "the perfections of creative wisdom, and the beneficence of creative design." I will proceed to the exposition of the scale, and the advantage of taking 240 vibrations for *Do*, C, as a fundamental or tonic for the purposes of musical calculations.

Take a musical string, divided as represented in the line, thus :



and we show the divisions and the elements of the diatonic scale; but the writer of the article "Music," has not informed his readers that this mathematical division of the string, in order to raise thereon the musical diatonic scale, creates *two* distinct kind of tones, besides the two semitones, in order to complete the seven sounds forming an octave of natural notes. It is to be noticed that the fundamental sound, or key-note, is, in harmonics, numbered one; so that *Do*, C, is number one; *Sol*, D, is number two, and is termed the second; *Mi*, E, is number three, and is termed the third; and so on to the *Do*, the eighth sound or note, which is the complement or octave above the original *Do*; so that the intervals bear the number of the note or sound next *in progression from C*, the fundamental sound.

CORAL ISLANDS.

[The following extract from the Journal of the *Missionary Williams*, on the subject of the Islands of the Pacific, which have been attributed as the labour of the coral insect, we commend to the attention of our scientific readers. Mr. Williams is a simple man, wholly divested of theoretical ambition. His laborious calling has brought him to the consideration of *facts*: and if his conclusions are found to be correct, it is not the first time that master minds have been compelled to give way before the results of experience in the minds of plain common-sense men.]

From a variety of questions which have been proposed to me since my arrival in England, together with what I have heard stated by many well-informed persons, I perceive that incorrect opinions are entertained respecting the extent and rapidity of coral growth; and that it is supposed *new* islands are constantly being formed with such rapidity, that in the course of time island will be joined to island, and the whole Pacific will become one vast continent! Dr. Buckland, in his late

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work on Geology, countenances the theory of newly-formed islands, as well as the rapidity of coral growth. "The tendency of polypes to multiply in the waters of warm climates is so great, that the bottom of our tropical seas swarm with countless myriads of these little creatures, ever actively engaged in constructing their small but enduring habitations. Almost every submarine volcanic cone and ridge within these latitudes has become the nucleus and foundation of a colony of polypes. The calcareous secretions of these insects are accumulated into enormous banks, or reefs of coral, sometimes extending to a length of many hundreds of miles; these, *continually* rising to the surface in spots where they were unknown before, endanger the navigation of many parts of the tropical seas." Now, the question is, Do the phenomena of the South Seas warrant such a conclusion? I should reply, Most certainly not. The rapidity of coral growth has been most egregiously overrated and overstated. Captain Beechy, of his Majesty's ship the *Blossom*, in his voyage to the Pacific, supplied some valuable information calculated to correct this error. And here I may assert, that, in all the range of my travels in the South Seas, I have perceived *no* animal agency at work adequate to the formation of a reef or island of any extent, within a period of many thousands of years.

Lyell, reasoning upon Captain Beechy's data, supposes that the ordinary growth of coral may amount to six inches in a century; it will then require 3,000 years to produce a reef fifteen feet thick. Captain Beechy visited an island supposed to be an elevated reef, eighty feet high; Mr. Stuchbury and myself have visited Rurutu, the rocks of which are of the same material, and are a hundred and fifty feet in height; and the calcareous rocks of Mangaia are about three hundred feet. Now, all these are supposed to be reefs elevated out of the sea; and, if it takes a century to produce a reef six inches in thickness, and three thousand years to produce one fifteen feet thick, eighteen thousand years would be required to produce the island visited by Captain Beechy, thirty thousand for the rocks of Rurutu, and fifty or sixty thousand for those of Mangaia: and only that portion of them which appears above water!

In addition to this, I have traditions of the natives upon almost every subject, especially of their former navigators, wherein every island which has subsequently been discovered within two thousand miles is named; but in no one of them is there any mention of, or reference to, a newly-formed island. I am familiar with one tradition, in which there is a genealogical account of the reigning family for thirty generations, and this is also equally silent upon the subject of new formations.

Another error in reference to corals I find entertained is this: many persons suppose that all coral insects work until they reach the surface of the water, which is not the case; for you seldom find a piece of branching madrepore, or brain, or any other coral, however deep in the water, above two or three feet in height. Dr. Ure, in his admirable work on Geology, appears to assign by far too great importance to this species of coral.

And now I would briefly inquire what is the substance of which coral is composed, and whence do the insects obtain the material with which they build? Three distinct theories appear to be entertained upon this subject. The first is, that coral is the *exuviæ* of the insect. The second, that it is a secretion from the animal. Buckland says, "that the gelatinous bodies of these polypes are furnished with the power of secreting carbonate of lime, with which they form a basis of attachment and cell of retreat," &c. A third opinion is, that the dead animal is converted into coral. This latter idea appears to be sanctioned by some persons of eminence. Lyell, when speaking of Bermuda, says, that "the decomposition of the numerous zoophytes produces a soft white calcareous mud, resembling chalk." Mr. Stuchbury also remarks, that "the carbonate of lime, by which some solid masses of compact limestone are formed, may have been derived from the decomposition of corals and testacea."

In venturing to offer a theory upon this topic, differing from those entertained by scientific men of great eminence, I must cast myself upon the candour of any one who, by his superior discernment, may detect a want of soundness in my propositions.

That there exists a considerable portion of calcareous matter, or carbonate of lime in salt water, has of course long been known; it was, however, a fact with which I was unacquainted, until, when abroad, being in want of salt, we were compelled to make it by boiling down sea-water. In this process we invariably found that a cake of lime formed at the bottom of the pan in which the water was boiled. This fact, thus ascertained, gave rise to a variety of suggestions in my mind; and having, since my arrival in England, prosecuted my inquiries into this subject, I find that, in all the salt-works in which sea-water is boiled, a thick cake of sulphate of lime is invariably found at the bottoms of the pans; and that our magnesia is obtained from the same source. These facts will be conclusive and satisfactory to the mind of every person who was not previously aware of the presence of lime in salt-water. Whence this material may be derived is an inquiry of no importance to the theory I would suggest. Dr. Buckland says, that "some refer it entirely to marine animals," but intimates himself, "that it may be carried by rivers into the sea." Where, however, are there rivers of sufficient magnitude to impregnate such a body of water as that of which the Pacific Ocean is composed? But, as in tropical climates the process of evaporation is so much more rapid than in higher latitudes, and as

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this calcareous matter is separated by evaporation, may we not conclude that the innumerable myriads of these minute calcareous particles, which are always floating about in the sea, are thus produced? The inference I draw, then, is this: that, as there is carbonate of lime in salt-water; that, as corals are carbonate of lime; and that as they are found to exist principally in warm climates, where, by the process of evaporation, there is an abundance of material supplied for these insects to build with; instead of secreting the substance, or producing it in any other way, they are merely the wonderful architects which nature employs to mould and fashion this material into the various and beauteous forms which the God of nature has designed it should assume.

This opinion appeared to me to receive considerable confirmation on my late visit to the Museum at Liverpool; for, in looking over the extensive collection of corals there, I perceived a branching piece rather different from any with which I was acquainted; and on reading the label, I found it to be "a calcareous crystal formed in the evaporating-house of the King of Prussia."

I would venture also to suggest, whether the same theory might not be applicable to the formation of shells; and, instead of supposing that the animals secrete the calcareous coverings which they inhabit, may they not emit or secrete a gluten, to which the calcareous particles adhere, and thus the shells are formed.

While I believe in the agency of insects in the formation of the branching, the brain, and other corals, and also in that of roundish masses of various size, which, when broken, have much the appearance of coarse lump-sugar, and may be the work of the *saxigenous polypes*, yet, for two or three apparently conclusive reasons, I think the rock of which the reefs and islands are composed is not the production of insects. The first of these relates to the height of these masses. Lyell states that the class of polypes, to which this work is assigned, cannot live in water of great depth, and, quoting Mr. Stuchbury and other scientific authorities, suggests that twenty-five or thirty feet is the lowest point at which they can work. If this be correct, how can we account for the solid rock eighty feet above the surface of the water, of which Henderson's Island, visited by Captain Beechy, is composed; for the rocks of Rurutu, 150 ft.; and for those of Mangaia, 300 ft. in height? none of which present appearances to warrant the supposition that they have been elevated by a succession of efforts. The inference to be drawn from this is, that the insects do exist in greater depths than are now assigned to them, or that these solid masses are not the effect of their labour; the one or the other must be the case. To the latter opinion I entirely yield.

Another reason equally conclusive is, that while the madrepore, the brain, and every other species of coral, are full of little cells, the reefs and islands appear to be solid masses of compact *crystal* limestone, in which nothing like a cell can be detected, but which, on the contrary, present a fine stratified appearance. Lyell intimates, "that this continuous mass of stone is composed of shells, broken-off prickles of the echini, fragments of coral, united by calcareous sand, produced by the pulverization of shells," &c. Now this kind of marine rubble, I think, is invariably in strata from three to nine inches in thickness; and the solid masses composing the islands and reefs, to which I have alluded, are pure and unmixed.

A third objection I have to allowing the reefs and islands to be the work of insects is, the amazing length of time, as I have already shown, that would be required to produce them. May not these structures have been produced by the chemical precipitation of the minute calcareous particles of which I have spoken? or may not the late experiments at the Philosophical Institution at Bristol throw some light upon this subject? There, Mr. Cross, by passing electric fluid through water, detached the calcareous and silicious particles, and produced stones of various kinds. Now, in tropical climates lightning is very frequent and vivid, and perhaps may exert an influence which has not hitherto been assigned to it; but more especially electric fluid may be engendered, to a considerable extent, by the sub-marine, and other volcanoes which abound in the South Seas, and produce an effect adequate to the formation of these wonderful and invaluable structures.

After all, however, that I have seen, and thought, and read upon the subject, my impression is, that the islands remain much in the same state as when the deluge left them; and that every subsequent alteration has been partial in its character, and exceedingly limited in its extent.

PRESERVING THE REMAINS OF A CARDINAL.

Mode of embalmment employed for the body of Cardinal Duke d'Isoard:—The viscera were taken from their cavities and plunged into spirits of wine, saturated with corrosive sublimate, and the carotid, axiliary, and femoral arteries, were injected with the same liquid. The viscera were then replaced, and the body, wrapped in glutinous bands, was dressed in the robes, and with all the insignia of a cardinal, placed in a coffin with various aromatic powders. Under the pillow, upon which the head rests, is a little leaden chest, containing medals, with the effigy of the pope from whom the duke received the dignity of cardinal, as also of the reigning pope, and one with the date of his decease, and the enumeration of his dignities.

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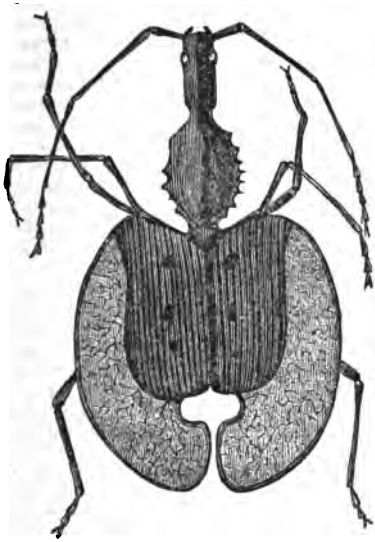
The Naturalist.



MORMOLYCE PHYLLODES.

"Amongst the almost endless variety of forms impressed by the Creator upon the animated works of the creation, it is a remarkable fact," says Mr. Westwood, "that very few so entirely recede from the general structure of the great groups evidently existing in nature, as to require the establishment of fresh orders, or other primary sections for their reception in a systematic distribution. It more frequently happens, that the attention of the naturalist is directed to objects, which, although possessing the essential characters of the group to which they belong, exhibit the most remarkable appearances, from the extraordinary development of some one or more of their organs, and lead him, at first sight, to doubt the propriety of the location assigned to them. These objects are consequently regarded in the most interesting light, not only by the professed naturalist, on account of the peculiarity of their structure, but also by the amateur, from the grotesqueness or singularity of their appearance. Indeed, from the remarkable circumstance that these creatures are generally of very rare occurrence, being seldom found in any great quantity, it is not surprising that authors should have seized every opportunity of minutely describing and illustrating their entire structure."

Mormolyce phyllodes is a Javanese species of beetle, belonging to the family *Carabidæ*, or tiger-beetles. It is remarkable for its flatness, and the great dilatation and posterior production of the sides of its wing-cases, and altogether it looks more like a bit of thinly-rolled gingerbread, or an Italian jumble, than an insect. Upwards of thirty specimens of this extraordinary creature were brought to England from Java, about seven years since.

J. H. F.

CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

(From Pictorial History of England.)

Falstaff, the "unimitated, unimitable Falstaff," was the poetical creation that was absolutely necessary to the conduct of the great dramatic action,—the natural transformation of "the mad-cap Prince of Wales" into King Henry V. So, indeed, were all the satellites which revolve round Falstaff, sharing and reflecting his light. It is the perfect characterization of this drama which makes the incidents consistent: the characters cannot live apart from the incidents; the incidents cannot move on without the characters. If we attempt to unravel the characters, and the complicated character of Falstaff especially, without reference to the incidents, we are speedily in a labyrinth. The vulgar notion of Falstaff, for example, is the stage notion. Mrs. Inchbald truly remarks, "To many spectators, all Falstaff's humour is comprised in his unwieldy person." But the same lady adopts an equally vulgar stage generalization, and calls him the "cowardly Falstaff." The "wit" of Falstaff, though slightly received into the stage conception of the character, is a very vague notion, compared with the bulk and the cowardice of Falstaff. Mrs. Inchbald (we are quoting from her prefaces to the acted plays) says, "The reader who is *too refined* to laugh at the wit of Sir John, must yet enjoy Hotspur's picture of a coxcomb." The refinement of the players is even more sensitive; for they altogether leave out in the representation the scene where Falstaff and the prince alternately stand for the King and Harry—a scene to which nothing of comic that ever was written, except, perhaps, a passage or two in Cervantes, can at all approach. The players, however, are consistent. Their intolerance of poetry and of wit are equal. Not a line do they keep of the matchless first scene of the third Act, than which Shakspeare never wrote anything more spirited, more individualized, more harmonious. But we are digressing. Falstaff, then, we see in the rude general conception of his character, is fat, cowardly, and somewhat witty. The players always double and quadruple the author's notion of his fat and his cowardice; and they kindly allow us a modicum of his wit. To be fat and to be cowardly, and even to have some wit, would go far to make an excellent *butt* for a wild young prince; but they would not make a Falstaff. These qualities would be, to such a prince as Shakspeare has conceived, little better than Bardolph's nose, or the Drawer's "anon, anon, sir." To understand Falstaff, however, we must take him scene by scene, and incident by incident; we must study his character in its development by the incidents.

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COINCIDENCES, PREDICTIONS, AND OMENS.

CANNING's parting from his mother forms as curious a coincidence as any. He took leave of her with the following expression: "Adieu, dear mother, in August we meet again!" when, strange to say, in July Mrs. Canning died suddenly, and her son followed her in the course of the next month. Such an instance does not stand altogether solitary. When the whole of the order of the Templars was, at the instigation of Philip of France, condemned to death by Pope Clement, a Neapolitan knight being brought up to suffer, espied the king and his holiness looking out at a window on the scene. Exasperated at such barbarous coolness, the knight exclaimed: "Clement, thou tyrant, seeing there is none now left among mortals to whom I may appeal as to that grievous death whereunto thou hast condemned me, I do therefore appeal unto the best Judge, Christ, our Redeemer, unto whose tribune I cite thee, together with King Philip, that ye both make your appearance there in a year and a day, where I will open my cause!" Accordingly, both the king and the pope died within the stipulated time.

Predictions that have proved to be correct in their fulfilments, I am disposed to think partake essentially of the nature of coincidences. The difference is but slight. A coincidence consists in two events bearing either a striking analogy to each other, or if different in their actual details, happening at the same moment of time, (be the distance what it may,) and by an involuntary impulsion of the mind, mysteriously assimilated; whilst a prediction, consisting merely of words, forms as it were the groundwork, the corresponding event being yet in the bosom of futurity, and not to happen till the time stipulated by the prophecy be fulfilled. As far as regards human powers of foreseeing, it would seem that the resemblance the event bears to the original prediction, is the work of coincidence, unless, of course, it can be traced to the wisdom and reasoning powers of the prognosticator. This would seem to have been the case with Thales, who desired to be buried in an obscure place at Milesia, observing that that very spot would in time be the forum; and also with Knox, who, being condemned to a galley at Rochelle, predicted that "within two or three years he should preach the gospel at St. Giles's, in Edinburgh," an event then as unlikely to happen as that he should be raised to the Papal chair, but which nevertheless came to pass. And necessarily so with Rousseau, who, in 1760, clearly foresaw and predicted the extraordinary events of the French Revolution: "You put your trust, "said he, "in the actual state of society, without ever considering that the present state of affairs is subject to inevitable mutations—the powerful will become weak, the weak powerful, *the monarch even will be as a subject;* we are drawing nearer and nearer to a crisis, to an age of revolutions!"

The future character of Cromwell was clearly discerned and pointed out to Charles I. "This coarse man," said Lord Falkland, pointing to Cromwell, "will be the first person in the kingdom, if the nation comes to blows;" and Archbishop Williams told Charles, confidentially, "there was that in Cromwell, which foreboded something dangerous, and wished his majesty would either win him over to him, or get him taken off." By the same power of discernment, the dissolution of the monasteries and religious houses, was predicted by the anonymous author of "Piers Ploughman," two hundred years before this dissolution actually took place.

We are, however, constrained to be more fastidious in our method of accounting for the singular prediction made by Dryden, at the time of the birth of his son Charles: "If he live to arrive at his eighth year," said he, "*he will go near to die a violent death,* on his very birth-day; but if he should escape, as I see small hopes, he will, in his twenty-third year, be under the *same evil direction;* and if he should escape that also, the thirty-third or thirty-fourth year, will, I fear * * * * *" Strange to say, in the eighth year of the child's age, notwithstanding all the care the father had taken to keep his son from danger, setting him long lessons to learn, that he might not be tempted to leave the house, he was almost killed by the fall of a wall. In the twenty-third year of his age, the next period mentioned, he fell from the top of a tower belonging to the Vatican, and so injured himself, that he never entirely recovered from the shock. The third period of the prophecy was, however, destined to be accomplished, for in a swimming match at Windsor, young Dryden was seized, as it is supposed, with a cramp, and unfortunately drowned. Thus, Dryden's prophecy proved to be correct throughout. On the authority of a correspondent to the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. 44, we learn that John Neads, a Winchester scholar, foretold the death of Mr. Larman, chaplain to the College, Dr. Mew, bishop of Winchester, and himself, within that year; all which predictions were literally fulfilled, they each dying *natural* deaths. Camden tells us, that Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, on his death-bed, with much solicitude entreated of such as stood about him to tell his son, then only ten years of age, ever to have in mind his thirty-sixth year, as being the greatest age he would ever attain. His unfortunate son was beheaded at the age of thirty-four. It would thus seem, that the dying father had prophetically warned his son.

Many other cases of minor authorities I might produce, but would rather let them remain untouched. It is too often the case that, by bringing forward instances from questionable sources, much injury is done to the cause

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of truth; those I have quoted are, as far as I am able to judge, of sufficiently sound authority to stand the test of incredulity.

Now, another kind of coincidence, I can hardly prevail upon myself to omit to notice, is that which consists in the feasibility of transposing the component letters of a word in such wise, that the newly-constructed word or sentence shall have some appropriate reference to the original: as in the case of "punishment," the letters may be so transposed as to make "nine thumps;" and in the case of "lawyers," "sly ware." The several letters of the word "news," each indicate some particular point of the compass, as if the word were expressly compounded of these letters to signify that news come from all quarters of the world,—North, East, West, and South. Of course, a very considerable number of such coincidences might be discovered, and may readily be formed. Some, however, not generally known, and having a reference to historical characters, I here subjoin. By some loyal subject of our English Solomon, his name has been construed into the following anagram: "James Stuart," "a just master;" and, further, to show his majesty's right to claim the throne of the visionary Arthur, has the following:—"Charles James Stuart" "claims Arthur's seat."

The mistress of Charles IX. of France, whose name was Marie Touchet, had her name altered into "Je charme tout," which was historically true. The assassin of Henry III., who was called Frère Jaques Clement, had the following anagram made upon his name:—"C'est l'enfer qui m'acrée;" and if out of the letters which form the words "Revolution française," the word "veto" be struck, the remaining letters, duly transposed, will make the striking and appropriate sentence—"Un Corse la finira!" This is, of course, the pure work of coincidence. H. M.

ANCIENT TEMPLE AT MALTA.

THE remains of an ancient temple, supposed to be of Phœnician origin, has very lately been discovered, at about two hours' walk from Valetta, near Casal Crondy, which promises to afford much room for curious speculations among the scientific, as there are tombs and hieroglyphics amusingly troublesome to decipher, being defaced by time and decay. A small part only of these remains are yet cleared, but the governor has ordered the place to be excavated, and the work is going on as rapidly as fifteen or sixteen persons can effect it. On the other hand, our government has listened to the representations of a Sicilian, who maintains that from the appearance of a certain herb found growing in the island of Gozo, indicative of the presence of sulphur, there must be considerable veins of that substance to be found there, and in consequence some excavations and boring are going on in that direction, also under authority. These, with the progress making in the erection of a Protestant church (thanks to the generosity of our Dowager Queen,) our island is in a fair way of offering a *sejour* to the eastern traveller and those making grand tours, of which some hundreds arrive now monthly on their way to the Levant, by the various steamers plying to Malta.

Arts and Sciences.

A TRANSPARENT WATCH.

A WATCH has been presented to the Academy of Science at Paris, constructed principally of rock crystal. It was made by M. Rebellier, and is small in size. The internal works are visible; the two teethed wheels which carry the hands are rock crystal, the other wheels of metal, to prevent accidents from the breaking of the springs. All the screws are fixed in crystal, and all the axles turn on rubies. The escapement is of sapphire, the balance-wheel of rock crystal, and its springs of gold. The regularity of this watch is attributed to the feeble expansion of the rock crystal on the balance-wheel. The execution of the whole shews to what a state of perfection the art of cutting precious stones has been carried.

PORTABLE GAS.

In Vienna, according to a simple and perfectly secure method, invented by M. F. Drionet, gas is daily conveyed in hermetically sealed bags, on carriages constructed for the purpose, from the manufactory to all parts of the town; by which the expense of laying down pipes is avoided, and the article supplied to the consumer at a reduced rate. This plan would offer immense advantages to the Companies in London, and other large cities, by saving the great cost of their miles of piping, and the immense expense of supplying the gas to each house.—*Inventor's Advocate.*

NEW APPLICATION OF STEAM POWER.

A few weeks ago, an experiment was made on a Scotch canal, to prove the applicability of steam power to the towing of barges, the power being applied by means of a locomotive engine on a railway laid along the towing-path. That experiment, which, as far as it went, was perfectly satisfactory, has since been followed up by similar attempts, and the results have been quite successful. It now appears that, with properly constructed boats for passengers, a speed of 19 or 20 miles an hour may be attained, without any injurious agitation of the water.

PATENT CANDLE-EXTINGUISHER.

A very ingenious little instrument, to extinguish candles at any desired time, invented by Mr. Jones, of the Strand, has just been submitted to our inspection. It is self-acting, and consists of a small circular tube, surmounted by two flaps, which, being put open on the candle, an inch or half-a-dozen inches down,

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to the extent intended to burn, collapse when the flame has descended to the extinguisher. It snaps together sharply, and completely fulfils its purpose. We rather think we saw a similar tin extinguisher in Newgate Street, some years ago.

IRON-BUILT FLY TRACK-BOAT.

Among the numerous things that engage the attention of the inhabitants of Hythe, is Pilcher's iron-built fly-track boat, called the Ark (and a very commodious boat she is,) which starts from the head of the Royal Military Canal, near Seabrook, every day, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The proprietor has arranged for a continued and pleasant boat from Dover to Hythe, Rye, Hastings, and Brighton.

MARKING LINEN.

A celebrated German chemist, Mr. Hoenle, has invented a new plan for marking linen without ink. This is effected by simply covering the linen with a fine coating of pounded white sugar. The stamp of iron, very much heated, is impressed on this material. Two seconds suffice for the operation. The linen remains slightly scorched, but the mark is indelible.

THE IRON TRADE.

A statement of the iron-trade of Great Britain (up to June, 1839) is published in the *Railway Magazine*. The following are extracts:—In Great Britain there are 239 furnaces in blast; 14 out of blast; 31 building, and 33 contemplated. The annual produce of iron is 1,008,280 tons. The weekly produce, 19,390 tons of iron, and 9,000 tons of bar iron. To produce this quantity, 3,000,000 tons of coal are required, and the labour of 40,000 persons. The most extensive manufacturing firms are Messrs. J. and C. Bailey, Messrs. Guest, Lewis, and Co. These four establishments produce above one quarter of the whole amount of iron manufactured in the empire, and nearly one-half the whole amount of bar iron.

WEIGHT OF STEAM.

Steam is 1,800 times lighter than water—that is, a given portion of water will, in the form of steam, occupy 1,800 times the space it did before.

CHINESE VARNISH.

Lackered fans are in very general use among the higher classes of both sexes in China. In Canton you may see Chinese gentlemen come into a shop to order fans. They bring the plain leaves, with the pattern they prefer lightly etched, by themselves. When the pattern is drawn, the varnish is laid on in successive coats, till it acquires a sufficient degree of substance, when it receives the last polish from the hand. The varnish is of a very irritating and destructive nature, and the men are very careful how they handle it. It is a liquid resin, which exudes at night from incisions in the bark of a tree celled *tsi*. This plant is about fifteen feet in height, and resembles the ash. When about eight years old, it yields the juice. So little can be collected at one time that it is considered a good night, when a thousand trees yield twenty pounds.—*The Fanqui in China.*

IMPROVEMENT IN SMELTING COPPER.

Mr. Charles Schafhult, of London, has just obtained a patent for an improved method for smelting copper ore. To overcome the great difficulty of calcining, he proposes that the copper ore be mixed with quick lime, as one would make mortar, and salt or chloride of sodium introduced to prevent the development of smoke, as well as to facilitate the process of smelting. To five portions of copper ore, put one and a half of quick lime, and one of salt. The mixture is to be put into the trough, which conveys it to the heated surface of the smelting furnace; and to prevent the escape of noxious particles, the damper must be pressed, and the draught doors closed, thus compelling the atmospheric air to pass the chamber of the heated copper, and carry with it the noxious particles, to mix with the steam and water under the furnace, the vapour escaping through another passage, to be condensed. Sea sand, with shells in it, or anthracite, or stone-coal, should be thrown on the scoria, or slack, until it becomes sufficiently silicated, and allows the copper to sink. The mass of red-hot copper is then allowed to run into the water under the furnace, where it is to be washed.

NON-FATALITY OF PRUSSIC ACID.

A few days ago a favourite dog, belonging to Mr. John Ruthven, of this city, having been for two or three years in a declining state of health, owing, it is believed, to poison having been administered to him, it was found necessary to terminate his existence by giving him a dose of prussic acid. Accordingly, an extra large dose (nearly a teaspoonful, the fourth part of which is sufficient to have killed a horse) was carefully put down his throat: about half a minute elapsed before it had any effect, when he dropped down, giving several yells, and then went into strong convulsions, writhing, and tumbling about from side to side, and exhibiting many other symptoms of speedy dissolution; at last he lay quiet, almost without signs of life, except now and then hard breathing. He continued in this state nearly half an hour, when he gave evident indication of returning animation, but seemed quite unconscious of anything about him. In a short time he raised himself to a sitting posture, when he was seized with a violent shaking; he afterwards lay down, and appeared very composed. He continued in this state for about two hours, when he perfectly recovered, running about the place, and eating his food as usual.—*Leamington Chronicle.*

A gentleman of Liverpool has invented a new engine, immensely superior, in every respect, to the old steam-engine. The power is created by air and steam. It will consume only one-half the quantity of fuel of the old

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one; and the rapidity by which a vessel propelled by it will sail, will enable it to perform a passage to America in six days. Owing to a particular way in which the power acts upon the vessel, twenty miles the hour can be realized with the greatest possible ease. The weight of machinery will be only one-half that required by the old steam-engine, and, instead of straining and weakening the ship, will brace and strengthen it. By this method the steam power is more than doubled.—*Liverpool paper.*

A machine lately has been introduced on the extensive works of Mr. James Hunt, of Rowden-hill, near Chippenham, for making bricks, which has excited much curiosity. The cylinders revolve about once a minute, making in the course of each revolution about 32 bricks. —*Taunton Journal.*

Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson, 2 vols. 8vo.

(Concluded from page 343.)

[WITH the subsequent abstracts we close our notice of this pleasing woman. She was raised by her husbands successively, from a station of which she was unworthy, to a sphere which she was by nature fitted to grace and dignify: like that pearl of Cleopatra, which the hand of a Plancus rescued from threatened dissipation, to be afterwards consecrated in a temple, which was glorified by its pulchritude and beauty.—Poor Harriot! benevolently these volumes attempt to shadow forth the virtues and excellencies of thy heart—these things it was that made thee lovely in thy life, and lo, in death they are not parted from thee!]

The High Disdain of Mrs. Siddons.

Mrs. Siddons, at that time, had produced her grand study of *Jane Shore*. At Liverpool, this *chef d'œuvre* was announced, and the house was full to excess, but the wretches in the gallery, seeing the principal merchants with their families present, thought this a delightful opportunity of indulging their wit respecting the "soldiering." Accordingly, they formed two bands, one on each side of the gallery, and kept up a cross-dialogue of impertinence, about "charging guns with brown sugar and cocoa-nuts," and "small arms with cinnamon-powder and nutmegs," from the commencement of the play until its very end.

Miss Mellon was in an agony, but Mrs. Siddons, calm, though deadly pale, merely said to her, with a slight tremour in her voice, that "she would go through the *time* requisite for the scenes, but would not utter them." She went on the stage, said aloud, "It is useless to act," crossed her arms, and merely murmured the speeches; all enjoyment was totally lost, through an unmanageable gallery, while the queen of the drama went through the entire character of *Jane Shore* "*in dumb show*," on the first night it was attempted there.

A Chivalric sailor-scene, told by herself.

"When I was a poor girl, working very hard for my thirty shillings a-week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at the minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless, orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman persecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope—I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor, 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery, springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and foot-lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment.

"'Yes, you shall have *one* friend, at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sun-burnt countenance, 'I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for *you* (turning to the frightened actor), if you don't bear a-hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be the worse for you, when I come athwart your bows.'

"Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scraping of violins from the orchestra; and, amidst the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, 'the poor distressed, young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager's pretending to arrive, and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank-notes."

Sudden Death of Poor Palmer, the Actor.

Palmer had been labouring under great mental distress, arising from pecuniary difficulties. Mr. Aikin, the manager, prevailed on him to perform the *Stranger*, on the 12th of July; and the representation was so fine, that, by general desire, he was induced to repeat it. While rehearsing on the morning of performance, he received an express relating the sudden death of his son. The play, of course, was deferred, for the wretched father was carried almost senseless from the theatre. After some days, he was urged to re-appear, and the broken-spirited man made but little resistance.

He arrived at the theatre tolerably calm in the evening, but was silent; whilst respect for his misfortunes threw a solemnity over the generally gay green-room. He went through the play almost mechanically, until

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the fourth act, when the *Stranger* has to refer to his children. He was dreadfully agitated; the audience feeling too deeply even to encourage him; finally, in uttering the well-known words, "*There is another and a better world!*" he expired—a case, if ever there was one, of *a broken heart!* The theatre was closed for some time afterwards.

On the day of his burial, prayers being read over the body, it was committed to a grave, seven feet deep, dug in a rock. The coffin was of oak, covered with black cloth, and on the plate was simply inscribed, 'Mr. John Palmer, aged 53.' A stone was to be placed at the head of the grave, with the very words he had spoken in the character of the *Stranger*:—

'There is another and a better world!'

Miss Mellon's First Lesson in Painting.

Miss Mellon said, when first she appeared in London, the theatre seemed so immense, and the distant audience so dark and dingy, that she thought her own brunette complexion would be proportionably deepened to a mulatto tint; and she, therefore, put on a coating of white powder, resolved that her skin should emulate the white satin near it. At the end of the second act, Suett, who had been witnessing the comedy from the house, "en amateur," came round to talk over the first part of it. Going up to Miss Mellon, to whom he always told her faults, and gave friendly professional scoldings, he exclaimed, "Why, Peggy, child, what a fright you have made yourself! your little nose, glaring with white, looks broader than it is long; and as for your fat cheeks, they look like two of your landlady's muffins. How dare you put on so much white paint, eh?" Quite indignant that he accused her of a crime she had not committed, she replied, "I never wore *white paint* in my life, Sir; and to-night I merely put on a little *white powder*." "Well done, Peggy!" Suett replied! "both are meant to humbug, so the matter's equal; shall I tell you for what you are suited with that quantity of white and red? Just let me lengthen the corners of your mouth upwards, and then you will be ready to act as clown in the pantomime." She was very angry, and gathered up her satin train to depart to her own room, her friend calling to her, "Go and wash your pretty face, Peggy; go and wash your nice, brown, merry face."

Too wise, even in her anger, not to take some opinions besides her own, she applied to the dresser, who sided completely with the old actor. She found, however, that she had put on such a quantity, that, on the application of water, it formed itself into "vermicelli," whose little rolls adhered past all management to her face, and only by dint of great exertion, she, with the sympathising dresser, were able to remove the most prominent portions, and applied a little fresh carmine, and with smarting red cheeks had to go through the last scenes. When the play was ended, the old actor came up, and peering into her face, said, "Why, Peggy, my child, you look as if you had been *mixing* your landlady's muffins, now, and the paste had fallen all over your face. But you bear a scolding very well, Peggy; and you've played your character very well also. Now, go home and eat some muffins, and remember my maxim, that those who chiefly please by arch expression and manner, should never act behind a mask of white paint; or as you call it, *only a little powder*, Peggy, child!"

[Her mother, when ill, was violently petulant and reproachful, but the amiable girl returned good for evil.]

"You *know* what I should like, you careless, unfeeling creature; my only fancy is for some ham and green peas"—"Green peas in winter, mother! Why, Queen Charlotte herself has not green peas now."—"She does not want them, perhaps, so much as I do; but leave the room, Harriot, for you have worn out my spirits with your ingratitude."

As her sitting apartment in those days was limited to the singular number, she had nowhere else to go; Miss Mellon, therefore, put on her poke-bonnet and cloak, and resolved to take a walk; she crossed Covent Garden Market; the church bells had ceased, the green-grocers were hastily closing their shops, when, just between the last two shutters of a window, she espied what she had considered a luxury beyond Queen Charlotte's reach—a pint of green peas. The shutters were now closed, and the shopman gone in; but she tapped at the door, and stated her errand. The man, however, regretted extremely, but it was now during the forbidden hours. She urged that no one would be aware of the matter, that it was to gratify the fancy of a poor invalid; and, at last, a shower of her tears aided the persuasion. The man of peas could not withstand such an appeal, and the half-door was opened to admit Miss Mellon. As they looked to be about a sixpennyworth in the ordinary season, she made up her mind to pay six or eight times that amount for the rarity, and asked the price. It was half-a-guinea. She considered, for a moment, that her lodging and other expenses of last week were to be paid out of the salary, etc., but it was but a moment's pause; so she paid the sum, and tripped away with her prize, one of the happiest beings in London.

Re-entering the house gently, by means of a latch-key, she unfastened the windows of the ground-floor apartment, prepared the fire, and put down the peas to boil, with some ham, which was in the house. When her landlady came home, she chid her for such unsuitable occupation; but Miss Mellon resolved that the "delicacies" should be prepared by her own hands; and when they were ready, she placed them in a little dish, as a surprise for the parent who had treated her so harshly.

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The landlady was to carry up the dinner, and to leave the door open, so that Miss Mellon might enjoy hearing her mother's exclamations of surprise before she entered the apartment. But when the covers were removed, and Mrs. Entwisle found that all her harshness had not been able to banish her daughter's good-nature, instead of uttering the expected exclamation of pleasure, she threw herself on her knees, called every blessing on the head of her daughter, and called on Heaven to punish her wickedness towards an angel! The over-excited daughter who was listening to her in agony, interrupted the penitent's appeal by falling insensible into the room.

Her Conduct at the Burning of Covent Garden Theatre.

Miss Mellon was almost out of her senses at the proximity of the flames to her house in Little Russell Street. But when a report arrived that several walls had fallen in and buried a number of poor creatures, her whole anxiety was for their rescue. She stood in the drawing-room window offering five pounds for each of those who were brought out alive, and two pounds for each body of the hapless creatures who perished. She was dressed in a blue satin pelisse, looking lovely in her anxiety; and each time she appeared at the window she was received with animated cheers by the crowd, who seemed ready to worship her. While remaining there, eight individuals were exhumated, and Miss Mellon distributed her rewards; but life was instinct in all, and they were carried to St. Paul's Church-yard, Covent Garden.

Her Last Appearance, February 7, 1815.

Mr. Coutts, whose great delight was to attend the theatre, arrived soon after the play had commenced. Miss Mellon was considered the handsomest *Audrey* on the stage, the French peasant costume suiting her style. On this evening, her dress was extremely fanciful and pretty, being a peculiar shaped black velvet hat, a yellow jacket laced with black velvet, and a gold cross and heart on her throat; while the striped, full, and rather short petticoat, revealed very neat feet and ankles, in little buckled shoes, and yellow silk stockings with black clocks. She was greeted with much applause, as being a favourite of the audience, so that, when the early scenes were over, she went to speak to Mr. Coutts, flushed with success, and hoping for his compliment also. She was, however, disappointed in finding his kind countenance wearing a serious expression, as, taking her hand, he said that he could not allow her to appear thus again.

In dismay, she inquired what was his meaning, and he explained that he could not bear to see her "made up" for the stage; he, therefore, hoped this would be her last appearance. His requests were so few, that the matter of her *retirement* was settled from that moment: She returned to the stage for her final scene; at its close, whispered to the astonished *Touchstone*, that "she should never again be his *Audrey*," stepped rather in advance of the other performers, curtsied profoundly several times to the applauding audience, and such was the sole intimation and leave-taking of her *last appearance*.

Mrs. Coutts' Religious Superstition.

Her religious ideas were in strict accordance with the purest Christianity; and her daily exercises of solitary devotion and meditation were long, and never omitted. The minute book of prayer and meditations of Queen Catherine Parr was always carried about her person. In these beautiful little effusions the passages all bear strong affinity to her own position, in appeals for escape from its dangers and temptations. An omission of these daily duties was regarded by her with an almost superstitious dread, thus:—

The first occasion on which she was to take her place as a peeress in the gallery of the House of Lords, was an event to which she attached rather a nervous importance, and great care was taken about all the arrangements. Just as her toilette was completed, the carriage was announced, and she hastened down stairs, fearful of losing any part of the ceremony she wished to witness. On reaching the carriage, however, a sudden change in her aspect was observed; and instantly withdrawing from the step, she dismissed the carriage, and relinquished her attendance at the House.

The cause of this apparent whim was, that in the excitement and hurry of preparation, her customary devotions had been omitted, nor once recollected until she had passed the threshold. In reverting to this fact, she is said to have remarked, "I was struck with shame and repentance at my vanity, and my spirits never felt so light and satisfied as when I cast aside the rich dress which had nearly caused a neglect of my daily duty of gratitude: the sacrifice of that hour was well repaid."

A Copyhold Tenant of the Duchess of St. Albans.

On the 16th April, 1797, a new comedy was played at Drury Lane, entitled, "The Will," from the brilliant pen of Mr. Reynolds. One of the characters was supported by Miss Mellon. It had very good success. The clever author, in his memoirs, published in 1827, writing of Miss Mellon, he says, "Cicely Copesley, the gamekeeper's daughter, in my comedy, was performed by Miss Mellon with considerable effect. I little thought at that time that I was to become the vassal of this young, handsome Cicely Copesley. Mrs. Coutts is now my 'Lady of the Manor,' for under her I hold a small copyhold estate, near Chelmsford, in Essex; and by an old feudal law (which, though obsolete, is still unrepealed) she might compel me, *gout and all*, to attend and serve at her next Highgate public breakfast in *armour*."

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Dr. Ruddiman's Story of the Hayrick.

"I was visiting one day, at the luncheon hour, a family who had a most beautiful villa, with long French windows opening on a lawn, and commanding a view of the river. Close by the bank of the stream was a stack of hay; which had been made there some time before, and I chanced to be looking at it, when, suddenly, the hay-stack was actually receding away from the river side. Unable to speak, I pointed it out to the assembled party at table. We watched the movement of the haystack, as it slowly glided along, until it, at last, was completely motionless.

"The master of the house, a person of great courage, now thought there must be thieves within it, so he sallied forth with a long, rusty rapier (said to have belonged to *Longue Epée*, Earl of Salisbury), and stabbed the hayrick in every direction; and when the gardeners took to pieces the lowest layer, what do you think he saw! Hundreds, thousands, millions of *field mice*, who scampered off to the former station of the hayrick, and were quickly under ground past reach."

"Ugh!" said Fuseli, "Dit onny pody effere hear suche a toad——"

He was interrupted by Mr. Coutts, from whose eyes tears were falling thick and fast, with excessive laughter, at this *moving* tale.

The Gatherer.

The *Courrier de la Drôme* of Valence, states, that roses, pinks, and other flowers, were to be seen in full bloom in that neighbourhood a week ago. It is supposed that the sap of the plants, so long checked by the drought which has prevailed in the south of France, had been suddenly brought into action by the warm rains which have recently fallen in that part of the country.

Two Jewish Rabbies, on visiting Jerusalem, the city of their ancient solemnities, were affected in opposite ways—one wept, the other rejoiced. On explaining the causes of these opposite feelings, he who wept said, "How can I but weep when I behold the desolation of the holy city! but why, my brother, do you express your joy?" The answer is worthy of notice.—"I rejoice to think, that as certainly as I behold the fulfilment of the threatenings of vengeance contained in the Sacred Scriptures, so assuredly will the promises of blessings, and the restoration of Israel, receive their fulfilment."

Wills of Shakspeare, Milton, and Napoleon.—The last wills and testaments of these three great men are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen at Doctors' Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own hand-writing:—"I give unto my wife by brown best bed, with the furniture." It is proved by William Buyde, 22d of July, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of writing; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

Rising Genius.—A boy, who displayed a long dangling watch-chain, was asked, What's the time of day, Josiah?" He drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and, after examining it awhile, referred to another, and asked, "Is this the figury nine or the figury seven?" He was told that it was the "figury" seven. "Well then, Joseph, it lacks just about half an inch of eight."

The grave of the Count de Horne, who was beheaded by the Spaniards at Brussels in 1568, has just been discovered in the church of St. Martin, at Weert, in Belgium. The coffin, which was of wood, was much decayed, but the skeleton was perfect. The skull was placed upon the breast. At the left of the skeleton was a tin urn, hermetically closed, upon which were the words *Hear ên Grave van Horne, Juny* 26, 1568. The rest of the inscription was not legible. The urn, on being opened, was found to contain the heart of the Count, covered with an aromatic powder. It had preserved its natural colour, but, on being touched, fell into dust.

Chatterton Monument.—The foundation-stone of Chatterton's monument was laid on Wednesday, 13th inst., nearly under the clock of Redcliffe church, in the angle formed by the tower and the muniment-room.

Post-office Letter Weights.—As the old method of charging letters by the number of sheets will be abolished on the 5th of December next, and after that period we are to pay by weight at the rate of 4d. per half-ounce, it will be necessary all persons should be furnished with weighing-machines.

In 1816 there were in the different public bathing establishments of Paris only 550 baths; there are now 4,200.

Newspaper Readers.—The tastes of the readers of a newspaper are sufficiently various and singular. One reads nothing but the poet's corner; another considers poetry, and all that sort of stuff, horrid trash. One deems politics the only business of life; another votes that department a bore. This one reads only the deaths and marriages, and that one looks only to the advertisements. There are various other idiosyncracies too numerous to mention; but certainly the most singular we ever heard of, was the case of the lady who was obliged to consult the celebrated Abernethy, because "for several mornings past, she had not been able *to relish her murders.*" We should like to have seen the doctor's physiognomy on the occasion.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 980.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [PRICE 2*d*.

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1840.

Heath's Book of Beauty,

[Is as beauteous and engaging as ever—illumined as it is by choice engravings, especially the portrait of the Countess Zavadowsky, and enriched with such a pleasing variety of letter-press, that will be eagerly read, being so rich in delicious poetical breathings. We can only quote the following effusion by Sir E. L. Bulwer.]

The Wife to the Wooer.

Well, then, since scorn has failed to cure
The love you press so blindly,
For once your reasons I'll endure,
And answer follies kindly:
I'll grant that you, more fair and gay
Than Luke to some may be;
But light itself, when he's away,
Is never gay to me!
Then go—then go; for whether or no
He's fair, he's so to me!

In woods your summer-love may wreathe
In florid smiles and gladness;
His lips, more often, only breathe
The trouble and the sadness—
But ah! so sweet a trust to truth,
That confidence of care!
More joy one grief of his to soothe
Than all your bliss to share.
Then go—then go; for whether or no
He grieve, 'tis bliss to share!

You say that he can meet or leave
Unmoved—content without me;
Nor recks what snares neglect may weave—
Too heedless ev'n to doubt me.
Ah! jealous cares are poor respect!
He knows my heart, my guide;
And what you deem is to neglect,
I feel is to confide!
Then go—then go; for whether or no,
I'll *think* he *does* confide.

And Luke, you say, can sternly look,
And sometimes speak severely;
Your eyes, your vow, could ne'er rebuke—
Your whispers breathe austerely.
How know you of the coming cares
His anxious eyes forsee?
Perhaps the shade his temper wears
Is thought for mine and me!
Then go—then go; for whether or no,
His frown has smiles for me.

But Luke, you hint, to others gives
The love that he denies me;
And hard, you say, in youth to live,
Without one heart to prize me!
Well, if the parent rose be shed,
The buds are on the stem;
My babes! his love can ne'er be dead
Its soul has fled to them.
Then go—then go!—*His* rival? No;
His rival lives in them.

The Keepsake.

[LADY Emmeline Stuart Wortley has enriched this Annual with two specially interesting letters from the illustrious Lady Rachel Russell: they seem trifling, but their great value is in throwing a light over the domestic manners of times long since fled.]

"4th June, 1700.

"I'me glad you have got ye picture for tho' I believe it may not be valuable from ye goodnesse of ye work, yet I doubt not but you prize it, as being yr Grandmother, I spose you want no more tea, but if you do I can supply, for I bought one pound of the Citty tea, ye better sort, and being one day at Lady Sunderlands we drank tea was good I thought and saying soe she commended it highly, and then I asked her where she had, she said of Mr. Segworth t'was the best Keper in towne and she believed she could help me to a pound, but I took no notice of her saying soe, but however the day after her Ladp was gone, hur servant brought me a pound, I asked what it cost he said 30 shil: so I found t'was not a present, I keep it close and t'other also, and if want not perhaps they shal be unopened, or at least halfe pound pots, when you come up, I know not a silable of newes; our vacant places yt wil be, we do not hear who shal fil them; and one more is like to fal, ——— is very ill spitting blood, it seems an old complaint but very bad now Soe is as I beleve ratcliffe thinks Lady Alington she was to go to ye bath in al hast, but in a few days he changed his mind, says she is to weak and now must drink brisow waters here, and change the aire, he thinks hur lungs touched, she continues low and faint, my brother james is not wel, a terrible cough realy like a chin cough, and is mighty stufed too so yt later in ye night he was forced to let blood, and continues feavourish, he had a blister laid on—I have not heard to day how he is but shal before I seal. Lord bedforde holds up wel. Tomorrow is ye instalment at winsor, I conclude, tho' ther has bin a report because ye Lord albemarles mother is dead the seremony should be put off but I guesse a little malice in yt lord devon, lord rochester and lord Dorset are ye assistant lords, ye —— has ye duchesse of norfolks jewels—they talke she is near a marriage, but nobody names who, nor wife for ye lord at present; we linger in our remove for Straton, no day yet set, yr sister has not got off hur cold yet at ye chimney fireing, but I hope to send you word she is

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prity wel today. at present my servises conclude from yr affect. mother,

"Yr sister is finely wel. R. Russell."

"From the Same to the Same.

"I have bin under great anxietie til ye post came yesterday, for tho' Belvoir is so strong a building and I feared accidents ther as little as any where, yet so many dismal ons have fallen upon so many yt wod justifie a mighty apprehension. I blesse God we are al wel, but the chimney were my son and his wife lay fel, and ye bricks and soot coming downe ye chimney made them rise at six a clock and come in my drawingroome; yr wal of ye garden fel next ye field and al ye trees bent one side to ye very ground. But at Straton my losse is worse in al respects, by farmes torn to pieces, corne and hay dispersed seen hanging on ye trees, and amongs ye trees neer the house the fir grove, as richard writes, intirely broke and tore up by ye roots; I send Spenser tomorrow to sie if tis in nature possible to get up but a row round ye ground. hampshire is al desolation. devon-house scapet better than any house I heare of. Many killed in country as wel as in towne. Lady penelope wicklesse killed in her bed at ther country house, and he in ye sam bed saved, a peice of timber falling betweene his legs, and keept of ye bricks, but 'tis innumerable ye mischiefs and ye preservations; sea matters yet too unsertaine, so sertaine beaumont lost, and wonderfully lamented, and 5 ships upon ye sands, no newes yet yts to be relyed on of Sir Shovel; I'm sorry yr lord lost his match, but realy the present calamity takes up al my thoughts. 'Tis time to dine, so must end ys from yr affect. mother, "R. Russell.

"Tuesday 30 November."

[Lady E. S. Wortley's account of a banquet given to her by the Khosrew Pasha, at his palace on the banks of the Bosphorus, is full of interest; and from which we make the following extracts:—]

"As soon as the doors were opened, I was met by the Seraskier's wife, who advanced with much grace and dignity to greet me, accompanied by the Greek lady I mentioned before: the Seraskier's wife welcomed me in the kindest and most courteous manner imaginable. She was no longer young, but possessed the remains of very great and resplendent beauty; her features were exquisitely modelled; her complexion and skin still very fine; her eyes of eastern darkness, depth, and softness, and her hair silky and glossy, and of a beautiful auburn hue. Her picturesque and superb costume it would be difficult to describe, and, to the uninitiated in the complicated details of a Turkish lady's toilette, such description would only present a series of confused names, and afford no correct or distinct idea. I will therefore avoid dilating upon all the multifarious mysteries of robes, asteries, girdles, turbans, &c., and merely state, that the *tout ensemble* was the perfection of magnificence and splendour, and would put all the professors of mortal millinery in modern Europe to the blush. My courteous hostess conducted me to the top of the room, and placed me by her side on a luxuriantly-cushioned throne-like seat, reaching along the whole length of the windows, which entirely occupied the upper end of that princely apartment, spreading from side to side, ascending from the floor to the ceiling. The Prussian Baroness was seated on a chair placed on the side, and the Greek lady and her two daughters nearly opposite. As soon as I had leisure to look around me, I was struck by the brilliant appearance presented by a large semicircle of sumptuously-attired slaves, who stood before us in graceful attitudes, motionless as a group of beautiful statues; no train of duchesses, and high-born damsels at court, ever displayed such wealth of matchless jewellery, I verily believe, certainly never such splendid variety of apparel; they all wore long flowing trains of most resplendent colours, and exquisite materials, loading the floor with a weight of richness. Their loose, sweeping, immense outer sleeves, hung down to their feet, finely fringed, bordered, and flowered, or starred all over with sparkling gold and silver, or wrought silk of vivid and various dyes; but have I not vowed *not* to be verbose on the subject of dresses and draperies, silks and satins, gold and gear?"

These gorgeously-clad prisoners made much of their visitor. When she went to take leave of them after the feast, the Seraskier's wife offered the Englishwoman "the young houri," a maiden of great loveliness, as a present for her husband! and yet more, in the fulness of great intimacy, subjected Lady E. S. Wortley to "such a tremendous dose of tickling," that the latter had like to have gone into convulsions. We must have a snatch at the banquet which prefaced these courtesies:—

"The interior of the room made me think of Aladdin's palace; but my eyes and my imagination were completely dazzled, and the gorgeous vision seemed to overtax the senses, and to assume the vague features of a dream. I was recalled, however, from my aërial phantasies to earthly realities and sober reason, by the Seraskier asking me whether I would prefer a dinner in the Turkish or in the Christian fashion. The Prussian Baron, who happened to be standing by me, whispered, 'Choose the Turkish, pray!' and I directly did so. The Pacha looked much pleased, and directed us to take our seats at a table placed near the window overlooking the river. In the middle of this table was an immense tureen of soup; beautifully embroidered napkins, fringed with gold, were laid in readiness for the use of each guest, but neither plates, knives, nor forks, were to be seen; spoons, indeed, there were in profusion. As soon as we were ranged

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around the table, servants came, and brought a most splendid cloth of tissue of gold and silver, of very large size, wrought all over with coloured flowers and devices; this they arranged so as to go completely round the table, covering us all from the waist to the knees. Besides this, they fastened the embroidered napkins round our shoulders and throats. We must have presented a rather singular appearance, clothed, as we were, in this sumptuous array!—Each person then armed himself with a spoon of somewhat formidable dimensions; and, I confess, I began to repent the rash precipitation and presumption of my choice—my fool-hardy intrepidity—and to tremble for what was to follow; a consciousness of fearful awkwardness rushed upon me! How was I to convey the liquid from the vessel in which it was deposited to its destination without spilling some drops over the beauteous shroud which enveloped me? for I felt my unpractised hand would falter in the act! I was the person, too, who was expected and called upon to begin. The Seraskier looked on, smilingly, at my embarrassment—there was a pause—an awful one;—now for the plunge—the onset! At this moment, our good-natured host relieved me from my uneasy situation, by begging me to lay aside my spoon, to divest myself of my share of the splendid but somewhat cumbrous paraphernalia of the table, and invited us all to partake of a Frank dinner, instead of a Turkish one, (which former appeared to have been prepared by magic,) saying with a laugh, that we had played at eating a Mahometan repast, we should now in reality assist in demolishing a Christian one; adding, that he thought we had at present a good idea of what a dinner *à-la-Turque* was. He then rose from his seat and led the way to a table in the centre of the saloon; we all followed his example, nothing loth, and found this table in every way arranged according to the most approved notions of civilized European life: knives, forks, spoons, plates, &c., in rich abundance. Everything was in perfection of taste, and in great splendour."

The Picturesque

[This year is devoted to Windsor Castle, and its enchanting environs. In giving some interesting particulars from Froissart and Ashmole, relative to the noble Order of the Garter, treats the reader with the ceremonies observed on the degradation of the knights of this truly illustrious order.]

"The ensigns of the order are not to be withdrawn from a knight, during life, unless guilty of some of those marks of reproach, set down in King Henry VIII's. statutes, viz., heresy, treason, or flying from battle. It has sometimes been found, that prodigality has been made a fourth point, where a knight has so wasted his estate, as to be incapable of supporting his dignity. The pretence for divesting William, Lord Paget, 6 Edw. VI., was, his not being a gentleman of blood, both by father and mother. But felony comes not within the compass of this statute, as not being expressly mentioned among the reproaches there summed up; and so it was adjudged in a chapter, 14 Jac. 1, in the case of Robert, Earl of Somerset, then lately condemned for that fact, whereon his hatchments were not removed. When a knight-companion is found guilty of the offences mentioned in King Henry VIII's. statutes, he is usually degraded at the next chapter, of which the sovereign gives the knights-companions previous notice; and then commands Garter to attend such of them as are appointed to go to the convict knight, who, in a solemn manner, first takes from him the George and ribbon, and then his garter. And at the ensuing feast of St. George, or sooner, if the sovereign appoint it, publication of his crimes and degradation is made by Garter. Next, Garter, by warrant to that purpose, takes down his achievement, on which service he is vested in his coat of arms, and the officers of arms standing about him, the black rod also present. First Garter reads aloud the instruments of degradation, after which one of the heralds, who is placed ready on a ladder set to the back of the convict knight's stall, at the words expelled, and put from among the arms, takes his crest, and violently casts it down into the choir, after that his banner and sword; and when the publication is read out, all the officers of arms spurn the achievements out of the choir, into the body of the church, first the sword, then the banner, and last of all the crest, so out of the west door, thence to the bridge and over into the ditch; and thus it was done at the degradation of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, 13 Hen. VIII. Their plates are likewise taken down from their stalls, and carried away. Degradation not being alone thought sufficient, it was debated in chapter, 32 Henry VIII., whether the names of such knights-companions as were convicted of treason, should remain in the registers, or be razed out; where the sovereign determined, that wheresoever the actions or names of such offenders should be found, these words [vah proditor] should be written in the margin; by which means the register would be preserved fair, and not defaced with razures or blots."

[The following particulars, relating to Edward and the Countess of Salisbury, are particularly interesting:—]

Wark Castle had been presented by him to the Earl of Salisbury, when Sir William Montacute, as a recompence for his valour and loyal services; and it would appear that the beauty and noble qualities of his celebrated countess inspired his followers in that chivalrous age with more than an ordinary degree of courage and devotion. During the defence of

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the castle against the Scots, King Edward arrived in the neighbourhood. The besiegers withdrew, in turn; and the countess was honoured by a visit from the victorious monarch. In Froissart's words, "every one was delighted with her: the king could not take his eyes off her, as he thought he had never before seen so beautiful or sprightly a lady; so that a spark of fine love struck upon his heart, which lasted a long time, for he did not believe that the whole world produced any other lady so worthy of being beloved." After awhile, the king, unable to conceal his emotion, had the boldness to acknowledge his love; but the lady appears to have been proof against the allurements of royalty. "Sweet Sir," replied the countess, "do not amuse yourself in laughing at, or tempting me; for I cannot believe you dream what you have just said, or that so noble and gallant a prince as you are, would ever think to dishonour me or my husband, who is so valiant a knight, who has served you faithfully, and who, on your account, now lies in prison. Certainly, Sir, this would not add to your glory; nor would you be the better for it. Such a thought has never once entered my mind, and I trust in God it never will, for any man living: and if I were so culpable, it is you who ought to blame me, and have my body punished through strict justice." The king left his room, and came to the hall; where, after he had washed his hands, he seated himself with his knights to the dinner, as did the lady also; but the king ate very little, and was the whole time pensive, casting his eyes, whenever he had an opportunity, towards the Countess. Such behaviour surprised his friends; for they were not accustomed to it, and had never seen the like before. They imagined, therefore, that it was by reason of the Scots having escaped him. The king remained at the castle the whole day, without knowing what to do with himself. Sometimes he remonstrated with himself, that honour and loyalty forbid him to admit such treason and falsehood into his heart, as to wish to dishonour so virtuous a lady, and so gallant a knight as her husband was, and who had ever so faithfully served him. At other times his passion was so strong, that his honour and loyalty were not thought of. Thus did he pass that day, and a sleepless night, in debating the matter in his own mind. At day-break he arose, drew out his whole army, decamped and followed the Scots, to chase them out of his kingdom. Upon taking leave of the countess, he said, "My dear lady, God preserve you until I return; and I entreat that you will think well of what I have said, and have the goodness to give me a different answer."—"Dear sir," replied the countess, "God of his infinite goodness preserve you, and drive from your heart such villanous thoughts, for I am, and always shall be, ready to serve you, consistently with my own honour, and with yours."

The Oriental Annual.

[We turn with undiminished pleasure to the splendid *Oriental Annual*, and cannot refrain extracting two pure oriental tales.]

Akbur Shah the Second, died in October, 1837, when nearly eighty-two years of age; he was succeeded by Prince Mirza Mohummed Aboo Zaffir, under the titles of Abool Mozaffir Suruj-ud-Deen Mohummed Bahadoor Sani Shah. In honour of the occasion, royal salutes were fired by the British troops at all the principal military stations, and congratulations, with presents, were forwarded to the new emperor by the governor-general. I have frequently seen this new Great Mogul, and, judging by his appearance, I should say that he cannot be much under sixty years of age, though some allowance be made for the effects of a life of royal excess. His character is not remarkable for any thing great or good. The only interesting matter attached to his history is of a very sad nature, and a stain upon his long list of imperial titles. It is thus told:—

Only a few years since, among the attendants of his consort, was a very lovely girl about sixteen years of age, whose charms excited a strong passion in the heart of the prince. Being a virtuous girl, she turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and rejected all his proffered bribes with scorn; in consequence of which she was put under a severe course of daily punishment, and her delicate person subjected to the most cruel stripes and privation. She bore her sufferings with patient resignation, until they were aggravated beyond human endurance, "when one night, about half-past ten o'clock," according to the account given by the *Durpun*, a native newspaper, "she covered her face with her *chuddur*, and wrapping her *razai* about her, she threw herself from the top of the south-west tower of the palace wall into the dry ditch below, sixty feet; and having broken all her bones, and fractured her scull, the poor child uttered one piercing shriek, and expired."

General and particular accounts both of ancient and modern Delhi, are to be found in about nine out of every ten Oriental works, whether of history or of personal narrative; I shall, therefore, confine my local descriptions to those scenes which form the immediate subjects of the accompanying plates. Not the city only, but the whole country round about it, would appear to be an inexhaustible mine of antiquarian treasure; and whether the traveller visits it for the first or for the ninety-ninth time, he may find a thousand novelties to delight him, and entice him to a protracted sojourn; if only his love of the truly sublime and beautiful be superior to the extremes of heat, dust, noise, insects, and evil odours. Elves and demons may alike find fitting haunts in Delhi. Among its scattered piles of arched palaces, its pillared courts, out-topped with tapering minarets and shining domes, its heaps of blackened tombs, its prostrate towers,

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and opening vaults, fantastical romance and brooding mystery, have each their proper homes. Erewhile

> I took it for a fairy region
> Of some gay creatures of the element,
> That in the colours of the rainbow live,
> And play i' th' plighted clouds;

and now, though not a passing shadow has fallen to change my mood, nor yet a sound has stolen upon the air—

> The tombs
> And monumental caves of death look cold,
> And shoot a chilliness to my trembling heart.

Many of the most beautiful specimens of these relics are now dissolving so rapidly, owing to the destructive extremes of the climate, that in a few short years they will be no more seen. The gateway, which is exhibited in the annexed plate, is hastening to the dust. The scorching sun strikes in and opens wide its gaping seams; and the streaming rains of each returning monsoon, as they pour through its crannied walls, are hurrying it, stone by stone, wall by wall, into the ravines below. The style of its architecture is peculiar to the time of Jehanghir, but its history appears to be doubtful; for some among the tradition-venders at Delhi represent it as having been the entrance to the empress Neur Jehan's state apartments, while others affirm that it formed part of the palace of Etimaun-ud-Dowla, the father of that illustrious lady. Whether it be one or the other, it is equally an object of interest to the natives, who appear to have as much reverence for the name of the father, because he *was* the father of the renowned Neur Jehan, as they have for the memory of the daughter herself. The histories of these celebrated persons are rendered the more imperishable from their connexion with that of the intrepid and persecuted Shere Afghan, who, after having evaded the malice and jealousy of Jehanghir, by a hundred gallant exploits, was at last treacherously murdered by a band of conspirators, acting under the orders of that monarch. Their united histories form one of the most romantic passages in the annals of the Mogul emperors of Delhi. The historian, Tarihk Kahfi Kahn, has related it with but little of those extravagant redundancies which Oriental writers of all ages have esteemed as beauties.

The Sanctity of a Moslem Priest,

A truly devout follower of the Prophet cannot allude, without an awe-inspired thrill; albeit the Prophet is represented as having executed an ample vengeance upon the malefactor. The facts, as gathered from Ferishta, are these:—

"During the battle of Tumbola, wherein the army of Ahmud Shah Wulli Bahmuni, king of Bidur, had been engaged from the dawn of day until nightfall, in uninterrupted conflict with the doubly-numerous forces of Ahmud Shah Guzeratti, king of Gazerat, the day was repeatedly saved to the king of Bidur by the favour of one Saiud Nazur-ud-Deen Kurbali, a most holy man; who, having the spirit of prophecy, continually foretold the designs and manœuvres of Ahmud Shah Guzeratti, and thus enabled his prince to counteract them. After the close of night, both parties retreated towards their capitals, and Ahmud Shah Wulli Bahmuni suitably rewarded Nazur-ud-Deen, by conferring upon him five thousand *tunkas* of silver for his own benefit, and thirty thousand to be distributed in alms among the poor, and among the holy men, at Kurbala *. Having obtained his dismissal from the court, Nazur-ud-Deen was upon his road homeward, on horseback, and arrived about noon-day at the spot in question.

"It happened that here one Shere Moolluk, an officer of high rank in the army of Ahmud Shah Wulli Bahmuni, and several of his comrades, were seated under the shade of the grove, enjoying each other's ribald wit, in concert with the bubbling of their *hookkas*. These reprobates, being well acquainted with the saintly character of the traveller who was passing them, continued nevertheless their noisy revels, and Nazur-ud-Deen, disgusted at the loose style of their conversation, spat upon the ground as he rode by them. Shere Moolluk, offended at this insult, called aloud to the traveller to dismount immediately, and with lowly reverence atone for his insolence. Now, as the Saiud took no heed, but continued to ride leisurely forward, the irate soldier commanded his men to drag him to the ground. Incensed at this outrage, Saiud Nazur-ud-Deen Kurbali rode back directly to the capital, and complained to the king, who pacified him, at the moment, by promising that the offence should never be forgotten, reminding him, with a mild rebuke for his want of proper confidence, that Alla and the Prophet would not neglect, on a fit occasion, to avenge his cause. Some time afterwards, upon the breaking up of the army, when it was customary to distribute honorary robes to distinguished officers previously to their return home, the king's eyes fell upon Shere Moolluk, and he recollected, in an instant, the infamous insult which that person had formerly offered to his favourite Saiud. He immediately gave orders that a certain infuriate elephant, named Kussab (the Butcher), should be brought, and reminding Shere Moolluk of his impious conduct to Nazur-ud-Deen, ordered that he should be cast under the feet of that terrible animal, which, in one minute, crushed him as a pig would crush an egg; and he lay upon the ground, as lifeless as if his bones had been converted into dagger-hilts, and his skin into scabbards."

* This was the birthplace of Saiud Nazur-ud-Deen Kurbali, as denoted by the affixture to his name, and is a place of very great sanctity in Mesopotamia. According to Colonel Briggs, it is the spot whereon Hoossein, the grandson of the Prophet Mohummed, was killed, and where he lies interred.

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[In illustration of the sparkling engraving of that enchanting spot—the Madressa Bidar—we have these interesting remarks :—]

The Madressa was built by the renowned chief Mahmood Gawan, of whose untimely fate mention is made in a former page, under the description of Penkonda. The foundation was laid about A. D. 1460, and the building was designed to form part of a magnificent square, which, upon the opposite side, contained also the great mosque, and many other public buildings; the whole having been erected by the same chief, and called after him the Gawan-ki-Chouk, but afterwards named by Aurungzebe the Turkt-Mahal. In the time of Feristha, who was born A. D. 1570, this splendid range of buildings remained as perfect as if it had only just been completed; and, wonderful to relate, all the edifices were then still applied to the purposes for which they were designed by their founder. This lively historian, in enlarging upon the munificence of Mahmood Gawan, affirms that that hero was not only possessed of very extensive general knowledge, but that, unassisted, by dint of great perseverance, he had made himself master of many abstruse branches of learning and science. In mathematics and engineering he is said to have had no equal in his day; and he also evinced great taste in his literary compositions, a few of which are still existing. The most perfect is the Rozub-ul-Insha; but other poems, and fragments of descriptive composition, are preserved in the works of Moolana Jami Abdool Raiman, and of Moolla Abdool Kurreim Sihndi.

The nicety and great strength with which these elegant buildings were constructed, would, doubtless, have enabled them to have remained complete until the present day, had it not been for the ravages of the despoiler, and the chance of war; for, after the capture of the city by the Emperor Aurungzebe, at the close of the seventeenth century, the whole of this superb quadrangle was appropriated to the purposes of the invader's troops; the imperial halls were converted into barracks, and the Madressa itself was used as a powder-magazine. Alas! that it should have been so! As an evil destiny would have it, some powder was ignited, by an exasperated soldier, who, for the purpose of avenging himself upon a comrade with whom he was quarrelling, cast a burning *gools** from his *chillaum* into a powder-cell. In a moment the whole magazine exploded, destroying the greater part of the beautiful building, and spreading destruction on all sides. Other accounts state the manner of the occurrence very differently. The traveller Thevenot, for instance, relates a tale which makes the explosion take place before the city had surrendered to Aurungzebe. He tells us that, when invested by that invader, it was governed by a veteran officer, a noble of tried fidelity and great courage, who indignantly rejected all the efforts of the Delhi emperor to corrupt him, and successfully kept him at bay for many days. A practicable breach was, however, at length made in the wall, and the signal was already given for the assault, when suddenly—as some affirm, by the fall of a rocket, or, as others insist, by the orders of the commandant, who preferred death to subjection—the magazine within the Madressa blew up, at a moment when the roof was covered with the garrison, who had assembled upon it for the purpose of selling their lives as dearly as possible. It is almost needless to add, that all persons thereon perished: among them were the governor and his three sons.

It is certainly extraordinary that any uncertainty should exist concerning so signal an event, and one which occurred at no very remote period; at a time, indeed, concerning which historians have, for the most part, been tediously explicit. Of the fact, however, there is no question; indeed, evident traces of the shock are to be observed even to this day, and all relations agree in mentioning that so fearful was the explosion, that the massive vaulted roof was carried high in the air, and fell in a shower of stones upon the city; moreover, the minaret, near which was stowed the great bulk of the powder, was seen to reel to and fro, till losing its equilibrium, it fell against the ruined base of a neighbouring wall, and the beautiful shaft was shivered in twain about forty feet from its foundation. The lower part still stands in an inclined position. The other minaret remains entire, and presents a goodly specimen of what these magnificent erections once were. It is upwards of a hundred and thirty feet in height, and elaborately decorated with tablets, inlaid so as to form various elegant figures, in which, sentences of the Khoran are inscribed in large white characters, three feet in height, upon an enamelled ground of green and gold.

The noble founder of this magnificent college had collected, during his adventurous and successful life, one of the most extensive libraries mentioned in the history of Hindostan. He bequeathed it to the Madressa for the use of the students, together with a great number of his own manuscripts and drawings; but it does not appear that there is any remnant of them left. Whether they were carried off and dispersed before Aurungzebe's time, or destroyed in "Aurungzebe's explosion," remains for the investigation of such as may be anxious to ascertain. Mahmood Gawan appears to have delighted more in the possession of his books, his elephants, and horses, than in all the vast magnificence and wealth which his royal master had so profusely lavished upon him.

* Fire-balls, used in the *hookka* to keep the tobacco burning.

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MEMOIR

OF

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT

OF SAXE COBOURG AND GOTHA.

PRINCE ALBERT FRANCIS AUGUSTUS CHARLES EMANUEL, is second son of Ernest, reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha, who succeeded his father, Francis, in the small principality of Saxe Saalfeld Cobourg, on the 9th of December, 1806; and, by the death of Frederick IV., with whom the male line of Saxe Gotha Altenburg became extinct, came into possession, in right of descent from the female branch, of a considerable portion of that inheritance, and took the title of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha on the 12th of November, 1826. The Duke has been twice married; first to Dorothy Louisa Paulina Charlotte Frederica Augusta, daughter of Augustus, the last Duke but one of Saxe Gotha Altenburg, from whom he separated on the 31st of March, 1836. On the 23d of December, 1832, the Duke married Antoinette Frederica Augusta Maria Anne, Princess of Wurtemburg. By the first marriage, the issue was Ernest Augustus Charles John Leopold Alexander Edward, hereditary Prince of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha, born the 21st of June, 1818, and Albert, the young bridegroom elect of Queen Victoria, born the 26th of August, 1819. His earliest education the Prince received at the Castle of Ehrenburg, where eminent professors, from the College of Cobourg, and other masters, daily attended. When he had completed his eleventh year, his mother, Louisa, daughter of Augustus, Duke of Saxe Gotha Altenburg, died. This caused the Duke, till he should have contracted another marriage, to put Prince Albert under the care of his aunt, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. He subsequently resided for some time at Kensington and Claremont, and, of course, had an opportunity of occasionally partaking of the lessons intended for Princess Victoria. They became, it appears, acquainted with one another in their early childhood.

"When he had completed his seventeenth year he entered the University of Bonn, on the Rhine, and attended lectures on the classics, mental philosophy, history, statistics, mathematics, politics, and political economy. Among the numerous distinguished professors of that celebrated seat of learning, is Augustus William Von Schlegel. Thus, a most favourable opportunity presented to Prince Albert of perfecting himself in English, the correct accent of which he had before acquired at Kensington and Claremont. When he had finished his studies at Bonn, and returned to Cobourg, the inhabitants of the Duchy vied with one another in demonstrations of the heartfelt interest they took in the prosperity of the ducal house. Deputations were sent to the Duke to congratulate him on the consummation of the education of the Prince; poems were presented to Prince Albert, welcoming him on his entrance into public life; and there were, all over the

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country, illuminations, balls, and dinners, in commemoration of this important period in the life of Prince Albert. In 1838 he came over with his father to this country, to witness the coronation of her Majesty. They stayed longer at the Palace of Buckingham than all the other guests, and the Duke of Saxe Cobourg Saalfeld was particularly distinguished by her Majesty, who, previously to his departure, conferred on him, with great ceremony, and in presence of a numerous attendance of Noble Lords, the Order of the Garter. On their return from London, preparations were made for a tour to Italy; and, in December, 1838, they set out, attended by Baron Stockmar, who has been for several years employed in the affairs of the Duke of Saxe Cobourg and his relatives. It was deemed necessary to make a short stay at Munich, in order to take, on several questions relating to Italy, the advice of the King of Bavaria, who had been several times in Italy. To the Bavarian capital, then, the Duke accompanied the Prince, and the most marked honours were paid to them there; the public considering the brilliant expectations of Prince Albert well founded, and rumours to that effect having been generally circulated by the journals of Germany.

The German papers generally call him *Albrecht*, which, however, is not a name different from Albert. This will best be seen from the following paragraph, translated from the "German Encyclopedia," by Professors Ersch and Gruber:—"Albert, or Albrecht," says this excellent work, "is contracted from *Adal* and *bert*, and means of noble birth, also a landed nobleman. Generally speaking, Albert was formerly more in use in Germany, and afterwards the second form, Albrecht, prevailed; still both words continue to be promiscuously used." In ancient German records, instead of Albert, is also found Alberic; and as *ric* is the English *rich*, the modern German *reich*, in the same manner *bert* is also an old Saxon word, related to the English *birth* and *born*. *Adal* is the modern German *Adel*, and in ancient German records both forms are likewise found. There occur in history numberless distinguished personages of the name of Albert. Among them is Albert I., Duke of Austria, and afterwards Emperor of Germany.

"It should be remembered, that the ancestors of the Duke of Saxe Cobourg Saalfeld were among the leaders of the Saxons who came over to this country, when, in the fifth century, the Romans quitted Britain; which, being exposed to the incursions and devastations of the Picts and Scots, applied to Saxony for succours. Numerous brave troops were then obtained from the native country of Prince Albert, and their descendants are found in all ranks of the British nation. In 819, the victorious Egbert, to whom the family of the Duke of Saxe Cobourg were related, became King of the provinces, having Saxon settlements, and he then ordered that they should be called England. Nineteen years he reigned over this newly-established kingdom, and was followed by a long series of Saxon Kings, under whose mild sceptre this country improved and thrived so much, that it was generally respected. Considering this, the reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg Saalfeld cannot be considered a stranger in this country, with whose interests his house became early connected. He is, moreover, generally esteemed in Germany, and beloved by his subjects. Several years ago he issued a liberal Constitution, under which the inhabitants of his dominions enjoy perfect religious and political liberty, and they never had any complaint to lodge against him with the German Diet of Francfort." *

* Dr. Von Horn's "Memoir of the Approaching Marriage."—[Southgate.]

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The other members of the family of Cobourg are :—

1. Sophia Frederica, &c., sister of the Duke, married to Count Emanuel of Mensdorf.

2. Juliana Henrietta Ulrica, also sister, re-christened, and now Anna Feodorowna, on her marriage with the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, from whom she was separated in 1820, through gross cruelty on his part, and other circumstances on her own, not necessary to advert to. The death of that Prince, in 1831, left her a widow. She resides, and since her separation and widowhood has resided, in Switzerland. She and two of her sisters were sent, previous to the marriage, to St. Petersburg, for choice of Constantine.

3. Ferdinand George Augustus, brother of the Duke, married, in 1816, to Maria Antoinette Gabriella, daughter and sole heiress of Prince Francis Joseph de Kohari, an Hungarian nobleman of ancient family, and immense territorial property in Hungary. As a condition of this marriage, Ferdinand was obliged to embrace the Roman Catholic religion,* and to agree that all the children born of the marriage should be brought up in the same faith. The issue of this alliance is three sons and one daughter, of which the eldest son, Ferdinand Augustus Francis Antony, born in 1816, married Donna Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, and, according to the law of Portugal on the birth of a son and heir, became King Consort.

4. Maria Louisa Victoria, (now her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent,) married, first, to the Prince of Leiningen, on whose death she was afterwards married to the late Duke of Kent, who died in 1820.

5. Leopold, George Christian Frederick, the youngest brother of the Duke, and uncle to Albert, married, first, to the late Princess Charlotte, heiress presumptive to the crown of Great Britain, who died in 1817; elected King of Belgium in June 1831; and re-married, at Compeigne, in August, 1832, to the Princess Louisa Maria of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

The singular fortunes of the family of Saxe Cobourg are the extraordinary and wonderful incidents of this age. The domain of Cobourg, the patrimonial estate of the present Duke, the eldest of the family, and brother of Leopold, was a very small principality,—the net revenue did not exceed 700*l.* per annum. Of course, upon such an income, the family pride was difficult to support, and the means of education for the younger branches extremely restricted. On account of the smallness of means, none of the family could venture an appearance at Court, at Vienna, save the Duke, and he rarely. The portion of the inheritance of Gotha-Altenburg, which came to him, greatly improved his standing, and extended his possessions: an inheritance which would not, perhaps, so readily have been conceded to him, but from the powerful alliance and countenance of this country through Leopold. The territory of Cobourg and Gotha may be estimated to contain, together, 160,000 souls. The revenue is stated at 100,000*l.* per annum, from which has to be deducted the interest of the debt or mortgage upon the property, amounting to 464,000*l.* which, taking the rate at six per cent—not a high rate for Germany—will be an annual charge of 27,840*l.* The Duchy is rated to furnish a contingent of 800 men to the Germanic Confederation.

At the time of his selection by the Princess Charlotte, Leopold was a simple Major in the Austrian service, and his whole means and prospective

* The Morning Chronicle of November the 27th states, "It is not true that Duke Ferdinand George ever turned Catholic. He still continues a Protestant; but, on his marriage with the heiress of Count Kohari, it was stipulated that the children should be brought up Catholics."

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expectations centered in his profession. His rise led to, and was the prelude of, that of the whole family. His sister became Duchess of Kent, adopted, like himself, into the royal Family of England, and, in course, if not Queen mother, mother of the Queen. Leopold himself is King of Belgium; one nephew, Ferdinand, King Consort of Portugal; and a third, about to become Prince Consort of the Sovereign Queen of Great Britain. Never before, perhaps, in so short a space of time, did a family attain fortunes so magnificent, without deeds of arms, or special services of any public nature.

On the 10th of October, 1839, Prince Albert again visited England, on a visit to her Majesty at Windsor Castle, where he remained for some time; and, on the 15th of November following, sailed from Dover in the *Spitfire* for the Continent.

During the above visit, it was apparent by the great attention universally paid to him at the Palace, that he was to be the favoured husband of the Queen; and on Saturday, the 23d of November following, a Court was held at Buckingham Palace, when her Majesty was pleased to make the following declaration; *viz.*—

"I have caused you to be summoned at the present time, in order that I may acquaint you with my resolution in a matter which deeply concerns the welfare of my people, and the happiness of my future life.

"It is my intention to ally myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha. Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the engagement which I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration, nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity, and serve the interests of my country.

"I have thought fit to make this resolution known to you at the earliest period, in order that you may be fully apprised of a matter so highly important to me and to my kingdom, and which I persuade myself will be most acceptable to all my loving subjects."

Whereupon all the Privy Councillors present made it their humble request to her Majesty, that her Majesty's most gracious declaration to them might be made public, which her Majesty was pleased to order accordingly.

C. C. GREVILLE.

To a nation so justly distinguished for its loyalty, it cannot but be a source of the most unalloyed gratification to know, that, in this union with Prince Albert of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha, the personal felicity of our young and gracious Sovereign has been identified and combined with the security of all other objects of import to the constitutional rights and prosperity of the empire. By the free selection of the man of her own choice, not unknown, unseen, and, as so frequent in Royal marriages, negotiated by proxy, the domestic happiness of her Majesty has been assured, so far as by human means it could be assured, against the possibility of doubt or disturbance. Brought up in the strict tenets and observances of the Protestant faith, the young Prince will come no stranger into the bosom of the Protestant Church; and his religious sympathies, equally with the affections of his heart, will bind him up with the interests and feelings of the great community, of which he is about to become one of the first and most distinguished citizens.

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The English Bijou.

[The above literary curiosity shines forth with unusual splendour this year—redolent of choice poetical and pictorial endearments. The likenesses of the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Madame Persiani, Thomas Moore, Sir M. A. Shee, and W. Macready, although so tiny, (the Bijou being only three quarters of an inch, by half an inch,) are yet most prettily engraved, and distinctly thrown out.

The Poems by Mr. Lover, are worthy of him; particularly the following, to the memory of that gifted being whose transcendent talents gave this favoured annual a choice place in the annals of literature.]

To the Memory of L. E. L.

"How many the tear will shed,
When on this page they look,
And thy cold doom is read
In thine own tiny book!

The little gem, while thine,
With graceful joy was bright:
The tearful task is mine,
With grief to dim its light.

Untimely was thy fall,
Embitter'd was thy fate—
Oh, that a leaf so small
Should tell of grief so great!"

There are also pleasing lines to Madame Persiani, Mrs. S. C. Hall, her Grace of Sutherland, and Sir M. A. Shee. We quote the two following:—

Thomas Moore, Esq.

"Oh, Erin! my Mother!—unrivall'd in song.
Thine, thine are the melodies cherished so long.
Once heard, ne'er forgotten—to memory clinging,
And passions deep spell o'er the ravish'd soul flinging,
So deep—without words we interpret the feeling,
Be it sorrow or joy, thy sweet notes are revealing.

We interpret the *feeling*; but *words* are not given
To music like thine, unless sent us from Heaven!
And Heaven to thy wishes a bright poet bore,
To interpret, as none did interpret before:—
Oh, Moore—thou wert blest with such strains to inspire,
While the music hath caught a fresh charm from thy lyre!"

W. C. Macready, Esq.

"Gifted master of thine art!
Bearing best the noblest part:
With lofty thought or depth of feeling,
Nature's varied traits revealing,
Moulding in the mimic scene
The forms of deeds that once have been.

Enough in this for human pride,
But prouder cause hast thou beside:
In mimic scene thou'st honour won;
More honour'd what thou'st really done—
Restored the glory of the stage;
Redeem'd what stigmatised an age."

Exclusive of all these attractions, this fairy calendar contains a complete Almanack; lists of the Royal Family, and of the Sovereigns of Europe; the Queen's ministers, and Ladies of her Court. And, what will be also prized, a portrait of Prince Albert, which Mr. Schloss has liberally added; it is an acknowledged likeness of the intended consort of our youthful Queen.

The "English Bijou," forms a delightful Christmas present; and to such a pleasing purpose we have no doubt thousands of copies will be appropriated.

The Gift.

[This Annual is from the press of Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, and does them the greatest credit. It is edited by Miss Leslie, who hath bespangled its pages with some of her most brilliant gems. The Engravings are pleasing, and highly characteristic. We extract the following Poem by the gifted Editor; it is illustrated with a Portrait of Don Quixotte, from a painting by C. R. Leslie, R. A.]

THE FRENCH IN LA MANCHA.

It is said that throughout the whole kingdom of Spain, and particularly in the classic district of La Mancha, the adventures of Don Quixotte are familiar even to the populace. The invasion of the French was repelled by the Spaniards with the most ferocious energy; and their red cockade of Ferdinand the Seventh realized its promise of no quarter to the assailants, and no mercy to the prisoners; while their sanguinary patriotism drew on them the relentless vengeance of the enemy, whose progress was tracked by unsparing devastation. Yet it is a historical fact, that when the French army arrived at Toboso, all hostile feeling subsided in the comic associations connected with the dwelling-place of Don Quixote's mistress; and the inhabitants responded to this singular touch of sympathy. The troops of Napoleon marched gaily and amicably through the town, unmolesting and unmolested, and bivouaced in its vicinity, exchanging acts of courtesy with the people, who were gratified to find that their national novel was known and appreciated even by the enemy that was spreading the horrors of war through their country.

When Castile, o'er thy ravag'd land,
Napoleon's legions forced their way,
And Spaniards strove with heart and hand,
Against the bold invaders' sway.

Too well their badge of crimson die,
Redeemed its pledge of ruthless hate—
"War to the knife!" their battle-cry—
War to the knife their captives' fate.

Yet once the storm that raved so loud,
Was lull'd—and o'er La Mancha's plains,
One sunbeam shone from out the cloud,
And glitter'd on Toboso's fanes.

Then fancy threw her rainbow wash,
Before the fierce invaders' view;
And brisk and jocund was their march,
As near Toboso's town they drew.

Chang'd was the cymbals' martial clang—
The war-drum's tones that peal'd so long—
And loudly from the bugle rang,
The merriest notes of dance and song.

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And merriest thoughts came thronging fast,
To hearts long scar'd by rage and pain;—
And answering smiles and glances pass'd,
From lips of France and eyes of Spain.

From lattice and from balcony,
Toboso's damsels view'd the foe;
And oft were greeted gallantly,
With swords and colours waving low.

The vet'ran with the conscript join'd,
In sportive glee as each essay'd;
Amid the gazing crowd to find,
The wandering knight's enchanted maid.

'Twas then that knight of woful look,
Achiev'd a feat of true renown;
For Frenchmen knew the Spaniard's book,
And Quixotte saved Dulcinea's town.

O! then, beneath the western star,
In twilight sky that brightly sets,
How gallantly went the light guitar,
How gaily went the castinets.

The Companion to the Almanac.

[THE selection of truly important information for which the above Annual has been long prized and celebrated, loses none of its interest in the volume for this year; but, on the contrary, enhances the value of this truly desirable compendium: it has a rich paper, entitled:—]

Historical Notes on Almanacs.

The almanac of our ancestors was completely *sui generis;* it was not sufficient for one to know the seasons, weathers, and predilections of man and beast, but dive he must into the coming political events, and discover what—

> "Hairy meteors may pronounce
> The fall of sceptres and of crowns."

It was necessary that the whole chain of events should be laid before him as far as the combined systems of prophecy could accomplish the work. Since, therefore, modern prophecy is so closely connected with the *et cætera* of almanacs, it may not be irrelevant if we venture to make a few observations on this curious and interesting branch of inquiry, before we enter into the heart of our intended disquisition.

The pretended source of fore-knowledge was generally through the agency of conjured spirits. The following is translated from the *Clavicula Solomonis*, of which there is a manuscript in the Slonian collection in the British Museum.

"The first spirit is Bael, ruling in the East over sixty-six legions of angels; his principal power is to make mortals invisible. The *lamen*, when known, is a sufficient preservative against his influence. The Solomonic spirits are seventy-two in number. The chief kings may be bound between 9 and 12 o'clock in the morning, and from 3 o'clock till sunset; marquesses from 3 o'clock till nine in the evening, and from 9 o'clock at night to sunrise; dukes from sunrise till noon, in fine weather *only;* prelates any hour of the day; and knights from the dawn of day till sunrise, and from 4 o'clock P. M. till sunset."

This is circumstantial enough. We take an example, in pure jargon, from another MS. in the British Museum:*—

"O you great, mighty and powerful King Amaimon, who bears rule by the power of the supreme GOD ELOVER, all spirits, both superior and inferior, of the infernal order, in the dominion of the east, I invocate and command you, by the especial and true name of God, and by God that you worship, and by the seal of your creation, and by the most mighty and powerful name of GOD JEHOVAH TETRAGRAMMATON, who cast you out of heaven, with all other infernal spirits, and by all the most powerful and great names of GOD, who created heaven and earth and hell, and all things contained in them, and by their powers and virtues, and by the name PRIMEUMATON, who commandeth the whole host of heaven, that you cause, inforce and compel the spirit N. to come unto me here before this circle, in a fair and comely shape, without doing any harm unto me, or any other creature, to answer truly and faithfully to all my requests, that I may accomplish my will and desires in knowing or obtaining any matter or thing which by office you know is proper for him to perform, or accomplish through the power of GOD ELOVER, who createth and disposeth both celestial, aërial, terrestrial and infernal!"

The prophecies of Ambrose Merlin were those which obtained the greatest celebrity in the middle ages, and were interpreted by different writers with various degrees of ingenuity, but with equal satisfaction and agreement. The following prophecies cannot, however, but be regarded as most remarkable coincidences:—

> "But a young Lion he at length shall tame,
> And send her empty back from whence she came;
> Much trouble shall be made about the crown,
> And kings soon raised, and as soon put down:"

which is said to refer to the contest of the rival roses at the commencement of the fifteenth century. The next one is a most singular account of the murder of the princes by Richard:—

> "From the Herculean lion lately sphered,
> And in his orb to Jove himself endeared,
> Shall shine two stars, without eclipse or cloud,
> But they, as to some sacred offering vowed,
> Shall perish on the altar, ere they grow
> To that full splendour, which the world they owe.
> A hunch-back'd monster, who with teeth is born,
> The mockery of art, and nature's scorn;
> Who from the womb preposterously is hurl'd,
> And, with feet forward, thrust into the world,
> Shall, from the lower earth on which he stood
> Wade every step he mounts here deep in blood,
> He shall to the height of all his hopes aspire,
> And cloth'd in state his ugly shape admire:
> But when he thinks himself most safe to stand,
> From Foreign parts a native whelp shall land,
> Who shall the long divided blood unite,
> By joining of the Red Lion with the White."

* MS. Sloan, 2731, p. 21.

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But this is not much more remarkable than the following from the prophecies of Michael Nostradamus:—*

"The blood of the innocent shall cause want and misery at London,
Burnt down to the ground in the year which is sixth after sixty;
Such a fall will the old matron have from her high seat;
Then shall a great many of one and the same sect be killed."

Or than the following, which also relates to the great fire of London, and which was written in 1652:—

Shall London after this be burnt, Sir? Where
Will the fire first begin? At Westminster,
Or at *Pye Corner*, Sir, among the Cookes?
If starres can't tell you, pray what say your bookes?"†

As, however, Westminster and Pie-Corner were the two extremities of the metropolis, this is not so marvellous.

We cannot well vouch for the authenticity of the following prophecy, which is stated in a recent newspaper to have been discovered in the convenient resting-place of *an old almanac*:—

"By the power to see through the ways of heaven,
In one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven,
Will the year pass away without any spring,
And on England's throne shall not sit a King."

The following are amongst some of the most curious early printed almanacs we possess.

1. Pronostycacyon of Mayster John Thybault, Medycyner and Astronomer of the Emperyall Majestie, of the year of our Lorde God, MCCCCCXXXIIJ., comprehending the iiij. partes of this yere and of the influence of the mone, of peas and warre, and of the sykenesses of this yere, with the constellacions of them that be under the vij planettes, and the revolucions of kynges and princes, and of the eclipses and comets. 4to.

2. An Almimacke and prodigious premonstration, made for the yeare of grace, 1566. By Michael Nostrodamus. 12mo. *H. Denham.*

3. A Prognostication made for the yere of our Lorde God, 1579; wherein the chaunge of the weather is briefely set foorth, and the rysyng of certayne notable starres, &c., referred to the meridian of the citie of Chester. By Alexander Mounslowe. 12mo. *Richarde Watkins.*

4. The Kalender of Shepardes, fol. *Richard Pynson.*

The following hints to husbandmen are sensible:—

"Peers, go thou to plough, and take with the thy wife
Delve and drawe, sowe barly, whete, and rye;
Of one make ten—this is a parfyte lyfe,
As sayth Aristotyle, in his philosophy;
Thou neede nat studye to know astrology,
For if the wether be not to thy plesaunce,
Thank evet God, of his devyne ordenaunce." p. 502.

There are several editions of this curious book, which is a well-known translation from the French; see *Dibden's Typographical Antiquities*, ii. 526.

5. A Prognostication everlasting of right good effect. By *Leonard Digges.* 4to.

The editions of this book are very numerous, and are scarcely worth particularizing.

The following extract is given as explanatory of their methods of judging the weather:—

"*Now ensue extraordinary tokens for the knowledge of the weather.*

"Some have observed evil weather to follow, when water fowls leave the sea, desiring land; when the fowls of the land fly high; the crying of fowls about waters, and making great noises with their wings; also the seas swelling with unusual waves. If beasts eat greedily, if they lick their hoofs, if they suddenly move to and fro making a noise, breathing up to the air with open nostrils, rain will follow. And the busy heaving of moles, the appearance of worms, hens resorting to the roost covered with dust, declare rain. The ample working of the spinner in the air, the ant busied with her eggs, the bees in fair weather not farre wandering, the continual prating of the crow, show tempest. When the crow or raven gape against the sun in summer, heat followeth. If they busy themselves in washing, look for rain."

* * * * * * *

The same may be said of the fortunes of days:—

"Those observers of time are to be laught at that will not go out of their house before they have had counsell of their Almanack, and will rather have the house fall on their heads than stir if they note some natural effect about the motion of the air, which they suppose will vary the lucky blasts of the stars, that will not marry, or traffic, or do the like, but under some constellation. These, sure, are no Christians: because faithfull men ought not to doubt that the Divine Providence from any part of the world, or from any time whatsoever, is absent. Therefore we should not impute any secular business to the power of the stars, but to know that all things are disposed by the arbiterment of the King of Kings. The Christian faith is violated, when, so like a Pagan and apostate, any man doth observe those days which are called Ægyptian, or the calends of January, or any month, or days, or time, or year, either to travel, marry, or do any thing in."*

T. Raynald printed the prognostication of Jaspar Laet, "Doctor in Medycyne," for the year 1524: in this we have specimens of weather predictions:—

"*The disposition of the summer.*

"The summer of this year shall be dark at first, and sometimes fair weather, with much rain, tempest, thunder, and hail; the mists

* Edit. 1715, p. 49. See also MS. Laud. Bodl. p. 96.
† Wright and Halliwell, Reliquiæ Antiquæ, p. 70.

* Melton's Astrologaster, p. 56; Brand's Popular Antiquities, edited by Sir Henry Ellis, i. 463.

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that will certainly fall will be very dangerous for man's body. Moreover, the unhappy fire shall be marvelous dangerous, whereof every man may take heed. Many theves shall reign this year, the which shall do great mischief.

"The disposition of the harvest.

"The harvest of this year shall be good in the beginning, and temperate, with thunder and tempest of wind, after that changing with wind and rain, and much perilous for the lands and towns lying near the sea-side, and especially Holland and Zealand.

"January.

"In January the fyrst quarter shal be upon the friday the third, sixth hour and fifty minutes at after-noon; wind and frost. The full-moon shall be upon the Saturday, the 11th day, at one of the clock, the xxiij. minute after noon; wind, snow, and after that dry weather. The last quarter shall be upon the Friday the xvij. day, at three of the clock, the li. minute after noon, with much moisture."

Of the nonsense with which almanacs of a somewhat later period were filled, we may instance the following couple of stanzas, from one of the year 1739:—

"A lawyer once thought surely he should die,
And orde'd for a will immediately,
Quoth he, 'My wealth, e'en all I have to leave,
I unto Bedlam freely do bequeath.'

"His friends, uneasy, ask'd why so he did?
'Perhaps,' said he, 'the reason s from you hid.
I got it of mad men; the case is plain;
Then 'tis but just I leave 't to them again.'"

Or the following, in MS. Harl. 5937, where we find the following singular address:—

"To all that buy Almanacks.

"Gentlemen. A good new year to ye: and I believe you wish the like to us too, for that is but manners: But this is not all I have to say to ye. Do you think these sheets were printed for nothing? No: the bookseller swears that, if he thought you would not have bought um, he would never have published um; and he swears further, that if you don't buy um now, he will never print um again. Thus you see 'tis in your power either to vex or please him. Do which you will, and so farewell."

Thus were the various tastes of almanac buyers attempted to be satisfied. At a later period we have too many and varied annuals to require twaddle in the almanac, a description of periodical which is daily becoming more extensively useful, and more suited to the increasing popular desire for useful knowledge. In the *Companion to the Almanac* for 1829 will be found a comparison between the astrological almanacs of the seventeenth century and those of the present time: we beg leave to refer the reader to that article also for several particulars which might have been expected to have found a place in this brief notice.

ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

On entering the interior of St. Sophia, (observes a modern traveller,) the eye is attracted by the costly splendour of the surrounding objects; the walls, pillars, arches, aisles, and the ground, consisting of the most precious kinds of porphyry and marble. The open walk, leading through the centre, is covered with rich Turkish and Persian carpeting. The cupola, which is one hundred and fifteen feet in diameter, is so shallow that the depth of the dome does not exceed nineteen feet. The architectural boldness of this part of the building is great: some explanation of its success has been offered, in the nature of the bricks employed, which are said to be of so light a clay, from Rhodes, that twelve of them weigh no more than one of those in common use. Procopius, in his description of this master-piece of art, says, "The cupola of the holy Sophia appears so lightsome and airy, that it looks as if hung by a chain from heaven." To the main dome are added two lesser ones, each ninety-four feet in width, and these are flanked by two still smaller on each side, so that altogether, an oval figure is formed by the several cupolas: the light is admitted by means of twenty-four windows. During the nights of the month Ramazan, there are suspended from the arches, some thousands of lamps of varicgated glass, interspersed with painted ostrich eggs, artificial flowers, and similar decorations. In the cupola, is written, in letters ten yards long, the thirty-sixth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of the Koran. In the space below there are forty columns, a particular number much approved of among eastern nations; whilst in the galleries there are sixty, which, together with the seven over the gates, make the entire quantity, one hundred and seven, which is another numeral, regarded by the Moslems in a mystical light. At the end of the upper gallery, towards the west, is an enclosed space, the walls of which are covered with a collection of Grecian sacred pictures; and many others confusedly thrown together, are strewed around upon the floor. During the period that St. Sophia was used as a Christian church, the high altar stood in the under space, towards the east. In this niche the Turks have erected the mirhab, which is a repository in the form of a chest, ornamented with gold inscriptions, and wherein the Koran is preserved. It being deemed necessary by Mahomedans, that the mihrab should always be placed in the direction of Mecca, that at St. Sophia is situated towards the south-east, by which means it is placed sideways in the niche, instead of in the middle. The faithful having, likewise, during the time of prayer, to turn their face in the same direction, the whole of the congregation are compelled to stand in a slanting position. Close to the mihrab, near a small column, is the marble mimber, or pulpit; on each side of which a flag is placed. The mimber rests upon

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low pillars, and is shaped like a sofa; in the niche opposite the nimber is the pew of the sultan, enclosed by a golden railing, and richly carpeted. There are likewise two fonts, the same as in Catholic temples, which Mahomet III. brought from the island of Marmora; they contain cold water, which is devoted to the refreshment of the faithful.

St. Sophia, (says M. Tournefort,) is the most perfect of all the mosques: its situation is advantageous, for it stands in one of the best and finest parts of Constantinople, at the top of the ancient Byzantium, and of an eminence that descends gradually down to the sea by the point of the Seraglio. This church, which is certainly the finest structure in the world, next to St. Peter's at Rome, looks to be very unweildly without. The plan is almost square, and the dome, which is the only thing worth remarking, rests outwardly on four prodigious large towers, which have been added of late years to support this vast building, and make it immovable, in a country where whole cities are often overthrown by earthquakes. The frontispiece has nothing grand, nor answerable to the idea men have of St. Sophia. You first enter in at a portico, about six toises broad, which, in the time of the Greek emperors, served for a vestibulum. This portico communicates with the church by nine marble folding-doors, the leaves whereof, which are brass adorned with basso-relievos, are extremely magnificent; on the middlemost of them you see some figures of mosaic work, as well as some paintings. The vestibulum is joined to another, which is parallel to it, but has no more than five brasen doors, without bas-reliefs; the leaves were charged with crosses, but the Turks have only left the upright post of these crosses, and have taken away the cross-beam of them. You do not enter front-wise into these two vestibulums, but only at doors opened on the sides; and according to the rules of the Greek church, these vestibulums were necessary for the placing of those that were distinguished, either for being about to receive the sacraments, or undergo public penance. Parallel to these vestibulums, the Turks have built a great cloister, for lodging the officers of the mosque. A dome of an admirable structure holds the place of a nave; at the foot of this dome runs a colonnade, which bears a gallery five toises broad, the arch-work of which is exquisite. In the interspaces of the columns, the parapet is adorned with crosses in bas-relief: these the Turks have used very ill. By some it is called Constantine's gallery: it was formerly set apart for the women. At the roof, and on the cornice of the dome, runs a small gallery; or rather a balustrade, no broader than just for one person to pass at a time; and above this is also another. These balustrades make a marvellous figure in time of the ramezan, when they are all adorned with lamps. The columns of this dome have scarcely any swelling, and their chapiters looked to be of a singular order. The dome is eighteen toises from wall to wall, and rests upon four huge pillars, about eight toises thick: the arch seems a perfect dimisphere, illuminated with twenty-four windows, disposed in a circumference. From the east part of this dome, you pass straight on to the demi-dome, which terminates the edifice. This dome, or shell, was the sanctuary of the Christians, and the great altar was placed there. Mahomet II., having conquered this city, went and sat here with his legs crossed under him, after the manner of the Turks; after saying his prayers, he caused himself to be shaved, and then fastened to one of the pillars, where was the patriarch's throne, a fine piece of embroidered stuff, with Arabic characters on it, which had served as a screen in the mosque of Mecca. Such was the consecration of St. Sophia. There is at present in this sanctuary, nothing but the niche where they keep the Alcoran; it looks towards Mecca, and the Musselmans always turn that way when they say their prayers. The Mufti's chair, which is placed near this niche, is raised on several steps, and on the side of it is a kind of pulpit for the officers to repeat certain prayers. This mosque, built like a Greek cross, is in the clear, forty-two toises long, and thirty-eight broad; the dome takes up almost all this square. The whole dome is lined or paved with varieties of marble; the incrustations of the gallery are mosaic, mostly done with cubes or dice of glass, which are loosened every day from their cement, but their colour is unalterable.

There are in St. Sophia, (says Pococke,) eight porphyry pillars, and as many of *verd-antique*, which, I believe, for their size, are not to be exceeded in the world. The dome being supported by four large piers, between them are four *verd-antique* pillars on each side; and a semi-circle being formed at each corner by these and four more piers; there are two porphyry pillars in each of them, and it appears, plainly, that there was a third; for there is an arch filled up next to each pier, which was doubtless done in order to strengthen those piers, the building having visibly given way at the south-west corner, where the pillars of the gallery hang over very much. Two of the porphyry pillars in the portico of Solimanea, might be taken from this mosque; and probably the other two might be found if all the mosques and the seraglios were examined. These pillars are about two feet and a half in diameter, and of a proportionable height; there are two pillars of *verd-antique* in the galleries over them. Eight large porphyry pillars in St. Sophia, are mentioned as taken out of a temple of the sun, built by Valerian, and sent by Marsia, a Roman widow, to the emperor Justinian; so that if the others were of porphyry, they must have been taken from some other place. There are two porticos to the church: the inner one is lined with fine marbles. The mosque strikes the eye at the first entrance, the dome being very large;

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but a great beauty is lost, as the mosaic is all destroyed, excepting a very little at the east-end; so that all the top is whited over, but the sides are wainscoted with porphyry, *verd-antique*, and other rare orential marbles. It is hung with a great number of glass lamps, and the pavement is spread with the richest carpets, where the *sophtis* are always studying and repeating the Koran; and the doctors are preaching and explaining it in different parts of the mosque, to their separate auditories. The top is covered with lead, and there is a gallery round on the outside of the cupola. This mosque makes a much meaner and heavier appearance on the outside, than the mosques that are built in imitation of it. On the south side of it, the Grand Signior has erected a very small but neat library; there are presses round it, and two in the middle for the manuscripts. The windows open to a court, round which the mausoleums of three sultans are finely built of marble; and in one of the windows of the library there is a safe for the Grand Signior, when he is pleased to come and hear the law read in this place.

I know of no monument of antiquity (remarks Mr. Hobhouse,) that has excited so much curiosity, both among the learned and the unlearned, as St. Sophia. For its dimensions and integrity, it may be thought incomparably more curious than any other relic of former ages; but, in every other respect, it must disappoint any sanguine expectation. Its external appearance is that of a vast building, whose ill-assorted construction requires a proportionate heaviness of mass to preserve it standing and entire. The weighty buttresses, and the attached compartments of the temple, falling in a succession of pent-house, from the spring of the arch to within a few feet of the ground, nearly conceal, and totally ruin any effect which might otherwise be produced by the height and expanse of its far-famed dome. The interior, to which you descend by five steps, seems at first sight magnificently spacious, and not broken with the aisles and choirs, nor deformed by the railings and tombs of modern churches; but your admiration diminishes as you proceed with your inspection. The beauty of the variegated marble floor is concealed by a covering of mats; and the dome, as well as the body of the building, is spoiled by a thousand little cords, depending from the summit within four feet of the pavement, and having at the end of them lamps of coloured glass, large ostrich-eggs, artificial horse-tails, vases and globes of crystal, and other mean ornaments. The columns appear too large for the arches which they support, and the carving of their capitals can scarcely be more painful to the eyes of an architect than to those of a common observer. Grelot knew not to what order they belonged, or by what name to describe their style, unless he called it a sort of Gothicised Greek. From a change in the arrangement of the sanctuary, the line of the nave does not seem at right angles with the large circular recess, called in former times *Cyclion*, in which the Christian altar was placed; for the marble pulpit of the Imaum, with its attached flight of steps, projects from the left side of it, and the mats, together with a descent of two steps, being so arranged as to give another direction to the chord of the arc; the whole of one wing, and the grand diameter of the base, have an appearance of distortion. The alteration has been caused by the desire of the Mahometans to point the centre of the sanctuary directly towards Mecca, which being formerly due east, is, by the above contrivance, drawn a little to the southward of that quarter. At this new centre is a niche, with a large chandelier on each side, called the Mirabe, or Maharabe, which is the repository of the Koran. The upper part of the walls is defaced by miserable little squares of red, white, and blue paint. The tesselated mosaic with which the concave above the windows, and the dome are encrusted, and specimens of which, taken from the ceiling of an adjoining oratory, are sold to strangers, is not visible to those standing in the body of the mosque. It is composed of very minute squares, formed of some vitreous substance, gilded and tinged with paint. The upper part of the walls is heavy and dark, and the vault scarcely rises into an arch, but shews, indeed, an inward depression from the summit towards the centre of the cupola. With a diameter of one hundred and fifteen feet, it is only eighteen in depth, and not more than one hundred and eighty from the pavement. The closing of the arcades of the upper Gynaikonition, or female gallery, where there is now only a railed ledge large enough to enable the servants of the mosque to walk round and light the lamps, has contributed to the heavy darkness of the dome. My general impression was, that the skill of the one hundred architects, the labour of the ten thousand workmen, and the wealth of an empire, had raised a stupendous monument of the heavy mediocrity which distinguished the productions of the sixth century from the perfect specimens of a happier age.

W. G. C.

It is respectfully mentioned to the Subscribers that the

PORTRAIT

OF HIS SERENE HIGHNESS,

PRINCE ALBERT,

given with this Supplement, is intended to form the Frontispiece to the current Volume of the Mirror.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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STATUE OF SCHILLER

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STATUE OF SCHILLER.

THE inauguration of this memorial of regard for that splendid poet, Schiller, took place on the 8th day of May last, at Stuttgart.

The solemnity drew together a great concourse of strangers, among whom were the Poet's two sons, and upwards of forty societies of vocalists, from Wurtemberg and Baden, and some from Zurich, Bern, and Graübunden, amounting to upwards of fifteen hundred persons. These, accompanied by the city authorities, went in procession, with music and flags, to the spot where the statue is placed; and the ceremony commenced with the performance of a cantata, written by Morike, and composed by Lindpainter; during the last strophe of which, the mantle which covered the statue was unveiled with great solemnity, in the presence of the numerous assemblage of artists, literary men, and distinguished strangers. From the steps of the monument, Gustav Schwab delivered an eloquent speech to the assembled multitude: a hymn was then sung by all the vocalists present; and the statue was formally delivered, in a short address by Aulic Councillor Von Reinbeck, (as President of the Society, by whose efforts the subscription was set on foot, and the work accomplished,) to the city authorities, who engaged to protect and preserve it for ever.

It stands in the open space before the palace of his Royal Highness Prince Frederick, which will henceforth be called Schiller's Place.

The monument, which has been executed by Stighmaier, of Munich, after a model by Thorwaldsen, is altogether about thirty-four feet high; and the bronze statue itself near fourteen feet.

MEMOIR OF SCHILLER.

Frederick Schiller was a son of a major in the Bavarian army, and born the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, a little town in Wurtemberg. Having received a good education in his father's house, he afterwards froquented the karl-schule in Stuttgart, (an institution founded by the then reigning Duke, which kept the medium betwixt a German gymnasium and an university,) in order to study the medical science. He displayed, early in life, superior talents, and was distinguished for great ardour of imagination. A fondness for solitary contemplation, and for witnessing the grandeur of the operations of Nature, as exhibited in storms and tempests, seems, even at this period of his life, to have discovered the future and peculiar bent of his genius. While at the Karl-schule, the works of Shakspeare, Goëthe, Klopstock, and Lessing, continued to occupy all his attention, to the exclusion of the materia medica; and it was while in this seminary Schiller imagined the plan of his famous tragedy, "The Robbers," and wrote the greater part of it clandestinely. After having finished his course of studies, he entered the service of the Duke as regimental surgeon, and completed his tragedy, which he got printed; but, being threatened with the fate which poor Schubarth had suffered, (a ten years' imprisonment on the Hohen-Asberg, for some indiscreet verses,) he resolved to fly, and leave his country till better days should come. The reputation he acquired by this play, wild and extravagant as it is, and displaying, according to Madame de Staël, much of the "intoxication of genius," induced the proprietors of the Mannheim Theatre to offer him the post of dramatic composer. "Fiesco," and "Cabal and Love," succeeded "The Robbers;" and, shortly after, appeared his translation of "Macbeth." He now commenced his tragedy of "Don Carlos," and "The Philosophical Letters." On the termination of the Mannheim engagement, he retired to Leipsic, where he produced "A History of the Middle and Later Ages." He removed to Weimer in 1787, and became acquainted with Wieland, Herder, and Goëthe. The late Grand Duke, eager to protect distinguished men, conferred upon him a professorship at the University of Jena, which post he occupied from the year 1789 to 1799, with the greatest credit to himself; but his health obliged him to relinquish it. Shortly afterwards he married a woman of family and fortune, who is said to have fallen in love with him through his writings, and to have sent him a matrimonial challenge, which he accepted. He commenced, at Weimer, his "History of the Thirty Years' War," which appeared in 1791. In the course of the same year he underwent a severe pulmonary attack, from which he never entirely recovered; and although he experienced a partial and temporary restoration, during which he composed "Wallenstein," the most elaborate and splendid of his dramas, he was carried off by a relapse on the 9th of May, 1805; having lived too short a life for the friends who adored him, and for Germany, who considered him as one of her first poets, and the reformer, nay, the creator, of German tragedy.

Besides the works above enumerated, Schiller wrote a singular romance, entitled "The Ghost Seer," which displayed his peculiar turn of mind as much as his other productions. In his earlier dramatic productions, the brilliancy of his genius concealed its extravagance; and, to the last, he went to the extreme of the taste of his country for high-wrought representations of passion, to the violation of nature and probability; to support which violation, an ingenious theory has, in the mean time, been expressly adopted.

Schiller was made a citizen of France without his solicitation; as, also, a German noble, but he never adopted the title of baron.

In his private character, Schiller was friendly, candid, and sincere; but, in youth, he affected eccentricity in his manners and appearance, and a degree of singularity seems always to have appertained to him.

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THE WIDOW OF NAIM.

"Now, when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her."—*St. Luke*, vii. 12.

A WIDOW came from out Naim's gate,
A lonely heart most desolate;
Her fondly-loved, her only son,
Her dearest stay in life was gone;
And she with heavy footsteps came,
A stricken melancholy dame,
To bury him she loved so well,—
A mother's feelings who can tell?

A mother! what a word of love!
What tender feelings does it move!
What thoughts of childhood's early years,
Its little griefs, its hopes, and fears:
The boy become the riper man,
And for himself the race began;
Too soon, alas! the world will prove
Inferior to a mother's love.

The city dwellers came to show
Their pity for the widow's woe;
Sorrow and grief pervaded all
Who followed in the funeral;
A meek and lowly throng they went,
And interest to the scene was lent,
By knowledge of the widow left,
Of every earthly tie bereft.

Why paused they in their solemn pace,
A deep devotion on each face?
A Man, a Holy Man, came near,
And stood beside the mournful bier.
Comfort the words of God impart
To the poor woman's humble heart;
For Jesus came, and found her there,
Weeping in anguish and despair.

"Weep not," these words the Saviour said,
And on the bier his hand he laid;
"Arise!" before the wondering band
The youth obeyed the High command.
In close embrace the widow prest
The loved one to her aching breast,
Then was her heart o'erfraught with joy,
To hear the accents of her boy.

"God has been with us," was the cry
Of that assembled company:
Each heart was filled with love and fear,
And all confessed the Godhead near.
The widow's tears, her sadness gone,
She felt not upon earth alone.
With fervent prayer and humble mind,
To every will of God's resigned.

Vera.

A SON TO HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN BY ANDREW PARK.

Author of Blindness, a Poem, &c. &c. &c.

(*For the Mirror.*)

'Tis the semblance of one whom I ought to love dearest—
The nurse of my childhood, the guide of my ways;
Who still among loved ones, yet loves the sincerest,
Nor asks in return neither payment nor praise!
Yes! well has the artist pourtrayed every feature,—
She breathes on the canvass, she lives in the frame;—
Dear art! thou has left me a copy of nature;—
My Mother—what magic encircles that name!

She may die, be removed from this world of sorrow,
And eyes may forget what her likeness hath been;
But here shall she live in an endless to-morrow,
And here shall her semblance for ever be seen!
Those arms that have clasped me, those lips that have kiss'd me;
Those eyes still the dwelling of kindness and love,
Shall silently look as in life they have blest me,
Long after the spirit has wander'd above!

Now sacred to memory, to love, and to duty,
Embalmed to the living, though lost to the dead;
Those features alone are the essence of beauty,
Which smiled when we smiled, and shed tears when we shed!
This tribute thy sons to thy goodness have given,—
Indebted for favours, endearment, and birth,
And when thou receivest thy welcome to heaven—
Their sighs, their affection, shall waft thee from earth!

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

(*Continued from page 324, vol. 33.*)

CASES of dreams are on record, which are not referrible to any of the classes which have been mentioned; and which do not admit of explanation, on any principle which we are able to trace.

The accuracy of the following may be relied on (says Dr. Abercrombie), in all its particulars. Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat;—severe, and protracted; but not considered as attended with danger. At the same time, one of them had borrowed a watch from a female friend;—in consequence of her own being under repair. This watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account of family associations; and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together, in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation; and having aroused the other, told her that she had had a frightful dream. "I dreamt," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped;—and that, when I told you of the circumstance, you replied,—'Much worse than that has happened, for ——'s breath has stopped also!'"—naming their brother who was ill. To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up, and found the brother sleeping quietly; and the watch, which had been carefully put by in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner;—the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by in her writing-desk, when she was astonished to find it had stopped; and, at the same instant, she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room. Their brother, who had still been considered as going on favourably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last.

Many examples have been related of dreams which gave warning of events that were taking place at the time, or that took place soon afterwards; but they are certainly to

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be received with great caution. The following instances, Dr. Abercrombie states as perfectly authentic; having received them from most respectable, and intelligent individuals, to whom they occurred. A gentleman of Scotland was residing in Italy, when he dreamt that he was standing on a bridge near his property in Scotland, and saw preparations for a funeral, and a servant riding by him in great haste, whom he recognised as wearing the livery of a neighbouring proprietor. He mentioned his dream to a friend who was with him; and expressed his fears that something had occurred in the family of his neighbour; but was only laughed at for his apprehension. In due time, however, he learned that the wife of the gentleman whom he had named, had died at the time when the dream occurred to him; and it may be right to state, that she was a young woman previously in good health; and died of a short illness after her accouchement.

Many years ago, there was mentioned in several of the newspapers a dream, which gave notice of the murder of Mr. Percival. Through the kindness of an eminent medical friend in England (says Dr. Abercrombie), I have received the authentic particulars of this remarkable case, from the gentleman to whom the dream occurred. He resides in Cornwall, and eight days before the murder was committed, dreamt that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a small man enter, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat. Immediately afterward he saw a man, dressed in a brown coat with yellow basket metal buttons, draw a pistol from under his coat, and discharge it at the former, who instantly fell;—the blood issuing from a wound a little below the left breast. He saw the murderer seized by some gentlemen who were present, and observed his countenance; and on asking who the gentleman was who had been shot, was told it was the chancellor. He then awoke, and mentioned the dream to his wife, who made light of it; but in the course of the night the dream occurred three times, without the least variation in any of the circumstances. He was now so much impressed by it, that he felt much inclined to give notice to Mr. Percival; but was dissuaded by some friends whom he consulted, who assured him he would only get himself treated as a fanatic. On the evening of the eighth day afterwards he received the account of the murder. Being in London, a short time afterward, he found in the print-shops a representation of the scene; and recognised in it the countenances and dress of the parties, the blood on Mr. Percival's waistcoat, and the peculiar yellow basket-buttons on Bellingham's coat; precisely as he had seen them in his dream.

The gentleman to whom Dr. Abercrombie was indebted for the following case, was born in Madras; and was brought thence at the age of three years, to be educated in England; where he grew up without the least recollection of anything relating to Madras, or to his parents who remained in India. At the age of fourteen, he dreamt that he saw his mother sitting in the dress of a widow, and apparently in deep distress. He gave a distinct account of the apartment in which he saw her, with the position of various prominent articles of furniture, which he described minutely. It afterwards turned out, that his father died about the time of his dream; and that he had correctly described the drawing-room in the house at Madras, in which his mother was in the habit of sitting. This last feature of the case, I think, we may fairly consider as a revival of an old impression respecting the drawing-room; though it had long ceased to be an object of memory. Of the other part I do not attempt an explanation.

N. R.

POWER AND RANK OF CONSORTS OF QUEENS OF ENGLAND.*

The questions asked by everybody are—"What is the queen's husband? his rank—his power—his revenue?" These inquiries are easily answered: he has no rank except what his wife may give him—no constitutional power whatever—and his revenue depends on the liberality of Parliament.

No person in England has ever stood in exactly the same situation as Queen Victoria's husband. Even if the state of this country and of society were like that of the twelfth century, Geoffrey of Anjou, husband of Maud, the only surviving child of Henry I., was very differently situated. On the death of Henry I., the throne was usurped by his nephew Stephen; and all that Maud could do was to secure the succession for her son, Henry II. The next instance was that of Lord Guildford Dudley, husband of Lady Jane Grey; but Jane was an usurper, and as her reign lasted only eleven days, nothing was done respecting the consort—who was, however, styled "King" by foreigners.

The case of Queen Mary resembles that of Queen Victoria, inasmuch as she was married after her accession; but it is dissimilar in every other respect. It was provided by the treaty for her alliance with Philip, and confirmed by Parliament, that on the celebration of their nuptials he should "during their marriage enjoy jointly with the queen the kingly name of the realm and dominions unto the queen appertaining, and should aid her highness, being his wife, in the happy administration of her realms and dominions." Philip was thus legally King of England; and as there is no fear of that precedent being followed, his status was altogether different from that of Prince Albert.

King William and Queen Mary do not

* From an admirable paper in "The Spectator," Nov. 23, 1839.

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come within the present category; for their title to the crown was the will of the nation, which had set aside the regular order of succession in their favour; and they ascended the throne as joint sovereigns, the exercise of the royal power being vested in William.

The instance most in point is that of Prince George, consort of Queen Anne; but Anne was married long before her accession, and the prince had been created Duke of Cumberland, and a Knight of the Garter, by King William. There was, however, a strong probability of Anne's succeeding, and she was heiress presumptive; so that Prince George's position was like that of Prince Leopold on his marriage with the Princess Charlotte. The point that bears on the present question is, therefore, what was Prince George's position after Queen Anne's accession? All that appears on the subject in Bishop Burnet's History, is, that the prince was appointed Lord High Admiral, and that 100,000*l.* a-year was granted to him in case he survived the queen: but that extravagant grant is explained by the great improbability of its ever being paid, in consequence of the Prince's ill state of health; and dying before her, he never enjoyed it.

Of so little consideration in the eye of the Constitution is the consort of the Queen Regnant, that he is not known to the Law; and the little that Blackstone says about such a personage shows his insignificance: "The husband of a Queen Regnant, as Prince George of Denmark was to Queen Anne, is her subject, and may be guilty of high treason against her;" and he adds a line about the impunity attending his "conjugal infidelity," which cannot possibly interest Prince Albert.

All that can be said of the husband of the queen may therefore be comprised in a few words. Politically, he can *ostensibly* be nothing; though *privately* he may be almost every thing.

WINE, AND WATER.

(*For the Mirror.*)

It was autumn; and a vine, with the rich purple fruit peeping through its dark foliage, overhung a rocky bank near the margin of a deep and rapid river; the blue stream ran on with a low murmur, as of one in deep and solemn communion with himself, while the bright clusters of its neighbour smiled upon it, as the face of a child seeking to interpret the countenance of a revered parent. Nor was it long unnoticed; for the stream, awakened from its reverie by a wanton breeze, looked up, and thus addressed it:—"Thou art watching me, thou idler, with thy joyous glances; and I could love to gaze on thy gladsomeness, ere the rude vine-dresser snatch thee from my sight, and the winter find me lonely and deserted, did I not know the use to which man will put thee, making thee the minister of his most sensual appetites, and the pander to his vilest passions; and when I reflect on thy fate, I mourn that such as thou shouldst be a curse to mankind, diffusing evil and wretchedness, where I would have imparted virtue and comfort."—"My Father!" said the vine deprecatingly, "if fools have made me their enemy, by using wastefully stores intended only for the wise, am I to blame—have I not cheered the spirit of the fainting, opened the heart of the churlish, inspired the brave with fresh courage, and the poet with new fire—whilst thou givest neither strength to bear, nor resolution to overcome, the trials and difficulties of life." "And who has been the wiser or the better for the momentary impulses thou hast imparted to the souls of men," answered the stream; "is not thy companionship followed with melancholy and bitterness. No; there is health and peace in the draft which I furnish, while poison and death lurk in thy invidious cup." The vine, indignant, would have answered warmly, had not a horseman, weary and faint with travel, made his appearance, and dismounting, climbed the bank, and gathering a cluster of the grape, moistened his parched lips, and felt new hope and vigour diffused through his veins. His steed, no less thirsty, rushed with a neigh of gladness to the river, but drinking too eagerly of the refreshing waters, he missed his footing, and in spite of his efforts, sunk in the depths of the stream. It is rather timely moderation *in* the abstinence *from* the use of the blessings of Providence, that marks the man of wisdom and discretion.

Bibo.

THE FORSAKEN BOY.

A solitary lodge stood on the banks of a remote lake. It was near the hour of sunset. Silence reigned within and without. Not a sound was heard but the low breathing of the dying inmate, and head of this poor family. His wife and three children surrounded his bed. Two of the latter were almost grown up; the other was a mere child. All their simple skill in medicine had been exhausted to no effect. They moved about the lodge in whispers, and were waiting the departure of the spirit. As one of the last acts of kindness, the skin door of the lodge had been thrown back to admit the fresh air. The poor man felt a momentary return of strength, and, raising himself a little, addressed his family.

"I leave you in a world of care, in which it has required all my strength and skill to supply you food, and protect you from the storms and cold of a severe climate. For you, my partner in life, I have less sorrow in parting, because I am persuaded you will not remain long behind me, and will, therefore, find the period of your sufferings shortened. But you, my children! my poor and forsaken children, you have just commenced the career

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of life, who will protect you from its evils! Listen to my words! Unkindness, ingratitude, and every wickedness, is in the scene before you. It is for this cause that, years ago, I withdrew from my kindred and my tribe, to spend my days in this lonely spot. I have contented myself with the company of your mother and yourselves during seasons of very frequent scarcity and want, while your kindred, feasting in a scene where food is plenty, have caused the forests to echo with the shouts of successful war. I gave up these things for the enjoyment of peace. I wished to shield you from the bad examples you would inevitably have followed. I have seen you, thus far, grow up in innocence. If we have sometimes suffered bodily want, we have escaped pain of mind. We have been kept from scenes of rioting and bloodshed.

"My career is now at its close. I will shut my eyes in peace, if you, my children, will promise me to cherish each other. Let not your mother suffer during the few days that are left to her; and I charge you, on no account, to forsake your youngest brother. Of him, I give you both my dying charge to take a tender care." He sank exhausted on his pallet. The family waited a moment, as if expecting to hear something farther; but, when they came to his side, the spirit had taken its flight.

The mother and daughter gave vent to their feelings in lamentations. The elder son witnessed the scene in silence. He soon exerted himself to supply, with the bow and net, his father's place. Time, however, wore away heavily. Five moons had filled and waned, and the sixth was near it's full, when the mother also died. In her last moments she pressed the fulfilment of their promise to their father, which the children readily renewed, because they were yet free from selfish motives.

The winter passed; and the spring, with its enlivening effects in a northern hemisphere, cheered the drooping spirits of the bereft little family. The girl, being the eldest, dictated to her brothers, and seemed to feel a tender and sisterly affection for the youngest, who was rather sickly and delicate. The other boy soon showed symptoms of restlessness and ambition, and addressed the sister as follows: "My sister, are we always to live as if there were no other human beings in the world? Must I deprive myself of the pleasures of association with my own kind? I have determined this question for myself. I shall seek the villages of men, and you cannot prevent me."

The sister replied: "I do not say no, my brother, to what you desire. We are not prohibited the society of our fellow-mortals; but we are told to cherish each other, and to do nothing independent of each other. Neither pleasure nor pain ought, therefore, to separate us, especially from our youngest brother, who, being but a child, and weakly withal, is entitled to a double share of our affection. If we follow our separate gratifications, it will surely make us neglect him, whom we are bound by vows, both to our father and mother, to support." The young man received this address in silence. He appeared daily to grow more restiff and moody; and one day, taking his bow and arrows, left the lodge, and never returned.

Affection nerved the sister's arm. She was not so ignorant of the forest arts as to let her brother want. For a long time she administered to his necessities, and supplied a mother's cares. At length, however, she began to be weary of solitude and of her charge. No one came to be a witness of her assiduity, or to let fall a single word in her native language. Years, which added to her strength and capability of directing the affairs of the household, brought with them the irrepressible desire of society, and made solitude irksome. At this point, selfishness gained the ascendency of her heart; for, in meditating a change in her mode of life, she lost sight of her younger brother, and left him to be provided for by contingencies.

One day, after collecting all the provisions she had been able to save for emergencies, after bringing a quantity of wood to the door, she said to her little brother: "My brother, you must not stray from the lodge. I am going to seek our elder brother. I shall be back soon." Then, taking her bundle, she set off in search of habitations. She soon found them, and was so much taken up with the pleasures and amusements of social life, that the thought of her brother was almost entirely obliterated. She accepted proposals of marriage; and, after that, thought still less of her hapless and abandoned relative.

Meantime, her elder brother had also married, and lived on the shores of the same lake, whose ample circuit contained the abandoned lodge of his father and his forsaken brother. The latter was soon brought to the pinching turn of his fate. As soon as he had eaten all the food left by his sister, he was obliged to pick berries and dig up roots. These were finally covered by the snow. Winter came on, with all its rigours. He was obliged to quit the lodge in search of other food. Sometimes he passed the night in the clefts of old trees or caverns, and ate the refuse meals of the wolves. The latter, at last, became his only resource; and he became so fearless of these animals, that he would sit close by them while they devoured their prey. The wolves, on the other hand, became so familiar with his face and form, that they were undisturbed by his approach; and, appearing to sympathise with him in his outcast condition, would always leave something for his repast. In this way he lived till spring. As soon as the lake was free from ice, he followed his new-found friends to the shore. It happened, the same day, that his elder brother was fishing in his canoe, a considerable distance out in the lake,

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when he thought he heard the cries of a child on the shore, and wondered how any could exist on so bleak and barren a part of the coast. He listened again attentively, and distinctly heard the cry repeated. He made for shore as quick as possible, and, as he approached land, discovered and recognized his little brother, and heard him singing, in a plaintive voice,

Listen, brother—elder brother!
Now my fate is near its close;
Soon my state shall be another,
Soon shall cease my day of woes.
Left by friends I loved the dearest,
All who knew and loved me most;
Woes the darkest and severest,
Ride me on this barren coast.

Pity; ah, that manly feeling,
Fled from hearts where once it grew,
Now in wolfish forms revealing,
Glows more warmly than in you.

Stony hearts! that saw me languish,
Deaf to all a father said;
Deaf to all a mother's anguish,
All a brother's feelings fled.

Ah, ye wolves, in all your raging,
I have found you kind and true;
More than man—and now I'm changing,
And will soon be one of you.

At the termination of his song, which was drawn out with a peculiar cadence, he howled like a wolf. The elder brother was still more astonished, when, getting near shore, he perceived his poor brother partly transformed into that animal. He immediately leaped on shore, and strove to catch him in his arms, soothingly saying, "My brother, my brother, come to me." But the boy eluded his grasp, crying as he fled, "Neesia, neesia," etc., and howling in the intervals.

The elder brother, conscience-stricken, and feeling his brotherly affection strongly return, with redoubled force exclaimed, in great anguish, "My brother! my brother! my brother!"

But, the nearer he approached, the more rapidly the transformation went on; the boy alternately singing and howling, and calling out the name, first of his brother, and then of his sister, till the change was completely accomplished, when he exclaimed, "I am a wolf!" and bounded out of sight.

[The moral of this tale may be said to rebuke a species of cruelty, which is not peculiar to the tribe from whose traditions it has been obtained. The truth it indicates is impressed upon the minds of the young, to warn them against the perpetration of similar barbarities—barbarities which claim pity even from wild animals.—*New York Mirror.*]

Get something, (advisers say,) such as casting up sums, or copying letters, "to occupy your mind." What a conception of the mind of man, which would grasp the stars in its ambition! I have drudged: my eye, my common sense, has been with the two's and three's, but *my mind, like the dove,* has found no *resting-place on all the earth.*—*Obs.*, by E. W.

DECEMBER.

(*From the Comic Almanack for* 1840.)

December should be a cheerful month, weather or no. It should be a warm one, too, though never so cold. People blow their fires, and use their bellows within, while the wind bellows without. Lawyers are glad over *Coke.* Men *take measures* to secure the comfort of their bodies, and preserve the *coats* of their stomachs. Though the Legislature does not sit, the middle classes rejoice in the carrying of *many of their bills.* Pastry-cooks begin to *mince matters;* and "eyes" are turned towards "pies." Politicians affect sincerity; and *Peel, tout sweet,* becomes *candid. Gross* acts of plum-puddingizing are effected by means of a *grocer;* and *Plum-tree-street* is then the sweetest locality in St. Giles's. The Irish daily find fresh *raisins* for flocking there. With the sale of plums money gets *current*—but the sovereign is just now more valued than ever, and, at the great theatres, *Stirling* is all the go. The markets grow lively, and Smithfield puts forth its show. Pigs have lots of stuffing, and get so heavy that it is quite common to ask for a *pig of lead.* About oxen and sheep there is a decided *ignis fat-you-us.* Beasts visit beasts, and human fat cattle—to survey the quadrupedal—walk in, *plump.* Butchers display fine *traits. Boxing day* arrives, and with it the *knocks* of tradesmen, but they only make a *hit* when they are paid. People are obliged to wait for their own *Nos* till *night.* Merry drinks and games then stir not the fire, but the fire-side. The *younger* branches of families are indulged in wine that is *elder,* universal *supperage* supplies the place of universal suffrage; and the only ballot is for the bean in the cake. Christmas is as brave a fellow on land as ever Admiral *Winter* was at sea, and should be toasted accordingly. He lights our fires, and leaves few without fuel:—he tows up our colliers to warm our toes; and, though he is too kind to sink the barges, he always *scuttles the coals!* He is no revolutionist, for, whilst warming the *little,* he has a respect for the *grate.* "He is," says the Frenchmen, "our defender, by *de fender;* and if he do seem cold, it is only because he is neither a *bore* nor a *muff.*"

Biography.

LIFE OF MOLIERE.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who afterwards assumed the name of Molière, was born at Paris in 1620. His family was very ancient, holding the appointment of upholsterer to the king, which was intended for our author from his infancy. At the age of 14, when the whole of his knowledge comprised reading, writing, and accounts, his grandfather, who was much attached to comedy, took him to the Hotel de Bourgoyne. This contributed to inspire him with a disgust for his condition, and envy for acquiring that instruction in

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which he felt himself deficient. At this time the small merchants and dealers did not think science necessary for their children; therefore, our author, concealing with care his inclination for the theatre, pretended he had a project of following the profession of the law, and although this desire appeared rather extravagant to his parents, they permitted him to commence his studies. He accordingly entered the College of Clermont at fifteen, where he had the good fortune not only to find excellent masters, but likewise of having as a companion in the class, Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, whose affectionate protection was useful to him more than once in the sequel. Chapelle, known afterwards for his natural poetical talent, was then at this college, and had as tutor the celebrated Gassendi, who admiring Poquelin's disposition, took pleasure in admitting him to his lectures. He had not quite finished one on philosophy, when Louis XIII. took a journey to Lanquedoc. Poquelin was old and infirm, and, as his son had the reversion of his appointment, nothing could excuse his following the court, which he accordingly did. This journey, as his occupations left him much leisure, furnished him at the same time with matter for observation; he studied the court, and soon began to know the difference between the people of Paris, and the provinces. He returned to Paris with the court, his love for comedy being stronger than ever. The Cardinal Richelieu's passion for dramatic amusements had now communicated itself to the nation; and in every part of the country theatres were being opened.

Poquelin re-united some young folks who had, or at least thought they had, some talent for declamation. This society, which soon eclipsed every other of the kind, was called l'Illustre Théâtre. It was at this time that he first assumed the name of Molière, which had already been borne by a tolerable good actor of the Hotel de Burgoyne, in order doubtless that his family might not be able to reproach him with prostituting their name by mixing it up with a band of itinerant players. Some time afterwards, and when quietness had succeeded the troubles of the *Fronde* *, Molière, at the head of a small company of his own formation, made a tour of the provinces, preluding the wonders of his art by some small comic pieces written by himself in haste, and which were recited after the manner of the Italian farces, and from which they were often imitations. His first regular piece was "L'Etourdi," represented at Lyons in 1653. This piece is much inferior to his *chefs d'œuvre*, but one can discover in it that comic vein, and natural power of dialogue, which in the issue made him so successful.

* Fronde, a word used in French to denominate a faction opposed to the court, in which sense it is used here, the Fronde having been previous to this time very troublesome to the court.

There was then another company of comedians at Lyons, which the public promptly abandoned for his, and the principal performers of which joined his company, and remained with him for some time. After a short successful career, the company set out for Lanquedoc, where an assembly of the states was being held. The Prince de Conti held the royal commission, and Molière thought he might without indiscretion recall to him their ancient connexion at College. This connexion had never been entirely broken up, and whilst Molière was engaged at Paris with l'Illustre Théâtre, the prince had often honoured their proceedings with his presence. He now thought himself fortunate in having found, in a distant province, a certain resource against ennui, and he wished Molière to come to Beziero where the states were assembled. An appointment was given him for his company, with the direction of the amusements there. It was here that his second comedy, "Le Depit Amoureux," was first performed, which on the whole is little inferior to his "Etourdi," but there are some scenes in it the most agreeable extant. The prince, pleased with Molière's spirit and zeal, offered to make him his secretary; this he refused; and his patron, nothing offended by his refusal, still continued to him his friendship and protection.

The numerous calls on his attention as manager of a provincial theatre left him but little time for the composition of works of any extent. Before leaving Paris he had established his reputation for Italian scenes, of which he wrote several, which were performed by his own company. They delight us as it were unexpectedly. In fact, this was his principal resource for want of novelty. The titles of three of these farces alone remain, which are "The Amorous Doctor," "The Rival Doctors," and the "Schoolmaster." Boileau, who had seen one of them acted at Paris, when Moliére's company performed there, regretted much that it had not been preserved.

Molière, like many men of genius, often deceived himself as to the particular species of composition in which he excelled. He wished to succeed both as author and actor—in the heroic drama and in tragedy; this desire he never forsook, although the attempt which he once made was not such as to encourage him in his efforts of that kind. In his leisure moments he had entered deeply into the subject of the *Thebäide*, and the result was a tragedy performed at Bordeaux, but had no great success. This was the first and only vexation of this kind which he experienced, and he showed himself sensible of it, although the severity of the critics did not convince him that his tragedy was bad. He preserved it with care, but it was never acted again.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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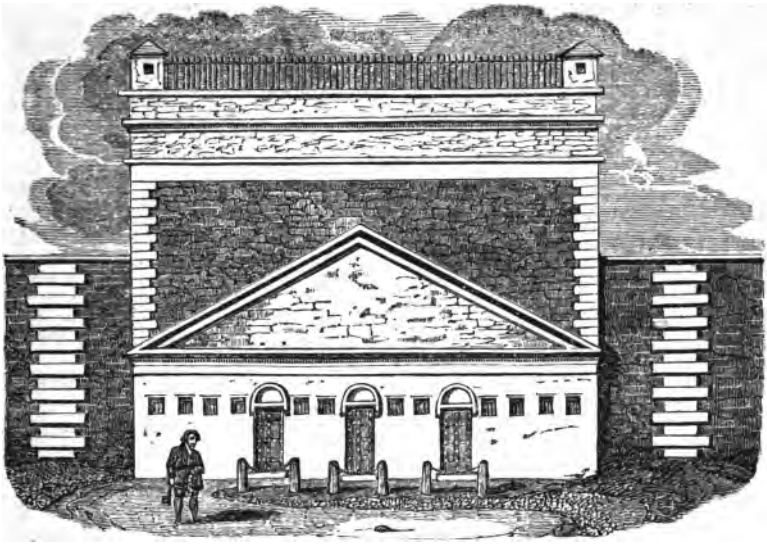
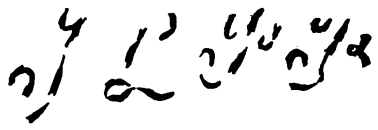


PRISON OF ST. PELAGIE,

THE PLACE OF CONFINEMENT OF JOSEPHINE BEAUHARNOIS.

It was in the year 1793, that the amiable Josephine was dragged by the infuriated and blinded populace to the prison of St. Pelagie, and lodged, solitary and forlorn, in the small, stone-floored apartment, marked No. IV. It was there this extraordinary woman was left to ponder over her probable fate. She had just lost her husband, the Viscount de Beauharnois; he had fallen a victim to the cruel and blood-thirsty revenge of the madmen who then infested the territory of France; separated from her son and daughter, devoid of all comfort, without any earthly prospect of deliverance, well might she think of Anica and her singular prediction. This woman had suckled her, and had flattered her imagination with such dreams of grandeur, surpassing all that is generally enjoyed by mortals, that seldom were they out of her mind. She could now draw from her bosom the hieroglyphics which recorded her lot. "Thou wilt repine, thou wilt suffer;—hope, wait; thou shalt be queen of a great empire!" The first half was fulfilled, what power on earth could bring the second to pass! It is well known, however, by what a strange series of circumstances Fate took delight in leading her from this solitary cell, step by step, to the first throne of the civilized world.

But Josephine did not quit her place of confinement without leaving a memorial behind her,—she traced the initials of her name with a pencil on the wall of her prison, which initials, thanks to a coating of paper, subsequently applied to the wall, and the scrutinizing researches of a celebrated prisoner, Mr. Jouy, who, some twenty years ago, passed his time in looking under the tattered paper for inscriptions, are still preserved. The letters, in their impaired condition, have the following appearance:—



By dint of study, and supplying lines where wanted, the letters J. L. P. B. are very apparent, and form the initials of the illustrious captive's name; *viz.*, "Josephine La Pagérie Beauharnois."

The prison, which was erected in 1665 for the reception of female penitents, was converted into a prison at the commencement of the Revolution. It is now a place of confinement for debtors, and for those who are detained by the police. H. M.

Manners and Customs.

MANNERS OF THE TOWN GALLANTS,

IN THE REIGNS OF

JAMES AND CHARLES THE FIRST.

Smoking in the streets, in the reign of James the First, notwithstanding his Counterblast to Tobacco, appears to have been as prevalent as it is at this day. The editor of the extremely rare edition of Skelton's Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng, printed at London for Samuel Rand, 1624, 4to.; of which the only known

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perfect copy is in the richly-stored library of Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury-square, has prefixed the address of Skelton's Ghost to the reader, detailing much that is characteristic of the street-gallants of that period. After noticing the cheateries of the tavern-keepers, the bibers being thwarted

With froth can and nick-pot,
And such nimble quick-shot,
That a dozen will score
For twelve pints, and no more,

he adds, in King Harry's time, when he made this rhyme of Elynour Rummyng, their pots were full quarted—

Full Winchester gage
We had in that age;
The Dutchman's strong beer
Was not hopp'd over here,
To us it was unknown;
Bare ale your own
In a bowl we might bring,
To welcome the king,
And his grace to beseech,
With "Wassal! my liege."
Nor did that time know
To puff and to blow,
In a piece of white clay,
As you do at this day,
With fire and coal,
And a leaf in a hole,
Which my ghost hath late seen
As I walked between
Westminster Hall
And the church of St. Paul,
And so through the City,
Where I saw, and did pity,
My countrymen's cases,
With firey-smoak'd faces,
Sucking and drinking,
A filthy weed stinking,*
Was never known before
Till the devil and the More,
In th' Indies did meet,
And each other there greet;
With a health they desire
Of stink, smoak, and fire.
But, whoe'er doth abhor it,
The City smouks for it;
Now full of fire-shops
And foul spitting-chops,
So sneezing and coughing
My ghost fell to scoffing,
And to myself said—
Here's filthy fumes made;
Good physic of force
To cure a sick horse!

Now had we such slops,
And shag-hair on our tops—
At wearing long hair,
King Henry would swear,
And give a command,
With speed out of hand,
All heads should be poll'd,
As well young, as old,
And his own was first so,†
Good ensample to show.

Y' are so out of fashion,
I know not our nation—
Your ruffs and your bands,
Your cuffs at your hands,
Your pipes and your smoaks,
Your short curtaile cloaks,
Scarfs, feathers, and swords,
And thin bodkin beards;
Your waists a span long,
Your knees with points hung,
Like Morrice-dance bells,
And many toys else.

Charles the First complied with this description admirably—his early shillings exhibit him, with a monstrous ruff round his neck, like a mill-stone on his shoulders. Ruffs were stiff collars, made in the fashion of a band, then called piccadels or pickadills, and, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, Act ii. Sc. 2., allusion is made to the practice of wearing them, by a character to whom a halter has been adjudged—

This [halter] is a coarse wearing;
'Twill sit but scurvily upon this collar;
But patience is as good as a French pickadel.

Ben Jonson, in his *Devil an Ass*, Act ii., Sc. 2., alludes to—

That truth of pickerdill in cloathes,
To boast a sovereignty o'er ladies.

These ruffs, or pickadils, were frequently of ane normous size; and Drayton, in his *Moon-calf*, cauterises woman, in reference to this object—

In everything she must be monst'rous,
Her piccadil above her crown appears;

and, to abate the nuisance, King James being expected on a visit to Cambridge, in 1615, an order against wearing pickadels, or peccadilloes, as they were also called, was issued by the Vice-chancellor, reference to which is perpetuated by Ruggle, in his *Ignoramus*.—

Leave it, scholar, leave it, and take it not in snuff,
For he that wears no pickadel, by law may wear a ruff.

Like most popular whimsies, some particular tradesman will enhance a greater eclat than his fellows, a Stultz may be so distinguished among tailors, as to retire with several hundred thousand pounds, and purchase a barony; so fared it with one Higgins, a tailor, who, at this period of peccadillo-mania, had so great a run of business; he builded so many houses in St. James's, that the street, Piccadilly, retains the appellation to this hour. Blount, a writer of the time of Charles II., an observer of the customs of that period, and a person of authority, says—"that famous ordinary near St. James's, called Piccadilly, took denomination from this, that one Higgins, a tailor, who built it, got most of his estate by peccadilloes, which, in the last age, were much in fashion."

The thin bodkin beard of Charles the First, is observable in Briot's pattern, and other shillings of that king, and in the portraits of him by Vandyck. Innumerable pictures, miniatures, and engravings, of persons of that period, also display the general use of silver

* Small thin rolls of tobacco were then used, as well as the little dapper pipe of potter's whitened clay, though not dignified by the modern elegant phraseology of a cheroot, or a cigar. *Ed. M.*

† The decently-trimmed head of King Harry the Eighth, is observed in the side-face portrait of that monarch, on his groats, half-groats, and pennies—at present it is becoming very general to wear the hair in long tresses, flowing medusa-like, a meandering course, on the shoulders of those who affect to assimilate themselves to the manners and practice of the philosophers of the German School of Illuminati. *Ed. M.*

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and metal tags, designated points; to the vest and slops; the waistcoat and breeches of the gallants of that by-gone time, neither in opinions or manners, again likely to recur. B.

New Books.

The Friends of Fontainbleau. By Hannah D. Burdon. 3 vols. [Saunders and Otley.]

[The present interesting and instructive novel will well sustain the already high reputation of the talented authoress of "The Lost Evidence," and "Seymour of Sudley." The struggles in the sixteenth century, between the French Huguenots, directed by the Prince of Condé and the noble but ill-fated Admiral Coligni, and the Roman Catholic party, headed by the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, form the main subject of the narrative, which, it will be seen, is thus chiefly of an historical character. The story opens with a *precis* of the state of parties in France, at the accession of Charles the Ninth to the throne, and the appointment to the Regency of his mother, the haughty and ambitious Catherine de Medicis; and ends with the siege of Orleans, and the assassination of the Duke de Guise, which put an end to it. The two Friends of Fontainbleau are, the Count de Clermont, a fictitious personage, the lover of the heroine, Clemence d'Aubigne; and the Sieur de Mere, a Calvinist nobleman, who, driven to fanaticism by injury and persecution, became the assassin of the Duke. The historical portraits in this truly excellent work are strikingly and powerfully drawn, as the following instances will show:—]

The Brothers of Lorraine—the Leaders of the Romish Party.

Francis, Duke of Guise, then just forty years of age, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, six years his junior, bishop of six dioceses, and endowed with innumerable abbeys, were men before whose master-spirits all other authority sunk into insignificance. Both equally ambitious; both equally splendid and profuse; they each possessed those talents and accomplishments most calculated to acquire and maintain pre-eminence in their several professions; and the elder had already gained a reputation in war, by the capture of Metz and Calais, far surpassing that of any captain of his time. He had married the sister of the deceased king, Henry the Second; the parliament honoured him as the saviour of his country; and though it had been deemed dangerous to invest him with the title of viceroy of the kingdom, he needed not the name to endow him with the authority of his sovereign, and commander-in-chief of the armies of France, he held the chains of dominion in his grasp. Haughty and ambitious; sagacious, valorous, and industrious; yet not wanting in that proud courtesy and chivalrous generosity, which belonged more to the preceding age than to that in which he lived, Francis of Lorraine was no favourite of the Queen Regent, who feared the ascendency of a man whose vices and whose virtues were equally audacious and commanding. His brother, the cardinal's, mind was more in affinity with her own, and ultimately proved the means of conciliating these powerful rivals. Like her's, it was deeply imbued with the astute policy of the south; where cunning, in default of strength, was studied as an art, both by states and individuals. He had not opened his way to preferment with the sword, but with the pen; he fought not with armies, but with the tongue; and, in eloquence, this wily churchman was rarely surpassed by any of his age or country. The administration of the finances, committed to his charge by Henry the Second, was continued in the reign of his son; and, though strict in exaction, he dispensed both his enormous revenues, and the more scanty riches of the crown, with princely liberality and magnificence. Long, in early life, a resident at the Court of Rome, and high in favour there, it is nevertheless recorded to his honour, that, even when labouring most strenuously to hold firm the yoke of the papal religion above the necks of his countrymen, he resisted to the utmost of his ability every encroachment of the Pope on the ecclesiastical liberties of France. And such conduct is commonly called patriotism, though a man may be blind to every interest of his country, save that of the party to which he belongs.

In public acts and private councils the Guises were equally the enemies of the reformed religion. It was opposed both to their prejudices and their interests. Persons of every age, condition, and sex, accused, or only suspected of having embraced the new opinions, were dragged, by day and night, to hopeless captivity. Whole families fled their country, abandoned their possessions, and even their children, whose weakness might have impeded their flight, and whom to relieve, when thus deserted, would have subjected the compassionate to the judgment of the tribunals, or the vengeance of a fanatical populace, who, more than once, tore the condemned from the hands of the executioner, to aggravate, with consummate barbarity, the tortures of the victims whom they led to the scaffold. None were secure from persecution; cupidity and private hatred adopted the cloak of religion to indulge their fury unrestrained; and the laxity of morals, and the corruption of the laws, afforded slight barriers in defence either of persons or of properties.

The Prince of Condé and Admiral Coligni—the Leaders of the Protestant Party.

The Guises stood forward as the defenders of all established authority, because it assorted with their interests and their characters. The Prince of Condé and the Admiral Coligni were, on the contrary, at the head of the movement party. The former was driven, perhaps somewhat unwillingly, to become the leader of the popular assertors of religious and civil free-

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dom, in opposition to the court, by the long and accumulated injustice heaped upon the house of Bourbon by the Princes of Valois. But the latter was a man who seemed born, at that great crisis of human affairs, to be the unshrinking defender of the rights and liberties of his fellow-creatures; to dignify, by his uncompromising virtue, the cause he had adopted, and to animate the champions of truth amidst disasters, defeat, and oppression, by the nobility of his genius, and the calm purity of his unwavering principles. He was, in truth, an original thinker, disdaining subterfuge, and craft, and crime; not receiving from, but giving an impulse to his age; ever making circumstances bend to his mind, but never bowed before them, unconquered by defeat and greatest in misfortune. Long trained in the school of war and of adversity, Gaspard de Coligni was admirably fitted to become the leader of the French Protestants, at a time when the severity of the penal laws, increasing with their numbers, had driven them nearly to despair; and the liberty of private judgment, gradually extending from politics to religion, had taught them to scrutinize the actions of their rulers. So formidable was the position taken up by this distinguished man, and the Prince of Condé, in Paris, although the King of Navarre, the governor of the city, was in the interest of the court, that the Queen Regent, ere long, deemed it expedient to conciliate them by secret negotiations inimical to the interests and authority of the Guises. In truth, though, at the commencement of the reign of Charles the Ninth, the star of the haughty brothers of Lorraine appeared bright in the ascendant, and the oppressed and disaffected were, at first, too weak openly to contend with those who commanded the army, the citadels, dignities, finances, and parliaments; who held the feeble king in slavery, and banished the princes of the blood-royal from his presence, the enemies of these proud men were gradually deriving strength from their resentment, and silently uniting in defence of their liberties, their, rights, and their religion, till the overwhelming force of an outraged people, (a power, of which even the most keen-sighted politicians had previously taken no account,) was ultimately to place its champion and representative, in the person of Henry IV., upon the throne of France.

[We shall probably return to this work.]

Western India in 1838. By Mrs. Postans. [Saunders and Otley.]

[Mrs. Postans is known to the literary world by her truly pleasing work on Cutch. The present work, descriptive of the most important parts of Western India, is very interesting; the principal portion treating on the condition and character of the natives, the progress of education, and the mode of life among the women. From this last-mentioned subject, she gives an account of a most pleasing visit to the wife of the nabob Junagarh:—]

Surrounded by slave-girls, all chatting merrily together, and some with their infants in their arms, we proceeded through a suite of several apartments, to the Beebee's sitting-room. There was an air of privacy and quietness about this little Mohammedan boudoir particularly inviting; and while its arrangement promised an unusual degree of comfort, a free circulation of air was insured by its height. Numerous windows of wrought stone-work which surrounded it, afforded the fair inmate a charming view of the sacred mount, and the fine minarets of the neighbouring musjids, towering above the majestic trees which skirt the town.

Seated next the Rahit Buckté, I had full opportunity for admiring the taste with which her apartment was adorned. The floor was covered with crimson cloth, over which was tightly strained linen of spotless purity; and the ceiling concealed by a fine white cloth, embroidered with gold stars, the produce of the celebrated looms of Ahmedabad. A rich border, wrought in gold, represented a cornice, to the edge of which was attached a flounce of crimson and green silk. From the corners depended green glass lamps; and on one side of the floor rested a pile of cushions, covered with a Palampore, or coverlid, of Tyrian purple, broidered and fringed with gold. The colours, though so varied, were harmonious, and the combined effect was one of richness, rather than gaudy display. The walls of the apartment, beautifully whitened, were decorated with Chinese paintings, and looking-glasses in gilt frames; while the spaces were occupied with little gold and silver golaubdanis, (rose-water sprinklers,) and enamelled lotahs, suspended in bead nets.

As the Beebee's mehtah or steward was present, a fine, grey-bearded, intelligent-looking man, I ventured to inquire what were her pecuniary resources, as I felt a little anxious on the matter of Mohammedan husband's generosity, and the weighty affair of pin-money.

The Rahit Buckté most unreservedly explained, that, on her marriage, the Nuwaab had bestowed on her a gras, or estate, consisting of eight villages, which she farms on her own account. The chief produce consisted of mangoes, but the value of the villages varied; the whole seemed to average about three hundred rupees, or thirty pounds a month.

The Rahit Buckté proved herself, during our conversation, to be a good woman of business, quite *au fait* on the subject of grain, ploughs, mangoe-trees, &c., from which her revenue is derived; large ledgers, written in the Guzzeratee character, were produced, and particular pages readily referred to, in explanation of the subject.

* * * * * * *

The Beebee chattered a great deal, and made many inquiries into our customs of marriage, baptism, and dress. Her great curiosity,

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however, seemed to be awakened on the peculiarity of our owning the rule of a female sovereign; and she desired to know whether our queen's power was great; whether she sat supreme upon the gaddee or throne of England; whether she rode on horseback, as I assured her was customary amongst English women; and whether her majesty showed herself in open durbar amongst the men. She seemed a little incredulous when I told her the power of our queen far exceeded that of Alia Bhye, and that she was more learned, more beautiful, and more wise than the celebrated Noor Jehan. The Rahit Buckté then inquired what jewels our great Ranee wore. And when I described the countless diamonds which adorn the royal crown and stomacher, the Beebee, the slave girls, and the grey-bearded metah, all, with one impulse, lifted up their hands, exclaiming, "Allah Kureem! rast ust!" (God is merciful! but *can* this be?) The Beebee's surprise subsiding, she insisted upon writing the queen's name in the fly-leaf of her Koran; but the Guzzeratee language not possessing the necessary V, a *W* became the acting capital, and our royal lady's name most grievously transformed.

The Rahit Buckté accompanied me to the apartments of the languid, but pretty Dosie Beebee. It is well arranged that the wives of the Nuwaub have all separate apartments; which prevents domestic bickering, and the exhibition of many of those little arts, practiced by ladies whose leisure affords them abundant time to become proficient in the science of ingeniously tormenting. Here the fair rivals never meet, or even hear of each other, unless from the prattling of slaves. I asked the Rahit Buckté, on our way to the Dosie Beebee's apartments, whether she liked, or was intimate with any of the other ladies; but she said "No; they were too idle and illiterate to be agreeable friends."

[We cannot refrain quoting a delightful scene, it being purely Oriental.]

Sheik Mahmoud having informed us of the readiness of the escort to accompany us to our fête champêtre in the royal garden, we descended to the court-yard; the Rahit Buckté, the Dosie Beebee, and Dada Bhoe, all scuffling along, as rapidly as the prospect of an agreeable visit could induce them to do, despite the inconvenience of toe-rings, anklets, and high-heeled slippers. Awaiting us was [were] a rutt and a gaily painted palankeen. Dada Bhoe, with her infant, occupied the palkee; and the Beebees, with Bhawamere, took possession of the rutt, bestowing themselves upon piles of cushions. The rutt is a small description of cart, without springs, commonly used by native women in travelling. The Beebee's, however, was an unusually splendid equipage. Its covering was of crimson cloth, embroidered in white silk. The bullocks, pure white, and of the gigantic Guzzerat breed, were in the highest order; and the already enormous horns of each lengthened by silver tips, from which depended bunches of silver bells. Silver peacocks surmounted their broad foreheads, and their bridles were bossed with plates of the same metal; each leg was surrounded by a bangle of silver bells, and large sheets of crimson satin, embroidered with gold, covered them from the shoulders to the tail, and descended nearly to the ground. All this splendour was admirable to behold; but I did not envy the curtained occupants of the rutt, as I saw its springless frame jolted over the huge stones lying across the road, whilst I reclined commodiously in my little travelling palankeen, borne rapidly along by the hummalls or bhoies of the Nuwaub.

ST. MARK'S LIBRARY AT VENICE.

(*From Valery's Travels in Italy.*)

THE hall of the Great Council has received St. Mark's Library: these books are, I believe, the most magnificently lodged of any in the world; but the grandeur and beauty of the paintings which surround them, and the antique statues placed in the middle of their apartment, throw them into the shade, and they have only the appearance of accessories. The library of St. Mark counts sixty-five thousand volumes, and about five thousand manuscripts. Petrarch really *laid its first foundations*, as he expresses himself in a letter respecting the donation of manuscripts that he sent to Venice; it was a noble acknowledgment for the hospitality he had found there during the plague. Only a very small number of the manuscripts proceeding from Petrarch's stock are now in St. Mark's; it is said that they remained forgotten in a small room near the bronze horses, where they were spoiled. But the learned librarian of St. Mark, Morelli, has demonstrated that the Venetians did not deserve Ginguené's reproach of having suffered Petrarch's library to perish; he had only given some few works; at his death, twelve years after the donation, Petrarch did in reality leave a very precious library, but it was dispersed, as is evident from the manuscripts preserved in the Vatican, the Laurentian, the Ambrosian, the Bibliothèque du Roi, and not one ever reached Venice. The man whose literary liberality still lives and shines at St. Mark's among so many noble donors, such as the Gramini and Contarini, is Bessarion. * * The library of St. Mark possesses many unpublished manuscripts of Bessarion, and his master Gemistus Plethon, the father of Platonism in Europe, a whimsical character, whose Greek, in the opinion of the learned, is dry, abrupt, and vulgar; nor did he speak so elegantly as in the Lascaris of M. Villemain. Gemistus Plethon, as well as his pupil, repaired to Italy for the council of Florence, the real epoch of the literary and philosophic emigration of the Greeks into Italy, and not, as generally supposed, the

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taking of Constantinople, which only sent thither grammarians and rhetoricians. The two beautiful Arabic manuscripts on silk paper presented by Bessarion, of which the Venetians were so proud, have not re-appeared at St. Mark's, nor the precious Bible called *La Magontina*, now recognized as of 1456, and which is believed to have issued from the presses of Gutteuberg. When retaken from France in 1815, they were not restored to their real owners."

GENEROSITY AND FRIENDSHIP.

The following anecdote is extracted from a collection of Arabian verses, entitled *Tograïd*. One day, in the temple of Mecca, a number of Arabs were disputing on generosity and friendship, but they could not agree as to whom set the greatest examples of these virtues, and by that means deserved the preference. Some were for Abdallah, son of Giafar, uncle to Mahomet; some for Kaïs, son of Saad; and others for Arabad, of the tribe of As. After a long dispute, they agreed to send a friend of Abdallah, to Abdallah; a friend of Kaïs, to Kaïs; and a friend of Arabad, to Arabad; to try them all three, after which they were to return and make their report to the assembly.

Then the friend of Abdallah went and said unto him, "Son of the uncle of Mahomet, I am on a journey, and am destitute of everything." Abdallah was mounted on his camel, which was loaded with gold and silk; he dismounted with all speed, gave him his camel, and returned home on foot. The second went to make application to his friend Kaïs, son of Saad. Kaïs being asleep, one of his domestics asked the traveller what he wanted. The traveller answered, that he was the friend of Kaïs, and needed his assistance. The domestic said unto him, "I will not wake my master, but here are seven thousand pieces of gold, which is all that we have at present in the house: take also a camel from the stable, and a slave; these will, I think, be sufficient for you until you reach your own house." When Kaïs awoke, he chid the domestic for not having given more. The third repaired to his friend Arabad, of the tribe of As. Arabad, who was blind, was coming out of his house, leaning on two slaves, going to pray to God, in the temple of Mecca. As soon as he heard his friend's voice, he said unto him, "I possess nothing but my two slaves; I beg that you will take and sell them; I will go to the temple, as well as I can, with my stick."

The three Arabs having returned to the assembly, and faithfully related what had happened to each, many praises were bestowed upon Abdallah, son of Giafar; on Kaïs, son of Saad; and on Arabad, of the tribe of As: but the preference was given to Arabad.

W. G. C.

MANUSCRIPTS OF AUTHORS.

The original manuscripts of the *Waverley Novels* are preserved in the most admirable manner by their present owner, Mr. Cadell, the publisher, Edinburgh. Such care is, unfortunately, but seldom evinced in similar cases. The trunk-maker has benefited largely by the labours of genius, both written and printed. Once engulphed in the printing-office, the author's "copy" rarely emerges into daylight to enrich collectors; but is committed to the vile uses of that "dim spot," or is smuggled off to to the huxter and shop-keeper.

"Another year another race supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise."

The plays of Shakspeare were undoubtedly printed from the author's manuscript; for the editors of the first folio, Heemming and Condell, state, that they rarely met with a blot or correction; yet all we have now of Shakspeare's hand-writing is his signature to his will, (preserved in Doctor's Commons), and his autograph, in a copy of Montaigne, which was sold lately for a hundred guineas! The "Faery Queen" of Spencer, lives only in print; the *Paradise Lost*, (which, from the blindness of the great poet, must have engaged a succession of different hands) has shared the same fate. Some of Milton's early manuscripts, however, are at present in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, (we remember once walking sixteen miles to see them), and amongst the rest is the first draft of "Comus," which exhibits numerous corrections and interlineations. Milton wrote a distinct and open hand. There was no trifling about him in anything. The Earl of Dorset is said to possess some letters of Dryden, but of a nature unfit for publication. Part of Pope's manuscripts are in the British Museum, evincing the truth of Swift's sarcastic allusion, "paper-sparing Pope," for his poetry was chiefly written on backs of letters and waste leaves of books. The hand-writing of Addison must be sought for amongst state papers—the *Spectators* have disappeared. The private letters of *Junius* to his publisher, Mr. Woodfall, are still in the possession of the latter's family; the hand-writing is neat, stiff, and upright—evidently feigned for concealment. Some specimens of Thomson's hand-writing—stray letters and autographs—exist in Culloden House, near this town, and others are in the possession of Mr. David Laing, Edinburgh; but the valuable part which might illustrate the poet's habits of composition, his improved taste, and regard for his fame, have vanished. Goldsmith's manuscripts are eagerly sought after by autograph collectors, (a numerous race), but they are extremely rare. A leaf or two of the *Deserted Village*, (which is said to have been written and re-written a score of times, the poet considering six lines a good day's work,) would be a curiosity. Johnson's sign-manual is found affixed to short letters only; he was too lazy to write except when

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spurred on by the printer, and his manuscripts have experienced the usual fate of a printing-office. Gibbon, the historian, boasted, in his lofty style, that in writing his "*Decline and Fall*," he had achieved what had seldom occurred in the composition of six quartos; his first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, had been sent to the press, and not a sheet had been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and printer. We suspect the whole has now disappeared, though a great number of his letters and miscellaneous manuscripts exist. In later times, we find a better taste begin to prevail; the stream of time, as we descend its course, throws numerous wrecks a-shore. Cowper has been preserved almost entire on homely foolscap paper, the sheets carefully stitched together by the hands of faithful Mrs. Unwin. Murray, the publisher, has Byron and Crabbe *ad longum*. Scott, as we have said, is intact. The first printer of Burns, though a poor provincial typographist, seems to have been careful himself, or the cause of care in others; for the poet's manuscripts, with all the printer's marks, as to placing capitals, &c., on the margin, are now in the keeping of a literary society in Irvine. In rummaging a printer's drawer in Edinburgh, some years since, the manuscripts of the famous critique in the *Edinburgh Review*, on Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness," was turned up, and the author of that merciless flagellation discovered to be Henry Brougham. We heard a lady once say, that she found out that Professor Wilson wrote the *Noctes in Blackwood's Magazine*, from getting part of the manuscript wrapt round some groceries—the ancient fate of the poets! A carpenter, working in Abbotsford, found a proof-sheet of *Rob Roy* on the floor one morning; it had all Scott's corrections, and of course revealed the secret of the authorship, but the man had a literary taste, and, what is much better, an honest mind, and he kept the secret.

We leave the living geniuses to look after their hand-writing as well as their laurels! Few of them will experience the fate of Tacitus or Livy, to have their manuscripts effaced, that the ground-work may serve for Psalters and Prayer Books, traced by the hands of monks and friars; yet as posterity would not willingly let die any memorials of a great author, we hope our brethren of the press, and the publishers who direct them, may keep a wary eye on all valuable original manuscripts. *(Inverness Courier.)*

Arts and Sciences.

IMPROVEMENT IN PADDLE-WHEELS.

A few days past Sir John Rennie, accompanied by a few scientific friends, went through a series of interesting experiments in the West India Docks, for the purpose of testing the capabilities of a new form of propeller. In this locomotive age, any invention, tending to the improvement of our means and facilities of inter-communication, must necessarily claim a lively and general interest.

The present propeller is an important modification of the old paddle, being an ingenious application of a most simple and beautiful principle in nature, and one generally prevailing, where the propulsion of the individual is her object; viz., that of the Rhomboidal figure. Hence we may perceive, that the tails of fish, the feet of aquatic fowls, and the wings of birds, generally partake, more or less, of this character; for, as was justly observed by the talented inventor, (Mr. Rennie,) nature never attains her ends but by the best and most efficacious means; and, certainly, if any additional argument were required to establish the fact of, "Whatever is is right," when applied to her operations, it would be in the complete success of the experiments. The mode by which the propelling power is conveyed to the vessel, is not dissimilar to the old wheel, the improvement being principally in the arrangement and form of the floats, which are not very unlike the canoe paddles used by many of the South Sea Islanders. By the way, it is worthy of note, as a singular and remarkable feature in the genius of savage life generally, that felicitous adaptation to its own uses of the wise economy with which nature invariably operates her purposes.

The more obvious advantages derived from the present invention, consists in a reduction of more than one-half in the breadth of the paddle-wheel and boxes; consequently, the same amount in the superficial area of the floats, with, at the same time, an increase of effective power; which, differently from the common method, act with their length vertically, thereby giving so much additional compactness to the whole: a vast improvement, it must be admitted, in the efficiency of vessels subject to the roll and action of a heavy sea. The other, and more practical advantages, are in the smoothness of the motion, creating little or no agitation in the wake of the vessel, a desideratum in river or other confined navigation, the facility of suiting the immersion to the variable draught of the vessel; above all, the perfect equalization of the power to the effect in every portion of the float. We understand that the plan, theoretically, has met with the approbation of Professor Barlow, and other scientific men. The experiment was tried upon a beautiful little vessel, and in a succession of trips made during the course of the afternoon, up and down the spacious area of the import dock, it was particularly remarked the ease with which she turned and threaded her way among the numerous craft lying in the basin. The gentlemen present, among whom was Captain Austin, R.N., expressed themselves in the highest terms upon the satisfactory result of the experiment, being, from the peculiar simplicity of the construction, admirably adapted for war and sea-going steamers. The patentees, we believe, intend shortly applying the principle upon a more extended scale.

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THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD.

DIMENSIONS and powers of *The President Steam Ship* :—

	Ft.	In.
Length (extreme)	268	0
Ditto for measurement	230	0
Ditto, of keel	220	0
Breadth	42	0
Ditto, including paddle-boxes	64	0
Depth in the hold, midships	23	6
Height of upper deck	7	6
Diameter of paddle-wheel	21	0
Draught of water with cargo	17	0
Burden in tons (old measurement)	1,921 57-94	
Weight of engine, boiler, &c.	500 tons.	
Power of engine	600 horse.	

Thus, it appears, that *The President* is 126 tons larger, and has 100 horse power more, than *The British Queen*.

The Gatherer.

FROM official documents it appears, that the number of bodies buried in the metropolis,

From 1741 to 1765 inclusive, were	583,523
1766 — 1792	605,832
1793 — 1813	402,595
1814 — 1837	508,162
	2,105,112

Stuart, in his "America," says, "Wine-glasses are placed on the table in lieu of egg-cups. On inquiry, we learnt from the waiter, that this is the universal custom, and that the Americans never eat an egg direct from the shell, but pour the contents into a glass, in which they mix it up with salt before tasting it." H. M.

To Destroy the Worms on Lawns.—Roll the lawn twice, then water it with lime-water of the following strength :—One pint of unslaked lime to ten gallons of water; two dressings of this liquid will quite destroy them, without injury to the grass. If you wish to bring the worms to the surface, water the grass with the following solution:—A quarter of an ounce of corrosive sublimate to three gallons of water; this will bring every worm to the surface without destroying the grass.

A new system of sweeping the streets, by means of a machine, has been tried at Paris, and the experiment is said to have succeeded.

Contrast in Rents.—A large manufacturer, looking back over his leases, found that land of his, entirely agricultural, which 79 years since paid 12s., now pays 14*l*. Lord Howick states, that rents have risen, within 60 years, 400 per cent.—*Bradford Observer*.

Antiquities.—In digging under the foundation of an old house in Catherine-street, Exeter, twelve old flat bottles, or flagons, evidently of the period of the 15th century, several small vessels of earthenware, a curious cup or tankard, and the seal of the Courtenay family, were discovered. This seal, of very large dimension, bears conjointly the arms of Courtenay and Talbot, with the legend—*Sigillum Anne Courtenay, Comitissæ Devoniæ*; the lady who owned it, the wife of the 4th Earl of Devon, died about 1440.—*Bristol Mercury*.

Revenues from Mines in Spain.—It appears from the budget for 1839, that the expected returns of the Almaden mines are 24,093,600 reals, (240,936*l*.;) of the other mines, 2,919,496 reals, (29,194*l*.;) of mints, 2,111,930 reals, (21,118*l*.;) of the monopoly of salt, 43,605,162 reals, (436,051*l*.;) of the monopoly of nitre, sulphur, gunpowder, &c., 1,000,000 reals, (10,000*l*.;) forming a total revenue, derived from this source, of 737,302*l*.; a strong proof of the riches of Spain, even in her present degraded state. The charges stated are, for the quicksilver mines, 7,064,433 reals, (70,644*l*.;) and for the mint, 1,632,292 reals, (16,329*l*.;) or about 100,000*l*.—*Railway Magazine*.

Linen, which is the staple manufacture of Ireland, was first made in England in the year 1253, and was only worn by the luxurious; the generality of persons wore woollen shirts.

Moralists have said, that no man ought to be congratulated till he is in his coffin. The *Mechanics' Magazine* states, in the biography of Mr. James, the projector of the railway system, that he was, in 1812, worth 150,000*l*., and lived to lose it all.

A rare Bird.—On Saturday last, while a gentleman was enjoying the sports of the field, about seven miles from Glasgow, he brought down, among other game, a snow-white cock pheasant. The bird is prized as a curiosity.

The way to make a Coat last long.—At a late Dublin sessions, a fellow named Campbell was tried for picking pockets at the railway station, Westland-row. A constable swore that he took from the prisoner's neck a handkerchief which he suspected to have been stolen. Campbell called a pawnbroker's clerk to prove that the handkerchief was his own; and it appeared that the article, as well as the prisoner's coat, had been pawned every Monday, *for the last seventeen years!* The interest paid on both, during that period, was 25*l*. 15*s*. 8*d*.

With the present Number,
A SUPPLEMENT,
Containing the
Spirit of the Annuals for 1840.
With a Portrait and Memoir of
PRINCE ALBERT.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

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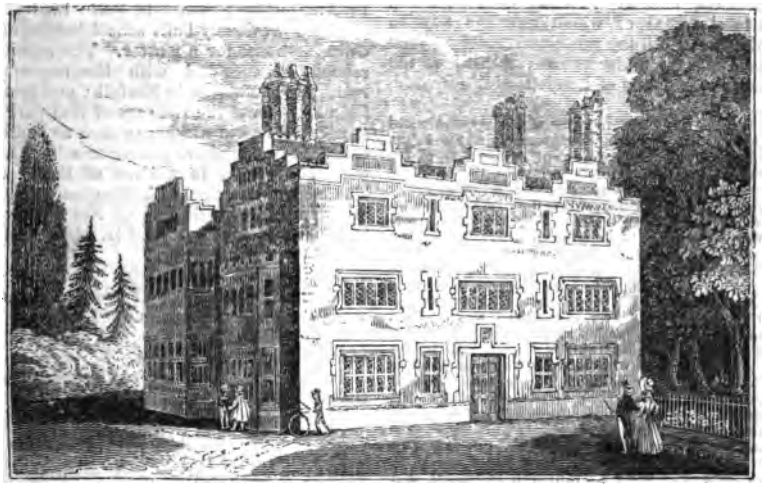
The Mirror.

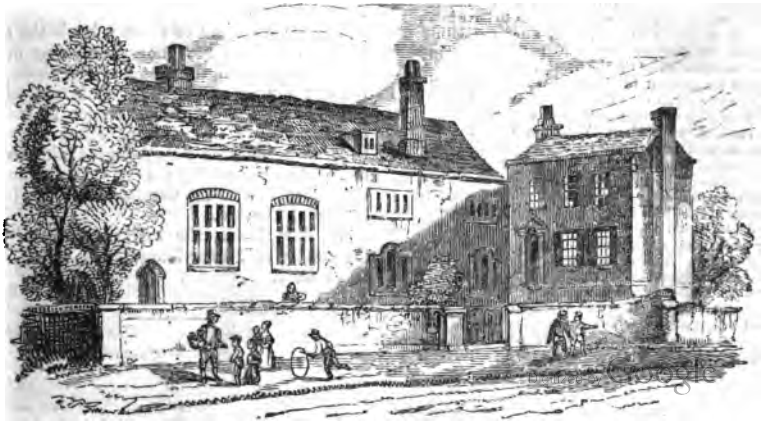
No. 982. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1839. Price 2d.

FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS.

Northampton.



Aldenham, Hertfordshire.



Chigwell, Essex.

FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AT NORTHAMPTON,

Was founded in 1542, by Mr. Thomas Chipsey, who endowed it with lands, which, together with subsequent benefactions, produce an income of about 120*l.* per annum. In 1557, Cardinal Pole granted for its use the remains of the dilapidated church of St. Gregory. Part of this church is still appropriated to the school-house: the master is appointed by the mayor and corporation; and the usher by the master, the mayor, deputy-recorder, the vicar of All-Saints, and the Lord of the Manor of Sillingston-Lovell.

Robert Brown,* founder of the sect of the Brownists, was born here; as also, Dr. Samuel Parker, bishop of Oxford,† under James II.

FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AT ALDENHAM, HERTFORDSHIRE.

This school, with some almshouses for six people, was founded by Mr. Richard Platt, in the year 1599; he bequeathing lands in Aldenham, and at Pancras in Middlesex, the total rental of which amounts now to 1032*l.* 2*s.* Both the grammar-school and the almshouses are under the government of the Brewer's Company of London.

* Brown studied at Cambridge, where he soon showed a disposition towards innovation, and in 1580 began openly to attack the government and liturgy of the church of England. He first ascended the pulpit at Norwich, in 1581, and succeeded in converting a number of Dutch, who had a congregation there, to his opinions, for which he was brought before the ecclesiastical commissioners, to whom he behaved so rudely that he was sent to prison, but, through the interposition of Lord Burleigh, soon obtained a release. He then went to Middleburgh, in Zealand, with his followers, where they obtained leave to erect a church after their own model. In 1585, he returned to England, and was cited to appear before the archbishop of Canterbury, who took great pains to reason him out of his opinions, but in vain; and, still persisting, he was excommunicated by the bishop of Peterborough. This censure induced him to submit; and in 1590, he was presented to the living of a church in Northamptonshire, of which he received the emoluments, without discharging the duties. After leading a turbulent life, this extraordinary character died in 1630, in Northampton gaol, where he was sent for assaulting a constable, and insulting a magistrate.

† A prelate of considerable talent and learning, but contemptible from his versatility and time-serving disposition, qualities which he appears to have inherited from his father, a lawyer, who, after exhibiting the greatest subserviency to the parliamentary party, veered round at once on the death of the Protector, and received his reward in the appointment of a Serjeant-at-law, and a seat in the Exchequer bench. His son, the subject of this article, was born in the autumn of 1640, and entered himself at Wadham College, Oxford, where, as well as at Trinity College, to which he afterwards removed, he distinguished himself much by his ascetic mode of life, and by his indefatigable application to books. Pliant as the reed, he commenced writing in favour of the Romish religion; upon which James II. forced him upon the fellows of Magdalen college, as their president, and still further advanced him to the see of Oxford. The disdain with which all the most respectable persons of both communions treated him, is said to have had a strong effect upon his health, both mental and bodily, and materially to have accelerated his decease, which took place at Magdalen college, in the spring of 1687.—He was the author of several works on theology.

The schoolmaster, in addition to his yearly stipend, receives a payment of two guineas a-year for the expense of cleaning the school, calculated from 1814, when he gave up his boarders, and an annual gratuity to the assistant, for the attention to the scholars, viz., in 1819, 10*l.*; in 1820, 20*l.*; and in 1821, 30*l.*; and in some regulations respecting the admission of the scholars. A quarterly return is made to Brewer's Hall, of the number and names of the boys, and of their absences during the preceding quarter.

The number returned at Michaelmas, 1821, was fifty.

Average expenditure on the school, including repairs, 240*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*

The funded property belonging to the above charities, amounts to 2,573*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*

FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AT CHIGWELL, ESSEX.

This grammar-school, for the teaching of the Greek and Latin languages, was, together with one for writing and arithmetic, founded by Archbishop Harsnet, in 1629: his lordship also had previously built school-houses, and a dwelling-house for a master. The grammar-schools he endowed with the impropriate rectory of Toffington, in Norfolk; and invested the advowson of the vicarage of that parish in trustees, for presentation to such as had been educated in the above grammar-school, or in default of such, to natives of this parish. The above vicarage of Toffington is in the archdeaconry and diocese of Norwich, rated in the king's books at 6*l.* 14*s.* 9½*d.*, endowed with 800*l.* royal bounty.

Dr. Samuel Harsnet, or Harsenet, the founder of the Chigwell Grammar-school, was born at Colchester, in 1561.

Educated at Cambridge, and chosen master of Pembroke Hall, in 1604.

Promoted, after various preferments, to the see of Chichester, in 1609.

Translated to the see of Norwich, in 1619.

Elected archbishop of York, in 1629.

Sworn of the Privy Council, in 1629.

Died, in 1633.

Lies buried in Chigwell Church, where there is a splendid monument erected to his memory.

The management of these schools the archbishop vested in governors, consisting of the vicar of Chigwell, the rector of Loughton, and ten of the most respectable inhabitants of the parish, by whom, with preference to such as had been educated in the school, or natives of the parish, the master is appointed: the election must take place within ten days after a vacancy occurs, otherwise the nomination lapses to the bishop of London.

William Penn, the celebrated founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, was educated in this school.

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ON VIEWING THE MUMMIES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

WHAT! is this shapeless crumbling thing,
All that is left of what was once a man?
Oh! vain mortal, contemplate this form,
And think that such as this, ay, *worse*, thou shalt become;
For thou shalt know corruption, which this dry flesh
And parchment-skin hath never known,—
No loathsome worm hath ever held its revels here,
Whilst in a few short years, thy eyeless sockets shall become
Its dwelling place.—Ages on ages have passed by
Since this poor mummy breathed;—but it was once
As fair as thou!—It loved and was beloved—within its breast
A heart as warm as thine then beat with joy and hope—
Long time it has been still and cold. Since those now mouldering feet
Moved on the busy scene of life, the glorious work of man's redemption
Has been by Christ accomplished. The Ammon this poor mummy served,
With all the host of heathen deities, have been o'erthrown,
Into those long-closed ears the blessed tidings of the Gospel
Never sounded—those knees were never bent in prayer
Before the one true GOD!—But to a God of mercy
Let us look with hope, that ignorance may not be judged as sin.
The day shall come, perhaps quickly,
When these dry bones shall rise again in life,
And bursting the frail ligaments which now confine them,
Shall appear in living form before our GOD!

L. C. R—s.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—When wealth abounds, men seldom come by suffering to be sober. The education of rich men teaches to command, so they seldom come to be acquainted with obedience, which is better than a sacrifice. They are so humoured by attendants, and so elated by the adulations of all about them, and withal so swallowed up with pleasure, that they often miss of knowing rightly either themselves or others. The worm of this fair fruit is pride, and it sooner takes the goodly than the lean. Jacob asked for only food and raiment; and Agur prayed directly against a plenty; and though Solomon was so wise as not to ask it, yet, when he had it, he had well nigh lost all his wisdom; certainly, though riches be not evil in themselves, yet, for the most part, there is an unhappiness that attends them; and, if our Saviour had not seen something in them more than we apprehend, he would never have declared it so difficult for a man, at once, to be both good and opulent; neither would he have advised the young man to sell what he had, or commanded his disciples to leave all and follow him; nor would he have so exampled poverty to us in his own meekness, had he not known that through our human frailty we are too apt to be drawn away by abundance. Riches, besides the danger of their flattering us to a reliance on them, hinder us from the sense of charity, by not feeling the wants that others live in. How strict and vigilant have I known some upon the labour of a poor man, who had toiled all the day, from six to six, for sixpence; and who, had it not been for the pleasure of night and darkness, which gave him some slender refreshment, might have been considered in a worse condition than the beasts of the forest. The daily labouring man sells not only his strength, but also his time and his ease, for that alone which will not satiably content his craving appetite. Rich men, by reason of the beckonings and illigations of pleasure, and the divertive crowd of other occasions, do not apprehend the hardships of others, neither have they time to consider and weigh their condition; so the charity which they have is rather self-love than charity; and, it is undoubtedly true, that without the wings of charity, it will be very hard to mount to the regions of happiness: riches, besides, are often as thorns to choke the fruits of piety; yet, industry and attention might, perhaps, prevent some of these inconveniences. But there is one thing in wealth, which fascinates beyond all these, namely, it is apt to seduce a man into a false opinion of wisdom in himself; and it may be from hence, that, when Simonides was asked, which was best for a man, wealth or wisdom; made some doubt how he should resolve the business: "The reason is," said he, "I have often observed wise men to wait and attend at rich men's houses; and how easy it is for a man to think himself wise, when he finds that he hath a wise man, as his servant, humouring him." A poor man, being softened by his low situation, and the continual want that environs him, may, like clay, be easily moulded into any form; but the rich, set on the promoted hill, and shined upon by the sun of prosperity, become hardened into a brittleness scarcely ever admitting any other shape than that in which you find them: and, indeed, it is no small unhappiness for a man to occupy a station that will not admit a friend to be free with him; for while he is open to flattery, he is, at the same time, fenced against admonition. He that, by the means of wealth, is lifted up above the rebuke of friends, had need of a noble nature, and a strongly-guarded virtue, else he will soon descend to the lowest scale of vice: certainly, there is none so wise that he never errs; but he is well onward in the way to be wise, that can bear a reproof, and mend by it. There are, doubtless, many that are wealthy and wise, as well as rich and religious; and they ought to be extraordinarily happy in themselves, who can escape the trains that their affluence lays for them, and make use of those brave suppeditaments that a great estate allows them to do good withal. If we have no wealth, it is honest and noble not to be fond of it; but should we possess it, far more heroic to employ it in acts of charity and beneficence.

W. G. C.

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MARRIAGE OF VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

THERE is a delicious little idyl, which the scholar presses to his memory like a bundle of sweet-scented camphire, writ in the old Grecian age by ancient Moschus—an idyl, which honest Heskins superlatively calls "dulcissimum Idyllium," and whose exquisite beauty quite captivated Faëry Spenser. Delicious in its diction and method, it treats too, upon that most delicious of all subjects—Love; chiefly consisting of a pleasing allegory on the waywardness and variability of that little godship's movements. Venus, it represents, as running hurriedly through the paths and rose-brakes, and asking every stranger whom she meets, whether he has met with her fugitive son, promising a honey-dropping kiss to whomsoever will afford her tidings of him, for he is a most mischievous little being, and delights in shooting at hearts, with which he has no business or legitimate concern; and, therefore, from such unbefitting acts, she, like a careful mother, wishes to divert him. And then she runs on, with softly-warbled syllables, telling you enchantingly of his manifold perfections, of his cunning, too, and crafty disposition; how he slides, imperceptibly, into every bosom, piercing the royal hearts of princesses and kings, no less than the simple souls of Margery and Maid Marian.

"βάλλει κ' εἰς 'Αχέροντα, κὰι εἰς 'Αΐδεω βασιλῆα."
Moschus. Idyl.

And truly those self-same attributes which so peculiarly distinguished this lovely little personage of old, were no more his attributes in those days of yore, than they have been ever since, and are at the present moment. But the most eccentric instance of his power thus exerted, is in those cases wherein he hath planted his fire-pointed shafts deep in ignoble, or, otherwise, vulgar bosoms, causing them to flame up ardently with love for high and imperial persons. Of this species of aspiring love, instances not a few are to be found, but of none, more than in the present reign, when our "fair vestal, throned by the west" hath been hard beset in her walks and rides, by those troublesome suitors whom the arrant trickery of the love-god has, in sport, imbued with the tender passion, for the Queen and Majesty of England. These circumstances, recent in the memory of our readers, we need not recount; enough is it, that more than one gallant captain has been in this way smitten, and more than one unlettered rustic been observed to indite amatory versiculi, inspired by the feelings with which the arch love-god had imbued him. But this, as we before said, is again no new thing. Love hath raged like Hecla in many a serf's and pastoral's bosom, as we call our beloved friend Sheridan Knowles to witness, for many a lady high-born and dignified as our queen herself, in the modern days of England. Whatever Platonicism possessed the heart of mighty Queen Bess, the same stoical apathy to love and love's ardours, fortified not the heart of the poor enamoured tailor, who, desperately smitten with her imperial loveliness, was consumed by the flames of the passion conceived in him, till the Fates sheared his life-thread in twain. But this was not the last prank of villainous little Eros. I read that another unhappy wight, bewitched with the love of royalty, conceived, in the year 1788, a violent passion for another Elizabeth, lately princess of Homberg; and, drawn by the cords of love, got into the palace to pay his respects to her royal highness. His name was Spang, his father a Dane, himself an Englishman and a hairdresser! But such is the untoward fate of this sort of love, that the friseur was unluckily pronounced insane. And again in the preceding year, 1787, one Stone, a heavy-looking, German-like man, about thirty-three years of age, unfortunately fell in love with the princess-royal of England, afterwards the dowager queen of Wurtemberg. He said—O shade of Werter, listen!—that the princess stole his heart from him by looking up at him in the two-shilling gallery of the theatre. But alas, for the luckless inamorato, Doctor Monro, who knew less about love than lunacy, speedily decided the business, and poor Stone pined away, like a solitary Narcissus, incarcerate in Bedlam.

Royalty, therefore, we plainly see, is no bar to the indulgence of the tender passion, for "love has twenty pair of eyes." Who dare venture to state after this, that on the other hand, many young maidens have not died for love of some or all of the royal dukes, though, like the gentle Viola, they have never told their love, but have let concealment, like a worm i'the bud, prey on their damask cheeks. Verily, love! thou art a capricious tormentor, and a crafty marksman!

But witnesseth not our beloved Moschus, on the other hand, that Love wings his golden shafts as readily into the bosoms of the royal, as into the hearts of the lowly! And though a maiden—an innuba Pallas—may, like queenly Danäe, be shut fast up in a tower, Love, be assured, will at last procure a way and steal a passage, most subtilely to the heart. And so it is with our lady-queen; many a high suitor, we doubt not, hath, secretly in his chamber, knelt in thought to her, who was the unconfessed divinity of his worship, but herself the while heeded not, neither regarded; till at last—*at last* there appeared *one* on the horizon of her destiny, who dazzled her eye, and captured her heart.

At night, on silken pillows couched,
Queen Victory lay dreaming,
She dreamed that lovers round her came,
Like kings and princes beaming.

And through her purpled curtains gazed
The princeliest of the nations,
Who bowed with all love's homagery
And love's deep adorations.

And closer each one strove to press,
His fellow to eclipse,
The modest seized her hand to kiss,
The forward prest her lips.

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She dreamt—and O, that last dear dream
Most steeped her soul in blisses,
That one bright youth had pressed her heart
And touched her lips with kisses.

She dreamt—but hasty muse, forbear,
Nor queenly dreams pursue;
Yet blest above the gods is he
Who proves such visions true.

For still the bright youth's lineaments
That through her slumbers gleamed,
Have ever since upon her heart
In lovely colours beamed.

And thence this portrait*—from that one
That on her bosom shineth,
Which art, by dint of magic skill,
Within its *Mirror* shrineth.

Well, let the old churl and grey-beard detonate against marriage, we are of those who think it beatitudinal. Jacobus de Voragine, our old acquaintance, thought so too, and his twelve arguments on its benefits are so pathetic, succinct, elegant, and novel, that we write them down, and recommend Prince Albert to inscribe them on a corner of his heart's tablet.

1. Hast thou means? thou hast one to keep and increase it.

2. Hast none? thou hast one to help to get some.

3. Art thou in prosperity? she doubles it.

4. Art in adversity? she'll comfort, assist, bear part.

5. Art thou at home? she'll drive away melancholy.

6. Art thou abroad? she prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy.

7. Nothing is delightsome alone. No society is equal to marriage.

8. The bond of conjugal love is adamantine.

9. Kindred is increased, parents doubled, brothers, sisters, families, heirs.

10. Thou art a father, by a happy and legal issue.

11. If nature escape not punishment, thy will shall not avoid it: as he sung it, without marriage.—

"Earth, air, sea, land, eftsoon will come to nought,
The world itself would be to ruin brought."

For the happy realization of the above excellent maxims, we shall not, it is believed, have long to wait. The first outbreak of the Spring sun-gleams and the fall of her diamond showers, will form the best epithalmium in the world, and Southey's muse will furnish no sweeter. Meanwhile, the wedding-cake will, of course, be in preparative make, and its rich confectionaries commixed, leaving us to wonder who will be the baker. Furthermore we have not to say, save that if her majesty, as befits her grace and condescension, honour us with a complimentary slice, accompanied by the fair cards of herself and Prince Albert, we shall not be backward in informing our readers how the cake eats, the cards look, or where, and after what manner, the serene couple pass their regal honeymoon. W. A.

* Vide our last Number, for Prince Albert's Portrait.

DESCRIPTION OF A STORM,

IN A LETTER TO BECKY PAGE.

(*From Hood's truly amusing work, "Up the Rhine."*

"Dear Becky.—Littel did I think I shud ever ever ever rite you again! We have all bean on eternitty's brinx. Such a terrifickle storm! * * They do say elevin other vessels floundered off the Hooks of Holland in the same tempest with all their cruise. It begun in the arternoon, and prevaled all nite,—sich a nite O Grashus! * * At sich crisisus theres nothin like religun and if I repeted my Catkism wunce I said it a hundered times over and never wunce right. You may gudge by that of my orrifide state, besides ringing my hands till the nails was of a blew black. Havin nose wat else I sed for in my last agny I confest every partical I had ever dun,—about John Futman and all. Luckly Missus was too much decomposed to atend to it but it will be a Warnin for the rest of my days. O Becky its awful work when it comes to sich a full unbuzzoming and you stand before your own eyes stript naked to the verry bottom of your sole. Wat seemed the innocentest things turn as black as coles. Even Luvvers look armless but they ant wen all their kissis cum to fly in your face. Makin free with triffles is the same. Littel did I think when I give away an odd lofe it would lay so heavy. Then to be shure a little of Missus's tea and sugger seams no grate matter partickly if youve agread to find yure own, but as I no by experence evry ownce will turn to a pound of led in repentin. That wickid caddy Key giv me menny a turn, and I made a pint as soon as the storm abatid to chuck it into the botomless otion. I do trust Becky you will foller my xampel and give up watever goes agin yure conshins. If I name the linnin I trust youl excuse. Charrity kivers a multitud of sins, and to be shure its a charrity to give a-way a raggid shurt of Masters providid its not torn a purpus witch I fear is sum times the case. Pray say the like from me to Mister Butler up at the Hall, he will take a Miss I no,—partickly as I hav drunk unbeknown wine along with him, but wen yure at yure last pint wat is Port in a storm! Won minit yure a livin cretur, and the next you may be like wickid Jonas in the belly of Wales. The only comfort I had besides Cristianity was to give Missus warnin witch I did over and over between her attax. No wagis on earth could reckonsile me to a sea goin place. * * But I mite as well have tould the ship to soot itself as my Misses. I verrily beleave from her wild starin at me she did not no wether I talked English or Frentch. At last Martha says she we are goin to a wurld where there is no sitivations. Wat an idear! But our superiors are always shy of our society, as if even hevin abuv was too good for servents. * *

"Howsumever here we are thenk providens on dry land if so it can be cauld dry that is

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half ditchis and cannals, at a forrin city, by name Rotter D—m. But I shouldn't prefer to settle in Holland for Dutch plaices must be very hard. Oh Becky such moppin and sloppin such chuckin up water at the winders and squirtin at the walls with littel fire ingins, but I supose with their moist climit the houses wouldn't be holesum if they warn't continually washing off the damp. Then the furniter is kep like span new without speck or spot, it must be sumbody's work to kill all the flies. To my mind the peple are over clean as John Futman said when his master objected to his thumb mark on the hedge of the plate. * * As respects vittles, we do verry well, only I am shi of the maid dishes, being sic a mashy forren country for fear of eating Frogs. Talkin of cookin, wat do you think Becky of sittin with a lited charcole stow under yure pettecots? Its the only way they have for airin their linnin,—tho' it looks more like a new cooky receat for How to smoke yure Hams. But I hear Missus bell, so with kind luve to all, includin John Futman, I remane in haste, my dear Becky Yure luving frend,

MARTHA PENNY."

ON VISITING THE VALLEY OF VAUCLUSE.

[ARCHDEACON ALISON, in his celebrated Essay on Taste, has very poetically, and, I think, justly, ascribed our profoundest impressions of the sublime and beautiful, to the association of ideas. This principle he has illustrated by a variety of quotations, both striking and appropriate. One of the most beautiful of these is an extract from a French poem, in which the author describes his emotions on visiting the Valley of Vaucluse, celebrated from its having been the temporary abode of the poet Petrarch, and the scene of the most touching incidents of his life. This poem I have translated from the original, and shall now transcribe.]

But that enchanting vale, those fountains pure,
That cloudless sky, did less my heart allure,
Than the soft strain, to pensive memory dear,
Of tender woes that wept their anguish there.
'Twas Petrarch's love, and Laura's matchless grace,
That gave such deepening interest to the place.
Behold that clear unruffled stream, I cried,
How oft has Petrarch swelled, with sorrow's tide,
Its peaceful current, as he strayed along
Its blooming banks, and poured his melting song;
Whilst the loved lyre's resistless music fell
O'er the charmed waters, and prolonged the spell.
Here, when he breathed the language of his sighs
In Laura's ear, and gazed on Laura's eyes,
Too soon he saw night's sable curtains clore,
And, ah! too late the blushing morn arose.
Shall I, amid these lonely rocks, still find,
The dear initials of their names conjoined?
A grotto's dark recess had struck my view,
And fancy kindled as the picture grew:
Tell me, I cried, hast thou a witness been
Of all their fond complaints, and hast thou seen
The time, when, soothed by hope's illusive strain,
Their cares took wing, and peace returned again?
An aged tree, the streamlet's side displayed,
There, oft, had Laura sought its friendly shade
When sleep's soft power a transient visit made.
With Laura's name I made the vale resound,
And echo had not lost the gentle sound.
Whate'er I viewed, where e'er my footsteps roved,
Still fancy drew the forms so fondly loved;
Dipped her sad pencil in love's bleeding breast,
And with that colour tinted all the rest.
Petrarch and Laura, still, with magic art,
Haunted each scene, and filled my raptured heart,
Lent every prospect its bewitching glow,
And made the crystal fountains clearer flow.

A. C.

Manners and Customs.

DOMESTIC HABITS OF THE ARABS.

Given in a Conversation between a Marabout and M. Blanqui.

THE following is an extract relative to the domestic habits of the Arabs. It is a conversation between a Marabout and M. Blanqui:—"The Marabout said he had four wives, two of whom were dead; the third he had sent away, the fourth still remained with him. 'Why did you send away your wife?' said Blanqui, to him.—'I did not like her,' was the only answer.—'Then you have the liberty of sending them away?'—'Yes; if that was not the case, we would not take them; they go back to their family, and we return half the dowry.'—'Do you love one as much as the other?'—'No.'—'And your children?'—'All my children are my children.'—'How do they share your fortune?'—'They inherit it in equal portions, except the girls, who have more, because they are the weakest.'—'Were all your wives white?'—'No; I had a negress.'—'And will the children of the negress inherit as well as the others?'—'Yes; the colour makes no difference; I have already told you all my children are my children.'—'Did you know your wives before you married them?'—'No; I never saw one of them.'—'And how did you choose them?'—'There are old women who tell us in what families there are pretty girls.'—'How does the father induce the daughter to marry?'—'He does not consult her; the daughter obeys the father.'—'When is the stipulated dowry paid to the father?'—'Half is given at the time of the marriage; the other half is kept as a surety; the wife could run away and get a divorce at the end of three months.'—'And if she runs away with a man?'—'She is condemned to death, together with her accomplice.'—'When your wives do not agree, how do you make them obey and live quiet?'—'We reason with them; and if that does not do, we beat them.'—'If there is a divorce, does the wife take back the children?'—'The children are mine; I have to account for them before God.'—'Do you see other women sometimes?'—'Never; we only see our sisters, our daughters, and our neices.'"

FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURRUM, AT CALCUTTA.

[In the Confessions of a Thug, just published by Captain Meadows Taylor, which describes the fearful death-doings of this horrid race, allusion is made, at the most interesting part, to the "Festival of Hossein," and Ameer Ali

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arrives at the city when the inhabitants are celebrating the event. To bring before our readers this startling ceremony, and further to illustrate the work in question, is the intention of the article subjoined.]

The Mohurrum, as it is termed in the vernacular tongue of the Indians, is a festival which the Mahommetans enthusiastically celebrate in remembrance and honour of Hossein, the second son of the prophet, by Fatima. The circumstances which led to this consecrated observance, are these. There being a vacancy in the Caliphate, the inhabitants of Cufa sent an embassage to Hossein, requesting him to accept the throne of his fathers. Hossein, in answer to the invitation, set out immediately from Cufa with his family and troops. Yezzed, a hostile claimant to the same throne, hearing of this, despatched after him an army of ten hundred men, which, posting themselves between Hossein's army and the Euphrates, cut off, by this movement, his supply of water.

Under the sultry skies of Mesopotamia, day by day, through want of the first necessary support of nature, is Hossein, the son of the prophet, pining and wasting away. Vainly did he raise the feeble cry of thirst; there was no hand nigh, even were it to administer a spongeful of vinegar. Day after day his troops decreased, till at length, seventy alone stood round their master. It would have been evidently nothing short of an act of utter desperation, with his feeble and emaciated number, to attempt to cut a pathway through the host of Yezzed, which separated them from the flowing waters of El Phraat. Yet, few even as they were, and reduced by thirst and sickness, many encounters were waged by them, and the contest was still upheld by them with invincible boldness. At length, even hope fled. On the tenth of Mohurrum, the well-refreshed and vigorous hosts of Yezzed came closing around them gradually on all sides, with feet swift to shed blood. An arrow at that eventful moment flew from the bow of an Yezzedian archer, and the blue-eyed Asher, the infant son of Hossein, beloved by all for his comeliness, innocence, and beauty, fell lifeless into the arms of his father. This was alone sufficient to have unstrung the sinews of Hossein, but lionlike of courage, he flinched not from the combat, till pierced with wounds, and exhausted by thirst and faintness, he fell sword in hand; on that same day, his head was fixed as a ghastly spectacle on the gates of Damascus, the residence of his rival Yezzed.

The remembrance of these sad events, which so calamitously befell their forefather Hossein, is solemnly kept on the tenth of Mohurrum, by the Mahommetans who attach to his sect. On the first day of this festival, the rostra, or pulpits throughout Calcutta, belonging to those of his persuasion, are occupied by the priests. From these elevated stations, they recite to the listening crowds, the life and actions of Ali and his son Hossein; they paint in the most impassioned and vivid colouring, the melancholy fate of that son, the second of the prophet; and highly they excite the minds of their hearers by the pathos of their eloquence. Gradually, the audience become moved as the orator himself becomes impassioned; presently a stifled hum of wrath runs through the crowded assembly, waiting for the cessation of the speaker, to break out into force and violence. He finishes his harangue. No breast is there in that large assembly, but is struck with frantic violence in token of their harrowed feelings—they weep, the women weep, pouring the plentiful tears at the death of that royal infant; then arises a doleful cadence, descriptive of pain and anguish and lamentation, and they cry out in lugubrious accents, like the women who wept for Tammuz, "Heif az Hossein," "Alas, alas, for Hossein."

During each day of this solemnity, some particular act of the story is represented by people selected for personating the different characters concerned; effigies and large machines are carried in procession through the streets; crowds follow, personating the armies of Yezzed and of Hossein, each under their respective banners and ensigns. One pageant represents the Caliph Yezzed sumptuously enthroned and surrounded by shining troops; every part of the machinery, though constructed merely for the occasion, is burnished with silver and gold, and in point of grandeur and splendid scenery, the whole exhibition is showy and gaudy in the extreme.

On some occasions the sacred pigeons, with their fair white and blue plumage, and which the pious Mussulmen believe to have carried the news of Hossein's death to Medina, are represented with their milk-white beaks reddened with his blood, confirmatory of their intelligence. "On other days," says a recent traveller, "the holy horses, on which Hossein and his princely brother Abbas are supposed to have rode, are represented to the people, and are painted as covered thickly with scars and gashes, and pierced with countless shafts. By such vivid representations as these, the zeal of the multitude is raised to a degree of ardour approaching to frenzy; some, like the ancient priests of Baal, inflict voluntary wounds upon themselves; some engage in conflicts with naked weapons, seeming to court and solicit death; and not a few, during the course of the Mohurrum, are slain; and as often as this happens, it is their uniform belief that the souls of the deceased are instantaneously wafted to Paradise. The more rigid and pious of the Mahommetans abstain almost entirely from water during the ten days of this solemnity, in commemoration of the dreadful sufferings endured by this holy Saint Hossein from the want of that element.

On the tenth day, the coffins of those slain in battle are brought forth, stained with blood; on these are laid the glittering scimetar and turban of the deceased, decorated with noble

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plumery. Then follows the opening of the tomb, the shovelling in of the heavy earth on the hollow lid, and the last dread shutting of the door which fastens the mansion of the grave.

After this committal to the earth of the fancied remains of their revered Hossein, the priests again mount the pulpits, and again read that nervous and pathetic history. And the whole terrific service winds up with dark blasphemies, curses, and anathemas heaped on the head of Caliph Yezzed and his adherents. W. A.

Biography.

LIFE OF MOLIERE.

(*Concluded from page* 380.)

MOLIERE, after prosecuting his career for some time in the North of France, approached the capital, where he secretly nourished the hope of bettering his condition, and increasing his reputation; he entered it in 1658, and again received the protection of his august college companion, and through his instrumentality acquired still higher patronage; that of his Highness the King's brother, and finally that of the King himself.

There existed at this time in Paris a society which bore the name of l' hotêl de Rambouillet, where it held its meetings. This society, which began under the ministry of Cardinal Richelieu, was the model by which all formed at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. were constituted. The same form existed everywhere; and Molière, from the very commencement of his career, sought to change it. When we call to mind, says M. Pettitot, that the most exalted personages of the court thought it an honour to belong to this society; that in Paris, as in the provinces, one was never thought of the *bon ton*, unless imitating this; that the celebrated Montansier had married Mademoiselle de Rambouillet; that Bossuet and Montansier first became known from this society; then may we arrive at something like a just estimate of Molière's influence, when we see him daring to attack with ridicule that which had maintained its sway for so long a time. Affected delicacy, puerile research for forms of expression, grave dissertations on worthless subjects, romantic topics formed the staple of conversation amongst the members of this celebrated society. Molière had the good fortune to obtain admittance, and had also plenty of leisure to note their proceedings, which he has so well pourtrayed in "les Précieuses Ridicules," written in 1659, in which he attacks, with much spirit, the absurdities of the hotel de Rambouillet. One might almost suppose, that the affected jargon of Tripolius in the "Femmes Savantes," one of Molière's best pieces, was exaggerated, but a single extract will dissipate this idea. Trissotin, at his entrance in the first scene of the fourth act of the "Femmes Savantes," says to Philaminte,

"*Nous l'avons en dormant Madame échappé belle*
Un monde auprès de nous est passé tout du long."

He then imitates an absurdity of the hotel, which consisted in conversing among themselves on the phenomenons of nature in a light and frivolous tone. Some wiseacres having thought they had discovered some spots on the sun's disc, this mighty discovery excited no small stir in the society. One day, Voiture being there, and being asked by Madame Rambouillet if he had any news, replied, Madame, the news is all about the sun's spots. The following is Voiture's compliment to Madame Rambouillet,—"It seems to me that you resemble yourself, like as two drops of water, the sea and you; there is, however, this difference, that the sea, all vast and grand as it is, has its limits, and that you have *none*; for all those who have the pleasure of knowing you, acknowledge that your greatness of soul and fertility of genius have no end or restriction." Such was the language which then infested good society, and from which Molière has for ever banished it.

The comedy of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," succeeded to the utmost expectations of its author: so great was its popularity, that people came to Paris from twenty leagues round to see it. The profit was so immense, that after its second performance the comedians were paid double. It was at the second representation that an old gentleman, unable to resist his admiration, exclaimed from the middle of the pit, Courage! courage, Molière! what a splendid comedy!

His "Don Garcie de Navarre," an heroic comedy, published shortly after, had a less degree of applause; but he soon made up for this by the success of "l' Ecole des Maris," a comedy of manners, character, and intrigue. The Adelphi of Terence had furnished him with the primary idea for this piece, but all the rest is his exclusively. "This piece," says a contemporary whom we have before cited, "we must consider as one of his *chefs d'œuvres*, the most elevated, with the same perfection both in style, personification of the characters, and in the general arrangements of the intrigue."

It was in 1666 that his reputation was at its height. This year, the "Misantrope," and "Le Médecin malgré lui," appeared; the latter of which is, perhaps, the most amusing of our author's comedies.

At this time, Molière was very far from being happy. Knowing the follies of mankind, and picturing them with such fidelity and exactitude, he was still by no means exempt from them himself, and had had the weakness to marry a lady young enough for his daughter, which imprudent conduct caused him much uneasiness, so much so, that he differed little from his Arnolphe and Leganarelle, in whom he has so well pourtrayed love and jealousy. To these domestic annoyances were soon after

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added the trials and persecutions he endured on the performance of his best comedy, perhaps the best ever written, "Le Tartuffe." On the second day of the first presentation, (1667,) an order came from the first President to prohibit its performance. Attracted by the success of the first night, a great number had assembled to see, in their turn, this beautiful comedy, and, of course, Molière had to render them some apology for its non-performance, which he did in these terms,—"Gentlemen, we were about to show you *the Hypocrite*, but monsieur the President will not allow us to perform it."

In his Amphytrion, (1688,) he imitates the *chef d'œuvre* of Plautus, and he surpasses it. In the "Avare," (1688,) he borrowed from the Latin comedy the idea of a character which he rendered more dramatic and moral;—that of an intrigue, which he made much more lively and *piquant*. To these followed, in quick succession, George Dandin, Monsieur Pourceaugnac, les Amans magnifiques, and the Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Molière's health now beginning to decline, he remained as much as possible at his retreat at Auteil. It was there that a very singular scene occurred, which is related in all its details by Louis Racine. Boileau, Chapelle, and La Fontaine, were supping with Molière, who did his utmost to make things agreeable for them; but, for all that, he observed that there was a kind of uneasiness on their minds. The wine having thrown them into a serious humour, they began to reflect on the miseries of life, and next on that maxim of the ancient; *the first happiness is to have never been born; the second of dying quickly*: they at last determined on the heroic resolution of going out immediately to precipitate themselves into the river; they accordingly set out, and were not far distant from the river, when Molière represented to them with much *sang froid*, that so good an action ought not to be performed in the obscurity of night, and that it would be of much greater merit if performed at daylight. They stopped, and said, looking at each other: *He is right;* "*Yes, Sirs,*" *replied Chapelle,* "*we only delay it till to-morrow, and in the mean time let us have some of the wine that remains!*" The following day, as Molière had presumed, their ideas were altered, and they judged it best to support the miseries of life.

"*Le Malade Imaginaire,*" terminated his dramatic career. It is an excellent comedy, which degenerates into a farce; the two first acts are a table of human existence; the last is an improbable masquerade. On the day of the fourth performance of "*Le Malade Imaginaire,*" Molière suffered more than ordinary in his lungs. They tried to persuade him not to play, but their efforts were ineffectual; he DID play, and in the course of the performance, at the very moment as he was uttering the word *Juro*, he was seized with a convulsion, which he attempted in vain to hide under a forced laugh. They immediately carried him home, where he was attended with the utmost care; but all was useless, and he died soon after, suffocated with the blood which issued from his mouth in torrents. This was on Friday, the 17th February, 1673, he being only 51 years old. Many anecdotes are related of his generosity, which sufficiently show the amiability of his character.

The rites of sepulture were at first refused to Molière, but the king prevailed on the Archbishop of Paris to allow them, on condition that the ceremony should be celebrated without any pomp. He was accordingly buried by two priests, who accompanied the body, without chanting, in the cemetery behind the Chapel of St. Joseph, Rue Montmartre. Even on the morning of his interment his wife had been obliged to appease the rage of a bigoted mob, which had assembled at her door, by flinging out a hundred pistoles. It is scarcely possible to read the treatment of Molière's remains without indignation. G. M. W.

Sports and Pastimes.

CORSICAN HUNT IN THE VALLIES OF THE MAZZOLINO AND LUZZOPEJO, NEAR CALVI.

THE hunters, departing from Calenzana at daybreak, arrived by evening in the valley of Mazzolino, where they encamped for the night. As soon as dawn began to appear, four peasants were sent out with dogs to beat the bush, while the hunters repaired to different posts marked out for them by Mr. Joseph Marini, director of the chase, and one of the most skilful and distinguished huntsmen of Corsica. I must remark here, sir, that hunting has not been carried to the same perfection with us as with you; that depends chiefly on the nature of the country. Thus, among us, all hunts, whether of the stag, of the wild boar, or even small game, are conducted in nearly the same way; always on foot, without horn or trumpet. We have no other means of rousing the wild animals than the cries of the dogs and the men—no other means of getting at them but the musket and the ambush.

The thickets, which we call *mackis*, are so intricate and extensive, that it would be quite impossible for us to follow the game on horseback, or to use any other method of reaching it but a foot-chase. While one part of the huntsmen is engaged in tracking and starting the animals, another lies in ambush at certain points, where they know beforehand the game must pass, and in that way it is always the musket that does service. Sometimes it happens that they rouse a stag, wound it, but cannot secure the prey; such is the strength of that animal, that, though covered with wounds, and losing much blood, it escapes the pursuit of the boldest huntsmen. So that, if care were not taken to start boars, hares, and partridges, at the same time with a stag, we should be often

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obliged to return to our tents with empty hands, without having gratified the vanity of a sportsman.

The huntsmen then were at their respective posts, and the quest was followed with ardour and determination. A signal was soon made from the heights, and a stag of prodigious size appeared. The dogs at once set on him in the plain, and he was immediately hit by several balls. His strength, for a moment, seemed doubled; but it soon deserted him, and he fell exhausted on the bank of a rivulet. While some of the huntsmen were busy with the stag, another set took aim at a herd of wild boars, which now showed itself in great force; eighty were counted; but between the difficulty of the ground, and the disorder introduced among the huntsmen by the different movements made to reach the wounded stag, we could only kill four. The others, part of which were wounded, effected their escape.

We now turned our attention to the smaller game. We advanced in the direction of the beautiful valley of Mazzolino, where the localities are so favourable, and the game in such great abundance, that, in a few hours, we killed fifteen hares and about one hundred partridges. The manager of the hunt, Mr. Joseph Marini, had his firelock still loaded, while the huntsmen were passing from one valley to the other; a covey of partridges suddenly rose; he fired at one, and hit it at the junction of the neck, which he severed from the body. I state this fact that you may remark the address of our huntsmen.

This hunt, favoured by splendid weather, which is very general in our country, was one of the luckiest that has been known. The vallies of Mazzolino and Luzzopeja approach the sea on the side of Galeria. The Faugo, a river which crosses a part of the forest, throws itself into the gulf below the town of Génois, and forms in that place a kind of marsh, bordered by willows, on which the wild vine climbs; the spot is full of water-fowl, and you may have excellent sport there with the mallard, the sea-duck, and a particular kind of wild-goose.—*Times.*

The Naturalist.

THE PROTEUS.

Professor Jules Cloquet has brought with him from the grottos of Adelsberg, not one *proteus*, but five, two only of which, however, have reached Paris alive. We have seen these curious reptiles, and have been highly interested. They have the form of a salamander, or lizard, about six or seven inches long; their heads are flattish, and resemble those of an adder. They are either entirely blind, or at least, no vestige of eyes can be observed. At the sides of the head are *bronchiæ*, which float about in the water, and are not unlike small coral branches; their feet are very short and flexible; the fore ones having three fingers, the hinder only two. The tail is flattened transversely, is semi-transparent, and endowed with great mobility. Two of these creatures are of a fine white colour, tinged with pink; the third is black, and was given to the Professor by a chymist of Trieste, who had kept it exposed to a feeble light for several months, thereby causing the change of colour. These reptiles keep themselves, in general, quite tranquil at the bottom of the water, and come, from time to time, to the surface to breathe, making a slight gurgling noise when they do so. They sink by allowing a portion of air to escape by means of the *bronchiæ*. When the water is disturbed, they quit their apparent state of torpor, and move about with the greatest rapidity, sometimes putting their bodies partially out of the water, and then plunging again with the greatest quickness. Some distinguished naturalists intend carefully to examine these reptiles, the habits of which are so little known, and which have hitherto been found only in the subterranean waters of Carniola.—*French Paper.*

The Public Journals.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.
[Blackwood and T. Cadell.]

[Unquestionably "Blackwood's" is the most splendidly-intellectual periodical of the day; for deepness of research and brilliancy of imagination it is without a parallel; and, giant-like, handles the most difficult and obstructive passages with that playful ease indicative of a powerful mind. In No. ccxc. is a chapter, entitled *Dinner, Real and Reputed*; from which we extract the following remarks:—]

Origin of Roast Pig in China.

We have always admired, and always shall admire, as the very best of all human stories, Charles Lamb's account of the origin of *roast pig* in China. Ching Ping, it seems, had suffered his father's house to be burned down: the outhouses were burned along with the house; and in one of these the pigs, by accident, were roasted to a turn. Memorable were the results for all future China and future civilization. Ping, who (like all China beside) had hitherto eaten his pig raw, now for the first time tasted it in a state of torrefaction. Of course he made his peace with his father by a part (tradition says a leg) of the new dish. The father was so astounded with the discovery, that he burned his house down once a-year for the sake of coming at an annual banquet of roast pig. A curious prying sort of a fellow, one Chang Pang, got to know of this. He also burned down a house with a pig in it, and had his eyes opened. The secret was ill kept. The discovery spread. Many great conversions were made. Houses were blazing in every part of the Celestial Empire. The insurance offices took the matter up. One Chong Pong, detected in the very act of shutting up a pig in his drawing-room, and then

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firing a train, was indicted on a charge of arson. The chief-justice of Pekin, on that occasion, requested an officer of the court to hand him a piece of the roast pig, the *corpus delicti;* for pure curiosity led him to taste: but within two days after it was observed that his lordship's town-house was burned down. In short, all China apostatized to the new faith; and it was not until some centuries had passed, that a great genius arose, who established the second era in the history of roast pig, by showing that it could be had without burning down a house.

Dinner Time, 1700—1839.

In 1700, a large part of London took a meal at two P. M., and another at seven or eight P. M. In 1839, a large part of London is still doing the very same thing, taking one meal at two, and another at seven or eight. But the names are entirely changed: the two o'clock meal used to be called *dinner*, and is now called *luncheon;* the eight o'clock meal used to be called *supper*, and is now called *dinner.*

Precisely as the rebellion of 1745 arose, did people (but observe, very great people) advance to four P. M. Pope complained to a friend of Lady Suffolk, whom he loved, dining so late. Cowper, in his poem on conversation, written about 1780, or a little earlier, mentions four as the elegant hour for dinner. About 1804-5, the colleges at Oxford dined at three and four, till about Waterloo, six was promoted to the fixed station of dinner-time in ordinary; and there, perhaps, it will rest for centuries. For a more festal dinner, seven, eight, nine, or ten have been in requisition.

The Roman Toga.

The Roman was the idlest of men. "Man and boy," he was "an idler in the land." He called himself and his pals "rerum dominos, gentemque togatam;" *the gentry that wore the toga.* Yes, and a pretty affair that "toga" was. Just figure to yourself, reader, the picture of a hard-working man, with horny hands like our hedgers, ditchers, weavers, porters, &c., setting to work on the high-road in that vast, sweeping toga, filling with a strong gale, like the mainsail of a frigate. Conceive the roars with which this magnificent figure would be received into the bosom of a poor-house detachment, sent out to attack the stones on some new line of road, or a fatigue party of dustmen sent upon secret service. Had there been nothing left as a memorial of the Romans but that one relic—their immeasurable toga,*—we should have known that they were born and bred to idleness. In fact, except in war, the Roman never did any thing at all but sun himself.

* "*Immeasurable toga.*" It is very true, that in the time of Augustus, the *toga* had disappeared amongst the lowest plebs, and greatly Augustus was shocked at that spectacle. It is a very curious fact in itself, especially as expounding the main cause of the civil wars. Mere poverty, and the absence of bribery from Rome, whilst all popular competition for offices drooped, can alone explain this remarkable revolution of dress.

LIBRARY OF FERRARA.

(*From Valery's Travels in India.*)

The number of volumes is about eighty thousand, and of manuscripts nine hundred. The rooms are beautiful, and the volumes in perfect condition. In the first of the three large rooms are the portraits of Ferrarese cardinals, eighteen in number; among them may be remarked that of Ippolito d'Este, said to be a good geometrician for his day, the unworthy Mecænas of Ariosto. * * The cardinal's physiognomy and black beard by no means contradict the well-known gibe he is said to have uttered when Ariosto presented his poem to him, a word, moreover, in strict conformity with Italian manners. * * A room more interesting than this gallery of cardinals, is that of the Ferrarese authors, from the oldest down to Monti and Cicognara. * * The collection of writings, minor pieces, and papers, of the Ferrarese authors, is nearly complete. There are the manuscripts, fragments of some cantos of the *Furioso,* (as the Italians call Orlando,) covered with corrections. Ariosto always revised and polished his poem, although he might have sought the advice of Bembo, (who had advised him to write in Latin,) Molza, Navagero, and other distinguished wits of Italy; he kept the first edition of it in one of his apartments, that he might take the advice of his visitors. The twenty-first and seven following strophes of Canto 11, on the invention of gunpowder, have fewer erasures: the strophe,

Come trovasti, o scellerata e brutta,

has not even a single correction; but it seems the manuscript here has been transcribed from the first sketch by Ariosto himself, for the passage is very elaborate. It may be observed that the poet showed some independence in this eloquent imprecation against artillery, as the Duke Alfonso, a martial prince, paid great attention to his cannon foundry, and had the finest train then existing. Alfieri, bending reverentially before the manuscript, obtained permission to inscribe the words *Vittorio Alfieri vide e venerò* 18 *giugno* 1783. The custode, a singularly solemn and pathetic personage, expressing himself *con la cantilena romana,* shows even the trace of a tear shed by Alfieri. The manuscript of the *Scholastica,* one of Ariosto's comedies, is very little corrected; but this piece was incomplete when he died, and his brother Gabriele finished it. * * The manuscript of the satires is in good preservation, and curious for the different corrections in the poet's own hand. Ariosto's arm-chair and inkstand are kept in the library; the elegance of the latter, in bronze, strikingly contrasts with the homely simplicity of the walnut-tree chair; the inkstand, a present from Alfonso, and said to be cast from a drawing by Ariosto, is surmounted by a little Cupid, with the forefinger of the right hand laid on his lips. Several of Ariosto's biographers pretend, that this silent Cupid is an emblem of his discretion in his love intrigues. * * There

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is another manuscript in the library of Ferrara not less worthy than Ariosto's of Alfieri's devout inscription; it is the *Gerusalemme*, corrected by Tasso's own hand during his captivity. The words *Laus Deo* are written by the unfortunate poet at the end of his almost sacred manuscript. There are a great many suppressed passages in it, and several successive pages are sometimes crossed out. * * Among the other manuscripts of Tasso are nine letters, dated from the hospital of Saint Anne; I saw the following verses exhibited, written also from his prison to the Duke Alfonso, the *magnanimous Alfonso!*

Piango il morir, nè piango il morir solo,
Ma il Modo, e la mia fe', che mal rimbomba,
Che col nome veder sepolta parmi.
Nè piramidi, o Mete, o di Mausolo,
Mi saria di conforto aver la tomba,
Ch' altre moli innalzar credea co' carmi.

One must read these verses of Tasso in his own handwriting, at Ferrara, to feel the sorrow, desolation, and anguish, that they express. * * The manuscript of Guarini's *Pastor Fido* seems subordinate and vulgar beside those of Ariosto and Tasso. * * The manuscript of the *Pastor Fido* was sent by Guarini to his *protégé*, Leonardo Salviati, President of the Academy *Della Crusca*, the unlucky reviser of Boccaccio and Zoilus of Tasso, who made some few corrections, on the manuscript, chiefly grammatical, to which Guarini did not in every instance accede. * * Lord Byron mentions, as existing at the library of Ferrara, a letter from Titian to Ariosto, which I deeply regretted not being able to find. * * The letter, pretended to be Titian's, inserted in the *Giornale delle provincie Venete* of the year 1825, is only by his pupil and secretary, the Venetian Giovanni Maria Verdizzotti, a clever landscape painter; it is not addressed to Ariosto, but his nephew Orazio. It treats of the *Gerusalemme liberata*, and is dated in the month of February, 1588, being more than fifty years posterior to Ariosto's death, and twelve after Titians. The ancient choir book of the Carthusians is now in the library; it forms eighteen atlas volumes, covered with brilliant miniatures, the work of Cosmè's school. A *Bible*, in one volume, apparently by the same artists, is equally large and magnificent. The library of Ferrara is rich in first editions of Ariosto, having as many as fifty-two. Bayle, and other protestant writers, are wrong in accusing Leo X. of having, almost at the same time, expressed his approbation of the profane *Furioso* by a bull, and anathematised Luther and his books. The pope's bull affixed to the first edition is only a privilege, a guarantee against piracy; there is no question of excommunicating the critics of the poem, as some have pretended, but only those who might print and sell it without the author's consent; it is the act of a prince, not of a pontiff. The anathemas of Leo X., too, against Luther, were long subsequent to this first edition. * * The library of Ferrara offers a great number of fine editions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and such rarities are well placed there. Ferrara was one of the most illustrious towns that cherished printing in its infancy; its first editions closely followed those of Rome and Venice; it had even an advantage over the greater number of Italian towns to which the first printers were strangers; its own Andrea Gallo, who printed in 1471, and very correctly, the *Commentaries* of Servius on Virgil, in folio, and the *Achilleid* of Statius, the existence of which has been erroneously disputed, was a native of Ferrara. The second printer of Ferrara, Agostino Carnerio, was also, very probably, of that town; he first printed Boccaccio's *Theseid*, with the *Commentaries* of Pietro Andrea de Bassi, another Ferrarese. Such a circumstance announces already a kind of literary glory and prosperity at Ferrara, though Bassi's *Commentary* is too prolix, the edition ineligant, and this first attempt of *ottava rima*, said to be created by Boccaccio, was faulty and ungraceful, still far distant from the harmonious octaves of Ariosto and Tasso, which were composed on the same spot that saw the first printed. The following year, 1476, a Hebrew printing-office was established at Ferrara, by Duke Ercole I., some years after the elder Aldus, before settling at Venice, had attended the lessons of Giambattista Guarini at Ferrara; he was indebted to this clever master for his ability to publish, in after days, such excellent Greek editions, and to compose his Greek Grammar, which is still esteemed. According to the *Ricerche bibliografiche sulle edizioni Ferraresi del sec.* XV. of S. Antonelli, under-librarian of Ferrara, published in 1830, more than a hundred editions were given during the first thirty years of the fifteenth century, by nine printers, a number much above the present. One of the chief rarities of the library of Ferrara, is the *Musculorum humani corporis picturata dissectio*, by the great Ferrarese anatomist, physician, and surgeon, of the sixteenth century, Giambattista Canani, who had some faint idea of the circulation of the blood, an undated edition, without imprint, but most likely of 1541, illustrated with plates, engraved by the celebrated Geronimo Carpi.

GEOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.

A BEAUTIFUL specimen of the fir tribe has just been dug from the Stevenson freestone quarry. The trunk, stems, and leaves, are as perfectly formed and portrayed in this piece of solid rock, as those now growing in the neighbourhood. This tree, along with a cluster of nuts, five in number, which composed part of the stone, was thirty feet from the surface, being twenty feet below the present level of the sea. The nuts and the leaves, stem and trunk, are of a dark-brown colour; while the surrounding body of the stone is a bluish-white, which gives these fragments the appearance of the finest fresco painting.—*Ayr Observer.*

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ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

LINNÆUS.

THE head of this celebrated botanist had a remarkable protuberance behind. His hair, which was white in infancy, became, in maturer years, of a brownish hue, and eventually in his old age, grey. His eyes were penetrating, and of a hazel colour—their power of vision exquisite. To complete the minute description, we are informed in the "Lives of the Zoologists," that he had an obliterated wart on the right cheek, and another on the corresponding side of the nose. We are further served with a piece of information, we should the less have expected, as the favourite occupation of Linnæus, would have led us to suppose that his temper and disposition were mild as his flowers, calm and serene as the nature he so admired, and loved to study. But it appears that it was far otherwise, for he was of an irascible temperament, and even once had serious thoughts of killing a man—of assassinating him!

His mind was easily excited, either by passion, fear or sorrow, but fortunately the impression was seldom of any continuance. What struck him as worthy of investigation, he did investigate with untiring perseverance; he never relinquished till he had obtained his end, or solved the difficulty. His step was light, and distinguished for activity. He left the whole management of his domestic affairs to his wife.—Nature's productions alone were of any moment to him.

LUTHER, MELANCTHON, AND ZUINGLIUS.

I have once before quoted Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner relative to the dwelling-place of a celebrated character, I must now again refer to him for a description of the great reformer's house. It stands in Marburg, and is still in a very perfect condition. "It is a corner house," says Sir Arthur, "about four stories high, with six windows in front, and the lower part is a china shop." Zuinglius, it appears, lived next door, and you may be shown the very windows out of which these two extraordinary men held frequent conversation.

From an old authority, the eyes of Luther were of such remarkable brilliancy, that few could look at them unmoved; we are even assured that one sent to murder him, stopped short with amazement, and that "for the life of him, he could not do his treacherous business," in such a lively manner did the eyes of the reformer flash.

Like most men whose pursuits necessarily called forth the utmost energies of the mind, Luther was of a very abstemious temperament. He could spend whole days without eating a morsel of food, and yet feel but slight inconvenience. "I have seen him," says Melancthon, "in a state of good health, continue four days together without eating or drinking any thing at all, and many days together to content himself with a little bread and a single herring." But notwithstanding the greatness of his mind, Luther was possessed with the superstitions of the time. Melancthon, who was his best friend, and whose gentleness often checked his warm and precipitate measures, has related many instances in which his illustrious friend has either thought himself directly thwarted in his views by Satan, or has sustained a terrible conflict with the great disturber of man's happiness. Melancthon himself, be it understood, was a firm believer in the same illusions, and has handed down to us some instances on his own account. The following is, perhaps, one of the most striking. It appears that he had an aunt, who, sitting sad by the fire one night, after her husband's death, there entered two persons in the house, one of which bore the resemblance of her lately departed husband. The other was an abbot. "The husband came to the fire-side, saluted his wife, and bade her fear nothing, for that he only came to give orders for some things; whereupon, having wished the monk to withdraw, he wished her to hire a certain priest, to say masses for his soul's health, and then desired her to give him her hand. The frightened woman durst not, but he, promising that she should receive no hurt, she then complied with his desire. But though she had no hurt upon her hand, yet by that touch it seemed so burnt, that it was black to the day of her death!"

Manlius, who was intimate with Melancthon, has narrated, from his own personal relation, *ce qui s'ensuit:*—Theodorus Gaza, by the gift of Pope Nicholas V., had a farm in Campagne. In this farm a labourer had dug up an urn containing some bones. "There appeared to him a spirit, who commanded him to re-inter that urn, and if he refused to do it, his son should die. When the labourer neglected to do as he was bid, soon after his son was found dead. Some days after, the spirit appeared to him, threatening that he would kill his other son, unless he should bury those bones where he found them. The labourer, admonished by what had befallen him, and perceiving that his other son already sickened, told the matter to Theodorus Gaza. He went with him to the farm, and in the same place where they were found, he committed again to the earth, both the bones and the urn, which done, the son recovered."

Before relating any anecdote concerning Luther, it would be as well, perhaps, to premise that he, the great reformer, not only often expected a visit from the devil, but even went so far as to believe that flies were devils—the poor man must have been rather annoyed on a hot summer's day; few people would relish being possessed of such a thought.

There is actually to this day, a room to be

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seen in some town of Germany, the name of which I forget, one whole side of which is quite bespattered with ink. The reformer, who, in his holy work, expected opposition from all quarters, and from the enemy of mankind, of course, chiefly, here threw his inkstand at him, as he stood behind his chair, looking at what he was writing. Fortunately for the devil, he had the power to make himself suddenly invisible, or he might have returned to his dominions in a somewhat impaired condition; perhaps he would not have returned at all, what then!

Melancthon, however, in a very serious strain, gives the following account of a real visit, a visit in which his Satanic majesty condescended to speak, and hold a conference with the reformer. This time he was disguised in a monk's garb. It would appear, first, that he was polite enough to knock at Luther's street door, which, having been opened by a servant, he requested an interview with the master of the house. Luther bade him come in, and inquired his business. He told him that he had some papistical errors, about which he desired some conference with him, and propounded some syllogisms, which Luther having solved with ease, he offered others, which were not so easily solved. Luther, somewhat angry, broke out in these words: "You give me a great deal of trouble, for I have other business in hand which I should dispatch," and withal rising from his seat, he showed the explication of that point which was urged by the monk; and in this conference perceiving that the monk's hands were like the claws of a bird: "Art thou he, then?" said he; "listen to that sentence which is pronounced against thee;" and straightway Luther showed him that passage in Genesis, "the seed of the woman shall break the head of the serpent," and then added, "nor shalt thou devour them all." The devil, angry at this saying, departed.

Luther was coarse in some of his modes of expression, especially when irritated at aspersions cast on any of his opinions. The fashion indeed seemed to have prevailed at that time to have recourse to low and vituperative terms to enforce conviction either on the party addressed or the world at large. Calvin thought it not beneath him to address Luther in such terms as these: "Your whole school is nothing but a stinking stye of pigs; dog, do you understand me? Do you understand me, madman! do you understand me, you great beast!" and Salmasius was in hopes of injuring the fair reputation of our immortal Milton by styling him, "a puny piece of man, an homuncutus, a dwarf deprived of the human figure, a bloodless being, composed but of skin and bone, a contemptible pedagogue, fit only to flog his boys." Latimer, and other eminent divines of that age, it is well known, frequently resorted to low common-place comparisons, in order to impart to their discourses the necessary degree of force and effect. But Luther would seem to have surpassed them all; he was not only "*fortiter in re*," but "*fortiter in modo;*" he spared neither king nor subject, and made no more matter of speaking of our formidable Harry in such words as the following—"It is hard to say if folly could be more foolish, or stupidity more stupid, than is the head of Henry. He has not attacked one with the heart of a king, but with the impudence of a knave; this rotten worm of the earth, having blasphemed the majesty of my king, I have the first right to bespatter his English majesty with his own dirt and ordure. The papists he sets down as asses, saying, that they would always remain asses, and that "put them in whatever sauce you will, boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, hashed, they are always the same asses." But then it must be recollected, that poor Luther had to deal with a very perverse generation; a generation, truly, of vipers; a generation really sufficiently perverse to make any man's blood boil within his veins.

As to Zuinglius, little can be said of him; great as he was, his glory is eclipsed by that of his two contemporaries. His end was an unfortunate one: he was wounded in an engagement near Lucerne, (1531,) and despatched by the sword of a citizen of Unterwalden. His body was afterwards quartered and burned by the public executioner; even his ashes were mixed up with impurities to prevent his relatives having the mournful satisfaction of collecting them.

PEACOCK SHOOTING.

Peacock shooting is an Indian diversion attended with circumstances not common to the shooting of fowl in general. The size and splendour of the object shot at, and the danger with which the diversion is attended, from the religious veneration in which these birds are held by the natives, mark the sport with singular features. About the passes in the Jungleterry districts, Captain Williamson assures us he has seen whole woods covered with their beautiful plumage; and that, speaking within bounds, there could not be less than twelve or fifteen hundred within sight; and also, that when thus congregated, it is not difficult to get within shot of them. The editor of this work was intimate with an officer in the India Company's service, who never could speak of the peacock shooting of India without rapture. In small packs these birds are very shy, and though heavy on the wing, they run so fast as not to be easily flushed. Captain W. says, "The best mode of approaching them is by stealing under the trees at night; if there be a clear moon, so much the better. In this way, by looking up among the foliage, the peacocks may be readily distinguished. When they are very numerous, and when only one bird is wanted, as certain a mode as any

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is to lie in wait behind a bush near their feeding-haunts; but without the most perfect silence is observed, this will not succeed. They are strong birds, and require a smart gun to take proper effect, unless within twenty-five or thirty yards. The best is No. 4, patent shot; and with that size it is right to aim under the wing, if the position of the bird favour such an intention; otherwise, and more especially if the shot be smaller than the size above-mentioned, it is best to aim at the head."
—*Rural Sports.*

THE PERSIAN MAGI.

THE word Magain, or Mige-gush, which in the old Persian language signified a person who had his ears cut off, was first applied to the worshipper's fire, during the reign of Darius. The cause of this name of contempt being given to a whole sect, is said, by most historians, to have been occasioned by the following occurrence. Cambyses had a brother* who accompanied him to the wars, but having become jealous of him, sent him back to Persia, where he was privately murdered. The king, when he went upon his Egyptian expedition, left the supreme government of his affairs in the hands of Patizithes, one of the chiefs of the Magins, who had a brother named Smerdis, who very much resembled Smerdis, the son of Cyrus. Patizithes, being informed of the death of the young prince, and, at the same time, supposing that Cambyses had, by his arbitrary conduct, made himself odious to his subjects, placed his brother, who he asserted was Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, on the throne. At this period, it was the custom of the Persian monarchs to live retired in their palaces, where they transacted all the affairs of state, admitting to their presence none but those in whom they had the highest confidence. This conduct was observed by the usurper; but Otanes, a Persian nobleman, whose daughter, Phedyma, had been one of Cambyses's wives, and who was now kept by Smerdis, being desirous to ascertain whether he was the real son of Cyrus, sent her instructions, that, the first night she lay with him, she should feel whether he had any ears; the brother of Patizithes having had his ears cut off by the orders of Cyrus. On her acquainting her father that he had no ears, Otanes, accompanied by six of the Persian nobles, among whom was Darius, entered the palace, and slew both the usurper and his brother.

These Magi, who, before this occurrence, bore another name, were held in great reputation among the Persians, and were likewise their chief professors of phylosophy. The Magi believed that there were two principles, or gods; one, the cause of all the good, and the other, the cause of all the evil, in the world; but they were not of one opinion in regard to these principles; for, some of them held that both had existed from all eternity; while others maintained, that the good principle only was eternal, the evil principle being an angel who had fallen from his original purity and perfection. These two principles, they believed, were in continual opposition to each other, which opposition was to continue to the end of the world; when, the good principle having overcome the evil principle, they would each of them have a distinct world to himself; the good principle reigning over all good beings, and the evil principle over all the wicked. They likewise imagined, that darkness was the symbol of the evil god, and light the symbol of the good god; for which reason, they always worshipped the good principle before fire, its being the cause of light, but more especially before the sun, which they accounted the most perfect light; in short, they paid divine honours to light, to the sun, to the fire in their temples, and to fire in their houses; but, at the same time, they had a great dislike to darkness, which they supposed was a representation of the evil god, whom they held in the utmost detestation. Such were the principle articles of faith of the ancient Magi, and such are likewise the opinions of the Guebres, or worshippers of fire, who, at the present period, form a numerous sect, among the inhabitants of Persia and India.

W. G. C.

* This brother, who was the only son of Cyrus, besides himself, is called by Xenophon, Tanaoxares; by Herodotus, Smerdis; and by Justin, Margis.

RATES OF POSTAGE OF LETTERS.

GENERAL POST.

				s.	d.
Weight not exceeding	½	ounce	. .	0	4
Ditto	ditto	1	ditto . . .	0	8
Ditto	ditto	2	ditto . . .	1	4
Ditto	ditto	3	ditto . . .	2	0
Ditto	ditto	4	ditto . . .	2	8
Ditto	ditto	5	ditto . . .	3	4
Ditto	ditto	6	ditto . . .	4	0
Ditto	ditto	7	ditto . . .	4	8
Ditto	ditto	8	ditto . . .	5	4
Ditto	ditto	9	ditto . . .	6	0
Ditto	ditto	10	ditto . . .	6	8
Ditto	ditto	11	ditto . . .	7	4
Ditto	ditto	12	ditto . . .	8	0
Ditto	ditto	13	ditto . . .	8	8
Ditto	ditto	14	ditto . . .	9	4
Ditto	ditto	15	ditto . . .	10	0
Ditto	ditto	16	ditto . . .	10	8

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The Gatherer.

Etiquette under Oliver Cromwell.—Ambassadors were received by the Protector standing on a platform raised three steps above the floor, on which was a chair of state. They were instructed to make three reverences; one at the entrance, a second at the midway, and a third at the lower step, each of which Cromwell acknowledged by a slight inclination of the head. The ambassadors of the States were invited to dine with him. Oliver sate alone on one side of the table; they, with some lords of the council, on the other.

First Hebrew Bible.—From the year 1477, when the Psalter appeared in Hebrew, different parts of Scripture, in the original, continued to issue from the press; and in the year 1488, a complete Hebrew Bible was printed at Soncino, a city of Cremonese, by a family of Jews, who, under the adopted name of Soncinati, established printing presses in various parts of Europe, including Constantinople. This department of typography was almost entirely engrossed by the Jews in Italy, until the year 1518, when an edition of the Hebrew Scriptures, accompanied with various readings, and rabbinical commentaries, proceeded from the splendid press which Daniel Bomberg had recently erected at Venice.—*M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy.*

During the reign of Cromwell, when stage-plays in public were so strictly prohibited, there were, besides the entertainments set on foot by Sir William Davenant at Rutland-house, occasional representations of plays at the houses of the nobility; and Holland-house, among its other memorable associations, is particularly mentioned as having been used for this purpose. These performances, however, though clandestine, or at least connived at by the ruling powers, had for their object to give relief to the unemployed players, who performed on these occasions.

Terrestrial Magnetism.—M. E. Capucci, Director of the Observatory at Naples, has reported, that he has determined, by observations with Gamby's instruments, that after the eruption of Vesuvius on the 1st of January last, that *the dip of the needle suddenly diminished half a degree at least.*

By recent experiments made at Metz, it has been ascertained that a 16-pounder impels its ball, with the ordinary charge of powder, 506 yards in the first second of time, and that, by increasing the charge, it may be projected 817 yards within the same space of time.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable, with interest, about thirty years after date.

As daylight can be seen through small holes, so do little things show a person's character.

Date of the first Invention of the Celestial and Terrestrial Globes.—In the 12mo. edition printed at London, in "the Abridgement of the English Chronicle, first collected by Mr. John Stow, and after him augmented with *very* many memorable *Antiquities*, and continued with Matters forreine and domesticall, vnto the Beginning of the Yeare 1618," we find the first invention of the *Celestial* and *Terrestrial Globes* in the following words:—"This yeare, 1587, *Master William Saunderson*, of London, Fishmonger, attained the perfection of making the great round Globes, viz. *Celestiall* and *Terrestriall.*"

There were one hundred and seven prisoners for trial at the Marlborough Sessions, of whom forty-four could neither read nor write! and thirty-eight were under twenty years of age! In the same indictment were included, a child *eleven years old only!* and the hoary-headed man of seventy-four!

The Egyptians apply gold leaf with gum to the faces of persons affected with the small-pox, and this prevents marking.

The Alsace states, that a method of printing stuffs with madder has been found out at Vienna. A reward of 30,000fr. for this discovery had been offered in France.

There are living, at Sirey-le-Chateau, in the Haute Marne, four brothers and a sister, born of the same father and mother, whose united ages amount to 423 years.

That man's end is easy and happy, whom death finds with a weak body and a strong soul.—*Bishop Hall.*

Management of Pigs.—The following experiment has been made by a gentleman of Norfolk:—Six pigs, of nearly equal weight, were put to keeping at the same time, and treated the same as to food and litter for seven weeks. Three of them were left to shift for themselves as to *cleanliness;* the other three were kept as clean as possible, by a man employed for the purpose, with a curry-comb and brush. The last consumed, in seven weeks, fewer peas by five bushels than the other three, yet weighed more when killed by two stone and four pounds upon the average.—*Wade's British History.*

Peter Hunne, who, after being buried ten days, was tried for heresy; and, on the 27th of December, 1514, his body was taken up and burnt in Smithfield.

Adversity makes a man wise, not rich.

A fine Suit of Armour has recently been discovered in an old manor-house in the Vienne, which antiquaries declare to have belonged to an officer who fought at the battle of Poictiers. It is to be sent to the Musée d'Artillerie of Paris.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 983.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1839. [PRICE 2*d*.

REDBOURNE CHURCH AND VICARAGE,

LINCOLNSHIRE.

IN a letter from "a country clergyman," which appeared in the *Mirror* in March 1837, the idea was suggested of occasionally introducing views of different parsonage-houses and churches, possessing any local beauty or traditional interest; the writer (Dr. Rudge) gave, as the commencement of a series, a pretty view of "Hawkchurch Church and Parsonage." In accordance with this pleasing suggestion, I have ventured to present a view of Redbourne Church and Vicarage. This village, situate about seventeen miles from Lincoln, possesses, in greater perfection than most others in the neighbourhood, an air of cultivation and order; doubtless, in a great measure, induced by the frequent residence at his paternal seat, of the owner of the hall, his Grace the Duke of St. Albans. No squalid abodes of poverty meet the eye, offending taste and feeling, but cheerful-looking abodes, where labour may rest from toil, and envy not the great.

> "Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
> Each from its nook of leaves,
> And fearless there the lowly sleep,
> As birds beneath the eaves."

The pretty little vicarage bounding the church-yard, with its ivy-clad, rustic porch, and flower-garden, sheltered by the noble trees of the park, is one of those quiet spots of beauty with which, despite the innovations of these railroad days, this happy country still abounds.

It is an ancient building, with a thatched roof, constructed at a time long anterior to those edifices of modern ambition, in which comfort is too often sacrificed to display. The correct taste of the present vicar, (the Reverend E. Harrison,) is evinced in many improvements and additions which have been made; and it now admirably answers to Hannah Moore's eulogy on her friend, Mrs. Garrick's house, at Hampton; "so green, so clean, so bowery, so flowery." The church is a perfect gem amongst village churches, but, comparatively, of modern date; the entrance, a pillared porch of peculiar elegance. There are twelve superb-painted windows in the interior, representing the twelve apostles, and an organ, with a gallery beneath, over the entrance door. Around the altar, at the opposite end, the "dim religious light" from a richly illuminated window falls on the monumental records of former inhabitants of the hall; amongst them is a plain marble slab to the memory of the

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late Duchess of St. Alban's. The remains of this celebrated lady repose in a small mausoleum, separated from the church by a grated iron door. In this cemetery is a painted window, Faith leaning on her anchor, and Hope, with one foot on the earth, for ever looking upward, to the "morning dream of life's eternal day." Appropriate subjects for the silent home of the dead, where thought becomes saddened by a view of the "cold obstruction" which attends on poor mortality.

To the left of the altar, inscribed with letters of brass on black marble, inserted in the wall, is the tomb of an ancient knight or warrior; who, in the days of the fourth Henry, "this perishable dust has left behind." The following is a copy of the inscription, as far as it can be discerned; it has been much injured by the "effacing fingers" of decay and all-destroying time:—

Hic jacet d'us Gerardus Sothill miles qui obiit primo die Augusti anno D'ni Mo. CCCCo. cujus animæ miser. Deus. Amen.

All memory or tradition of Sir Gerard has long passed away, and the durable tomb which so long outlasts its mouldering inhabitant, remains to tell of the fleeting and most transient nature of our little day in this short stage of our being.

Adjoining the church-yard are some grassy hillocks; and a row of hoary willows there, are all which remain to tell the site of Redbourne Castle. Some years ago, the labourers employed in digging for gravel discovered the foundations of some battlemented tower of far-off times. It would not be assuming too much to suppose that the knight of the old tomb has been one of a race who held possession of this long demolished fortress, in times of feudal state, when the present well-ordered village contained only vassals and serfs dependant on some great baron, who had the power of life and death over them. The church at Redbourne has been lately still further improved and adorned, and is now eminent for completeness and beauty. "Few associations (as your Reverend Correspondent observes) are more delightful than such as are excited by the sight of places like these, no less venerable for their antiquity than the *purposes* to which they are dedicated." While musing amongst the marble records of the great, or over the turf-covered graves of the humble sleepers there, should the solemn, yet sweet chime which calls to the pure worship of the sanctuary float over the peaceful scene around, how is the spirit cheered as with a voice telling of immortal hopes, reaching to that state of being where all is durable and without change, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

ANNE R—.

A LAST WISH.

Oh lay me not within the grave,
That bricks and stones enclose,
O'er which no shadowy branches wave,
To guard my last repose.

I could not sleep my last long sleep,
Did stony walls surround me;
My soul would flit about, and weep
That fetters still had bound me.

Oh lay me 'neath some ancient tree,
That spreads its shade afar;
Where my lone grave may smiled on be,
By many a silent star.

Where bounding steps may o'er me press,
And laughing tones are ringing;
And purest joys that can man bless,
Their course around me winging.

Where flowerets deck the emerald sod,
And with their fragrant breath,
Whisper sweet tales of peace and God,
And life, and love, and death.

Lay me, where every season brings
Some sweet and simple token;
Where Nature's fairest, loveliest things,
May sooth a heart that's broken.

Where forest birds may sing my dirge
And hover round my grave;
Or where the distant rolling surge
Proclaims the free blue wave.

There, lay me there, 'mid scenes that life
Hath twin'd in love around me;
Oh lay me far from mortal strife,
Let no dark walls surround me!

GRACE A.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND AMUSEMENTS.

BY J. D. LOCKWOOD, F.N.S.

Christmas is a merrie time
Good mirth therefore to make,
Young men and maids together may
Their legs in dances shake.
We see it with some gentlemen,
A common use to be,
At that time, to provide to have
Some pleasant minstrelsie.

F. LOVEL, 1600.

CHRISTMAS, for the last eighteen hundred "revolving years," has been always looked forward to with two or three different sentiments: at first, with piety and reverence for the holiness of the subject it commemorates; and then, after the lapse of centuries, solemnity, prayer, and fasting, is changed into mirth, revels, and feasting.

In the early ages of Christianity, before vile interpolations had been made in the holy ceremonies of the primitive Church, that day was usually devoted to the singing of hymns of gratitude and thanksgiving to the supreme Being, for the great mercy and love displayed towards his people in sending our Redeemer, the praises of whose humble birth they usually sung on the anniversary of that "blessed day the holie babe was born."

Durand states, in confirmation of the previous remarks, that the bishops of the primitive Christians were accustomed to sing hymns among the clergy of their diocese on Christ-

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mas-day; from whence, beyond all doubt, the carols of the present day derive their origin.

Bishop Taylor observes, that the "*Gloria in excelsis*," the hymn sung by the angels to the mountain shepherds, announcing the nativity of our Saviour, was the earliest carol known.

In the twelfth century, if not at an earlier period, the "*merrie monkes*" composed short legends, in verse, detailing the lives, miracles, and exploits, of the Saints, which are sung on the proper days appropriated to each Saint, and, as a matter of course, the Virgin and her child would not be forgotten; consequently, religious songs or hymns, suited to the occasion, were recited, and frequently accompanied with songs of a different kind. Music was introduced into these ceremonies to give more force and solemnity to the scene; and, if conducted with rigid propriety, would be not only appropriate and attractive, but really calculated to produce a strong religious feeling, and holy veneration, for the day of the birth of our Redeemer.

The term "carol" appears, in its primitive sense, to have signified a species of songs which were sung at dances, and intermingled with some other amusements of a similar kind, so that it might be understood to designate a kind of divertisement of a mixed nature. In the celebrated "*Roman de la Rose*," it appears to be used in this sense; the same may be said of our famous old poet, Chaucer, and others of the period.

The term was subsequently applied to festive songs of a less solemn kind; and these ultimately gaining the ascendency in popular favour, it has, for a long time past, generally, though not altogether exclusively, designated those sung during Christmas time; the hymns which are of a more sedate, solemn, and measured kind, should be strictly distinguished from the Christmas songs and ballads: at the present day, the term seems to apply to a great variety, of both hymns, songs, and ballads, which appear to be indiscriminately confounded together.

About the beginning of the fifteenth century, the custom of singing carols had become quite common. Among the people who were, as at present, recreated by the strolling carol singers, in many of the early specimens of these humble effusions, scraps of monkish Latin were introduced, probably from the Christmas hymns of the Church, which were written in Latin; these fragments of the mutilated hymns were, doubtless, introduced into the carols for the purpose of giving them a little learning and solemnity; these were intended to substitute the early Church hymns, and this they, in a measure, soon effected.

Their popularity increased to such an extent, that one of our earliest printers, the celebrated Wynkyn de Worde made a collection of some of the most popular, and printed a set of them in the year 1521. This collection contains the well-known "*Boar's Head Carol*," which used anciently to be sung by the people upon the introduction of that famous dish on Christmas-day. This ceremony, as most of your readers may know, was originally introduced in derision and hatred of Judaism; the custom now is "*more honoured in the breach than the observance*."

Christmas-day was one of the days set apart for the gross impieties of the "Fête des Foux," which was so commonly celebrated in the Churches of the middle ages. On these occasions, the clergy, deans, deacons, choristers, and, indeed, all connected with the Church, gave themselves up to the most abominable practices,—eating, singing, dancing, and even gambling, was carried on in the Church; the very altar was made a table to eat puddings on; old shoes and leather were burnt for incense; and every profanation that could be thought of was practised. After a long struggle between the heads of the Church and its inferior members, it was ultimately abolished. Those who wish to know more of these extraordinary proceedings, may find them detailed at length in "*De Tilliot's Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Fetes des Foux*," which contains a full account of their "*sottises*," and strange proceedings.

In the Book of Expenses of Elizabeth, Queen of Henry the Seventh, we may see the amount given for a ballad of the carol kind: it is there stated, that William Cornyshe, who appears to have been a court favourite of the time, received the sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence "*for setting of caroll upon Christmas-day in reward*:" a good reward, truly, for the time. These trifles continued to be all the rage during the sixteenth century, and many is the would-be-poet they have kindled into life.

Tusser mentions one to be sung to the tune of "King Solomon," March the 4th, 1570. There is a receipt entered at the Stationer's Company, from Ralf Newbury, for license to print the ballad called "Kynge Solomon," which appears to have been a favourite of the people.

If these old carol tunes could be proved to be now in existence, what a link would they not add to the history, not only of music, but of the general habits of the people, which it is always desirable to know: and nothing so much as songs, festivities, and amusements, can throw light into the dark pages of the history of any country.

In the additional MSS. in the British Museum, Nos. 5465 and 5665, there is a collection of ancient songs, of about the time of Henry the Seventh and Eighth; amongst them are some Christmas carols, and some pious songs. These are set to music, but generally in three and four parts; and, judging by their character, we should say, these compositions are not adapted for the common people, or the "*Ballad screamers, roaring boyes*," of the

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period, as they appear decidedly adapted for those well versed in music.

Among the composers of these reliques, we may find the names of Edmond Targes, Gilbert Banaster, and the before-mentioned William Cornyshe; and, probably, the carol for which he was rewarded by 13*s.* 4*d.* may be among them.

During the reign of "*Good Queen Bess*," carols were commonly sung by strollers during the night about Christmas time, who made the gabled streets ring again, by their lusty roaring out of these carol ditties. This custom they abused, and made it a pretext for collecting money; which custom the "*Waits*" of the present day still keep up, who are not less noisy and importunate than their ancient carol brethren.

The Reformation added not a little to the success and extension of the carols of the period; for, on the abolition of the Latin hymns, which used to be sung in the Romish church, carols were immediately introduced, and sung in nearly all the country churches, which tended greatly to extend their popularity.

But carol-singing, or reciting, whichever it might be, was not confined to the churches of the Reformed Religion alone, for the Catholics admitted the custom also, without any farther restraint than that they should partake, as much as possible, of the hymn character.

They are even now admitted in the continental Catholic countries.

(*To be continued.*)

ANT AND CATERPILLAR.

THE following fable is extracted from some miscellaneous poems, published in 1766.

W. G. C.

As an ant of his talents amazingly vain,
Was walking, with consequence, over the plain,
A worm in his progress remarkably slow,
Said, "Bless your good worship, wherever you go;
I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good will."
With a look of contempt and ineffable pride,
"Begone, you vile reptile," his antship replied,
"Go, go, and lament thy contemptible state;
But, first, look at me; see my limbs how complete.
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease;
I run back and forwards, and turn when I please.
Of nature grown weary, thou shocking essay;
I spurn you thus from me;—crawl out of my way."
The reptile insulted and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress.
Ere long, the proud ant was repassing that road,
Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load.
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded;—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The ant, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away;
"Stop, friend," said the butterfly, "don't be surpris'd,
I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;
But now I can mount—in the sun-beams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way."

Manners and Customs.

A VISIT TO MANCHESTER.

BY AN AMERICAN.*

The Rail-road.

A RIDE of about two miles from Liverpool, in an omnibus, brought us to the commencement of the rail-road. All was bustle. Trains of carriages filled the court; porters were transferring the baggage to the cars; while passengers were following, with a vigilant espionage over their floating property. A porter, who said he belonged to the rail-road company, placed my baggage on one of the coaches, and then came to me for a fee. I read to him my ticket; which informed us that all porterage would be performed by the servants of the company, free of expense. "But I'm not a regular porter for the rail-road," said he. "You said you worked for the rail-road company," I replied. "Yes, your honour, but I meant that I worked for the *company that comes to the rail-road*, not for the *rail-road company*." I told him that, as his intention had been to deceive, I should not encourage dishonesty. The rail-road commences at the mouth of a dark gallery [tunnel], into which we rapidly darted. We passed on through the dark with fearful velocity, for some time, when the day-light began once more to glimmer on us; and we were soon flying along, with the green fields on either side of us. The motion was agreeable, we scarcely seemed to touch the earth; while the passing objects seemed to whirl by with dizzy swiftness. Occasionally, carriages, coming in the opposite direction, shot by us with their sparkling furnaces;—leaving a train of smoke and fire behind. We had hardly time to take note of their presence, before they had passed,—with the *whirr* and speed of a sky-rocket;—a *mist* of waggons and faces, visible for a moment, and then gone. They govern these highly accelerated machines with surprising facility. Their speed is not abated until very near the stopping-place; yet they "bring up" just before the door, as exactly as if with a coach and horses. We concluded the thirty miles in about ninety minutes; including twelve or fifteen stoppages.

The Palace Inn.

I selected this inn because it is connected with the History of England;—the last of the unfortunate line of the Stuarts made this house his head-quarters, when with his army in Manchester,—then, an inconsiderable place. I requested to be shewn to his room. It is said to remain precisely in the same state as when he occupied it; but it certainly had not a very regal air. The carpet was much worn; the window-curtains were rusty; a few decanters and glasses were on the side-board;—everything seemed to mourn over the departed honours of the house of Stuart!

* See "*The Mirror*" for March 2, 1839. (No. 938; volume 33; page 130.)

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The Commercial Traveller.

Commercial travellers are agents for mercantile houses; and their sole business is to traverse the country, taking orders and receiving money. They are often coarse and mercenary; but not without considerable sagacity. A large man, with a red face, a heavy riding-coat, and thick boots, came into the coffee-room, with a leather writing-case under one arm, and an umbrella in the other hand. He threw his hat, umbrella, and writing-case on the table; pulled of his great-coat; moved up to the fire; rubbed his hands; turned round once or twice; called for "boots," a newspaper, and something to eat; and then sat down, and wrote away, as busily as a merchant's clerk; and as if there had not been a dozen persons in the room with him. After finishing his writing, and taking his tea or coffee, he called for some hot port-wine and water, and then began to cast his eye round, to see who was near him.

The Cotton Factories.

The number of the factories is astonishing. In general, their machinery did not appear so new as that of the manufactories at Lorvell [in America]; while the appearance of the work-people was such as I had been led to anticipate, by the dark descriptions which have been drawn of them. How different from the well-dressed, healthy factory girls of *our* manufacturing towns! I do not now believe, though I did at first, that this poverty, paleness, and debility, arise from the *nature* of factories themselves; but from other causes. These are the early age of the children employed; the number of hours they labour; the want of education, of temperance societies, and of attention to sacred duties on the Sabbath; the influence of the poor-laws; and the weight of taxation.

The Cathedral.

I turned from the noise of the crowded street, and stood before the ancient cathedral. It was a striking picture of the æra in which it was erected;—grand, but misty. A thousand fretted pinnacles rose from its roof; while over its pointed-arch door-ways and windows, and along the cornice, were grim figures of priests and griffins, with many a singular device. As I walked over the time-worn pavements, I saw, by the nearly effaced memorials of death engraved on each slab, that I was upon ground consecrated to sepulture and silence. The strains of sacred music floated, in lengthened cadence, from the cathedral; and as the notes melted in the air, they seemed to be the wailings of the spirit that watched over the place of tombs! I passed under one of the low portals, and entered the vestry; which was separated from the choir by a low partition of carved oak, surrounded by an antique railing. The light from the stained windows, in soft and blending colours, fell on the gray stone beneath my feet; while the busts, statues, coats of arms, and funeral devices upon the wall, lay in a dim and sober shade. The interior of the church, though divided into several parts, has, nevertheless, an air of unity; so that the remotest parts are seen; and I thought that the communion-table, and distant parts of the building, received a finer shading from the foliage of the iron-railing through which they were viewed. The organ was subdued to its lowest stops as I entered the choir; where the clergyman and the chanting boys, in their white robes, were performing the solemn and elevating service of the morning. The place was almost empty; but the sounds reverberated with greater effect on that account, through the lofty chancel and distant galleries. In the manner of the clergyman, there was a chilling indifference, which strikingly contrasted with the general solemnity of the scene. When he had finished, he hurried off with a rapid step; while one or two aged persons remained,—wrapped in contemplation and prayer. This cathedral is a relic of the days of Henry the Fourth; and a type of the ecclesiastical system, as it existed then.

The Roman Camp.

Leaving the cathedral, and hurrying through the busy streets, I directed my steps to a distant part of the city. After passing by many an immense warehouse and factory, and over many a canal-bridge, I arrived at an eminence which commanded a view of part of the city. I looked forth upon the hundred furnace-chimnies that poured their smoke into the misty canopy of clouds above the city. I saw the massive buildings on every side. I heard the deep murmur of the town, the active working of ten thousand looms, and the unceasing sound of the mighty engines which shook the air. I felt myself under the spell of history; and the deep tide of time rolled back, in my mind, to the days when the legions of Cæsar fortified their camp there. What a spot to stand upon, and to remember the unconquered eagle,—the eternal city!

A Sunday in Manchester.

The shops were closed, as in *our* cities; and the town presented a striking contrast to the bustle of the week. The people appeared also better clothed; but still their was nothing of the general air of comfort and affluence which brightens *our* streets on a Sabbath-morning. The bells were pealing from many a spire, as I reached Dr. Jack's chapel, where I readily secured a seat, through the courtesy of a gentleman who perceived I was a stranger. The chapel was plain—even to bareness; although the appearance of the house was highly respectable. The ladies were less showily dressed than with *us;* but I thought the simple elegance of their attire rendered them more pleasing, than if they had been adorned with a floating array of ribbons and laces. When we came out, several handsome equipages, with liveried servants, were at the door.

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PORTRAITS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*Concluded from page 389.*)

84. ***Frederick, third duke of Saxony.***

85. ***John Baptist Poquelin,*** **commonly known as** ***Molière.*** **[*b.* 1620; *d.* 1673.]**

A small oval; painted with great truth, displaying all the energy and soul so apparent in his approved portraits. For his memoir, we refer the reader to Nos. 981, and 982, of this volume.

86. ***Mary I. of England.*** **[*b.* 1517; *d.* 1558.]**

A very inferior portrait of this troubled sovereign: the artist unknown. Presented by Sir Thomas Mantel.

87. ***Peter Corneille.*** **[*b.* 1606; *d.* 1684.]**

This great dramatic poet is called the Shakspeare of France; for he raised the drama at once from infancy to manhood, by his vigorous and original genius. "Corneille," says St. Beuve, "with his great qualities and defects, produces on me the effect of one of those great trees, naked, ragged, sombre in the trunk, and adorned with branches and a dusky verdure only towards the summit. They are strong, gigantic, scantily leaved, an abundant sap circulates through them, but we are not to expect from them shade, shelter, or flowers. They bud late, begin to shed their foliage early, and live a long time half-shorn of their leaves. Even after their bare heads have surrendered their leaves to the autumnal wind, the vivacity of their nature still throws out here and there scattered branches and suckers; and when they fall, they resemble, in their crash and groans, that trunk covered with armour to which Lucan has compared the fall of Pompey."

Crebillon, speaking of Corneille and his cotemporary Racine, thus ejaculates:—"Corneille has laid hold of heaven, Racine of earth; nothing was left me but hell, and I have thrown myself into it, heart and soul."

"Il n'est pas aisé," remarks that splendid genius Racine, speaking of Corneille, "de trouver un Poëte qui ait possedé à la fois tant de gr talens, tant d'excellentes parties de l'art, la force, le jugement, l'esprit. On ne peut trop admirer la noblesse, l'œconomie dans les subjets, la véhémence dans les passions, la gravité dans les sentimens, la dignité, et même tems la prodigieuse varieté dans les caractères."*

The first piece written by Corneille, was entitled *Mélité*, which was produced at the Théâtre Frangois, and its success was so prodigious, that the managers foretold he would rise to the highest point of perfection, —nor were they mistaken. Corneille, encouraged by the applauses of the public, next produced the Cid, les Horatii, Anna, Polienctè, Pompée, Rodogune, and many other admirable tragedies, which have rendered his name immortal. The chief beauty in all these is, that his heroes are drawn with irresistible force and grandeur. His Romans speak as Romans; his kings as kings. There reigns throughout all his *chefs-d'œuvres*, a peculiar grandeur, a nobleness, and, a majesty—the force and elevation of true genius—which is not to be found in any other of the French poets.

The heart sickens in the knowledge that the greater part of the life of this inspired poet, was passed in comparative poverty.

Of the editions of Corneille, consisting of nine comedies, and twenty-two tragedies, the best are, that of Joby, 10 vols., 12mo., 1651; that of Voltaire, 12 vols., 8vo, 1764; and the magnificent one of 10 vols., 4to., 1796.

The splendidly-painted portrait, is of the cabinet size.

88. ***Cosmo de Medici.*** **[*b.* 1519; *d.* 1574.]**

A gallery picture. This patron of literature is represented with his secretary, Bartol. Concini. Brought from the old Cottonian library.

89. ***James Rousseau.*** **[*b.* 1630; *d.* 1693.]**

He was employed, in conjunction with Charles la Fosse and John Baptiste Monnoyer, in ornamenting Montague House, [the British Museum;] he also painted several landscapes and perspective views for Hampton Court Palace.

Presented by Mrs. Wollfreys, 1757.

90. ***Franke of Borsalia, earl of Ostervant.*** **Bears the date 1470. It is painted on panel.**

91. ***Ulysses Aldrovandus.*** **[*b.* 1527; *d.* 1605.]**

Professor of Medicine and Philosophy at Bologna; he spent his time, talents, and fortune in the study of natural history; and died blind in an hospital of his native place, in great poverty. His works have been printed in 13 vols. folio. The portrait is finely painted by Giorgione; it formerly belonged to Sir Hans Sloane.

92. ***Sforza Pallavicino.*** **[*b.* 1607; *d.* 1667.]**

He was of a noble and ancient family in Italy; was made Cardinal by Alexander VII., in 1657. His principal work is, the History of the Council of Trent, 2 vols., folio, finely written in Italian. He is confounded with Anthony Pallavicino, another celebrated Cardinal, who died 1507.

The date on the picture is 1663; it was presented by Smart Lethieullier, esq.

93. ***Isabella, infanta of Spain.***

94. ***An unknown Portrait of a gentleman.***

The age 66; date 1590. In a ruff and long beard.

95. ***Rubens.*** **[*b.* 1577; *d.* 1640.]**

His splendid works adorn the palaces at Luxembourg, and Madrid; the ceiling of the Banqueting House, Whitehall; and numerous churches and mansions in Flanders.

Charles de St. Evremond. **[*b.* 1613; *d.* 1703.]**

He was a marechal de camp, in the French army. His works, by which he is mostly known in England, consist chiefly of essays and letters. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey, where a tomb is erected to his memory.

Presented by M. Maty, M.D.

97. ***Henry Frederick, Prince of Orange.***

Presented in 1782, by Lord Frederick Campbell.

98. ***John Gutenburg.*** **[*b.* 1401; *d. circa* 1467.]**

The reputed inventor of the art of printing; made his first essay at the art with metal types, as is supposed, in 1439; and executed with the assistance of Faust, in 1455, the celebrated bible of 687 leaves.

Presented by Paul Vaillant, esq.

99. ***Robert Cecil, first earl of Salisbury.*** **[*d.* 1612.]**

Presented by Dr. A. Gifford.

100. ***John Locke.*** **[*b.* 1632; *d.* 1704.]**

The life of this great philosopher is too well known to need notice here.

Presented by Mathew Maty, M. D.

101. ***Alexander Pope.*** **[*b.* 1688; *d.* 1744.]**

The author of the immortal "Universal Prayer," was a painter, as well as poet: one of his portraits was destroyed at Lord Mansfield's, during the riots in London, 1780.

Presented by Francis Annesley, esq.

102. ***James Parsons, M.D.*** **[*b.* 1705; *d.* 1770.]**

A learned physician; was author of many medical works, as also of "Remains of Japhet; being Historical Enquiries into the Affinity and Origin of the European Languages." 4to.

103. ***Mary Davis.***

This extraordinary woman was born in the parish of Shotwick, near Cheshire; when twenty-eight years of age an excrescence grew upon her head, like a wen, which continued for twenty years, and then grew into horns, resembling ram's, solid and wrinkled; she cast her horns three times before she was seventy-five years of age. At the time of exhibition at the Swan, near Charing Cross, in 1679, she had a pair of horns growing

* Dictionnaire Historique.

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out of her head. In the museum at Oxford, there is a horn which grew out of the hinder part of her head, five inches and a half long.

There are two genuine portraits of this woman; one in Leigh's, Lancashire, 1700; the other engraved from the above painting, when aged 74, 1668.

104. *Sir John Dodderidge.* [*b.* 1555; *d.* 1628.]

Descended of a Devonshire family; educated at Oxford; author of several works of jurisprudence and archæology; and appointed one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, in 1615.

Presented by Dr. A Gifford.

105. *Sir Henry Vane,* junior. [*b.* 1612; beheaded for high treason, 1662.]

One of those turbulent enthusiasts, engendered by the rebellion; he was a theological and political writer.

106. *Richard Baxter.* [*b.* 1615; *d.* 1691.]

The celebrated non-conformist divine. He was the author of a vast number of works; Mr. Long, of Exeter, says 80; Dr. Calamy, 120; but the writer of a note in the Biographia Brittannica tells us he had seen 145 distinct treatises of Mr. Baxter's. Bishop Burnet calls him "a man of great piety."

107. *A small unknown Head.*

Well painted by Dobson, but of whom is unknown.

108. *Portrait of a Cardinal.*

109. *Unknown.*

110. *Philip Dormer, fourth earl of Chesterfield.* [*b.* 1694; *d.* 1773.]

Well known as the author of "Letters to his Son," which sufficiently stamp him as a moralist. His "Miscellaneous Works" were published in 2 vols., 1777.

This picture, painted by Ramsey, was presented by Sir T. Robinson, bart., in 1777.

111. *Ludovick Muggleton.* [*b.* 1607; *d.* 1697.]

An English fanatic, originally a tailor, who pretended to be filled with inward light, and thereby gained a number of proselytes. His books were burnt by the common hangman; and he himself pilloried and imprisoned: at his death he left a sect which for some time retained his name. His portrait is prefixed to the Divine Looking Glass. 4to. 1662.

112. *Thomas Britton.* [*d.* 1714.]

Well known as the musical small-coal-man, from his setting up in this business, in Clerkenwell, which he continued to the end of his life; shortly after commencing business, he applied himself to chemistry; but his principal pursuit was music, in the theory of which he was well versed, and he fitted up a stable at St. John's Gate, and gave concerts, which were fashionably attended. He lost his life through one Hounyman, a ventriloquist, who being secreted during one of his concerts, announced, as if far off, the death of poor Britton, which had such an effect on him, that he took to his bed, and died a few days after. He left an excellent collection of books, and other valuable property, which were sold for the benefit of his widow.

George Vertue. [*b.* 1684; *d.* 1756.]

The celebrated engraver; he lies buried in the cloisters of Westminster abbey, after having executed nearly 500 portraits. From his MSS. lord Oxford published his "Anecdotes of Painting," &c., 5 vols., 4to., 1762.

114. *Algernon Sidney.* [*b. circa* 1617; *executed* 1683.]

This patriot and political writer was the second son of Robert, earl of Leicester; was implicated in the Rye House Plot, for which he suffered.

115. *Dr. John Wallis.* [*b.* 1616; *d.* 1703.]

The eminent mathematician, Savilian professor of geometry at Oxford; he was zealous in the royal cause, and very skilful in deciphering of letters.

116 *Governor Herbert.*

Painted by Devis; and presented by admiral Page.

117. *Captain William Dampier.* [*b.* 1652; *d.* 1699.]

The celebrated navigator. His "voyage round the world" is well known.

Painted by Murray; and is from the collection of Sir H. Sloane.

There is in the Mineral Gallery, among the Portraits, a beautiful landscape, by Wilson, the English Claude.

It is to be deplored we have not in the British Museum, a splendid Gallery, *specially* devoted for the reception of Portraits and Busts of Illustrious Persons.—"They order these matters better in France."

Z.

MONTE CAVELLO,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE POPES.

THE present palace on the Quirinal hill, now known by the name of Monte Cavello, from the two celebrated horses found in the baths of Constantine, being placed on its summit, was founded by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, towards the close of the sixteenth century. It has been embellished by many succeeding popes, and is much esteemed for the salubrity of the air in the neighbourhood. The edifice is extensive, but boasts little grandeur of architectural composition. No Corinthian capitals, nor porticos of marble, are to be seen in the main design of the building. All is simple and unostentatious, though massive and dignified. Much has been said of the splendid domestic arrangements of the popes, yet we seek in vain for sumptuousness, if we examine the furniture of their palace. The saloons and other apartments of Monte Cavello are extremely large, but destitute of every thing that shews habitual magnificence. Indeed there is, in some respects, a deficiency in articles of domestic comfort. Among the few incumbents of the papal chair, whom the possession of absolute power failed to vitiate, Gregory the Thirteenth holds a conspicuous place. He succeeded Pius the Fifth, so well known for his persecution of those disciples of Luther, who had recently adopted the appellation of Protestants.

It is supposed that considerable intrigue was, as usual, employed to procure the election of the Cardinal of St. Sixtus; but it proved successful, and he ascended the papal chair under the name of Gregory the Thirteenth. The pointed arguments of Luther, and the entire dereliction of some courts, rendered the administration of ecclesiastical power a task of extreme difficulty during the latter years of the sixteenth century; and Gregory, though just and amiable, appears to have wanted that firmness and vigour, which the necessities of the see required at this juncture. His pontificate lasted thirteen years, and he died cordially lamented; but his excess of lenity occasioned his loss to be deplored by the *bad*, with

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as much sincerity as it was regretted by the *good*.

On reviewing the lives of the popes, we shall find that no station, however humble, debarred the man of genius from the hope of eventual exaltation; and, according to all probable calculation, the power of the hierarchy would never have prevailed through so many successive ages, had not ability and address been the requisite qualifications for an advancement to the papal chair.

Adrian the Fourth was a mendicant. Urban the Fourth quitted the employment of a cobbler, when he entered the cloister, and Sixtus the Fifth was a keeper of swine. This last-named pope, who was chosen by the cardinals as the successor of Gregory, was a native of a small village; and, on account of the extreme poverty of his father, was employed by a neighbouring farmer in watching his swine. A Franciscan friar, who was going to Ancona, and had missed the road, saw the future pope, sitting under a hedge, whilst tending his master's swine. He called to him, and inquired concerning his way. Young Peretti (which was the name he bore) replied to the friar's questions with obliging readiness, and offered himself as his conductor for the greater part of the way. It was during this walk, that the swineherd laid the foundation of his future greatness. The friar was charmed with the boy's energy and shrewdness, took him to his convent, and introduced him to the guardian. Young Peretti was immediately received as a lay brother or servitor; and, at the end of two years, was admitted into the order. He studied divinity with so much diligence, that he soon received the degree of doctor, and was in high repute in the convent. But a cloister was too narrow a scene for his talents, and Pius the Fifth first created him Bishop of St. Agatha, and afterwards Cardinal of St. Jerome. The ambition of Peretti now led him to aspire to the popedom, and, though naturally turbulent and imperious, he now assumed the pliant qualities of the most gentle, in order to gain his point. His artifices succeeded, and he was again the proud, unyielding character that nature had made him. The mild virtues of Gregory had entailed a painful task on his successor. His lenity towards criminals had caused the ecclesiastical state to be overrun with assassins and banditti; and Sixtus commenced his pontificate with the most determined exercise of strict justice. He carried this determination to such an awful extreme, that, it is said, he was never known to have pardoned a criminal; but that, on the contrary, he frequently punished such judges as had shewn an inclination to clemency. The machinations of Sixtus were uniformly calculated to advance the interests of the Holy See. He looked with suspicion on the over-weaning power of Philip of Spain, and therefore declined assisting that monarch in his intentions against England; but, when the discomfiture of the Armada threw the temporary ascendancy into the hands of Elizabeth, Sixtus became the friend of Philip, and proceeded to the absurd length of excommunicating the English Queen. One great principle, the increase of immediate power, actuated all the measures of this pontiff, and this motive led him to look with equal indifference on the protestant Elizabeth, and the catholic Philip. To immortalize his name was also a darling wish of Sixtus, and his architectural projects emulated the splendour of Adrian and Augustus. The city of Rome owes more to the liberality of this pope, than to the united gifts of all his predecessors. By him, the obelisks were raised, which had lain underground for ages. He built the Lateran palace, and the Vatican library; and society is indebted to him for the hospital near Ponte Sisto, for the maintenance of two thousand infirm, or superannuated persons. He also constructed the aqueduct, which conveys water, for thirteen miles, to Monte Cavello, and the magnificent temple of the Virgin, at Loretto. The splendid performances of Sixtus were achieved in an almost incredibly short space of time, as his pontificate lasted only five years and a few months. This short period, however, was sufficient for a mind of such concentrated power, to erect for itself a monument of fame, which will remain for ages yet to come. Sixtus was frequently heard to say, that he had no esteem for any of the Christian sovereigns, excepting Elizabeth of England, and Henry of Navarre; and with the names of those sovereigns, that of the former keeper of swine should ever be associated, by the candid part of posterity. Pope Sixtus V. was born 1521, and died 1590, not without strong suspicion of poison.

This long digression from Monte Cavello, the ostensible subject of this paper, may appear to some readers to be irrevalent, but the striking character of its second inhabitant, must plead our excuse for the introduction of this slight sketch of his remarkable life.—*Extracted, chiefly, from Brewer's Account of Palaces.*

CURIOUS TITLE DEED.

THE following curious poetical title deed was granted by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR to an ancestor of the present Marquis of Hastings; it is copied verbatim from the original grant, which was in the possession of his lordship's grandfather, who possessed the estates in Yorkshire, on which he built the noble mansion called Rawdon Hall.

Concessum ad Paulum Roydon.

I William King, the thurd yere of my reign
Give to thee Paulyn Roydon Hope, and Hopetowne,
With all the bounds both up and downe,
From Heaven to yerthe, from yerthe to hel,
For thee and thyn, there to dwel,
As truly as this King right is myn,
For a Cross bowe and a harrow
When I sal cum te hunt on Yarrow;
And in token that this thing is sooth,
I bit the whyt wax with my tooth,
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery,
And my thurd sonne Henry.

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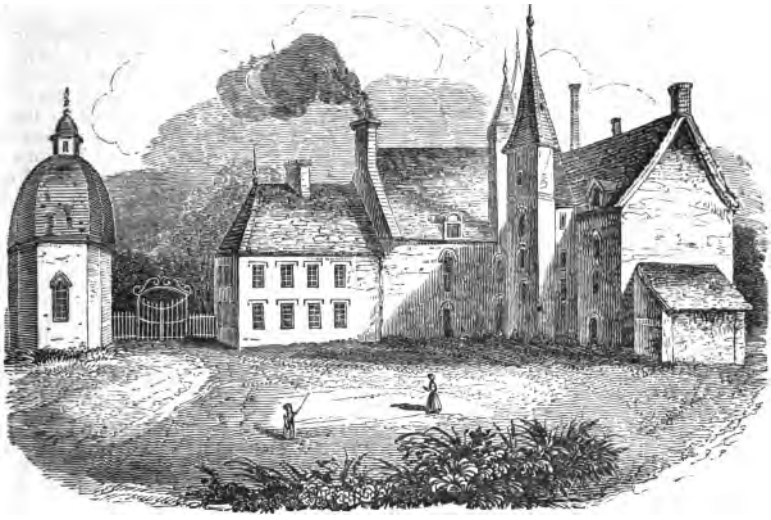

CHATEAU DES ROCHERS,

THE RESIDENCE OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE, born 1626, whose letters are the delight of many, spent the greatest part of her life on this spot, in the department of Ille and Vilaine. One of the apartments is yet shown as that in which this lady was wont to indite her letters to her daughter, to whom she was extremely attached, and who, in 1699, married the Count de Grignan ; another, as her bed-room; and a third, as the apartment in which she received the "Gouvernante de Bretagne:" her intercourse with whom is so admirably described in one of her letters. It was here that she deplored the absence of her husband, the Marquis de Sevigné, who recklessly squandered his property and her own in Paris, and who at last ended by falling in a duel, in 1651, fighting with one of his gay companions, the Chevalier d'Albret.

It was not here, however, that Madame de Sevigné breathed her last ; this accomplished lady died, whilst on a visit to her daughter, at the Château de Grignan, in the village of which name may yet be seen the following epitaph, on a plain white marble slab:—

CI-GIT

MARIE DE RABUTIN MARTAL

MARQUISE DE SEVIGNE.

DECEDEE LE 18 AVRIL, 1698.

But the curious visitor would in vain look for the remains of Madame de Sevigné. When the embalmed body of Petrarch's Laura was kicked about the streets, and insulted with all possible kinds of indecencies, it was too much to expect during the phrensy which then possessed the French nation, that of Madame de Sevigné should meet a better fate. The body being torn from its resting-place, it was found in a state of preservation, adorned with jewels and costly stuffs: these articles were too great a temptation; and the body was stripped naked and left lying on the ground, to mingle as it might with its native earth!

The subject of many of the epistles by Madame de Sevigné are so entirely domestic as to produce little interest; but others abound with court anecdotes, remarks on men and books, and the topics of the day, written with great ease and felicity. In point of style, they are considered models of the epistolary, which have seldom been surpassed, owing to a perfect natural mode of expression, animated with lively touches of sentiment and description, and a gay playfulness, which gives grace and interest to trifles. In these letters the reader is sometimes wearied with an excess of flattery of her daughter's beauty and talents; the preservation of the former of which seems to have formed the principal object of her maternal anxiety. In fact, although endowed with abilities and penetration, she did not rise much above the level of her age in taste and principles. She was highly attached to rank and splendour, loved admiration, and felt the usual predilection of high life for manners and accomplishments, in preference to solid worth.

The best edition of her "Letters" are that of Perrin, 1775, 8 vols., 12mo.; and of 1801, 10 vols., 12mo. An English translation was published in London, 1758.

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THE DRUIDS' CHANT.*

Such blithe and merry Priests are we,
Go search the world around;
Methinks no better brotherhood,
Will anywhere be found;
Our mitre is our oaken wreath,
Our robes are white and free;
A merry and a jovial set,
Though Druid Priests are we!

No blood-stain'd knife our rites require—
For us no victims bleed;
Old Care's the only sacrifice,
Our blazing altars need;
And when our mystic flames arise,
Our victim then is he;
A merry and a jovial set,
Though Druid Priests are we!

Unity, and Peace, and Concord,
The doctrines are we teach;
And still, moreover, honestly
We practice that we preach;
Our prayers, be sure, are short and few,
Though utter'd fervently;
A merry and a jovial set,
Though Druid Priests are we!

Our duties light and pleasant are,
For none are sure more blest'd,
Than to console the sorrowing,
And succour the distress'd:
Those acts with heart and soul, we e'er,
Perform right cheerfully;
A merry and a jovial set,
Though Druid Priests are we!

Our temples unto harmony
Are consecrated all;
On falsehood, and on fell discord,
Our anathemas fall.
No plaintive dole, but ev'ning song,
We chant right merrily;
A merry and a jovial set,
Though Druid Priests are we.

The Public Journals.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, No. 290. [Blackwood and T. Cadell.]

Milton.

Milton is not an author amongst authors, not a poet amongst poets, but a power amongst powers; and the *Paradise Lost* is not a book amongst books, not a poem amongst poems, but a central force amongst forces. Let us explain. There is this great distinction amongst books: some, though possibly the best in their class, are still no more than books—not indispensible, not incapable of supplementary representation by other books. If they had never been—if their place had continued for ages unfilled—not the less, upon a sufficient excitement arising, there would always have been found the ability, either directly to fill up the vacancy, or at least to meet the same passion virtually, though by a work differing in form. Thus, supposing Butler to have died in youth, and the *Hudibras* to have been intercepted by his premature death, still the ludicrous aspects of the Parliamentary war, and its fighting saints, were too striking to have perished. If not in a collision with the ordinary interests of life, and with its militant propensities, offered too striking a field for the satiric muse, in any case, to have passed in total neglect. The impulse was too strong for repression—it was a volcanic agency, that, by some opening or other, must have worked a way for itself to the upper air. Yet Butler was a most original poet, and a creator within his own province. But, like many another original mind, there is little doubt that he quelled and repressed, by his own excellence, other minds of the same cast. Mere despair of excelling him, so far as not, after all, to seem imitators, drove back others who would have pressed into that arena, if not already brilliantly filled. Butler failing, there would have been another Butler, either in the same or in some analogous form.

But, with regard to Milton, and the Miltonic power, the case is far otherwise. If the man had failed, the power would have failed. In that mode of power which he wielded, the function was exhausted in the man—species was identified with the individual—the poetry was incarnated in the poet.

Let it be remembered, that, of all powers which act upon man through his intellectual nature, the very rarest is that which we moderns call the *Sublime*. The Grecians had apparently no word for it, unless it were that which they meant by το σγχωδες: for ὑψος was a comprehensive expression for all qualities which gave a character of grace or animation to the composition, such even as were philosophically opposed to the sublime. In the Roman poetry, and especially in Lucan, at times also Juvenal, there is an exhibition of a moral sublime, perfectly distinct from any thing known to the Greek poetry. The delineations of republican grandeur, as expressing itself through the principal leaders in the Roman camps, or the trampling under foot of ordinary superstitions, as given in the reasons assigned to Labienus for passing the oracle of the Lybian Jupiter unconsulted, are in a style to which there is nothing corresponding in the whole Grecian literature, nor would they have been comprehensible to an Athenian. The famous line—"Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris," and the brief review of such questions as might be worthy of an oracular god, with the summary declaration, that every one of those points we know already by the light of nature, and could not know them better though Jupiter Ammon himself were to impress them on our attention—

"Scimus, et hac nobis non altius inseret Ammon:"

all this is truly Roman in its sublimity; and so exclusively Roman, that there, and not in poets like the Augustan, expressly modelling their poems on Grecian types, ought the Roman mind to be studied.

On the other hand, for that species of the sublime which does not rest purely and merely on moral energies, but on a synthesis between

* Druidical Songs, by James Wilson, Arch-Druid.

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narrative form, the case would have come forward in the drama. Puritanical sanctity, in man and nature—for what may properly be called the Ethico-physical Sublime—there is but one great model surviving in the Greek poetry, viz. the gigantic drama of the Prometheus crucified on Mount Elborus. And this drama differs so much from every thing else, even in the poetry of Œschylus, as the mythus itself differs so much from all the rest of the Grecian mythology (belonging, apparently, to an age and a people more gloomy, austere, and nearer to the *incunabula mundi*, than those which bred the gay and sunny superstitions of Greece,) that much curiosity and speculation have naturally gathered round the subject of late years. Laying this one insulated case apart, and considering that the Hebrew poetry of Isaiah and Ezekiel, as having the benefit of inspiration, does not lie within the just limits of competition, we may affirm that there is no human composition which can be challenged as constitutionally sublime—sublime equally by its conception and by its execution, or as uniformly sublime from first to last, excepting the *Paradise Lost*. In Milton only, first and last, is the power of the sublime revealed. In Milton only does this great agency blaze and glow as a furnace kept up to a white heat—without intermission and without collapse.

If, therefore, Milton occupies this unique position—and let the reader question himself closely whether he can cite any other book than the *Paradise Lost*, as continuously sublime, or sublime even by its prevailing character—in that case there is a peculiarity of importance investing that one book which belongs to no other; and it must be important to dissipate any erroneous notions which affect the integrity of that book's estimation. Now, there are two notions countenanced by Addison and by Dr. Johnson, which tend greatly to disparage the character of its composition. If the two critics, one friendly, the other very malignant, but both meaning to be just, have in reality built upon sound principles, or at least upon a sound appreciation of Milton's principles—in that case there is a mortal taint diffused over the whole of the *Paradise Lost:* for not a single book is clear of one or other of the two errors which they charge upon him. We will briefly state the objections, and then as briefly reply to them, by exposing the true philosophy of Milton's practice. For we are very sure that, in doing as he did, this mighty poet was governed by no carelessness or oversight, (as is imagined,) but by a most refined theory of poetic effects.

I. The first of these two charges respects a supposed pedantry, or too ambitious a display of erudition. It is surprising to us that such an objection should have occurred to any man; both because, after all, the quantity of learning cannot be great for which any poem can find an opening; and because, in any poem burning with concentrated fire, like the Miltonic, the passion becomes a law to itself, and will not receive into connexion with itself any parts so deficient in harmony, as a cold ostentation of learned illustrations must always have been found. Still, it is alleged, that such words as *frieze, architrave, cornice, zenith*, &c., are words of art, out of place amongst the primitive simplicities of Paradise, and at war with Milton's purpose of exhibiting the Paradisaical state.

Now, here is displayed broadly the very perfection of ignorance, as measured against the very perfection of what may be called poetic science. We will lay open the true purpose of Milton, by a single illustration. In describing impressive scenery, as occurring in a hilly or a woody country, every body must have noticed the habit which young ladies have of using the word *amphitheatre:* "amphitheatre of woods"—"amphitheatre of hills,"—these are their constant expressions. Why? Is it because the word *amphitheatre* is a Grecian word! We question if one young lady in twenty knows that it is; and very certain we are that no word would recommend itself to her use by that origin, if she happened to be aware of it. The reason lurks here:—in the word *theatre*, is contained an evanescent image of a great audience—of a populous multitude. Now, this image, half withdrawn, half flashed upon the eye—and combined with the word *hills* or *forests*, is thrown into powerful collision with the silence of hills—with the solitude of forests; each image, from reciprocal contradiction, brightens and vivifies the other. The two images act, and react, by strong repulsion and antagonism.

This principle we might exemplify, and explain at great length; but we impose a law of severe brevity upon ourselves. And we have said enough. Out of this one principle of subtle and lurking antagonism, may be explained every thing which has been denounced under the idea of pedantry in Milton. It is the key to all that lavish pomp of art and knowledge which is sometimes put forward by Milton in situations of intense solitude, and in the bosom of primitive nature—as, for example, in the Eden of his great poem, and in the Wilderness of his *Paradise Regained*. The shadowy exhibition of a regal banquet in the desert, draws out and stimulates the sense of its utter solitude and remotion from men or cities. The images of architectural splendour, suddenly raised in the very centre of Paradise, as vanishing shows by the wand of a magician, bring into powerful relief the depth of silence, and the unpopulous solitude which possess this sanctuary of man whilst yet happy and innocent. Paradise could not, in any other way, or by any artifice less profound, have been made to give up its essential and differential characteristics in a form palpable to the imagination. As a place of rest, it was necessary that it should be placed in close collision with the unresting strife of cities; as a place of solitude, with the image of tumultuous

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crowds; as the centre of mere natural beauty in its gorgeous prime, with the images of elaborate architecture and of human workmanship; as a place of perfect innocence in seclusion, that it should be exhibited as the antagonist pole to the sin and misery of social man.

Such is the covert philosophy which governs Milton's practice, and which might be illustrated by many scores of passages from both the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained*.* In fact, a volume might be composed on this one chapter. And yet, from the blindness or inconsiderate examination of his critics, this latent wisdom—this cryptical science of poetic effects—in the mighty poet, has been misinterpreted, and set down to the account of defective skill, or even of puerile ostentation.

II. The second great charge against Milton is, *primâ facie*, even more difficult to meet. It is the charge of having blended the Pagan and Christian forms. The great realities of angels and archangels are continually combined into the same groups with the fabulous impersonations of the Greek mythology. Eve is interlinked in comparisons with Pandora; sometimes again with Eurynome. Those impersonations, however, may be thought to have something of allegoric meaning in their conceptions, which in a measure corrects this Paganism of the idea. But Eve is also compared with Ceres, with Hebe, and other fixed forms of Pagan superstition. Other allusions to the Greek mythologic forms, or direct combination of them with the real existences of the Christian heavens, might be produced by scores, were it not that we decline to swell our paper beyond the necessity of the case. Now, surely this at least is an error. Can there be any answer to this?

At one time we were ourselves inclined to fear that Milton had been here caught tripping. In this instance, at least, he seems to be in error. But there is no trusting to appearances. In meditating upon the question, we happened to remember that the most colossal and Miltonic of painters had fallen into the very same fault, if fault it were. In his *Last Judgment*, Michael Angelo has introduced the Pagan deities in connexion with the hierarchy of the Christian heavens. Now, it is very true that one great man cannot palliate the error of another great man, by committing the same error himself. But, though it cannot avail as an excuse, such a conformity of ideas serves as a summons to a much more vigilant examination of the case than might else be instituted. One man might err from inadvertency; but that two, and both men trained to habits of constant meditation, should fall into the same error—makes the marvel tenfold greater.

Now we confess that, as to Michael Angelo, we do not pretend to assign the precise key to the practice which he adopted. And to our feelings, after all that might be said in apology, there still remains an impression of incongruity in the visual exhibition and direct juxtaposition of the two orders of supernatural existence so potently repelling each other. But, as regards Milton, the justification is complete, it rests upon the following principle:

In all other parts of Christianity, the two orders of superior beings, the Christian heaven and the Pagan pantheon, are felt to be incongruous—not as the pure opposed to the impure, (for, if that were the reason, then the Christian fiends should be incongruous with the angels, which they are not,)—but as the unreal opposed to the real. In all the hands of other poets, we feel that Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, Diana, are not merely impure conceptions, but that they are baseless conceptions, phantoms of air, nonentities; and there is much the same objection, in point of just taste, to the combination of such fabulous beings, in the same groups with glorified saints and angels, as there is to the combination, by a painter or a sculptor, of real flesh-and-blood creatures with allegoric abstractions.

This is the objection to such combination in all other poets. But this objection does not apply to Milton: it glances past him; and for the following reason: Milton has himself laid an early foundation for his introduction of the Pagan pantheon into Christian groups:—*the false gods of the heathen world were, according to Milton, the fallen angels.* They are not false, therefore, in the sense of being unreal, baseless, and having a merely fantastical existence, like our European fairies, but as having drawn aside mankind from a pure worship. As ruined angels under other names, they are no less real than the faithful and loyal angels of the Christian heavens. And in that one difference of the Miltonic creed, which the poet has brought pointedly and elaborately under his reader's notice by his matchless catalogue of the rebellious angels, and of *their Pagan transformations* in the very first book of the *Paradise Lost*, is laid beforehand the amplest foundation for his subsequent practice; and at the same time, therefore, the amplest answer to the charge preferred against him by Dr. Johnson, and by so many other critics who had not sufficiently penetrated the latent theory on which he acted.

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* For instance this is the key to that image in the *Paradise Regained*, where Satan, on first emerging into sight, is compared to an old man gathering sticks "to warm him on a winter's day." This image, at first sight, seems little in harmony with the wild and awful character of the supreme fiend. No; it is *not* in harmony; nor is it meant to be in harmony. On the contrary, it is meant to be in antagonism and intense repulsion. The household image of old age, of human infirmity, and of domestic hearths, are all meant as a machinery for provoking and soliciting the fearful idea to which they are placed in collision, and as so many repelling poles.

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Arts and Sciences.

GAS PRODUCED BY A NEW PROCESS.

AN experiment in gas-lighting by the Compte de Val Marino was lately made on a piece of waste ground at the back of Fetter-lane, in the presence of several scientific gentlemen, who were invited to witness the result. A small gasometer was erected for the purpose, which was connected by tubes with a furnace built of brick, and containing three retorts, one of which was supplied with water from a syphon, another was filled with tar, and both being decomposed in the third retort, formed the sole materials by which the gas was produced. The process appeared to be extremely simple, and the novelty of the experiment consisted in the fact, that the principal agent employed to produce the gas was common water combined with tar; but, according to the theory of the inventor of this new species of gas, any sort of bituminous or fatty matter would answer the purpose equally as well as pitch or tar. After the lapse of about half-an-hour employed in the experiment, during which time the process was explained to the company, the gas was turned into the burners, and a pure and powerful light was produced, perfectly free from smoke or any unpleasant smell. The purity and intenseness of the flame were tested in a very satisfactory manner; and those who witnessed the experiment appeared perfectly satisfied with the result. The great advantage of this sort of gas over that produced from coal consists, it was said, in the cheapness of the materials employed in its production, the facility with which it is manufactured, and the perfection to which it is at once brought without the necessity of its undergoing the tedious and expensive process of condensation and purification; for, in this instance, as soon as the preliminaries were completed, the light was produced in a perfect state within a few feet of the gasometer, which, although of inferior size, was said to be capable of affording light for ten hours to at least 500 lamps or burners. With regard to the comparative expense, it was also stated that 1,000 cubic feet of gas manufactured by this process could be supplied for about one-third the price now charged by coal-gas companies.*—*Evening Paper.*

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

RAILROAD-MAKING is carried on at a dashing rate by our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. East and West, North and South, their famous lines are traversing the land. The old forests of pine are gradually falling under the axe, to supply with timber these respective works, leaving the soil in such localities unencumbered, and less subject to marshes and miasma. From the many which have been successful, and long in operation, we abstract the chiefest and most notable, laying before our readers a succinct and business-like account of the cost, machinery, and make of each; thereby giving them a fair and exact notion of what these Transatlantic undertakings are.

The Quincy Railroad.—This is the first work of the kind which was attempted in the United States. It was constructed solely for the transportation of granite; and commences at the granite quarry in Quincy, and, descending gradually, terminates at the Nepoulet river, which flows into Boston Harbour It is a single track railroad, three miles in length. The ascent of the hill on which the quarry is situated, is overcome by a self-acting inclined plane. The sleepers are of granite, seven and a half feet long, and laid eight feet apart. The distance between the rails is five feet. The rails are of pine, 5 inches deep, with a covering of oak, on which are laid the thin plates of wrought iron, upon which the cars traverse. At the crossings of the high roads, the iron bars are fastened down to granite rails in a durable manner. The least radius of curvature is 300 feet. When it was first constructed, the usual load for one horse was 10 tons, moving at the rate of three miles an hour. It has now been in operation 14 years.

The Hudson and Mohawk Railroad.—The company by which this railroad was constructed, was incorporated by the legislature of New York, in 1826, with a capital of 300,000*l.* sterling, with liberty to increase it to 500,000*l.* This increase has since taken place. On August 12, 1830, the ground was broken at Schenectady, for the purpose of constructing a double-track railroad. It is about sixteen miles in length. The railroad commences at the termination of the city line, on the Hudson river, and about thirteen acres of land are owned by the company in this vicinity, part of which includes the wharfs, constructed for the accommodation of the transportations on the road. The road crosses south Pearl-street, under a handsome stone arch, and passes thence up the hill, with an inclination of one foot in eighteen, until it reaches the summit, 185 feet above Hudson. At this place, a building is erected, which contains a double stationary engine of twelve horse power, for hauling up the cars. The road then proceeds north-westerly up to the head of Lydius-street, to strike which, it takes a curve of 4,000 feet radius, and passes over two heavy and high embankments, and through some deep cuttings near the Alms-house. From the head of Lydius-street, it proceeds in the same direction, crossing the heavy embankments called the Bud Viaduct, ascending a plane for about three miles, of one foot in 225. Afterwards, ascending by two other planes at different points, and crossing several waterways upon embankments, it proceeds to the summit at Schenectady. There are in all six principal embankments. About four miles from Schenectady, there is a curve in the road of 23,000 feet radius. Just at the summit is a

* It is said, similar experiments were performed several years ago by Mr. Rutter, near Lymington.

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smaller curve, with a radius of 1,100 feet. There is also another plane of three miles, where the ascent is one foot in 270, and another of one mile and a half, where it is one in 450 feet. The descent from the Schenectady summit to the level of the Hudson, is 335 feet. At this point, a double stationary engine is placed. A plane overcomes a height of 115 feet, with an inclination like that near the Hudson, and running down a heavy embankment, strikes the canal about half a mile from the principal street in Schenectady; but the track is prolonged upon a level to within sixty rods of the same. The soil through which the road passes is sandy. Some considerable elevations are cut through, and several ravines crossed. The slopes left by the cutting, or formed by the embankments, are to be covered with sods. No settling of the road has taken place, except to a very slight degree, in some of the embankments, which has since been rectified. Both locomotive engines and horses are used upon this railroad. A locomotive has travelled upon it, with a load of eight tons, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The number of passengers, so early as October 1831, averaged 387 per day.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad.—This railroad commences at Camden, on the Delaware, opposite to Philadelphia, and passes through Burlington, Bordentown, Highstown, Spottswood, over south river, and terminates at Amboy. The whole distance from Camden to Amboy in a direct line is sixty miles, by the railroad the distance is sixty-one miles and ten chains. The country through which it passes is very level; and, in one instance, for twenty miles, nature seems to have forestalled the engineer. Being designed for locomotive engines, it is constructed in the most improved and substantial manner. Between Bordentown and Amboy, there is a cut sixty feet deep at the deepest point, extending nearly two miles, with varying depth. The soil taken from the excavation was, with great labour, placed on the top of the banks, there being no valleys near to be filled up. The culverts and viaducts near Bordentown are constructed of stone. The binding gravel used upon this railroad, was formed by grinding the small and smooth stone found under the soil, in a steam mill, constructed for this purpose. The amount believed to be received for the conveyance of light freight and passengers, is calculated at 500,000*l.* sterling, per annum. The expense of a single track, that is, two lines of rails, is said to have been 8,000*l.* per mile. The execution of this enterprize was undertaken by the Camden and Amboy railroad company, united, in pursuance of an act of the legislature of New Jersey, to the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company. The company was incorporated for the purposes of transportation as well as constructing the railroad, and they accordingly purchased the line of steamboats on the Delaware and Raritan. As the Delaware is frequently closed with ice during a part of the winter, and the trade of Philadelphia is, in consequence, directed to New York, vessels destined for Philadelphia, can put into Raritan Bay, which is open at all seasons, and the cargoes can be thence conveyed at once, upon the railroad, to the place of destination.

The Mauch Chunk Railroad.—This was the first railroad constructed in Pensylvania. It was commenced in January, 1827, and finished in the succeeding May. It extends from the coal mines near Mauch Chunk, along the side of the mountain, down an inclined plane of various declivities, on the Lehigh river. The elevation of the coal mines above the Lehigh, at the point where the coal is delivered into the boats, is 936 feet. The road, within half a mile of the mine, rises forty-six feet, when it reaches its extreme point of elevation, 982 feet above the river. At the bank of the river, there is an abrupt termination of the mountain, upon which is constructed an inclined plane, 700 feet long, with a declivity of 225 feet, below which, there is a still farther descent of twenty-five feet down a chute, through which coal is conveyed into the boats. Its entire length, from the river to the mines, is nine miles, and its branches at the ends and the sidelings, four miles and a half more. It consists of a single track. The least radius of curvature 437 feet. The railroad has a continued descent from the summit, so that the cars descend by their own gravity. The rails are of timber, covered with plates of iron, and resting upon cross sleepers, at the distance of four feet from each other. The coal is transported in cars, fourteen of which are connected together, each containing a ton and a half of coal. A single conductor rides on one of the cars and regulates their movement. From 300 to 340 tons a-day are regularly discharged into the river. The empty waggons are drawn back by mules, who ride down the railway in cars; and so strong is the preference to this mode of travelling down, that in one instance, when they were sent up with the coal waggons, without the mule cars, the workmen were not able to drive them down, but were actually obliged to drag up the cars for them to descend in. At first the waggons descended at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, but it was necessary to reduce the speed, as it injured the machines, and, by agitating the coal, involved the driver in a cloud of dust. The cost of this railroad was 3050*l.* per mile.

MOUNT ETNA.

A GREAT mass of ice was discovered some time since on Mount Etna, which had been preserved, probably for ages, from melting, by a current of red-hot lava having flowed over it. This singular phenomenon was discovered by the following circumstance:—The great heat experienced in the south of Europe, during the summer and autumn of 1828, caused

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the supplies of snow and ice, which had been preserved in the spring of that year for the use of Catania and the adjoining parts of Sicily, and the island of Malta, to be entirely exhausted. Considerable distress being felt for the want of a commodity, regarded in these countries as one of the necessaries of life, the magistrates of Catania applied to Signor M. Gammellaro, in the hope that his local knowledge of Etna might enable him to point out some part of the mountain where drift snow was still preserved. In answer to their inquiries he stated, that he suspected that a small mass of perennial ice, at the foot of the highest cone, was part of a larger and contiguous glacier, covered by a lava current. Having procured a large body of workmen, he quarried into this ice; after which, he proved the super-position of the lava for several hundred yards, by which means he discovered that the subsequent flowing of the lava over the ice was the cause of the position of the glacier. On the 1st of December, 1828, (says a recent traveller,) I visited this spot, which is on the south side of the cone, and not far above the Casa Inglese; but the fresh snow had already nearly filled up the new opening, so that it had only the appearance of the mouth of a grotto. We may suppose that, at the commencement of the eruption, a deep mass of drift snow had been covered by volcanic sand, showered down upon it before the descent of the lava. A dense stratum of this fine dust, mixed with scoria, is well known to be an excellent non-conductor of heat, and may thus have preserved the snow from complete fusion when the burning flood poured over it. The shepherds in the higher regions of Etna are accustomed to provide an annual store of snow, to supply their flocks with water in the summer months, by simply strewing over the snow, in the spring, a layer of volcanic sand, a few inches thick, which effectually prevents the sun from penetrating. When lava had once consolidated over a glacier, at the height of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, we may readily conceive, that the ice would endure as long as the snows of Mont Blanc, unless melted by volcanic heat from below. W. G. C.

Root and Branch. — Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" but observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more the branches would flourish if the root were under ground."

CHRISTMAS COLUMN FOR CLEVER CHILDREN.

Come hither, ye Children, come hither and see,
What a sweet little Library your's may be.
Of Books that glitter within and without,
And will tell you all wonderful stories about
The Birds and the Beasts—and those Mariners three—
Quarl, Crusoe, and Wilkins, who lived in the sea;
With a bookful of other delicious vagaries,
About Ogres and Dwarfs, Silver Slippers, and Fairies:
Come hither, ye Children, come hither and see,
And read all these things, if delighted you'd be.

The Child's Library. J. Thomas, Finch Lane.

This is a charming little collection, under the above title, of romantic little fictions, fit for the merry hearts of early girlhood and boyhood. The present edition appears with a bright face; it is gay outside with golden filagree, and inside with famous engravings on every third and fourth page. Six volumes of this handsome little library are now before us; and were we again children, we would certainly deny ourselves gingerbread and sweetmeats, in order to lay up and make these volumes our own. First in rank let us notice—

[*The Child's Book of Zoology.* James H. Fennell.]

The author's name may not be altogether unknown to our readers, from his excellent Natural History Papers, which have from time to time appeared in our periodical. In the present selection of anecdotical gleanings with which he has enriched the work, his correct judgment as usual displays itself. Amusing notices of ourang-outangs and elephants, hippopotami and lampets, crickets and rose-chafers, will amply please the reader; many surprising facts, too, they will not fail to learn: to wit, among others, that rats are as fond of Burton ale as themselves, and that ginger-beer and porter are pronounced excellent by baboons! It is a little book, which in small space contains much wisdom, and by its simplicity of style is pleasantly intelligible. Next follows,

[*The Life and Adventures of Philip Quarl.*]

This tale we highly recommend to the perusal of the young; it inculcates a very sterling moral throughout, and nobody gives better advice than the good old hermit.

[*Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins among the Flying Nations.*]

This surpasses all the foregoing for its wonderful narrations; it is a truly delightful little fiction, surprising from first to last; and those who read it will not in a hurry forget "*Glumm* Peter" and beautiful Youwarkee, with her *graundee*, or snow-white wings.

[*Robinson Crusoe.*]

This next appears, but more vividly than elsewhere, for the plates are so exact and numerous, that of themselves they tell the history. This tale forms two volumes of the library, and deservedly so.

Last of this sparkling little Series stands the volume entitled, "*Fairy Tale*, in verse," containing Little Red Riding Hood—terrible Blue Beard—glassy-slippered Cinderella—Clever Puss in Boots—Toads and Diamonds—and Tom Thumb and the Ogre. The *morceau* entitled "The Chase," at the end of this volume, is also one of the liveliest, wittiest little snatches we have for many a day met with. It is as good as any of our old English Ballads, which one is never tired of singing.

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ANTIQUE ARTILLERY.

Some very curious relics of ancient English artillery and ammunition have recently been discovered by C. D. Archibald Esq., on his estate upon the western shore of the Isle of Walney, Lancashire, buried in the sand and clay, at a place only accessible at low water.

No. 1. The longest gun, when first discovered, was quite perfect, and measured 10 feet in length. The breech was in the centre, and it fired both ways; it had two rings near the muzzles to sling it by. This piece is formed of thick plates of iron, hooped.

No. 2. The piece with the rings is a culverin, and is quite perfect. It is formed of bars of wrought iron, hooped together.

Nos. 3 and 4 are chambers, and are supposed to be charged with gunpowder. They are of wrought iron.

There are a number of stone balls of different sizes, the greater number of granite; one is of sandstone, another apparently of clay iron stone. There is one of hammered iron, and some small ones, cast, which have been enveloped in folds of lead, as if to add weight, and perhaps confer on them surfaces of sufficient malleability to fit closely to the bore of the rude cannon for which they were destined.

A pair of bronze compasses of very curious construction, some old swords, a buckle, and a number of other articles, were found during the excavations.

It is to be observed that all the guns are of wrought or hammered iron. They have no trunnions, and the rings with which they are provided were to allow them to be slung up with ropes when fired. It is clear, therefore, that gun-carriages were not in use at the time these guns were used.

These relics, it is understood, will be placed in the Tower, or the Military Repository at Woolwich.—*Times.*

The Gatherer.

Lancasterian Schools in London.—The total number of day schools in the metropolis and its immediate environs, conducted on the system of Joseph Lancaster, is *one hundred and thirty-one*, in which no fewer than *twenty thousand* children of the working classes, of both sexes, are educated.

'Men, in arguing,' says James I., 'are often carried by the force of words further asunder than their question was at first; like two ships going out of the same haven, their landing is many times whole countries distant.'

Miracles of Nature.—Of the existing mammalia (animals which nourish their young by breasts,) considerably more than one thousand species are known; of birds, fully fifty thousand; of reptiles, very few kinds of which can live in water, two thousand; and the researches of travellers and naturalists are making frequent and most interesting additions to the number of these and all other classes. Of insects, (using the word in the popular sense) the number of species is immense; to say one hundred thousand would be moderate; each has its appropriate habitation and food, and these are necessary to its life; and the larger number could not live in water. Also the innumerable millions of animalculæ must be provided for; for they have all their appropriate and diversified places and circumstances of existence.—*Dr. John Pye Smith.*

Manufactures in Oldham.—In a return to Parliament of all mills and factories, dated February, 1839, it appears, the number of cotton concerns in Lancashire is 1,185; and the total hands, 152,150.—*Oldham Advertiser.*

The *Prussian State Gazette* informs us that a M. Kalhenheimer has invented a new kind of carriage for railways, which will cost only 2,500f. each, and which may be moved at the rate of six French leagues in an hour, without steam or horse-power. It states that a carriage, containing 24 persons, may be moved with the force of a single man.

Decoration of Churches.—The mandate of Henry III. (1241) to the keeper of the Tower works, for the repair and ornamenting of St. Peter's Church, within that fortress, (and which Lord Orford particularly notices in his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*), affords a curious specimen of the then manner of fitting-up places of divine worship; and is quoted by that author as a proof of the art of painting having then made a considerable progress in England.

Since the regalia of Scotland was, by the liberality of the government, opened gratuitously to the public on the 15th of April last, the immense number of 28,000 persons from all parts of the world, including princes as well as peasants, have been gratified by receiving tickets of admission.—*Scotsman.*

Almanacks.—The first almanack was published by Martin Ilkus, at Luda, in Poland, in 1470; but they did not assume their present form till three years after, whem Muller compiled them pretty much as they now stand.

Hope descends from Love into the soul of man—like falling dewdrops on the dried earth—which, feeling a thirst, extends her mouth to receive the sacred draught from the never-failing fountain.

New Glass.—The immense conservatory at Chatsworth is being glazed with a new description of glass, called patent flattened crown glass: by means of which, in the ridge and furrow mode of roofing invented by Mr. Paxton, a great improvement may be made in the construction of hot-houses. This glass is so much thicker than the common crown glass, that it is in no danger of being broken by hail-stones, and the panes may be made 40 inches long at the same cost per foot as ordinary sized panes.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

No. 984. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1839. PRICE 2*d*.

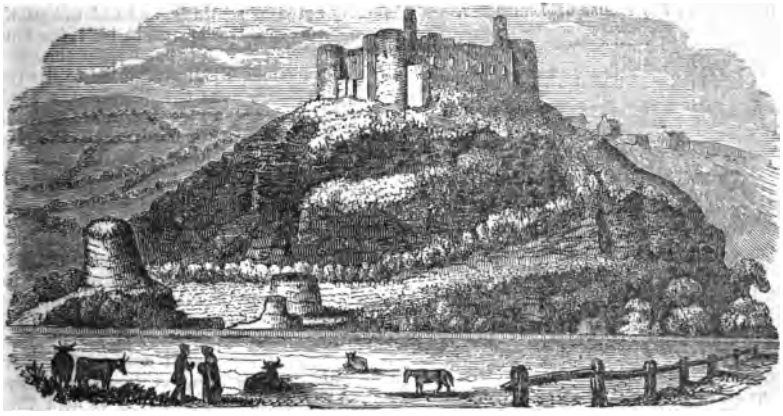
PWLL CARADOC, CARDIGANSHIRE.

THIS delightful and truly romantic water-fall is in the parish of Llanwnws, about ten miles from Aberystwyth, in a southerly direction; its great altitude heightens considerably the wild and rugged scenery which almost encompasses it.

" Not Lacedæmon charms me more
Than high Albana's airy walls,
Resounding with her water-falls."

Wales has to boast of many other terrific cataracts, and among them may be mentioned the *Falls of Park Mawe*, in Caernarvonshire, situate about a mile and a half from Llanrwst bridge. In wet seasons the water swells considerably, and is, on reaching this beautifully picturesque *Nant*, or dingle, divided in its fall over an almost smooth and perpendicular rock of above a hundred feet :—

" In two impetuous torrents down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round."



HARLECH CASTLE, MERIONETHSHIRE,

Is seated upon a lofty rock, facing that part of Caernarvonshire called Eifionydd, on the left of Cardigan Bay. It was built by Edward the First, about 1280, and is a noble square building, with a round tower at each corner, and one on each side the entrance, with elegant turrets, similar to those at Conway and Caervarvon. It was impregnable on the side next the sea, and, on the other, protected by a prodigious foss, cut with immense labour and expense in the solid rock; it bid defiance to all assailants.

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This fortress was possessed [1468] by Dafydd ap Jefan ap Einion, a staunch friend of the House of Lancaster, and distinguished as much by his valour as the manliness of his person. It was besieged by William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, after a march through the heart of the rugged country, attended by incredible difficulties; for, in some parts, the soldiers were obliged to climb, in others, to precipitate themselves down the rocks: and at length invested a place till that time deemed impregnable. Pembroke committed the care of the siege to his brother, Sir Richard, who sent a summons to surrender; but Dafydd stoutly answered, that he had kept a castle in France so long, that he made all the old women in Wales talk of him; and, that he would keep this, so that all the old women of France should talk of him. Famine probably subdued him; he yielded on honourable terms, and Sir Richard engaged to save his life by interceding with his master, Edward IV. The king, at first, refused his request; when the gallant and generous Richard Herbert told him plainly, that he might take his life instead of that of the Welsh captain, or that he would assuredly replace Dafydd in the castle. This noble speech had the desired effect; but Sir Richard afterwards received no other employment.

Harlech Castle more than once changed masters during the civil wars. It was well defended by Major Hugh Pennant, until he was deserted by his men; and taken [March, 1647] by General Mytton, Mr. William Owen being governor, and the whole garrison consisted but of twenty-eight men. This was the last fortress in North Wales which held out for the king; and is also said to have been the last in Britain which maintained its integrity to the House of Lancaster.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

The Sabbath bells, the Sabbath bells,
They call us now to prayer;
And hark, the Jubilate swells
Jehovah everywhere.

The Sabbath bells, the Sabbath bells,
How many thoughts they bring,
Of home, and joys, those treasured spells,
From memory's fountain spring.

The Sabbath bells, the Sabbath bells,
How sweet their cheerful chime;
A holy melody that tells,
'Tis Sabbath-morning time.

The Sabbath bells, the Sabbath bells,
How many hearts that pray,
In cities pent and gloomy cells,
And gladly hail this day.

The Sabbath bells, the Sabbath bells,
The happy peasants come,
From village nook and woody dells,
To pray for peace and home.

The Sabbath bells, the Sabbath bells,
Rich, poor, the youth, old age,
List to the book of Heaven that tells,
One thought should all engage.

Beta.

THE ROCKET.

A mortal was the rocket's sire,
A lowly child of earth;
But the rocket despised its parent fire,
And spurned its humble birth.

And he gazed on the starry host of heav'n,
But they blazed not as he,
And yet not to him was a dwelling giv'n
In the azure canopy.

Then leapt he forth from his earthly couch,
And shot thro' the plains of air;
And he swore the forbidden skies he'd touch,
And shine the brightest there.

But he soared in his pride too near the rays
He thought so little worth,
And eclipsed, he fled so close a blaze,
And hid his face on earth.

And so ambition works with men,
Their fate must be the same;
They may rise—what then? they must fall again,
Who soar too high for fame.

E. M.

HISTORY OF THE GENDARMERIE.

The Guet, a company whose duty consisted in guarding the city by night, was instituted in the time of the Romans; continued by the Gauls; adopted by the kings of the Franks, and maintained under all the wars and disturbances of the feudal times. From the earliest period, the Guet appears to have consisted partly of citizens, furnished by the Prevôt from the companies of merchants and artizans, and partly of men appointed by the king, the number of whom amounted to forty-six; namely, twenty being mounted, and twenty-six on foot. In 1559, the Guet Royale, or company of guards, appointed by the king, was limited, by edict, to two hundred and forty men; and the Guet Assis, consisting of armed citizens, and so called because they merely acted as sentinels, and did not go the rounds, was abolished; but, in 1561, the Guet Royale having shared the same fate, the guard of Paris was exclusively entrusted to the citizens. In 1563, the Guet Royale was again established, and the company of citizens disbanded. From this period, until the first year of the revolution, the constitution of the Guet Royale remained unaltered, except in number, it having been increased in proportion to the wants of the capital. It was dissolved in the first year of the Republic; but as soon as a firm and regular government had succeeded to the disorders of the revolution, the Gendarmerie was re-established. Napoleon paid especial attention to the formation of this body; the men being selected chiefly from the veterans of his army; and, as they were well paid and admirably equipped, there was not in any country a finer body of men than the Gendarmerie à Cheval. The origin of the Gendarmerie, and of the National Guard, may be thus early traced to the Guet.

W. G. C.

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND AMUSEMENTS.

BY J. D. LOCKWOOD, F.N.S.

(*Concluded from page* 408.)

BARNABY GOOGE, in his translation of "Naogeorgus," which contains an account of Christmas and its usual festivities in the sixteenth century, has the following verses:—

"*Three masses every priest doth sing upon that solemn day,*
With offerings unto every one, that so the more may play;
This done, a woodden childe in cloutes is on the alter set,
About the whiche, both boyes and gyrls do daunce and nimbly get,
And CAROLS *sing in prayse of Chryste; and for to help them here,*
The organ answeere every verse with sweet and solemne cheare.
The priests do rore aloud; and round about the parents stand
To see the sport, and with their voyce do help them and theire hand."

From this we may see that they were not, in strictness, particular whether the carols partook of the nature of songs or hymns. Solemn mirth, if such a term may be allowed, appears to have been the chief object of their solicitude: the "woodden childe in cloutes" here mentioned is, of course, the infant Saviour, supposed to be in swaddling clothes.

The same quaint author mentions another custom in vogue at the same time: the youth of both sexes used, on the three Thursdays preceding the nativity, to go about from house to house, knocking at the doors, and singing Christmas carols. This is a German custom; it was practised in England at one period very commonly, and in some parts is yet scarcely obsolete.

In the grand Christmas feasting kept up at court, and amongst the nobility, the singing of carols always constituted an important part of the ceremonies of the day; and Christmas-eve was invariably celebrated, as at present, with much mirth and festivity.

Among the regulations for duly conducting a feast of this description at one of the inns of court in the fourth year of Elizabeth, Dugdale has given the following:—"*At night, before supper, are revels and dancing; and so also, after supper, during the twelve daies of Christmas. The antientest master of the revels is, after dinner and supper, to sing a carroll, or song, and command other gentlemen, then there present, to sing with him and the company; and so it was very decently performed.*"

The above quotation lets us into the mysteries of Christmas as maintained by our ancestors, in which we see that, after the lapse of many generations, the custom has not very materially altered,—what little change may have taken place being decidedly for the best: the rude mirth of the "olden times of good Queen Bess" not exactly suiting modern tastes.

Carols at this period were, no doubt, divided into two kinds; the one of a scriptural character, having the birth of Christ for its theme, which were sung in churches and through the streets by wandering singers, as at present, ushering in the Christmas-day. The other kind, as the previous extract from Dugdale would tend strongly to confirm, were of a decided convivial character, and well adapted for feasting and merriment; in fact, we may look upon this kind as nothing more than songs, whose usual theme, of course, would be good cheer, mirth, and Christmas merry-making: they, doubtless, were sung in honour, not of Christmas-day itself, but of the feasting usually made on that day by persons of all classes.

These convivial, or, as Tusser calls them, "jollie carolls," were sung by the united strength of the company, or by the itinerant minstrels who usually attended the feasts for that purpose, during the daily revelry and mirth, at the houses of the great and wealthy, throughout the whole of Christmas. This was a time of harvest for them, and well they would exert themselves to reap their reward.

Carols of this kind are called "Wassel Songs," and may be traced back to the Anglo-Normans, who were very prone to conviviality, and encouraged anything that was in the least likely to extend or confirm the custom.

In the northern, and some of the midland counties of England, carol singing is not yet obsolete; and, in the metropolis, we may sometimes hear a poor, half-clad, hungry itinerant, croaking out in a most lamentable drawl, a "God rest you, merry gentlemen!" which ought to be sung to our old tune, which, however, they mostly forget. I never see these poor, shivering beings, without regretting the fallen state of the minstrels, who, in the olden times, used to infuse mirth into the souls of our stalwart ancestors, and make their homes ring again with their lusty lungs. "Times are changed," said Goldsmith; and well he might; whilst listening to some poor croaker, drawling out one of his own ballads in the street.

Carol singing seems now to have located itself in "Land's-end" and its neighbourhood; for Cornish carol chanting decidedly carries away the palm from the rest of their brethren; and most of these sung, are very old, being, in fact, mostly preserved by tradition among the inhabitants of that quarter. Tradition states, they are upwards of three centuries old; which is most likely true; and many of the singers, even now, learn them traditionally as well as the music, which they preserve very faithfully: the same may be said of some of the ballads and ballad-singers.

In order to give the reader an idea of the humble effusions of these poets, I shall give them four verses of a provincial one which I picked up in the city of York some years since; it is on coarse, whity-brown paper,

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and "Imprinted at Yorke By J T. 1672." It is adorned with a most extraordinary specimen of wood engraving, such, indeed, as would make Albert Durer stare no little were he alive to see it:—

"God speede ye well, my merrie friendis
Good newes I tell to make amendis,
For toyle and payne longe since paste,
Which up to *yule time* onley lastes.

Merrie ladies and gentlemen eke I trowe
Will funne fynde for themselves enow;
Merrie laddes cold weather ye care notte,
Whyle I can boyles ye *furmity* goode and hotte.

Good speede my maydes, and right merrie be,
For yule time cheere runs most merrilee
Shepherds come home from golden fieldis
To grete ye with their fine ballad tales.

Upe boyes upe and be ye early housewifes lark,
Rise upe and runne through snow and darke;
And cake of plum and goodly cheese will she give,
And merrie make ye whiles the yule time live."

There are some words in this provincial specimen that require explanation: Christmas was often, and is now, in the north, called *yule time*, and there is still extant a ceremony of putting the "yule log" on the fire, which always is done in the north country farm-houses to this day. The log is carried in state, and deposited on the fire, and there it is kept burning for a day or two.

Furmity, mentioned in the last line of the second verse, is a mess made of creed wheat, which they use for breakfast, dinner, and tea, during the Christmas. This, though quite common in the north, is unknown to the metropolis.

The last verse alludes to a custom also still extant in that part of the country: the boys get up early to go a "*Christmas boxing*," and he who first arrives at any farm-house is called the "Early bird," and gets a few pence and a slice of plum-cake and cheese; whilst those who come after are obliged to be content with the cheese and cake, without the pence. The boys often are out, questing for "*boxes*," before daylight in that part of the country, the inhabitants usually rising early on Christmas-day to put the "*glorious pudding in the pot.*"

All these customs have been followed for centuries, and their origin is probably lost in tradition. "Plow Monday" is also yet kept up, with some slight appearance of mirth, in the north: parties of men and women go from house to house, dancing in the Morice fashion.

Having given a specimen of the old provincial carol, I cannot finish this little essay without extracting the following capital old song from a curious, and no less rare, collection of provincial songs; I presume it is not known, and shall not, therefore, hesitate to quote it:—

Mye boyes come here
Theres capital cheere
Tis Christmas tyme, let myrthe goe rounde
With a flaggon of Ale, bye tyme well brown'd.

Drinke boyes drinke
And never thinke
Of crustie old tyme, his scythe and his glasse,
He cannot, nor dare not, this waye passe.

Drink and be wise
Till red Phœbus arise
And banish colde care from the good waning year:
The Old Year, he shall dye, mid plenty of cheere,

Mye boyes, come passe
Your empty glasse,
And fill them with ale, as the world is of strife,
And toaste to the widow, the maide and the wife.

Come, drink success,
You cannot do less,
To the new coming yere, may it be loaded with funne,
And ne'er bring us worse than the old one has done.

This song, judging by the style and the paper on which it is printed, it being on a fly-sheet, I should refer back to the middle of the seventeenth century; and it appears to me to be a good specimen, and has the advantage of not being much known.

The only remnants of the olden Christmas in the metropolis, is the decorating of churches, the customary feasting, and the no less well-known "boxing."

The "*Waits*" have taken the place of the itinerant minstrels, and, in my estimation, these peripatetic musicians are not altogether unworthy of their hire. I had the pleasure, a few nights since, to be awakened out of a "*most sweet slumber*" to listen to the noise of a bugle, horn, fiddle, and fife; strange as the mixture of music may be, I thought the thing pretty: most likely it was the novelty, and not the beauty, of the melody.

In York, I well recollect the waits mustered a good band, both of instruments and voices; and, when pealing through the quiet streets of that venerable city, have always thought them unrivalled.

In conclusion, it may be as well to observe, that the first printed collection of carols was published by Wynkyn de Worde, in the year 1521; the colophon of this work is as follows:—

Thus endeth the Christmasse Carolles,
newly imprinted at London, in the
fletestreete, at the sygne of
the sunne by Wynkyn de Worde
the Yere of our lorde
M·D·XXI

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD BYRON.

BY DR. RUDGE.

Lord Byron and Miss Chaworth.

In a correspondence on the olden writers, published by Dr. Rudge, occurs the following interesting anecdote of Lord Byron:—Lady Temple, in one of her letters previous to her marriage, says, "she has read some *pretty lines of my Lord Biron to his wife.*" Who was this Lord B.? Mr. Courtenay, in his delightful work, says, "perhaps B. was an invented person." It is very singular, however, that the third Lord Byron married a Miss Chaworth, (Collins, vii. 108,) and was living at the period in which Lady Temple wrote this letter. *Apropos.*—I may here

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relate an interesting anecdote of Lord Byron. It is well known that a lady of the name of Chaworth was the *first love* of the POET—the *poeta nascitur* of our day. He once mentioned the circumstance to myself, and I perfectly remember the occasion upon which the conversation took place, and subsequent information and events have impressed it more strongly on my memory. We had been playing together at cricket, a game of which he was once particularly fond, and on retiring to the study he threw himself on the sofa, apparently exhausted. Among other books on the sofa, was a volume of Moore's poems: on expressing my admiration of several stanzas he read aloud to me, he remarked that they were not *original*, and he could repeat the parallelisms in two or three instances. I requested him to do so, and also to write them down in his copy, of which he afterwards made me a present, and from which I now transcribe as follows what he wrote:—

MOORE.

"And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me."

Parallel in Suckling.

"I pray thee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine."

MOORE.

"'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one."

Parallel in Rowe.

"'Tis not because I love you less,
Or think you not a *true one.*
But if the truth I must confess,
I always lov'd a *new one.*"

I know not what associations were passing in his mind as he finished writing, but he suddenly started up, and with an eye of fire and intelligence—and who that has ever seen him excited will ever forget his look!—exclaimed, "that these were the feelings of a rake, and of one that had been crossed in his affections, to whom *all but one* was indifferent, she—she!"—he here paused; and, subsequently, when his paroxysm had subsided, and he became cool and collected, he gave me an account of his passion for Miss C., &c., and some particulars respecting the family of which I had never before heard, nor I believe, till then, of the name of the lady.

At the period at which the above conversation occurred, he was a member of the University of Cambridge, in his description of which, and of the manner in which he spent his time at college, I was much interested; and, if I may judge from what he mentioned, a college life was anything but agreeable to his taste and feelings. He gave me a pressing invitation to visit him, which was renewed in a friendly letter in the following spring; but the invitation was one of which I was not able to avail myself, and I have often since on many accounts regretted it. In looking over some papers lately, I found copies of two letters, one of which was addressed to an old friend, Mr. R., and the other to Sir G. A. R., Bart. In the latter, in which I enter into more particulars respecting Lord B., is the following extract; and, as it is not without its interest, considering his subsequent fame and the false estimate I had then formed upon two points; namely, his future powers as an orator, and his writings as a poet, I will transfer the account to this page:—"We have had under this roof for some time past Lord Byron, who will leave us in a day or two for Scotland. He is a sensible, and, what a nobleman should be, a most courteous and fascinating young man; he has infinite wit and humour, with a dash now and then of sarcasm, on the literary writers and political characters of the day, but I thought him too severe and caustic on the conduct of your friend Mr. C., whom I lately met at your table, in reference to what many regard, and among others yourself, as a master-stroke of policy. With this exception, he is every thing that is delightful in manner and conversation; and when the time comes in which he will take his seat in the House of Lords, I have little doubt he will prove one of its most distinguished members, as well as one of the most eloquent speakers of the day; for he has every accomplishment to render him such. He has what is a *sine qua non* in an orator—a most tenacious memory—he is seldom or ever at a loss for the most choice and accurate language in which to clothe his sentiments, and a mind richly stored with classical and historical literature—a sweet and melodious voice—a fine and handsome person—and manners the most dignified and engaging; he cannot fail to succeed. He has a great facility too in writing verses, of which, from the specimens he has let me read, I do not think so highly as of his other qualifications. Of his facility in composing, I had a proof the other day. While giving me an account, as we were walking, of the Cambridge examinations, he made an abrupt pause in his conversation—he seemed under considerable excitement, took out his pencil, and with the utmost rapidity wrote some twenty or thirty lines on a piece of paper in a copy of Little's poems, which I have now in my possession, and of which he afterwards made me a present on leaving. When he had finished, he apologized for his apparent rudeness, and added, "Ah! this is the way that I put down the thoughts that occur to me at the moment—the *vis poetica*, if it ever come, must come spontaneously, and I could as soon fly as ascend the mount (Parnassus) at the bidding of myself, or at the call of another!" This representation of himself I believe to be perfectly accurate. Many years after this incident was recorded, I met him by accident in one of the streets leading to the theatre. It was at the time at which Kean was in the meridian of his histrionic glory; and of Kean, to whom the conversation then led, he remarked, that *his* was the *ne plus ultra* of good acting—perfect in

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every conceivable point, notwithstanding some personal disadvantages with which he had to contend; and in this opinion I expressed my acquiescence, adding, that I had often mentioned to some of my friends my regret "that you, who were so able to embody the strongest passions in the most powerful language, had not, as yet, produced a tragedy, in which the talents of this unrivalled actor might still farther be tested," and I even pressed him to *sit* down—I had hardly pronounced the word, but he checked me, and giving a significant look, said, "*sit* down—I never could *sit* down to compose. Mind you not what I once told you? what I do, is done at the inspiration of the moment—I must be tasked to nothing; and the mechanism of writing, which I detest, has only been employed to record what has occurred to my mind spontaneously, while riding on horseback, moving on my legs, or lying in my bed;* however, perhaps I may, some time or other." He then expatiated, at some length, on the peculiar points in which the excellencies of Kean were exhibited, and quoted several passages, in the delivery of which he was unrivalled; and he ended by saying, that he was to appear that evening in one of his most splendid parts—Richard III. —and that I must accompany him. Mind you be with me at five o'clock, and, after taking a mutton-chop, you shall accompany me to the theatre, and I'll point out to you what I think inimitable acting, and the very embodying, in attitude, look, and manner, of what the poet, could he witness the exhibition, would pronounce his fancy had created. I lament I did not afterwards take a minute, according to my usual custom, of his conversation, and mark the particular passages to which he referred. It struck me at the time, that his criticisms were no less just, than were his remarks striking and original. I went to the theatre with him, and I need not add, that I enjoyed a rich treat; and after the play, Kean came to his box—the first and the only time I was ever in the company of that great actor.

WIDOW'S VEILS.

WHY does a veil of deepest dye,
Form part of widow's gear?
Its folds can hide a tearful eye
—Or eye that wants a tear!

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* Since the above was written, I have read his life by Galt, and within these few weeks, the "Idler in Italy," by the highly-talented and beautiful Countess of Blessington. The latter is an enchanting work; and with that part of it, in which she gives an account of her intercourse, &c., with Lord Byron, when at Genoa, I was, of course, particularly interested, from knowing his lordship when young, and esteeming him when in more advanced years; with respect to the *lameness*, to which both of these writers advert, it was scarcely perceptible, and I had been in his company several days before I remarked it. I have often played with him at cricket; and it never occurred to me, that it was any disfigurement to his person, or any impediment to his movements in this manly and stirring exercise.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

(*Concluded from page* 418.)

The Mount Carbon Railroad.—This Company was incorporated in the spiring of 1829, and the railroad was begun in the succeeding October. It commences at Mount Carbon. At the termination the road is elevated upon thirty-one piers of masonry, erected upon the landings. The road passes thence through the gap of Sharp Mountain, following the valley of the Schuylkill to Morrisville. It here leaves the Schuylkill, at its junction with the Norwegian Creek, stretching up the valley of the latter, and crossing it several times; hence it runs directly through Pottsville to the Forks, a distance of 6,206 feet from the piers. The East Branch is 14,200 feet in length. It passes through the Peach Mountain track, and terminates upon the Flowery Field tract, &c. The West Branch commences at Marysville, and is 16,400 feet in length. This railroad has a width of seventy-eight feet surface, occupied by a double track from the head of both branches to the commencement of the piers at Mount Carbon, where a third track is added. Each track is four feet and a half inches wide. At every distance of eight feet, a drain eighteen inches in depth, and filled with broken stone, crosses to the side ditches, the stone forming a bed on which the sleepers rest. On the sleepers, which are of oak, cradles or cheek-blocks of the same material are treenailed, in which the rails rest, and are wedged, being thereby elevated above the part of the sleeper that crosses the horse-path. In some places, however, the cheek-blocks and sleepers are in one solid piece. The rails are of oak, and on the main line, are uniformly six inches by ten: but on both branches the rails of the ascending track are six inches by eight. On the heavy track, the rails are of the same dimensions as on the main line. The iron plates on which the wheels run are two inches wide, by three eighths in thickness, bevilled on the edge, and having the nail-holes counter-sunk, the heads being trimmed off to prevent jarring. The cost of this railroad was 100,000 dollars.

The Schuylkill Valley Railroad.—This commences at Port Carbon, and terminates at Tuscarora, a distance of ten miles. There are fifteen lateral railroads intersecting it, the distances of which combined amount to about thirteen miles. The main stem consists of a double track, the laterals have but a single track. The cost of the main stem was 5,500 dollars per mile: that of the laterals 2,600 dollars per mile.

The Schuylkill Railroad, is thirteen miles in length, consists of a double track, and cost 7,000 dollars per mile.

The Mill-Creek Railroad commences at Port Carbon, and extends up Mill Creek, four miles. This road consists of a single track, and cost about 14,000 dollars. There are about three miles of lateral railroads, intersecting the main stem, which cost about 2,000*l.* per mile.

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The West Branch Railroad.—This commences at Schuylkill Haven, and terminates at the foot of the Broad Mountain. The length of the road, including the West Branch, is fifteen miles. The main stem has a double track, the cost was upwards of 150,000 dollars. There are also about five miles of lateral road intersecting it, which consists of a single track, the average cost of the laterals was about 2,000 dollars per mile.

The Pinegrove Railroad.—This extends from the mines to the Swatara feeder, a distance of five miles. This road cost about 30,000*l.*

The Little Schuylkill Railroad, commences at Port Clinton, and extends up the stream to the mines at Tamaqua, a distance of about twenty-three miles. It was finished in the latter part of the year 1831.

The Lackawaxen Railroad.—This commences at the termination of the Lackawaxen, Delaware, and Hudson Canal, and connects that canal with the coal bed in Carbondale. It is sixteen miles in length, and overcomes an elevation of 800 feet. This rise is surmounted by five inclined planes, in three and a half miles, each from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in length. The cars are drawn up by stationary engines. The railroad consists of a single track of wooden rails, capped with iron. The cost was 6,500*l.* per mile.

The Cartral Railroad, extends from Pottsville down the valley of the Shamokin Creek to Sunbury, which is near the junction of the Susquehanna with its western branch.

The West Chester Railroad, leads from the Borough of West Chester, which is twenty-three miles west of Philadelphia to Paoli, where it joins the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad.

The Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, —The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad,—The Alleghany Portage Railroad, are other grand works, to which we must refer the reader who desires information upon them, to the works of Mr. Tredgold, and Mr. Wood, and the Reports of the engineers themselves.

The Manchester Railroad, is in Chesterfield, County Virginia. It extends from Manchester to the coal mines. It consists of a single track, and is thirteen miles in length.

The Charleston and Hamburg Railroad. —This extends from Charleston to Hamburg, on the Savannah river, opposite Augusta. It consists of two divisions; the eastern division, from Charleston to Edisto river, is sixty-two and a half miles in length. The western division, from Edisto to Hamburg, is seventy miles in length. The road is constructed of wood, with tracks of iron, and is designed for steam locomotives. This was undertaken by the South Carolina Canal and Railroad Company, which, however, afterwards received pecuniary assistance from the State of South Carolina.

Lastly we have to notice the

Lake Pontchartrain Railroad.—This is about four miles and a half in length, and extends from Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans. It consists of a single track. It is perfectly straight, and nearly level, the ascent and descent being only sixteen inches. The rails weigh thirty-five pounds per yard. The cost was 15,000 dollars per mile. The company by which it was constructed was incorporated in January, 1830, with exclusive privileges for twenty-five years. The road was finished, and opened on April 16, 1831. An act of Congress was obtained by the company in the session preceding, establishing a port of entry on Lake Pontchartrain. The company upon this constructed an artificial harbour and breakwater in the lake at the termination of the Railroad. This port is called Port Pontchartrain.

Here we conclude our catalogue, such being the greater part of those which have come into active operation: were we to enumerate the numbers which daily arise, schemes for forming other extensive lines, or even those which, with better chance of completion, are being incorporated, and have commenced upon their plans, the list would swell itself to tenfold its present length. But these we have altogether eschewed: scheme and bubble companies must end where they began; and, heaven knows, that there are too many hundreds of such fathered upon the world already. Not, however, that many of those plans, which though they fail to be carried into present practicability and execution, evince the high talents of masterly engineers, and eminent powers of mind.

We cannot more appropriately close the columns of our volume, nor present a more delectable treat to our numerous readers, than inserting these beautifully written

THOUGHTS ON ETERNITY.

"Futurity! how vast the range of thought that single word opens to our view! Vast, indeed, for it is without horizon. We are about to raise the calm and steadfast eye of faith and hope, through and beyond time, into eternity. Let us call to mind the angel's admonition, 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' Let the shade of true humility be upon our brow, lest our gaze be dazzled; and not for one moment let our right hand quit the open page of divine truth, lest imagination wander. May light from that sacred page be shed upon our hearts, that reading we may learn, and as we learn believe, and believing prove, that not in vain for us has the command been given to 'Search the Scriptures.'

"When we remember that the whole human race, in one constantly flowing tide, are year by year drawing nearer towards a new state of existence, which is inevitable, and will be eternal, well might inquiry into the nature of that existence be felt to be most deeply impor-

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tant, even were it of remote expectation; but when we are sensible that ere another sun goes down, we ourselves may be among those summoned, and are, therefore, at all times on the threshold of eternity, how momentous does the interest become! Wisely, then, may we seek to obtain as near and correct a view as is permitted of that futurity so soon to be the present. Gratefully should we rejoice if, step by step, we find the prospect before us increasing in beauty and majesty as we proceed; and full of comfort, of consolation, and encouragement will it be, should we perceive the apprehension of death grow hourly more faint, and his certain approach become welcome rather than fearful, as the sublime hopes and promises of immortality and happiness increase in strength and earnestness.

"Will it be said that such study is beyond man's understanding? Here is the answer. 'It is the privilege and distinguishing character of a rational being to be able to look forward into futurity, and to consider his actions, not only with respect to the present advantage or disadvantage arising from them, but to view them in their consequences through all the parts of time in which himself may possibly exist. If, therefore, we value the privilege of being reasonable creatures, the only way to preserve it is to make use of it; and, by extending our views into all the scenes of futurity in which we ourselves must bear a part, to lay the foundation of solid and durable happiness.'

"One word more. This is addressed to believers only! To the infidel I would briefly write, but in characters of living fire, if it were possible, 'Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, why has thou made me thus?' 'Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, what makest thou? Wo unto him that striveth with his Maker!' Can everlasting truth be made untruth by thine unbelief? Does the light cease to be light because the blind man says, 'I see not?' Thou preferest to be as the beasts that perish; the option is not given thee. It might please thee to forego the possibility of happiness so thou escape the possibility of punishment; but the body only can die. Thy soul must live, whether thou wouldest have it so or not. Oh! choose then, for thou canst, while there is time, between lasting peace and endless anguish—the anguish of comprehending too late the mercy thou hast despised, the glorious state of being thou hast thrown from thee."*

The Gatherer.

Tortoise Shell.—This highly-prized aquatic production, when caught by the eastern islanders, is suspended over a fire, kindled immediately after its capture, until such time as the effect of the heat loosens the shell to such a degree that it can be removed with the greatest ease. The animal, now stripped and defenceless, is set at liberty, to re-enter into its native element. If caught the ensuing season, or at any subsequent period, it is asserted that the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire, rewarding its captors this time, however, with only a thin shell. This, if true, shows more policy and skill than tenderness in the method thus adopted by the islanders; it is a questionless proof, too, of tenacity of life in the animal, and must farther be accounted a very singular fact in natural history.—*Singapore Chronicle.*

Impulses.—The man of mere impulses does not know when he is happy, or what can make him so; he is continually resorting to the pleasures of sense, one after another; and after a very little of the novelty is over, he finds no pleasure in any of them. One and all, they are fatigue to the body, and weariness to the spirit; and though, in proportion as he can afford it, the ingenuity of thousands is constantly upon the rack to find him all that is choice and varied in bodily delight, a very large portion of his time is consumed in *ennui* and utter wretchedness, which the man whose mind is occupied never feels.—*Robert Mudie.*

A new comet is said to have been discovered in the constellation of Virgo, by M. Gallee.

Curious Discovery.—A strange lesson has just been read to antiquaries and virtuosi, by a remarkable discovery in the British Museum. The famous Portland Vase, the pride of ancient, and wonder of modern art,—the theme of many an essay, and many a panegyric, has let in a new light upon the fictile representations of antiquity. A few weeks ago it was deemed necessary to wash this noble relic, in order to remove the accumulated dust of ages; when, lo! almost every figure was found to be designated by an inscription, and the purport and procession of the whole vase (we believe) to be thereby explained! We have not yet had an opportunity of examining this memorable revelation, but can state that the theories of the late Mr. Payne Knight and Mr. Christie are utterly overturned by the facts now ascertained. When we consider how admirably these theories were made out, and how satisfactory they appeared to be, need we repeat that this is a strange lesson to antiquaries and virtuosi?—*Lit. Gazette.*

Insane persons, on an average, eat twice as much as sane persons, and they absolutely require more food than people in sound mind and body.—*Knight, on Insanity.*

True charity takes from man more than she gives; for unobserved in silence she steals out of his soul the poison of sorrow.

* From a truly excellent work, "The Philosophy of Happy Futurity, established on the sure Evidence of the Bible." By William Merry, Esq.

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